

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 661

“Take it easy. I don’t think he saw her face.” Taylor tried to calm Henry down.

Spencer held his phone and reported, “Mr. Nacht, I’ve asked Ben, and he said that Mr. Lindberg did talk to Mr. Zachary in the car that day. The windows were slightly rolled down, but it’s improbable that he saw Ms. Windt.

“However, at the wedding reception, Mr. Lindberg was hiding in the shadows. I’m not sure if he saw her. Well, even if he did, with the distance and the bustling crowd, I supposed he could only see her silhouette.”

“Whichever the case is, we need to fix this.” Henry’s brows knitted tighter. “My plan was to give her an identity and then announce her death in a few months’ time. That would’ve solved the problem. Now, we need someone to pass off as her to wipe out any speck of suspicion.”

“Huh?” Spencer’s blood ran cold. “But Mr. Zachary would never agree to it.”

“It’s not up to him now!” Henry blustered.

Spencer dipped his head low and held his tongue.

“Taylor, you have another daughter, right?” Henry uttered out of the blue. “I’ve seen her before. She’s pretty and tender-hearted. Besides, she does have some resemblances to Charlotte.”

“And?” Taylor’s eyes widened as he sensed vice.

“She could be the solution.”

T Nation, Coldbridge.

Boom! Charlotte jolted awake from her nightmare at the sound of thunder and screeched in horror.

“Miss, Miss!” Mrs. Berry leaped out of her bed and wrapped herself around Charlotte. “It’s just a nightmare, Miss. Don’t worry. Everything’s okay,” she tried to console Charlotte as she stroked her back gently.

“I dreamed that I was dead. Some girl morphed my face into hers and married Zachary. The children even were calling her Mommy...” Sweat ran down Charlotte’s face and body, and she couldn’t help but tremble in fear.

“Don’t be silly. How’s that even possible? It’s just a bad dream. Calm down. Now, let me get you some water.” Mrs. Berry kept soothing her nerves.

The swinging shadows from the trees sent tingling chills down her spine. She squeezed her pillow into her chest and curled up in the corner of the room.

“It’s raining out there. Quite windy too.” Mrs. Berry gave Charlotte a glass of warm water to calm her nerves. “Shhh, it’s alright now. Once the sun rises, we’ll go get a phone and give Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie a call, okay?”

“Okay.” Charlotte’s nerves loosen at the thought of her children. After a few gulps of water, she regained her sobriety.

“Sleep tight.” Mrs. Berry tucked her into bed, and as she was just about to stand up, Charlotte locked her arms around hers. “Mrs. Berry, stay with me.”

“Haha. My dear, you’re a grown-up now.” Mrs. Berry then lay next to her. “Remember when you were a kid, you always wanted to hug me to sleep when there was thunder?”

Mrs. Berry’s embrace was Charlotte’s safe haven.

“There’s nothing to be afraid of. Mr. Windt’s watching over us from heaven. All these will soon be over.”

“You’re right.” Charlotte was looking on the bright side too. Dozing off to the pitter-patter of the rain, she murmured, “There’s so much rain in Coldbridge. It’s been raining since we first arrived. And it gets heavier and heavier...”

“Indeed. It’s the rainy season now. Sleep tight. I’m right here.”

Mrs. Berry’s soothing voice gave Charlotte a sense of security.

She dapped the sweats dotting Charlotte’s forehead after the latter nodded off. Looking at her pale face only sent prickling stings to Mrs. Berry’s heart. She turned toward the window, looked out to the veil of rain, and let out a deep sigh.