

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 406

Upon meeting the new manager in the office, Charlotte almost jumped. He was Peter Jones, the former owner of Bar DTT!

"It's you?" Peter exclaimed, looking equally surprised as her.

"It's been a while, huh?" Charlotte mumbled awkwardly. After all, she was well aware that the closing of Bar DTT was closely linked to her. Oh, god. Will he still employ me? I've cost him to lose so much money!

"You two are acquainted?" Olivia raised an eyebrow.

"Yes. Olivia, you can go ahead and do your tasks now. I'll talk to her," Peter said, smiling.

Charlotte also gave her a nod. Olivia blinked. "Okay... I'll go work now. Call me if anything comes up!" she said as she left.

"Okay!"

Then, he pulled Charlotte to take a seat and poured her a drink. "When I heard Olivia talking about introducing a friend to work here, I was expecting another student from a music school. I did not expect to meet you here at all!"

"Even I. I've caused you so much trouble, but I've never apologized in proper..." Charlotte squirmed around uncomfortably.

"It's not your fault. Mr. Broid was the one who provoked Mr. Nacht. He should be the one to apologize," Peter chuckled.

Charlotte smiled stiffly, and made no other comments.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Broid was drugged that night. Those things that he did to you, he did not mean them at all. Did... did the two of you... You know, do the deed that night?" Peter continued, squinting his eyes.

"No, no. Of course, not!" Charlotte shook her head frantically.

"Okay, that's good to know. Mr. Broid is actually really fond of you, in a genuine way. I've never seen him treat another girl that way. That night was really just an accident," Peter lamented, letting out a deep sigh.

"It's all in the past. There's no need to delve deeper. And about my job application, are you willing to let me work here?" Charlotte diverted the topic.

"What do you mean am I willing? Of course, I'll take you in, simple as that. But hold on, aren't you Mr. Nacht's girlfriend? Why are you hunting for a job here? Did the two of you split through?" Peter replied.

"Yeah. But... I mean... I wasn't really his girlfriend, to begin with..." Charlotte nodded, smiling bitterly.

Peter was rather curious and he continued asking questions. "I've seen the news. He's going to be engaged with the daughter of the Blackwood family, isn't he?"

"I've seen the same article. Hmph. They seem to be a good match," Charlotte said dispassionately, feigning her cool.

"I've seen and heard about so many stories like this. Marriages in those wealthy families never end up well. Those involved can't even make decisions for themselves. Don't be too resentful toward Mr. Nacht..." With the tone that Peter spoke in, he sounded like a weary man who had seen and experienced everything there was to life.

"I'm not resentful. We broke up on good terms."

As Charlotte said those words, Zachary's dark gaze flashed across her mind, and his voice echoed in her ears...

"You will never be able to escape from me."

Will the two of us really live our own lives in peace?

Will he come after me?

"If that's the case, then I'll just give you the job. You can start working tonight. I'll get someone to take care of the recruitment procedures later. Oh, but this time, you'll be getting paid the same as everyone else. I mean, I'm just a manager now, and I don't really have lots of connections," Peter said with a smile.

"I understand. Thank you!" Charlotte said, giving him a slight bow.

"Don't sweat it!"

With that, Peter called for the chief promoter, Fleur, to bring Charlotte to complete some paperwork and pass her the work uniform.

As they went through the recruitment procedures together, Fleur briefed her about the basic rules and the pay. "The basic pay each day is three hundred. You'll also get three percent of the total bills for alcohol and drinks. Also, you can keep your tips. At the end of the month, there is a bonus from the top three promoters. Got it?"

"Yes, thank you!"

Charlotte exhaled deeply. It's great that I've managed to find a job at last.

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After going through the recruitment procedures, Fleur handed Charlotte her work uniform and added, "Get changed, and I'll lead you to look around and familiarize yourself with the place. The tasks you get as a promoter are not too difficult."

"Okay, thank you, Fleur."

However, an unsettling nervousness crept up Charlotte's spine as she got changed. Looking in the mirror of the fitting room, she had to do a double-take.

Her skirt was barely a mini skirt. It could almost pass for a micro skirt. She had not noticed how revealing the uniform was when she saw Olivia moments ago, but after putting on the uniform herself, she felt rather uneasy.

In the mirror, she saw herself in a fitted V-neck blouse in white with a contrasting black mini skirt. The pencil skirt barely covered her voluptuous bum. The bunny ear headband she had on was cute indeed but made her outfit look like lingerie.

"Urgh... Is the collar of my blouse too big? And this skirt is... "

Charlotte felt extremely uncomfortable in the uniform.

"The other promoters are wearing the same uniform. Didn't you see Olivia just now? Okay, but this does look really provocative on you since you have such a good figure," Fleur chuckled.

"So... " Charlotte pursed her lips.

