

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 665

"I bet you still don't know..." Sharon tilted Charlotte's chin with her knife and sniggered. "that the Nacht family has found your replacement. Your face in your wedding photos has been photoshopped into someone else's."

"W-What?"

A feeling of déjà vu knocked Charlotte numb. Her eyes opened wide, watching her nightmare become a reality.

"The news of Zachary's wedding is all over the media. There are video clips of the wedding reception, but you're no longer the bride. Here, see for yourself." Sharon whipped out her phone and passed it to Charlotte.

Charlotte's jaw dropped when she saw the headline: Zachary Nacht, President of Divine Corporation, held a low-key wedding ceremony. The bride was the daughter of Synder Group's Chairman.

"You did this?" Charlotte looked up at Sharon.

"Of course not. Do you think I'd be here if it were me?." Sharon let out a bitter grin.

"The woman is Cynthia Blackwood, my stepsister. The Nacht family is substituting her for you. She's the ideal marionette that can never talk back!"

Charlotte was in a fret as she clicked the video link in the news article.

The video flaunted scenes of her wedding with Zachary. But one thing was off—her face had been replaced by someone else's.

One of the scenes showed a child propping up a ring and said, "Your ring, Mommy." However, the bride was someone else. She was beaming with joy, and her smile was so gentle as if she was the actual bride!

That was a huge blow to Charlotte.

Her eyes were fixated on the screen while her trembling hands kept scrolling down to see if there were more related articles.

The Romantic Story of A Four Year Underground Love Affair.

The subheading went like this: Four years ago, they were blessed with triplets, but she took them away. Four years later, they met again in the most peculiar way!

Charlotte clicked on it and was directed to a photo album. There she saw photos of the whole family, Fifi the parrot, their house on Happy Avenue, the day she joined Divine Corporation...

It was a complete record of her life with Zachary. However, someone appeared to be sharing those moments with him in her stead, someone by the name of Cynthia Blackwood.

The phone slid out of her quivering hands and dropped onto the ground.

All that occupied her mind in this instance was the distorted family photo where another woman took her place.

Her tormenting nightmare had come true!

It wreaked havoc in her head, and her world was shattered into pieces.

When the Nacht Family first sent her to Coldbridge, she was undeniably scared of the uncertainty and hated them for doing so. Still, she held onto the last sliver of hope in her, hoping that Zachary would come and take her back.

But now, the fleeting hope that she'd tightly grasped onto eventually found its way out of her hand.

All her bubbles of hopes, dreams, and happiness popped and dissolved into thin air.

At that instant, she was in so much distress that she felt like every raindrop was gnawing her skin and whipping the raw flesh underneath.

As she cried, her last wisp of despair exited her body through the last teardrop.

Nothing could threaten her anymore, not even the knife at her neck.

She was dead inside.

“Your agony brought me so much joy, Charlotte. Hahahaha!” Sharon chortled in absolute jubilation. “What’s not mine will never be yours. That’s my revenge to you!”

She looked down at Charlotte in contempt. “I’ve lost pleasure in killing you. You know what, I’ll let you live. After all, it’ll be a life graver than death for you!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 666

Sharon slowly got back on her feet and walked away with a wicked smile. “She’s all yours. Enjoy!”

“Thank you, boss!”

Those men started to unbuckle their belts and slither closer toward Charlotte.

“N-No...” Charlotte shook her head aggressively, and just as she got up, someone stepped on her gown and pressed her onto the ground.

“Let go of me! Let go of me!” She grappled with all her might.

Those two men were brutal when it came to tearing her gown apart. The embroidered diamonds scattered, and pieces of white tulle and lace dispersed into the air.

“Leave Miss alone!”

Mrs. Berry lunged toward Charlotte, trying to protect her from more harm, but one of the men sent her tumbling with a kick.

Right then, they heard a symphony of rain, thunder, and lightning.

Those men hesitated instantly, perhaps due to their conscience.

“Why stop? Go on!” Sharon commanded angrily.

With that, they shook their conscience off and went on to finish what they started.

“No! Stop...”

Charlotte struggled with all her might, but she was no match for the beastly desires of these ruffians. She couldn't set herself free.

Right when one of them was about to have his way with her, the sound of a police siren was heard. “The cops are here! The cops are here!”

Those stocky men jumped back in fright.

“You lucky b*tch.” Sharon sneered as she pinned Charlotte's head onto the ground with her foot. “Too bad you're a walking corpse now. Zachary has betrayed you, and your children are calling someone else Mommy. So why don't you let me grant you your death wish?”

With the twitch of a finger, one of her bodyguards robbed Mrs. Berry of the silver box and passed it to her.

“What do you think you're doing? Give it back to me!”

Mrs. Berry reached for the box but was kicked onto the ground once again.

Thud! It was a heavy fall, and blood started oozing from her head.

“Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Berry...” Charlotte stretched out her arm as far as she could, howling in consternation.

“I guess this must be the last bottle of the antidote.”

Sharon fiddled with the bottle between her fingers and palm.

“I heard that Riz Corporation developed the poison, Crimson Tears, and if you fail to drink every single bottle of the antidote, all your effort before this would be nullified.”

"No..." Mrs. Berry crawled toward Sharon and clasped her leg, crying and begging her to return the antidote.

"Hahahaha..." Sharon just laughed and dropped the bottle on the floor.

Smash! The last bottle of antidote was in smithereens. The clear liquid that was once in the bottle joined the puddle of rain almost instantly.

"No! No!"

Mrs. Berry tried to scoop it with her bare hands, but it was futile.

