

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 404

“Well, about that... “ Olivia pursed her lips, looking a little awkward.

“Are all the positions there full? Don’t worry. I’m just asking. Please don’t feel bad about it,” Charlotte quickly said, sensing that she might have been acting pushy.

“No... They are actually still recruiting people. It’s just that... “ Olivia said hesitantly.

“Just what?” Charlotte asked.

“I’m worried that you’ll judge me if I talk about my job.” Olivia looked down.

“No way! The kind of job you work for doesn’t matter. I respect you for working hard to earn your daily bread!” Charlotte said, frowning.

Upon hearing Charlotte’s reassuring words, Olivia came closer to her and spoke into her ear, “I’m actually working as a promoter at Sultry Night.”

“You... What?” Charlotte was stunned. Sultry Night? Wow, how have I not thought of this before?

Working at Sultry Night paid very well. Even the promoters who simply carried plates and beers around earned big bucks. Tipping was also common.

The only downside to working there was that people of all walks of life would go there, and there would always be perverts and creeps lurking by.

More importantly, Sultry Night was where her fate intertwined with Zachary’s. She would not want to relive those memories again, nor would she want to meet Zachary there.

Upon seeing Charlotte's distressed face, Olivia began explaining for herself, thinking that Charlotte might have misunderstood that she was doing some shady hostess work. "I'm just a promoter, nothing more! Please believe me."

"Of course, I do. I've been to that club a couple of times before. I know that the promoters at the club work proper jobs. I'm just thinking... just thinking about working there as well," Charlotte said with a genuine expression, holding Olivia's hands.

"I think the job is not the right fit for you. With your piano skills, you'll be able to find a much better job. There's no need for you to work at a club," Olivia said, expressing her heartfelt thoughts.

"Yeah, I've sent out my resume. Maybe I'll get back from them soon." Charlotte smiled sheepishly.

Personally, working at Sultry Night would not be her first choice should another job opportunity come up.

Olivia nodded. "You should just wait a little longer. It would be great if you get a reply and find a better job, but if you really need the job at Sultry Night, I will help you ask around, okay?"

"Okay! I'll keep an eye out for job opportunities that may be suitable for you too," Charlotte replied.

"That's great. Thank you, Charlotte. My stop is coming. I got to go now!"

"Okay. Let's keep in touch!"

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After parting with Olivia, Charlotte was still feeling rather hopeful. She was positive that she would at least find a job at a regular bar or high-end restaurant as a pianist, with her impressive credentials.

However, her hopes were soon crushed.

In the next three days, Charlotte received no news whatsoever from the places where she had sent her resumes to.

Out of desperation, she even made calls, but the owners of those bars and restaurants immediately declined her or made excuses upon hearing her name.

Charlotte was baffled by the situation. What is going on? Why?

While she became a trending topic on social media platforms in the past due to a series of unfortunate events, things quickly died down, and the incident had long passed.

So, why are these people shunning me away like a ghost?

Is someone working in the shadow against me?

A few faces flashed in Charlotte's head. Is it Zachary? Sharon or even Henry?

No matter what, those three were not people whom she could afford to offend.

Charlotte was starting to panic. No way, am I really going to work in Sultry Night?

No... I can still work as a waiter at a high-end restaurant, maybe? It's okay to earn a little less.

Sighing, Charlotte decided to lower her expectations and sent out more resumes.

Just then, she received an untimely call from Raina of Kindness Hospital. It was a call to urge her to pay for Mrs. Berry's hospital bills and medical fees.

Charlotte furrowed her brows. She had thought that Raina would be more lenient with her payment due dates, so she had planned on paying for her bills when Mrs. Berry got discharged from the hospital. Oh, no. What am I supposed to do now?