

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 289

Charlotte closed the door and put on the white-laced dress the woman passed her without further ado.

Although the woman wasn't a match for Charlotte in terms of figures, they were of the same height. Therefore, Charlotte could easily put on the dress.

However, the initially simple-looking dress morphed into an elegant-looking gown as soon as Charlotte put it on.

To prevent others from recognizing her, Charlotte found a piece of white-laced cloth and made it into a face veil to go along with the dress. Her glistening eyes were the only facial feature that was visible to the public.

"That's a brilliant idea! I don't think they can tell the difference now!" The woman exclaimed in excitement.

"I want you to stay here and wait for me, okay? I'll return to you once I'm done with the performance." Charlotte urged the injured woman to take care of herself and handed over the purse she had to her. "Please take care of these on my behalf."

"Okay!" The woman nodded vigorously because she was thrilled. "Miss, what's your name? I'm a student at H City Music Academy. My name is Olivia, Olivia Peyton."

"My name is Charlotte." As Charlotte introduced herself, they heard the sound of someone knocking on the door. A few seconds later, Ms. Goldstein's deadpan voice could be heard. "Why have you locked the door, Olivia? Are you sure you're giving up on such a rare opportunity?"

Olivia got anxious all of a sudden. She whispered and asked, "What should we do?"

"It's fine! Let's play along with her!" Charlotte stuffed the first-aid kit behind the partition and told Olivia to stay put until her return. Then, she proceeded to leave with the sheet music.

“What the heck are you up to?” When Ms. Goldstein saw Charlotte, she thought the woman in front of her was Olivia. “What’s going on with the face veil? What about your hand?”

When she lowered her gaze to check on the performer’s wounds, she noticed the woman in front of her wasn’t injured at all. However, she had a huge scab on the back of her left hand.

“Y-You...” Ms. Goldstein was confused.

“I’ll be heading over to the stage now.” Charlotte strode over to the banquet hall before Ms. Goldstein could grasp the situation.

The fierce-looking woman went after her and yelled, “W-Who are you? You better don’t mess up the performance!”

Immediately after the violinists’ performance, Charlotte walked up the stage with the sheet music.

“H-Hey!” Ms. Goldstein was about to stop Charlotte, but she couldn’t make it in time because the spotlight was switched on once again. She left the stage and stomped her feet anxiously in fear of things getting to the point of no return.

After Charlotte bowed at the crowd, she took her seat and started running her fingers across the piano, playing the classic piano piece by Maksim Mrvica—“Croatian Rhapsody.”

The guests of the banquet were impressed by the classic piece and turned around to check on the talented pianist on the stage.

Every note of the legato music was woven with such beauty as she ran her fingers lightly over the keys, bestowing the classical piece another chance to shine.

The guests of the banquet were bigshots of the upper echelon. As they spent most of their time listening to the performance of world-class pianists, they could easily tell the good from the bad.

Initially, they thought they wouldn't be surprised since the banquet had invited a bunch of students from several institutions to perform on stage. However, they were thrilled by the pleasant surprise of the world-grade performance that came out of the blue.

One of the guests approached Ms. Goldstein and asked, "May I know the name of the pianist who's performing? Her performance is marvelous!"

Ms. Goldstein was dumbstruck for a few seconds. Shortly after she returned to her senses, she inquired, "E-Er... S-She's a student from a local institution... What do you think of her performance?"

"It's amazing! To be frank, this is a world-class performance!" The guest couldn't help but exclaim because he was utterly overwhelmed.

"Huh? Are you serious?"

Ms. Goldstein was no expert because she could barely play a musical instrument. Therefore, she was shocked when she received positive feedback from the guest. She glanced at the guests in the hall and noticed no one was in a conversation anymore—they couldn't move their eyes away from the pianist that was on the stage.

She heaved a sigh of relief and felt as though a boulder had been lifted off her shoulders. A few seconds later, she grinned because things turned out to be fine.

I don't care who she is as long as the show goes on smoothly!

Meanwhile, Olivia, who was at the back of the hall, stopped frowning and started bandaging her wounded palm when she heard the melodic tune being played.

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In the center of the banquet hall, Zachary, who was surrounded by all sorts of people, turned around and looked in the direction of the stage.

He found the pianist on the stage to be familiar, especially her remarkable skills and glistening pair of eyes.

Zachary couldn't help but recall his encounter with a masked Charlotte back when he was in Bar DTT.

He couldn't recognize the woman who was in the bar, but he wouldn't allow her to deceive him for another time.

As he spotted the scab that was on the back of the pianist's left hand, he knew the woman on the stage was Charlotte because Sharon once stepped on the former's hand some time ago.