

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 412

“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?”