

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 844

Before Olivia came, Peter repeatedly reminded her to be wary of her words. It didn't matter if it was the Nacht family or the Lindberg family. They couldn't afford to offend either side.

The more I speak, the more likely I am to offend one of them, and either can crush me.

I better speak less to survive. It's best that I don't share anything before getting to the bottom of it all.

If Charlotte Lindberg is, in fact, Charlotte Windt, then naturally, I will help her out.

However, when huge corporations battle against one another, they would do anything to gain the upper hand. There is no saying whether the Lindberg family would find someone to fake being Charlotte just to get to the Nachts.

Small fries like me will just end up as pawns and will be killed off as soon as I am no longer of use.

Hence, the most important thing now is to survive through this.

"I must be weak and useless back then," growled Charlotte as she narrowed her eyes dangerously and added, "That is why I was bullied and hurt..."

"You were not weak. You're just kind..." said Olivia. She never got to finish her sentence because Morgan suddenly barged in to report, "Ms. Sharon of Synder Group asked to see you, Ms. Lindberg."

Olivia was stunned. Sharon Blackwood? Isn't that the b*tch who used to bully Charlotte and I?

"Huh?" asked Charlotte with her brows raised, "How did she get in touch with you?"

"She likely located me via Mr. Potter," reported Morgan politely, "Taylor brought Sharon to Erihal to apologize to your brother, but he refused to meet with them. When they returned, they spared no effort to try to get in touch with you."

“Sharon begged me endlessly via the phone just now. She said that she would like to meet you and ask for a chance to make things right. Even Taylor lowered his stance and begged me to send the message along to you.”

“Ignore them,” replied Charlotte. She didn’t care about the Blackwoods at all, so she shifted her gaze to Olivia and informed, “I will have my people take you home. You can tell them if you need anything else. They will help you out, and if anyone tries to hurt you, you may call me anytime.”

“Actually, I am not staying in H City now,” replied Olivia. She was deliberately testing Charlotte when she added, “I’ve been working in Mr. Judd’s factory over the past two years. You know who Mr. Judd is, don’t you?”

“Are you referring to my dad’s right-hand man, Mr. Jeffrey Judd?” blurted Charlotte.

“Yes, that’s him,” said Olivia while nodding, “Those three factories were your dad’s assets, but after your father passed away, the factories were snatched away. You and Mr. Judd worked together to get it back. You’re still the major shareholder of those factories. Do you know where they are right now?”

“They’re in Yaleview,” answered Charlotte, who still remembered certain things, “There are three factories in Yaleview. Two of them produce clothing while the other one manufactures jewelry. I was the one who named the factories. I called them The Char, The Lotte, and The Windt.”

“Yes, that’s it!” blurted Olivia excitedly before she asked, “Then do you know when Mrs. Berry’s birthday is?”

“March 5th, 1957...”

The glow in Charlotte’s eyes turned dark when they talked about Mrs. Berry. When she first woke up, she saw Mrs. Berry lying still inside the morgue. Charlotte had lost a lot of memories and forgot about a lot of things, but she remembered that someone killed Mrs. Berry.

I must become stronger to avenge Mrs. Berry’s death!

“She enjoys eating junk food. Her health was getting poorer, but she couldn’t resist it. She laughs freely and enjoys napping. She liked cooking for me, and she is always delighted to see me eating her cooking...”

Charlotte remembered Mrs. Berry well, even though it had been a while since those incidents happened. She would never forget her.

“She was overweight, but when she passed away, she shrunk exponentially. She lay motionless in the morgue and never moved a muscle, but she was still clutching a piece of my clothes. I still remember her whispering in my ear and encouraging me to keep fighting and live on...”

Charlotte’s eyes turned red with tears at that point in her story. Her tears kept swirling in her eyes, but she refused to let them roll down her cheeks.

That hatred and that desire for vengeance started creeping up in her heart again. I will never forget that the only thing keeping me alive is my desire to seek vengeance!