

Never Say 410

"A college student? Working part-time for some extra cash?"

Clutching her bag, Hannah gave a nod. Rosanna tilted her head and said, "You're quite a looker. Seems a waste to be doing part-time work."

Just then, a woman applying her makeup sneered, "She's a college girl, so of course she's here for some easy money. Rosanna, don't actually let her stay."

Upon hearing this, the other women erupted in laughter.

"Fuck off! Get back to your makeup, all of you!"

Rosanna glanced at Hannah, smiling.

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"Your complexion is naturally radiant; you don't need makeup. Those young men upstairs are all wealthy thrill-seekers. Your earnings depend on how much wine you can sell."

Hannah nodded, visibly anxious, and stuttered when she spoke to Rosanna, "So... How much could I potentially make?"

Rosanna grinned as she gave Hannah a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

"The pricier the wine, the bigger your cut. A grand or more gets you 30%, and if it's over 10 grand, you'll earn half the commission."

In a single evening of selling wine, one could make up to \$5,000.

It was no surprise that students found the job appealing.

Though inwardly skeptical, Hannah nodded with apparent sincerity.

"Got it, Rosanna. I'll give it my all."

Pleased by Hannah's compliance, Rosanna caressed her cheek.

"That's my girl. Stick to the plan and you'll rake in the cash."

After Hannah lounged in the dressing room for roughly 20 minutes, Rosanna burst in, clapping her hands.

"Alright, follow me."

As they approached the doorway, Rosanna issued another command.

"We've got VIPs tonight. Don't embarrass me. Be professional."

"Understood, Rosanna!" chorused the group.

Rosanna then gave Hannah a supportive pat on the back.

“Don’t worry. Just go with the flow. Keep your mouth shut and your work ethic strong. The money will follow.”

Hannah dipped her head in acknowledgement, saying softly, “Yes, understood.”