

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 411

As Charlotte served the beers and jotted down the orders, she suddenly caught sight of someone who looked all too familiar. Her heart almost missed a beat upon looking at him from behind.

It's him!

Every time Zachary visited Sultry Night, he would don a black leather jacket and cover his face with his unique black mask. Even in the dimly lit hallway, his tall stature still exuded strength and screamed power.

The aura around him made him seem like a god of the underworld.

But why is he here?

Is he coming here to fool around with the hostesses too?

In an instant, countless thoughts flooded into Charlotte's head. She fixed her gaze on him with mixed emotions.

Only when Zachary entered his usual private room did she turn her head around.

"Charlotte, what's up?" Olivia tapped on Charlotte's shoulder playfully.

"Nothing. Room V11 wants some ice. I'll go get it," Charlotte replied, coming to her senses.

"I can go instead. There's another group of customers in that private room over there. They just arrived, so you can go in there and maybe get a big order or two! Get going! Good luck!" Olivia took her tray with a bright smile.

"Hah... alright!"

Charlotte could not help but chuckle as she listened to Olivia. It had been a week since she started working, but the number of orders she got at the end of the day was still the least among all of the promoters there.

Fleur had reminded her countless of times to be thick-skinned and master the art of using the right words to become more likable. "Otherwise, you'll be leaving with your base salary forever!" she told her.

Even after watching Fleur's demonstration on how to coerce a customer into buying expensive drinks, Charlotte still acted stiffly. Unable to hold back her impatience any longer, Fleur gave Charlotte a final warning and told her that she would be fired if her sales volume were to remain at the bottom that month.

That warning was a huge slap in Charlotte's face and gave her a reality check. She knew that she had to work much harder.

Meanwhile, Olivia made use of every single opportunity she could find to help Charlotte get bigger orders from more generous customers.

"How are you still laughing? We promoters get to work in these private rooms because we are more educated than the rest. We are pretty lucky if you think about it. Look at our fellow promoters! They get the hang of working here within days, and some made enough to buy their houses in the short span of a few months! Now, look at you! It's been seven days, and you're still at the bottom. Do you really need the money?" Olivia furrowed her brows and shook her head.

"Of course, I do! It's just that I'm not that sociable... But I'll work hard..." Charlotte pursed her lips.

"Yes, yes. Work hard! Work hard, make that bread, and we shall leave the place. We can't be working here our whole lives, can we?" Olivia lamented, putting an arm around Charlotte's shoulders.

"I know. I'll try to be the top promoter tonight!" Charlotte shook off her negative thoughts and cheered herself on.

"Good luck and get going! That's a VVIP room. You mustn't make them wait!"

"Yeah!"

As Olivia left to get ice, Charlotte took a deep breath and entered the VVIP room with a pounding heart.

She knew that she would be able to get some impressively big orders from that private room. After all, Zachary was the customer in there. He had bottles of liquor reserved exclusively for him, all of which with seven-digit numbers on the price tags. Furthermore, he was a generous tipper.

The only problem then was hiding her identity from him. Will he recognize me?

Charlotte glanced at her outfit. Even after she altered her uniform, the clothes still looked skimpy, and it looked as if she was showing off her curvy figure. With the addition of the black-laced mask and bunny ear headband, she looked completely different from her usual self.

Furthermore, she had learned her lesson from the encounter with Jackson last time, so she bought a red wig, put on purple contact lenses, and even painted her lips in a fiery red shade.

From head to toe, she looked completely different from before.

Even for Olivia, it was difficult to tell that she was Charlotte without looking at her nametag.

With those reassuring thoughts in mind, Charlotte finally stepped into the private room.

Zachary was leaning back on the sofa with his eyes glued to his phone. He seemed to be reading some documents.

"Would you like the same liquor reserved for you from last time?" Fleur was serving him herself because he was an important customer.

"Yes, and please bring us two buckets of ice," Ben was the one who replied to her.

"Okay. Hey, go get the ice," Fleur said, giving Charlotte an impatient look.

