

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.