"I think you can just wear this for tonight. You can alter this uniform when you get the time tomorrow. Anything goes as long as you don't make any big modifications. And also... This!"

Whipping out a black-laced mask, Fleur exclaimed, "A mask! All the promoters have one each."

"Thank you," Charlotte said, putting the mask on. Okay, even if I come across Zachary, he wouldn't be able to recognize me in this mask, would he?"

"Alright, let's get going. I'll show you the range of alcohol we sell at the bar. You'll need to memorize the price list."

"Okay."

Charlotte followed Fleur to the main hall.

Most were sublimed in the atmosphere with movement to the pulse and beats. A few dancers were pole-dancing on the stage, and the men below were howling like dogs in heat. Some were even taking off their tops as they swayed to the upbeat music.

"See? These men have their eyes on the dancers. No one would notice you. Don't worry too much." Fleur tried to reassure her.

"Yeah." Upon seeing how hot the dancers were, wearing nothing but lace lingerie, Charlotte was somewhat convinced that nobody would be interested in her.

"Moreover, we have really sexy hostesses here. Even if those in the private rooms were to stare at you for a bit, they probably wouldn't do anything to you. They already have all those ladies around them, you know?" Fleur continued.

"Yeah, I guess." Charlotte felt a little more relaxed.

Afterward, Fleur took her to the bar and introduced her to the names and price lists for the liquors. As for the usual beers, cocktails, and drinks, she was told that she could just jot their names down in the bill without memorizing the prices, given how cheap they were.

Fleur also talked about how the more she recommended the expensive liquors to her customers, the more commission she would get out of the sales. "Our top promoters can earn tens of thousands of commission just in one night. Adding the tips, some of them earn more than a hundred thousand!"

The prospect of making big money was very attractive for Charlotte. A hundred thousand in one night? That means I'll be able to pay Mrs. Berry's medical fees after two nights of work!

Just then, Olivia was seen running over to Fleur, a big smile plastered on her face. "Fleur, Fleur! The guests in that private room just ordered a bill worth a few hundred thousand! Can I check how much commission I'm getting from that?"

"Let me have a look," Fleur answered. After a few moments, Fleur patted Olivia on her shoulders and cheered, "Forty-eight thousand!"

"Wow, that's great!" Olivia was on cloud nine.

"Congratulations, Olivia." Charlotte smiled at her.

“Charlotte? Oh, my god! You’re so curvy and pretty! I almost can’t recognize you in this uniform!” Olivia spluttered.

“Hah... I can still tell that it’s you even with your mask on, though,” Charlotte joked.

Charlotte felt that Olivia really did stand out in the crowd with her distinct petite figure.

“Well, that’s because I’m the flattest one of them all here!” Olivia said, blushing.

“Alright, Olivia, show her around. I have some things to attend to.”

With that, Fleur turned around and left.

“Charlotte, how about you come to that private room over there with me. The customers there are really generous. If we can get them to make more orders, we can split the commission between us!” Olivia said cheerfully, pulling Charlotte’s hand as they made their way to a private room.

“Okay, thanks!”

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To Charlotte’s dismay, one of the customers in that private room was none other than Jackson White, the former vice president of Synder Group.

Back in Ashenville Garden, Sharon had tried to arrange for Jackson and her to get together, and he had also made a move on her, angering Zachary and causing him to lose his place in the project.

To make matters worse, Sharon fired Jackson afterward in an attempt to please Zachary.

Though Charlotte had not seen him at all since the incident, she knew that he probably held a grudge against her for landing him in his unfortunate situation. If he were to find out that Charlotte was the promoter standing before him, he might set her up for trouble.

Sensing the impending danger, Charlotte turned around without hesitation, wanting to leave. However, a drunk customer in the private room grabbed her hand, snorting, "Hah... This one is really sexy. I'll have her."

Panicking, Charlotte shook the drunk man off and stepped back. "I'm a promoter, not a hostess."

"The hostesses are coming right this moment," Olivia quickly added.

"Really? You've got a pretty good figure for a promoter. Let me take a look at your face too!" His gaze was lustful.

Before Charlotte could even react, the drunk man snatched her mask.

As Charlotte moved away by reflex, her mask was torn in half, exposing much of her face.

Jackson, who was sitting on the sofa, raised an eyebrow and then stared intently at Charlotte with an ominous darkness in his eyes.

"Damn you! Why is a whore like you acting all innocent? I know what you're here for! So what if you're a promoter? Name a price. I have all the money!" The drunk man yelled aggressively.

"Sir, the promoters here don't sell anything else but alcohol. As I said, the hostesses are coming soon!" Olivia explained indignantly.

"How dare you talk back at me!" The drunk man raised his hand and was about to slap Olivia.