"Got it," Charlotte replied softly and walked over to a mini-bar behind a partition in the room.

Raising an eyebrow, Ben turned to stare at Charlotte, and there were suspicion and confusion in his eyes.

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“So there’s a mini-bar here? I didn’t know that.”

Fleur was rather surprised. Though it had only been a month since she began working here with Peter, she deemed herself a know-it-all who was familiar with working in Sultry Night.

She had not dared enter the VVIP room and did not know that the room had such a unique design.

“I... I just discovered this too.” Charlotte tried to suppress her panic and sneaked a nervous glance at Zachary.

Zachary was still on his phone. It seemed that there were some bad news, and his face looked grim.

It had been about half a month since she last saw him. He seems to have lost some weight...

“You have sharp eyes. Alright, do the preparations. I’ll open the red wine,” Fleur replied.

“Okay.” Charlotte took out two buckets of ice and placed them down.

On the other hand, Fleur had opened the red wine and was about to pour some into the decanter.

Charlotte instinctively stopped her and said, “Hold on. The wine will taste better if you chill the decanter with some ice first.”

“Is that so?” Fleur asked, keeping her voice low.

“Yes.” Ben came over, eyeing Charlotte from head to toe. She has a very good figure, but this uniform? This costume is a bit much...

“Let her handle this.” Ben gestured.

And so, Fleur handed over the red wine and the decanter to Charlotte.

Kneeling down, Charlotte began decanting the wine. She placed a few ice cubes into the decanter and gave it a light shake.

She was twirling the ice cubes throughout the decanter, but she was so graceful that there were no unpleasant noises made at all.

After about a minute or so, she poured away the ice cubes in the decanter and poured the red wine into the decanter from its edge.

Lastly, she used a lighter to blast a small flame on Zachary's wine glass before swirling some ice cubes in it.

Every step that she carried out seemed smooth and confident.

"You're pretty skillful. Where did you learn this from?" Ben was still feeling baffled.

"I learned this from the internet," Charlotte replied, pinching her voice to hide her identity.

Zachary briefly glanced at her before looking back at his phone.

It was obvious that he did not recognize her.

Her short-lived eye contact with Zachary gave her mixed feelings. While she was relieved that she managed to keep her identity hidden, she was a little disappointed that he could no longer sense her presence when it had only been weeks since they parted.

Back at Fairytale Land, he had spotted her straight away even though she had worn oversized clothes and covered herself from head to toe.

It seems like he has forgotten me, now that he's with Sharon...

"You may take your leave," Ben told the two of them, knowing that Zachary preferred a quiet environment with privacy.

Fleur gave a ninety-degree bow and retreated as she left the room.

Charlotte followed suit.

"How is it? Are the problems severe?" Ben asked carefully.

"There shouldn't have been any problems at all. Somebody must have messed with the programming of our products," Zachary said, his brows furrowing deeper.

"Bruce is on it. He'll see to the bottom of the situation soon enough."

Seeing that it was good timing to hand him the wine, Ben passed Zachary's wine glass to him.

Zachary took a sip and raised his eyebrows. "This tastes pretty good!" He remarked.

"I was quite surprised that the promoter knew how to do pretty decent decanting."

"Maybe she wasn't just a promoter," Zachary said.

"What? Why?" Ben blinked.

"Few would know about that mini-bar over there..." Zachary uttered and then froze as if something had struck him. Looking at Ben, he said, "Call the promoter in!"

"Yes!" Ben swiftly left the room to find Fleur.

"What's going on? Did she do something wrong?" Fleur asked anxiously.

"No. She's very good at decanting. I want her to serve the wine." Ben made up an excuse.

"Right, right. I'll go get her this instant. She's probably in another serving area right now. It might take me a while to find her..." Fleur replied politely with her head low.

"Do it as quickly as you can."

"Got it."

As Zachary swirled his wine glass with an oddly impassive expression on his face, Ben said softly, "It can't be Ms. Windt, can it? You just gave her two million not too long ago. She wouldn't be sinking this low to be working here, right?"

