

Chapter 60 Do You Want to Go Up

Glamour Club was a club for the crème de la crème of the society located in Glophia. It was equipped with top-notch facilities, and the bands invited were all well-known bands.

The security guard at Glamour Club had been working there for many years and had seen many small bands try to perform at the club. However, the owner of the club had refused to invite small bands to perform.

Over the years, many had tried their luck. Today, a man had sneaked on stage to sing but had been forcibly pulled down.

"You are allowed to come to the Glamour Club to spend money and enjoy yourself, but if you are caught trying to go on stage without permission again, I won't go easy on you!" the security guard warned.

Zeke Cohen lay on the floor, where he had fallen, in pain. When he fell, he used his wrist to break his fall, and now it throbbed in pain. He tried to push himself up with his other hand, but between holding his guitar and being unable to use his right hand, he sank back to the floor after a few tries.

"Need a hand?" a voice asked as a delicate hand reached out to him.

The voice could be clearly heard amidst the noise that carried through the Glamour Club. Zeke looked up and saw a stunning woman standing over him. She was incredibly beautiful, and her features were quite exquisite. The look on her face conveyed kindness to him.

Carefully wiping his hands on his clothes so as not to dirty her delicate hands, Zeke reached out and carefully took the woman's hand.

As soon as he gripped her hand, he felt excruciating pain in his wrist, causing him to gasp in pain.

Norah squeezed his wrist and asked, "Does it hurt here?"

Zeke nodded. "I accidentally twisted it. Could you help me? I need to go to the clinic outside the community."

Norah held Zeke's wrist with both hands. She moved her hands up and down Zeke's wrist until she found what she was looking for, and then she gave it a firm twist. There was a small pop, and Zeke gasped in pain again. She let go of his hand and asked, "How does it feel now? Is it better?"

Slowly flexing his wrist, Zeke was amazed. He felt no pain. "Are you a doctor? You fixed my hand so quickly. Thank you very much. I really appreciate it."

He then stood up with his guitar and muttered, "Were I not afraid of another beating, I would have fought back."

Zeke turned to Norah and bowed to her in thanks. "Thank you once again. My name is Zeke."

Zeke couldn't explain why Norah would choose to help him. However, he still showed his appreciation.

Norah smiled and then said, "Since we're both here, why don't we go have a drink together inside?"

Zeke hesitated. "I have no money."

"It'll be my treat," Norah said. She then turned and made for the bar, not bothering to check if he followed.

Zeke hesitated for a moment before following her. He didn't know Norah's intention, but he figured she couldn't be a bad person since she had helped him with his hand and offered to buy him a drink. Besides, she was really hot.

Before entering the club, Zeke glared at the security guard at the door. He inwardly resolved to come back here when he was famous and teach the snobbish security guard a lesson.

The Glamour Club was brightly lit with colorful spinning lights. Bodies swayed wildly on the dance floor, moving to the fast-paced rhythm of

the music.

Norah ordered two drinks, then sat at one of the bar stools before gesturing to Zeke to sit next to her.

Norah was dressed in a silver-white sequined mini skirt. She absentmindedly played with her glass.

Zeke placed his guitar against the bar and sat on the bar stool. After some time, he awkwardly asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

He reached for the glass on the bar and watched as the amber-colored liquid swayed.

"I heard the security guard say you wanted to perform at Glamour Club. Are you a singer? You only have a guitar. So, a solo singer?" Norah asked.

Norah's words didn't elicit any reaction from Zeke. He sighed and then explained, "I used to be in a band, but they all started their own families, and now I'm left alone, still pursuing my dreams to be a musician."

He took a sip of his drink and continued with a bitter smile, "My band's dream was to perform at Glamour Club."

"So it's just you in the band now?" Norah asked.

"Yes. Why do you ask?" Zeke asked with a puzzled look on his face.

"Just curious."

"We used to be four in the band. There was a singer, a bassist, a guitarist, and a drummer. The other three have all left, but I remained. However, if things don't pick up after today, I too might have to give up," Zeke shared.

Chasing an unattainable dream had worn Zeke out. He knew he couldn't afford to squander his youth and time like those affluent men did. He had to earn a living.

"If I could give you a shot at stardom, would you take it?" Norah asked in a voice that caused Zeke to look up at her.

Zeke saw the look on Norah's face. It was full of confidence, and the smile on her face made her look ethereal.

Zeke felt as though he was being hypnotized. "Yes, I will take it!" he said firmly.

The words that came out of his mouth surprised him. He regretted having said those words too fast. After all, he knew nothing about Norah.

"Miss, I don't even know you. Is there any reason you're asking me this question? I have been in a band for four years, and I have not been able to create a fan base. How then would I become famous?" Zeke asked, laughing self-mockingly.

"I will help you."

"You?" Zeke burst into laughter, as though he had heard a really funny joke. Still laughing, he said, "I appreciate you helping me with my hand. However, I have nothing to offer. If you're looking for a person to deceive, find another target."

He then gulped down his drink in one swallow. "Goodbye, Miss. Thank you for the drink. I have to go now."

Zeke slung his guitar over his back and turned to leave.

Norah said nothing. Instead, she counted down from five inwardly as she swirled the drink in her glass and then took a sip. "Five, four, three, two..."

As expected, Zeke returned to Norah, his guitar still on his back. In a low voice, he said, "I have nothing to lose, so I've decided that I'll trust you."

Norah chuckled. "Why so nervous? Go on, have your seat."

Zeke sat back on the bar stool, and Norah called for another drink.

"Do you dare go on the stage at Glamour Club and perform?" Norah asked, gesturing at the stage. She watched Zeke's face carefully for any reaction.

"Of course," Zeke said eagerly. Though he had just been beaten for attempting to perform on stage without permission, he wouldn't chicken out if the opportunity presented itself.

"However, getting on the Glamour Club stage isn't easy. I'm not allowed to perform on the stage," Zeke finished, staring at his guitar.

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 +120 Points at most

"You're making excuses. Will you dare if I can make it happen?" Norah asked with a smile. Her smile seemed to brighten the room even more.



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