Charlotte immediately blocked his raised arm and said firmly, "Enough is enough! Don't go overboard!"

"So what if I go overboard? I'm buying you tonight! Hmph. Your hand is so smooth. I bet you're a real beauty." He cackled creepily.

Licking his lips, he turned his wrist and grabbed Charlotte's hand.

Charlotte was beginning to feel nauseous and tried to leave the room with Olivia.

However, the dirty drunk man gestured to his bodyguards, and the towering bodyguards swiftly blocked their way.

Olivia was as pale as a sheet.

"What in the world do you want?" Charlotte snapped.

"I want to screw your sloppy cu*t! If you make me happy, I'll pay double!"

"You should think twice about that. We are in Sultry Night, not a brothel!" Charlotte gave Olivia a look.

Getting her hint, Olivia whipped out her phone to contact Peter to help them.

"Damned whore! Guess you like it rough! Take them down!" The dirty drunk man knocked Olivia's phone out of her hands and gave a command to his bodyguards.

Just as he uttered those vulgar words, Charlotte and Olivia were already restrained and subdued on the sofa.

Reaching out his stubby fingers, the drunk man was still keen to take off Charlotte's mask. All of a sudden, another man in the room spoke. "That's enough. Cut it out."

"Mr. White, what's wrong?" The drunk man looked up with a confused look.

"Don't make a scene here. Sultry Night is run by some really powerful figures. Things won't end well if rumors of you doing this spread around," Jackson said placidly.

"He's right! If you want sex, there are plenty of hostesses here. Why make things difficult for a mere promoter? We are here for Mr. White, remember? Don't ruin the mood," The other customers in the room added.

"Hmph. Whatever." With that, the drunk man let go of Charlotte, and the bodyguards backed off.

Without looking back, Charlotte dragged Olivia out of the private room.

"That was so scary!" Tears trickled down Olivia's cheeks.

"I'm so sorry for getting you in trouble. And your phone looks wrecked. I'll compensate you for that," Charlotte said gently as she patted Olivia's shoulders.

"That's not a big deal. More importantly, shouldn't we tell Peter about this?" Olivia said shakily.

"Yes, we should..." As soon as Charlotte spoke, Jackson emerged from the private room, smirking, "Hi there, Ms. Windt. I didn't expect to see you here!"

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Jackson's voice sent shivers down her spine. How did he find out that it's me? My mask wasn't even fully removed!

"Do you know him?" Olivia whispered softly.

"No." Charlotte feigned ignorance and wanted to leave the place with Olivia.

"Hey, didn't I help you out just now? You're so heartless." Jackson sounded and looked really crestfallen.

"Charlotte, he did help us, you know?"

Unlike Charlotte, Olivia had a rather good impression of Jackson. He had always made big orders and was respectful of the promoters at the club.

Giving Olivia a slight nudge, Charlotte said gently, "Olivia, can you go find Peter first?"

"Okay. And thank you, sir!" Olivia said before walking off.

"Want to talk?" Jackson did an ushering gesture.

After a moment of hesitation, Charlotte followed him to an empty private room. Out of caution, she stopped and stood fixed at the door. "What do you want to talk about?"

"I want to explain to you what happened the last time we met. I didn't pour the wine on you on purpose. Someone tripped my foot under the table," he said with a serious look on his face.

"I know. It was Sharon, wasn't it? Everyone there knew about it but chose to keep quiet," Charlotte scoffed.

"So you do know that I'm innocent! I was really just a scapegoat for whatever that was going on between the two of you. Though I do have feelings for you, I have not done anything out of line, have I? Mr. Nacht probably knew that Sharon was behind that incident too, and yet he kicked me out of the project I was on. And even worse still, Sharon kicked me out of Synder Group shortly after. I've worked so many years in that company! Don't you feel that I deserve better treatment than that?" Jackson sighed.

"Yes, you deserve better. Though I also suffered from that incident, it all began because of me, so I want to apologize to you. I'm sorry about what happened, and I hope that you will get your life together soon!" Charlotte sounded solemn and sincere.

"You are very reasonable and direct about expressing your thoughts. It's no wonder that Mr. Nacht is fond of you. Ever since I got fired, I have fallen to a new low. The entire industry knows that I've offended Mr. Nacht, and nobody dares to hire me anymore. I've been facing many problems in my own business ventures as well," Jackson lamented.

"I'm sorry that I can't help you with that. I have to work now. I'll get going." Charlotte had no intentions of continuing the conversation.

"What's the rush? I'm not done talking" Jackson pursed his lips, his gaze turning dangerous.

"What else do you want to say?" Charlotte was feeling more uneasy by the second.

"You see, since the entire problem started with you, you'll be responsible for solving it," Jackson said with his crisp voice, his eyes darkening.

"You think too highly of me..." Charlotte smiled bitterly.

