

Devil CEO: Best Of My Love | Author: KELSEY MAXWELL
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The Grand Nightclub -- the most luxurious of its kind in J City -- was already alive and in full swing the moment the city lights started to turn on. Its name alone invoked the picture of a magnificent and high-end establishment.

‘Mary, send these bottles of wine to VIP Room 8,’ Jada Chen said, stopping a passing girl. Jada was the lobby manager of the nightclub, and was responsible for the arrangement of the beverages being served.

‘What?’ Mary Liu asked, confused. Today was her first day at work. She was a third year student at the C University, who was deep in her struggles. Her father had been framed and accused of bribery, and was now serving sentence in prison. Her mother couldn’t stand it and had been completely bedridden since then. Now Mary had no choice but to be the breadwinner. She was the only hope of her family ever rising from their current predicament.

She had had a hard time looking for a high-paying job these recent days. Fortunately, her good friend Lainey Li had told her that nightclubs were particularly profitable. She did warn Mary, though, that the environment was complicated and very tricky to maneuver.

Nevertheless, Mary had no choice. She had to soldier on for the sake of making money. She believed that everything would be fine as long as she was careful.

‘Hurry up. The customers have been waiting for a while now. If you serve them well, you will get a nice tip.’ Manager Jada’s tone was a little urgent.

‘All right, Manager Jada. I’ll be right there.’ Mary’s voice, on the other hand, was soft and clearly nervous. Despite her fluster, she quickly took to her task and took the wine to the second floor.

‘The Liu Group has gone bankrupt, Mary,’ she told herself as she walked. ‘You are no longer a rich young lady, but you are your family’s only daughter. Dad is still waiting for you to help clear his name and remove him from jail. Mom can’t leave the house or be much help because of the stress. The responsibility is all yours now. Trust yourself. You can do this.’

Right after reporti

ng to work, Mary had been oriented by another waitress called Emma Zhou as per Jada’s instructions. She had been told about her duties, as well as the layout of the nightclub.

Wearing the establishment’s uniform and matching high heels, Mary looked even taller than her original 167cm height. Since she wasn’t used to such shoes, her gait was unsteady, and her progress on the steps was slow.

When she finally reached the second floor, she discovered it to be a sharp contrast to the lively atmosphere below stairs. It was as if she had entered another world. It was unnaturally quiet. She had not expected that two completely opposite environments were only one floor apart from each other in the same building.

Holding the bottles of wine tightly, Mary walked to the door of Room 8. She summoned her courage and took a deep breath before knocking.

‘Come in,’ a gentle voice came from the other side.

She pushed the door open to find the occupants of the room talking animatedly, not noticing her presence. Afraid of offending anyone, Mary lowered her head and made a beeline for the round table in the middle of the VIP box. She set the bottles down, then asked softly, ‘What else can I do for you?’

The moment she spoke, all conversations stopped. One of the middle-aged men was the first to recover, and he immediately engaged her. ‘Don’t be so nervous. Raise your head and pour the wine for us.’ The man was Zeke Wu, the CEO of the XY Entertainment Company, and he had in fact been paying attention to Mary ever since she had opened the door. However, they had a very important guest tonight, and he had to maintain a good image and leave a good impression on him.

That didn’t mean that he would ignore Mary. Indeed, his first thought upon seeing Mary was that she was an absolute beauty! The nightclub’s uniform consisted of a pink shirt with a heart-shaped collar, and a tight, pink and green miniskirt. Mary’s long legs were welcome for anyone’s view, and Zeke, who had always had a greed for beauties, felt lust stir in his heart.

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