

Spoiled 66

Chapter 66: Just a Waiter

"Are you hiring part-time waitstaff? I have experience working as a waitress in a hotel."

Sophie Allen nodded, quickly responding.

"Okay, you can come in for an interview when you're free."

The woman pulled out a business card from her bag and handed it to Sophie, "When you come, just tell the receptionist you're there to see me."

Sophie took the card which read 'Blue Tone Club Business Division Manager - Abigail Taylor.'

"Manager Taylor, I really need money, can I start working tonight?" Sophie pressed her lips together, her tone anxious.

"Huh?" Abigail was taken aback.

She had assumed that a pretty girl like Sophie was fishing for a sugar daddy under the guise of part-time work, but it seemed that...

After sizing up Sophie one more time, Abigail was sure of her answer.

This girl really needed money.

"Manager Taylor, I've been looking for a part-time job all night and haven't found a suitable one, I just happened to overhear your phone call, and I..."

"Then come with me," Abigail interrupted her.

...

Half an hour later.

Abigail brought Sophie to the entrance of the Blue Tone Club.

The doorway was gilded and grand, exuding a rich atmosphere.

The parking lot was filled with luxury cars.

Sophie had heard of the Blue Tone Club, it was a well-known place to squander money.

She was suddenly a bit nervous.

Abigail glanced at her, asking in a low voice, "You just want to work as a waitress, right? Do you have any other intentions?"

"No, no." Sophie quickly shook her head.

Seeing that she looked rather flustered, Abigail kindly reassured her, "Don't worry, as a waitress, you're just doing waitress work."

With those words, Sophie breathed a sigh of relief.

Walking through the magnificent hall, Sophie was led by Abigail all the way up to the 6th-floor office.

Abigail had her fill out a form, made a registration, and then arranged for an assistant to take her to the dressing room.

When Sophie came out in her waitress uniform, Abigail was waiting for her at the door.

"Your main job is to deliver drinks and things to private boxes. If the guests tip you, you can accept it directly."

"Okay." Sophie nodded.

"You just started today and you don't have a work card, but I've noted the time for you. It's eight minutes past eight now, I will count from eight." Abigail looked at her watch and turned to walk ahead.

"Thank you, Manager Taylor."

Abigail looked back and reminded, "Aren't you going to keep up?"

"Oh, yes!" Sophie quickly followed.

She was brought to the ground-floor storeroom, where there were designated staff members distributing goods for waiters to deliver to the private boxes.

"See here? There's a box number written on it. You just need to take it there." Abigail pointed to the number on the tray, instructing, "Go try it."

"Okay, I'll go now." Sophie immediately picked up the fruit plate in front of her and looked at the number.

Sec. 209.

Since it was on the second floor, Sophie chose to take the stairs rather than the elevator and arrived at the entrance of the private room.

"Knock-knock-knock!"

She knocked at the door, "Hello, the fruit is here."

"Come in."

A gruff male voice responded impatiently.

Sophie opened the door, the room was dark, and a strong smell of smoke and musk combined and filled the air, which was quite unpleasant.

She looked up and saw a man and a woman intertwined on the sofa.

And they were...

Sophie was startled, her hand shook, and the fruit plate almost tipped over.

However, the man and woman seemed to ignore her presence and continued as they were.

Sophie took a deep breath, pretended to be composed, bowed her head, placed the fruit plate on the coffee table, and then turned and fled from the room.