

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 124

A headache began to brew as multiple thoughts overwhelmed Charlotte's mind at once. I shouldn't be thinking about this right now. How I can afford my next meal is more important than men...

She had to figure out a way to earn some quick cash.

A sudden knock at the door snapped her out of her jumbled thoughts. "Miss, you haven't slept, have you?" Mrs. Berry's voice resounded from the other side of the door.

"No, I haven't. Come in, Mrs. Berry," Charlotte answered promptly.

The door swung open as Mrs. Berry entered with a few papers in her hand. "Miss, the kids will be leaving for the Sunflower Class' spring trip tomorrow. We'll have to sign this consent form and invoice, and make the payment at the kindergarten today. Are you going to do this yourself, or should I go instead?"

"You do it, please. My wounds still hurt, I need some more rest..." Charlotte grabbed her phone and was about to transfer money to Mrs. Berry. "How much is it?"

"It's eight hundred per pax, so the total for all three of them is two thousand four hundred," Mrs. Berry replied as she handed over the invoice.

Charlotte gaped at the papers before her eyes. What sort of kindergarten is this? Eight hundred per child for a mere school trip? Do they intend to bring the kids on a tour to outer space or something?

"Oh, this reminds me!" Mrs. Berry chirped as she saw the balance in her phone. "I still have a remainder of three thousand from the furniture expenses you gave me last time. I can make the payment with this money first."

"Did I...?" Charlotte looked up in confusion.

Mrs. Berry didn't seem to hear her mumble. "I should go to the kindergarten now then. Rest well, Miss. I'll make dinner once I come back."

At that, she walked away hurriedly and left the house.

Charlotte stared as the plump woman's back waddled off and disappeared from view. She felt guilty for having given only a thousand to Mrs. Berry to purchase some furniture earlier.

Mrs. Berry had come home with an old shoe rack and a simple bookshelf from the thrift store. She even returned with a balance of three hundred...

Where did the extra three thousand come from?

Mrs. Berry must have sold her own jewelry to help fund the household's expenses.

She sighed at how useless she herself had become. Mrs. Berry had been so faithfully looking after her and the children all these years. In addition to delaying the housekeeper's salary, she even had to ask Mrs. Berry for help with money these days.

Charlotte couldn't live with this remorse for much longer. She flipped her laptop open and began searching for a part-time job.

There're certainly loads of opportunities out there. As long as she strived harder, there wouldn't be a need to starve.

E-hailing driver, food delivery person...

She scrolled on in dismay. Most of the vacancies listed required her to have her own mode of transport. She no longer had a car, and couldn't even afford a bike with the amount of money she had at the moment.

Come on, is there any other job I can take?

Her eyes lit up when she came across an advertisement for a bar singer. Good looks, appealing figure, adept at musical instruments... She scanned through the job requirements eagerly, then saw the last sentence where the salary was stated. Two hundred and eighty per hour!

It seemed like the bar had just recently opened its doors. The bar appeared to be the more sober type of place where customers would go to unwind themselves in the music, have some drinks, socialize and play games, and perhaps also to do a little bit of flirting around.

It couldn't possibly be on the same level as a nightclub as grand and flamboyant as the Sultry Night.

These kinds of bars would most likely have less nonsense in comparison.

Besides, she wouldn't bump into shady people like the "Gigolo In Debt" in a bar like this.

I can give this a shot! She quickly wrote up a resume and submitted it with a click.

As someone who had taken piano lessons since young until the highest grade and even won multiple international awards, she was confident that she could pull off the job.

Music had only been a hobby for her as a child. She'd never thought that she would one day need to feed herself with this skill.

Desperate to obtain the position before it was snatched up by anyone else, she dialed the number stated on the employer's advertisement.

The phone was answered almost right away, as if the hiring company was indeed in urgent need of someone to fill the vacancy. "You can come for an interview at 8 p.m. tonight if you wish. If you pass, we might even consider letting you start work tonight itself."

"Alright. May I know if I'll get paid on a daily basis?" she enquired.

"That's definitely possible. The payment form is negotiable as long as you have the looks and talent we're looking for," the voice on the other end replied.

"Great! I'll be there at 8 p.m. sharp tonight. Thank you!"

She hung up the call with relief and excitement. Just then, her children's voice echoed through the house, "Mommy, are you home?"

"Robbie! Jamie! Ellie! Fifi!"

She hurried out of the door to greet them.

"Mommy!" Her three kids immediately plunged themselves into her arms. Fifi circled around in the air above them while chanting along, "Mommy! Mommy!"

"Ellie, did you bring Fifi to the kindergarten again?"

Charlotte planted a kiss on Ellie's chubby, rosy cheek.

“She flew into my bag. I only found her hiding inside when I was at the kindergarten...” Ellie explained as her pink lips pressed into a tiny pout.

“But the teachers didn’t scold me for that!” she continued eagerly. “Fifi behaved herself today. She didn’t disturb anyone during class, and everybody had fun playing with her. They all loved Fifi!”