"You're capable of doing it... As long as you are willing to talk about it with Mr. Nacht and get him to say a word or two to Sharon, I'll be able to get my job back!"

"I'm sorry, but it's really not up to me. Look at me now. I'm working as a promoter here. Do you really think that I'm still as close to Zachary as I was before?" Charlotte crossed her arms, looking exasperated.

"Yes! See? You even dare speak of his name! Your relationship with him must be special!" Jackson seemed adamant in convincing Charlotte to carry out his plans.

"You must be seeing things!" Charlotte was speechless. What do you mean by a special relationship? So what if I said his name? What's with his logic?

"Hmph. This is where I'm more knowledgeable than you. Many men from wealthy families have arranged marriages, but they are still in love with another woman in their hearts. I can tell that Mr. Nacht has feelings for you. He's probably just keeping a distance from you for now. He'll come back to you one day!" Jackson said, his smile widening.

"Maybe. All the best to you! I'm going now. Goodbye," Charlotte responded politely, striding off.

Looking at her walk away, Jackson smirked and took out his phone. "Get someone to spill the news to Sharon that Charlotte is working at Sultry Night."

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As Charlotte made her way back to the main hall, she turned around multiple times to make sure that Jackson was not trailing her and only let her guard down upon seeing that Jackson stayed where he was.

Experience had taught her that she needed to keep her guard up around dangerous people like Jackson.

Back then, she used to have Gigolo around to protect her, but that was all in the past.

“Charlotte! I’ve been looking for you everywhere. Are you okay?” Olivia called out for her anxiously.

“I’m fine. Thanks, Olivia.” Charlotte felt very touched.

“There’s no need to thank me. We are friends, after all. And you helped me out last time too! Come, let’s get going. We need to work hard and make the bread!” Olivia smiled encouragingly.

“Yeah!”

Other than the private room with Jackson, she managed to get some huge orders from the other private rooms without any issues. While Charlotte’s exceptional figure did catch the eyes of some men, they had hostesses with them and did not do anything too inappropriate besides teasing her.

After working into the night, Charlotte finally took her bills to Fleur and asked how much commission fees she would get. “About three hundred,” Fleur replied.

Charlotte felt as if she was struck by lightning. What? Three hundred? Didn’t Olivia get forty thousand?

From Fleur’s explanation, she found out that Olivia’s bills were all orders for expensive liquors, while the orders that she received mostly consisted of cheap beers and drinks.

Charlotte sighed deeply.

She finally figured out how the extra money from commission worked. Olivia was lucky to have come across customers like Jackson, who actually had a sophisticated taste in alcohol and ordered expensive liquors. On the other hand, most of the customers at the club were there for the hostesses, and the quality of alcohol was secondary to that. The average customer would never order anything expensive at all.

That meant that the chance to earn tens of thousands each night was somewhat a distant dream.

It took quite a lengthy consolation from Olivia to uplift her spirits once more.

For her first night at her new workplace, Charlotte worked till four the next day. After doing the calculations with Olivia, it turned out that Olivia made fifty thousand in total that night, while Charlotte only earned seven hundred.

Hmph. This is good enough for my first day at work, I guess. Keep up the good work, Charlotte! You can do it!

In the days that followed, Charlotte worked tirelessly from seven at night to four the next morning.

It was seven hours of laborious work in an unearthly hour, but her work paid off.

In seven days, Charlotte saved up a total of thirty thousand. With some savings that she already had, Charlotte was finally able to pay most of the medical bills at Kindness Hospital.

However, she could no longer find Raina there. Word has it that she had gone to be Sharon's personal doctor.

Charlotte felt oddly bitter. Raina used to be her personal doctor. Oh, how the table has turned...

Smiling wryly, she hopped on a taxi to go to Sultry Night.

All that was on her mind was to make enough money to pay for Mrs. Berry's medical fees in full. Afterward, she would leave Sultry Night and find a proper daytime job.

That night, Olivia showed up to work an hour late.

Upon seeing Olivia's red and swollen eyes, Charlotte quickly went forward and asked, "Olivia? What happened?"

"My mother's health deteriorated. I tried so hard to earn money to treat her illness, and it seemed like she was getting better, but now..." Olivia was choking in her tears.

"So that's why you've been working so hard... Don't panic. What illness is it? Can you tell me about it? I know an excellent doctor. Maybe she can help you." Charlotte could completely empathize with her situation.

"My mother became a vegetable four years ago after falling down the stairs... She has been bed-ridden at the hospital for the past few years," explained Olivia.

"Poor girl. I'll go visit your mother with you tomorrow before we come for work and see if I can help." Charlotte hugged Olivia.

"Thanks. Let's get going. Time to make money!" Olivia said with determination, wiping off her tears.

"Yeah!"