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"Anything, and I mean anything that somehow seems impossible can, and will happen to that stupid woman!"

Zachary's face fell. She is good as dead if I find out that she's working here as a promoter, and wearing that garbage, no less. Does she have a death wish or what?

Vexed at the thought, he snapped, "Why is she not here yet?"

"The chief promoter said that she's serving in section C," Ben articulated his every word. "I've asked the chief promoter to go look for her."

"Go look for her yourself," Zachary demanded.

"Yes, sir." Someone knocked on the door just when Ben was about to head out. "Come in!" Ben hurriedly answered.

A female promoter made her way in. She was dressed in the same clothes and style. The tag on her chest was 118, identical to the girl who they spotted just moments ago.

However, something did not quite add up...

"Sir, how can I help you?"

The girl kept her head low and greeted respectfully.

However, her legs were shaking from being too nervous.

Flashback to ten minutes ago.

Charlotte and Olivia were serving in section C. Fleur rushed to her side and told her to get to the private room as soon as possible because a VIP was asking for her.

Charlotte had a hunch that something was wrong right then. Zachary must have realized something. I'm going to be busted if I go to the private room right now.

To get herself out of the trouble, Charlotte found a girl who had a similar physique to replace herself. She arranged for the girl to wear a wig and bear her number. In return, Charlotte promised to let the girl in for a huge deal.

However, the girl was intimidated by the domineering vibe that Zachary exuded as soon as she entered the private room. She did not even dare to raise her head to look at the man.

"We've finished all our drinks, and we quite enjoyed the way you decanted the wine just now. Do decant another one for us, please."

"Sure." Charlotte had taught her and Olivia how to decant wine when there was time to spare. As a result, the girl had managed to secure quite a number of lucrative deals because of her skill.

For the same reason, Charlotte had sought for the girl's help to impersonate herself.

However, Charlotte had not expected that the girl would get so nervous that she was practically fumbling when decanting the wine. The latter even almost spilled Zachary's drink.

"Get out," Zachary snapped in an icy tone.

"Yes," the girl answered meekly and dashed for the door.

"It seems like..."

Zachary interrupted Ben, "That's not her." Just one glance and he knew for sure that the girl was not Charlotte. He was adamant that Charlotte was not even slightly intimidated by himself. She's always calm and composed before me. That was how she was able to decant the wine with such grace just now.

However, Zachary could not say the same for other women. Somehow, they always found him intimidating and would fidget uncontrollably before him. Despite having similar decanting skills, their edgy and jittery manners before him would be a dead giveaway.

“Then, the one before...”

Zachary stood up all of a sudden before Ben could finish his sentence. He headed for the door at a brisk pace.

Ben trailed behind him right away.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was swamped in section C.

Kristi rushed to her side and sobbed, “Charlotte, the man in the private room is terrifying. I was shivering as soon as I entered the room. His subordinate asked me to decant the wine, and he ordered me to leave before I can even finish it.”

“Did he make things difficult for you?” Charlotte asked anxiously.

“No, not really,” Kristi said as she shook her head. Then, she proceeded to fish out a stack of cash from her bra and said animatedly, “His bodyguard handed me a stack of cash when I came out just now. I’ve counted it, it’s exactly ten thousand.”

“What on earth? Did he actually tip you that generously?” Olivia was green with envy.

“Damn, why didn’t he tip me just now?” Charlotte was envious of Kristi’s luck as well.

“Haha, I’m rich!” Kristi took out four bills and gave Charlotte and Olivia two each. “These are for you guys. Olivia, thanks for recommending me to work here. Charlotte, thank you for sending me to the private room.”

“Since you’re so generously tipped, I don’t think you need that other bill, right?” Charlotte grinned.

“Of course, I still need that bill.” Kristi was especially sensitive when it came to money. “I was literally risking my life by impersonating you back in the private room. You had no idea how nervous I was just now. My heart was in my throat man...”

Before Kristi could finish, she nudged Charlotte and hurriedly said, "Charlotte, the man from the private room is heading in our direction."

