

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 843

In Northridge.

Charlotte had a comfortable white gown on. Her beautiful face shone with serenity as she rested lazily on the sofa with a tablet in her hand. She was reading up on the triplets.

She had been reading for hours and was re-reading every word. Every photo, every video, every alphabet... She examined them endlessly, without missing anything.

Time flashed by, and dawn soon came.

Charlotte hadn't slept the entire night. She looked calm, but her eyes shone with immense confusion and contradiction.

"Olivia is here, Ms. Lindberg," announced Lupine, who had personally brought Olivia over.

Charlotte finally shifted her gaze from the tablet and sat up straight before she instructed, "Invite her over."

"Understood."

Olivia entered the place fearfully. She looked nervous and might even be a little scared.

She was stunned when she first saw Charlotte. Then, the anxiety in the former's eyes turned to a pleasant surprise as she blurted, "Charlotte? You're the master they are talking about?"

"You don't need to be scared. No one will hurt you," informed Charlotte as she turned to Olivia. The former's gaze instinctively turned warmer as she asked, "Are you okay? They didn't make things difficult for you, did they?"

“They? You mean Mr. Nacht? He didn’t make things difficult for me, but he did lock Kristi and I in a villa. He didn’t let us go until last night,” replied Olivia as she stared uneasily at Charlotte before testing the waters and asking, “A-are you really Charlotte?”

“What’s wrong? Do I not look like myself?” asked Charlotte with a grin.

“You look exactly like yourself, but your aura, the way you speak, and the glow in your eyes are all different,” shared Olivia fearfully as she stared.

“What was I like?” asked Charlotte curiously.

“You were lively and would laugh and cry freely. Your eyes always have a youthful glow,” answered Olivia, who couldn’t help grinning when she spoke about Charlotte’s past. She added, “We met at a party. I was bullied at the time. My boss wanted to force me to perform on stage even though my hand was injured. You stepped up and helped me.”

“What happened next?” asked Charlotte. She was genuinely curious about her past.

“You put on my clothes and wore a mask to perform on-stage,” replied Olivia as she recalled their past. Her voice was filled with appreciation when she informed, “That is how I got my job in the first place, and that was the turning point of my life. Unfortunately, my hand hadn’t recovered, so I couldn’t play the piano. I had to work in Sultry Night instead...”

“I later met you again at the metro. You didn’t have a job at the time, and you were having a hard time making ends meet. Hence, you asked me to help you find a job, so I got you a gig for playing the piano. Something happened after that, and you couldn’t play the piano anymore, so you went to Sultry Night to work with me...”

Olivia paused at that part of the story and asked carefully, “Do you really not remember any of that?”

“Who would’ve thought that I actually worked at Sultry Night? No wonder the place seemed familiar to me,” murmured Charlotte before she continued asking, “What else do you know?”

"I..." said Olivia. Her guard was up, so she asked, "Charlotte, why did you change your surname? Where is Mrs. Berry?"

Olivia wondered if the proud and distant woman in front of her was truly the Charlotte Windt that she once knew.

"My mom's surname is Lindberg, so I am using her surname now," replied Charlotte with a smile, "It's fine. You can share everything with me when you feel comfortable doing so. I will have my people send you back for now."

"I'm sorry," apologized Olivia, "I am traumatized by the Nachts and am especially careful now. I truly wish that you are the same Charlotte Windt I know. At least that would mean that the person I care about is still alive and wasn't killed by a heartless villain..."

Olivia couldn't help sobbing a little when she reached the end of her sentence.

"Killed by a heartless villain?" repeated Charlotte suddenly as she frowned and demanded, "What does that mean? Was someone after me back then?"

Olivia turned to Charlotte before quickly having her head down. The former didn't dare to say another word.

The Charlotte I know would never put on an expression and gaze that terrifying.