Charlotte drooped her head in despair.

"Aren't you loyal? Die for her, then!" Sharon took one of the men's gun and aimed at Mrs. Berry.

"Please, no..." Fear shook Charlotte's head left and right. "Sharon, it's me you're after. Leave her a—"

Bang! Charlotte's plead was cut short by a gunshot.

Every inch of her body started to quiver while she was frozen in place.

There was Mrs. Berry's blood all over her face, and some made its way into her eyes.

"Be grateful that I spared your life, Charlotte. Hahaha..."

Sharon turned around and left the scene as her laughter echoed.

"Mrs. Berry..." Charlotte wrapped her trembling arms around Mrs. Berry's torso. "Mrs. Berry, wake up. Don't do this to me..."

"Oh my God! What's going on?" Arthit was shocked by what he saw when he got to the scene.

"Call the ambulance! The ambulance!" Charlotte screamed.

Arthit hurriedly took out his phone and called the ambulance. After some mutter, he turned to Charlotte and said, "Don't worry. The ambulance will arrive shortly, and the police are already after those bad guys. For the moment, let me get a doctor..."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 667

Panic-stricken, Arthit ran off, leaving Charlotte bawling her eyes out in the rain with Mrs. Berry in her arms.

"Miss..." Mrs. Berry held onto Charlotte's hand tightly. Blood was oozing from the corners of her mouth, but she still mustered the strength to call out to Charlotte, "Miss..."

"Mrs. Berry! Don't worry. You'll be fine. You'll be fine! I won't let anything happen to you." Charlotte quavered as tears trickled down her face. "You can't leave me like this! You're all that I have left... I have no one but you..."

Charlotte could not imagine a life without Mrs. Berry, who was the last ray of hope in her life that she desperately held onto.

She would rather get shot than let Mrs. Berry sacrifice herself.

"Miss..." Mrs. Berry's eyes were gruesomely wide open, and the tears strewn on her face were washed away by the unforgiving rain. The blood in her mouth made it difficult for her to speak. "You need to live... on..."

"Mrs. Berry..." The next thing Charlotte knew, Mrs. Berry's hand had gone limp, dropping to the ground.

"Mrs. Berry! Mrs. Berry..." Charlotte called her name in a trembling voice. "Mrs. Berry! This is not funny at all... Wake up... Wake up!"

To Charlotte's despair, no matter how urgently she cried for her, Mrs. Berry did not respond and simply lay lifelessly in her arms.

What had been an affectionate, loving, and chubby angel in her life became merely an empty shell.

Overwhelmed with shock, Charlotte's pupils dilated while her mouth was agape. She wanted to scream at the top of her lungs, yet she could not even make a sound.

She could not bring herself to believe that Mrs. Berry, the caring and dependable guardian in her life, had left her forever.

"No..." Charlotte clung onto Mrs. Berry's cold body, quivering uncontrollably. Looking up at the sky, her vision blurred as she broke out in tears. "Arghhh!"

She sounded like a desolate beast in pain. Her sorrow could not be expressed in mere words.

What have I done wrong? God! Why are you doing this to us?

Crimson stains of blood bloomed like flowers of death on her pristine wedding gown once more. But this time, it was Mrs. Berry's blood.

It should have been me instead!

Eventually, the ambulance arrived at the scene. Paramedics rushed to check on Mrs. Berry, but alas, they turned to Charlotte with conflicted expressions. "We're sorry..."

Arthit, who stood beside her, was at a loss for words. He had no idea how he could comfort her in such a situation. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

The paramedics continued to talk to Charlotte about Mrs. Berry, but her mind seemed to be somewhere else. In the end, the paramedics left the scene, leaving Charlotte and Arthit, who looked at her in sympathy.

Time slowly ticked away, but Charlotte did not move an inch and clung onto Mrs. Berry helplessly in the relentless rain. Even as the sun set, she did not seem to notice.

Night fell soon after, but the rain was still pouring from the sky.

Though the rain was far from a thunderstorm, Charlotte had become drenched inside out, and all the blood on her had been washed away.

"Charlotte, let's bring Mrs. Berry back. She's been in the rain for too long," Arthit said tentatively.

Those words seemed to wake Charlotte up from her trance, and she took a closer look at Mrs. Berry, who was in her arms. Wobbling as she stood up while holding onto Mrs. Berry's heavy body, she cried, "I'm bringing you home... Let's go home..."

"Let me help you." Arthit knelt before her.

"Screw off!" Charlotte shrieked.

Shocked by her sudden outburst, Arthit stumbled backward.

Charlotte mustered the remaining strength she had to bring Mrs. Berry's body home. However, her body quickly gave in after a few steps when a stinging pain struck her head like a sharp blade.

Charlotte fell to the ground with a hand on her head and the other firmly gripping Mrs. Berry's hand.

"Charlotte, what's wrong?" Arthit was terror-stricken and began wailing, "This isn't funny! Don't scare me like this! I-I'll go get the doctor!"

With that, Arthit darted off.

Without any warning, blood began streaming out of Charlotte's nostrils. Droplets of the warm liquid landed on Mrs. Berry's body as the unbearable pain surged within Charlotte's body. At the same time, she felt as if a thousand needles were piercing her skull from the inside.

"Arghhh!"

Charlotte collapsed with her head banging against the hard, cold concrete below. The unyielding rain and ominous dark clouds were reflected in her bloodshot eyes. She, too, could feel the life being sucked out of her...

Her eyelids felt heavier and heavier. Am I about to die too?