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Charlotte turned around, and noticed that Zachary was indeed making his way toward them with his bodyguards trailing behind him.

"Isn't he the guy from the dinner last time?"

Olivia recognized the man right away. The man was practically the center of attention at the dinner at Ashenville Garden last time, someone whom even the nobles were trying to appease. He must be some bigshot.

"What should I do?" All color drained from Kristi's face as her legs shook. "Has he found out that I was impersonating you and he's here to teach me a lesson?"

"Don't worry." Noticing that Kristi was shuddering, she could not bring herself to drag the latter into more trouble. She exchanged her number with her and dismissed her, "Go on with your work. I'll handle this."

"Okay, then," Kristi scurried off.

"Charlotte, did you somehow offend the man?" Olivia asked in a worried tone.

"Maybe." If I hadn't recognized him or treated him like a gigolo, then maybe our paths would never have crossed again.

"Let's go. They're almost here," Olivia tried to drag Charlotte along.

The two of them were more than familiar with the hallways. Before long, they found themselves back in Section A. Noticing that they had shrugged off the group, Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief.

"Fleur had arranged for us to help out in section C today. Will she punish us if she realizes that we're in section A instead?" Olivia was apprehensive about defying Fleur's arrangements.

"You go to section C," Charlotte nudged her friend. "Don't worry. I'm going to be alright."

"Alright then. The man shouldn't be able to find you now. There are a lot of customers here at section A, and it's alright for you to come here and back them up, or just go along the lines of some regulars are asking for you or something."

"Sure."

Charlotte was summoned as soon as Olivia left.

Sultry Night was always bustling with customers. Every night was practically fully booked. Unless one made a prior reservation, otherwise it would be near impossible to get a room in the club.

Some organization was throwing a party in section C, and they were shorthanded there. That was why Fleur had arranged for Charlotte and Olivia to head there that night.

Meanwhile, in section A, the guests at the private room had ordered a lot of drinks. Charlotte was especially spirited to attend to the large order.

She pushed carts after carts of expensive wine into the private room and crouched on the floor as she poured the drinks for the guests.

Almost every businessman had a hostess in their arms as they drank and flirted with the girls on the sofa. It was apparent that they were having the time of their lives.

One of the men was ogling Charlotte even though another hostess was right in his arms. He rubbed against Charlotte's thighs with the tip of his toes and flirted, "Hey pretty, you have a great body. Why don't we enjoy a few drinks together?"

"Thanks for the offer, sir. But I don't know how to drink." Charlotte shifted herself to one side.

"How are you not able to drink when you're working at Sultry Night?" The man smiled slyly and offered, "What do you say to one thousand per drink, hmm?"

“Haha, you’re really the player!”

The other men burst out laughing.

“She’s still too young, let us drink with you,” the other hostesses tried to get Charlotte out of the sticky situation.

“I don’t think she’s that young though,” The man was still eyeballing Charlotte in a lecherous manner. “I’d even say that she’s well developed by just looking at one part of her.”

Charlotte knitted her brows and stood right up to leave.

The man stood up and dragged on Charlotte, “Hey pretty, don’t get on my nerves!”

“Let me go!” Charlotte growled at him.

“What about no?” The man shamelessly edged closer to her instead. “You smell so good…”

Disgusted by the man’s insolent manner, she tried to shrug him off. However, the man tightened his grip on her wrist, and she could not seem to free herself, no matter how hard she tried to.

The door of the private room sprung open and a slender figure made its entrance.

The man was displeased with the interruption and berated, “Who the f-”

He swallowed his words right back into his mouth. The obsidian deep-set gaze exuded a domineering vibe. His stern gaze was especially apparent under the dim lighting in the private room.

The bodyguards behind the man exuded a formidable aura as well.

Charlotte subconsciously turned around and stole a glance, her heart thumping wildly.

Damn it, how did he know I’m here?

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Zachary narrowed his eyes at Charlotte's wrist.

"Aren't you going to let her go?" Ben bellowed at the guy, "Are you tired of having your hands attached to your body?"

The man hurriedly let go of Charlotte and retracted a few steps and slumped to the sofa behind. He asked in an apprehensive manner, "Who- who are you guys?"

The other men at the sofa were scared to their wits and dared not make a sound.

"Make him lose the hand that was gripping her wrist just now!"

Zachary barked the orders before turning around to leave.

Stumped, Charlotte froze on the ground, widening her eyes in disbelief at the turn of events. Before she could even figure out what just transpired, the sounds of the man wailing in pain filled the private room.

As she traced the sounds of the man screaming in pain, she was greeted by the sight of Ben stepping the man's hands against the wall. The crisp sounds of the man's bones cracking rang in her ears.

The man's face grimaced with the excruciating pain. He tried hard to struggle himself free but to no avail.

The other people in the private room paled at the sight as they retreated themselves to a corner, not daring to utter even a single word.

The hostesses had never seen anything like it and shuddered in fear as they covered their eyes.

"You have a death wish!" Ben scowled at the man and retracted his foot.

The man slumped to the floor and fainted from the agonizing pain.

Charlotte was stumped and froze on the ground. Moments passed and she still could not regain her composure.

"What are you waiting for? Come right this way!" Ben said.

Up until then, Ben was still not certain that the tacky woman standing before him was Charlotte Windt.

Charlotte forced herself to snap out of her thoughts and trailed behind Ben.

A sense of trepidation washed over her as they made their way over to Zachary's private room. Has he recognized me? How is he going to punish me if he has recognized me?

Before long, they had already reached Zachary's private room. He was enjoying his drink quietly on the sofa. He looked calm and composed, his eyes downcast.

Charlotte stood at the entrance as she did not dare to enter the room.

"This way, please," Ben gestured for her to enter.

She had no choice but to enter the private room, making her way to the center, and looked apprehensively at Zachary.

However, Zachary paid no heed to her as he silently sipped on his drink.

After he finished the drink in his hand, Zachary put down the drink in his hand, and finally parted his lips to order her, "Go wash your hand."

Charlotte was stumped, but she relented and went over to the back and washed her hands.

Ben, on the other hand, was flabbergasted.

"I'm done," Charlotte said in a small voice after she was done. She had no idea what Zachary was going to do next.

"Decant another bottle," Zachary gestured at her with his chin.

Charlotte crouched down and opened another bottle of red wine to decant it.

All the while, Zachary had not once averted his gaze from her wrist.

Charlotte was well aware of the reasons that he demanded her to wash hands. Firstly, he deemed her wrist dirty after some guy gripped it. Second of all, he was trying to identify her by spotting the wound on her hand.

Despite feeling nervous, she was actually glad that the wound on the back of her hand had actually healed and did not leave any scar behind.

However, the scar on her palms from being scalded by the cigar was still clear and visible.

As long as he did not turn over her hand to check, her palm was actually concealed from sight when decanting the wine.

After she was done decanting, Charlotte poured a half a glass for him.

Then, she stood up and retracted a few steps back, keeping quiet all the while as she kept her head low, waiting for his next instruction.

She had not once lifted her head and looked him in the eyes.

Charlotte was cool as a cucumber throughout the whole exchange.

Zachary said nothing. He merely took the glass and sipped on the wine quietly.

Meanwhile, Ben was furrowing his brows, perplexed at the sight before him.

What is Mr. Nacht trying to do?

Is this woman really Ms. Windt?

It did not take Zachary long to finish his wine.

Nonchalantly, he said, "You may leave now."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stumped yet again. So did he recognize me, or not?

Why isn't he exposing me if he has recognized me?

Why would he waste all that effort to find me if he's not even sure?

And, why did he break the man's hand then?

"Get lost!" Zachary snapped.

Ben hurriedly gestured for her to leave, "This way please!"

Charlotte bowed to him and turned around to leave...

When she reached the door, Ben took out a few stacks of cash and handed it over to her.

"Thank you for your hard work."

There should be about fifty thousand here. If Ben has larger hands, I seriously think that he'll give me more.