

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 668

As she closed her eyes wearily, a familiar voice suddenly echoed in her ears. "Miss... You need to live... on..."

Mrs. Berry's voice was joined by the sweet voices of her dear children.

"Mommy! Mommy! We'll wait for you to come home!"

Charlotte slowly opened her eyes once more to meet the sight of her father's silhouette looming above her in the skies as if giving her words of comfort. "Lottie, please live on... Please live a happy life without me..."

The voices of her family seemed to warm her heart, imparting the powerful strength of hope into her veins, pushing her to fight against the Grim Reaper.

She blinked and sluggishly clenched her hands into fists.

Flames of hatred burned in her bloodshot eyes.

You want me dead? No way!

I'm going to survive this! And make all of you pay!

With willpower alone, Charlotte pushed herself up and crawled toward her right.

There was a phone lying on the ground, which was left by Sharon. Its screen was still flashing.

As Charlotte clambered toward the phone, blood oozed from her knees and elbows. Her ivory gown had turned into a dirty, gory mess after being tainted by her blood and mud.

However, that was the last thing on her mind at the moment. Nothing was going to stop her from grabbing her lifebuoy in the bottomless, treacherous sea she was currently drowning in.

Reaching out for the phone with her blood-covered hands, she dialed the number that had been carved into her heart with trembling fingers.

Lottie, when you find yourself trapped in a dead-end, call this number, and your guardian angel shall descend from the skies and protect you from harm!

I shall... I shall be reborn...

Doo! Doo! Doo! The phone rang once, twice, thrice...

Finally, the call went through. "Hello?" A baritone voice resounded in her ears.

"I... I'm Isabella's daughter... I'm in Coldbridge... Save me... Save me!"

With her last breath, Charlotte uttered those words. The next moment, her head crashed straight onto the hard concrete.

"Over there!" At that very moment, Arthit returned with a group of doctors. "Charlotte! Charlotte! Wake up!"

The screen of Sharon's phone was still glimmering on the ground. The call only ended when the tires of the ambulance ran over the phone as Charlotte got taken to the hospital.

The glass screen shattered, with cracks that resembled a spider web. With that, Sharon's phone was reduced to a piece of scrap metal.

Rain was still pouring from the heavens. The darkness that shrouded the terrain below seemed to parallel the unbreakable spell of the human condition.

In the ambulance, Arthit spoke anxiously to the paramedics, "How is she? Is she dead?"

"She isn't dead, but her condition is worrying... and that lady over there is beyond saving."

Upon hearing those words, Arthit's expression turned grim, and he hurriedly made a call to relay the events that had transpired that day.

The person on the other end froze momentarily and then sprinted to find Spencer with his phone in hand.

Spencer happened to be brewing tea for Henry in the study room to discuss some follow-up matters. Out of the blue, their bodyguard burst into the room, yelling, "Ms. Windt is in mortal peril!"

"What? What happened to her?" Spencer quickly asked.

"They got attacked. Mrs. Berry was shot, and Ms. Windt is terribly injured. She's on the brink of death..."

Clink!

Henry's teacup fell to the ground and shattered into pieces. "How can that be? Who did it?"

"I'm not sure about that. Our informant, Arthit, talked about a woman from C Nation, but he doesn't know who she is..."

"Hurry!" Henry turned to look at Spencer. "Gather your men and get there immediately... Hold on. You need to inform our correspondents in T Nation to safeguard her first, then hurry to T Nation with your team!"

"Understood!" Spencer immediately sprang into action.

At that very moment, another subordinate entered the room. "Mr. Nacht! Your grandson has escaped! He is on the way to the airport at the moment. He must have found out about Ms. Windt!"

"What? How could that be?" Spencer turned pale.

"Didn't I drug him and lock him up in the basement? How did he even get out?" Henry was on edge. "Quick! Head to the airport now!"

"Yes!"

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Meanwhile, on the highway, Zachary was speeding toward the airport. His eyes were alarmingly red, as if the blood vessels within them were about to pop.

Charlotte, wait for me... I'll get you now. He uttered those words in his head over and over.

Henry had personally spiked his drink and imprisoned him in the basement of his own house just to ensure that Cynthia could take Charlotte's place.

As a result, he fell unconscious for three entire days, and by the time he woke up, things seemed to have taken an irreversible turn.

Everything related to Charlotte had been erased and replaced by fabricated information about Cynthia. News of Cynthia marrying Zachary was also released in an official announcement.

Of course, Zachary absolutely lost it when he heard the news. However, he was locked up and did not have the means to do anything about the situation.

Henry had planned on detaining him until Charlotte took the last bottle of antidote the next day and left for a place where Zachary would never be able to find.

Never did it cross his dysfunctional mind that Charlotte might fall into peril before the next day even came.

Unable to sit back and do nothing, Zachary figured out a way to escape. He then stole a bodyguard's phone to contact Bruce and Ben. Upon discovering what happened to Charlotte, he took over a car on the streets by force and drove to the airport like an absolute maniac.

On the other hand, Henry also sent his men to hurry to the airport to stop Zachary.

At the same time, Spencer reached out to the correspondents of the Nacht family in T Nation and ordered them to travel to Coldbridge to protect Charlotte.

However, it was too late.

At about two kilometers from a local hospital in Coldbridge, a monstrous jeep appeared out of nowhere and crashed straight into the ambulance that Charlotte was in.

Bang! The impact of the collision caused the ambulance to slide backward haphazardly, and the ambulance collided once more against the utility pole by the road, causing it to fall onto its side. As the piercing ambulance sirens rang, the medical staff within the vehicle scurried out.

Arthit dizzily climbed out of the car window and then dragged Charlotte out. She had already lost consciousness by then.

A short distance away from the wreckage, Sharon, who was in the jeep, turned her phone camera toward the ambulance and talked to the person she was video-calling, "Do you see this?"

"Those from the Nacht family are arriving very soon. You got to end this quickly! You need to ensure that she dies through and through!"

Zara was giving the commands on the other end.

"Understood." Sharon did a gesture.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Within minutes, a few bodyguards emerged from the jeep and shot down the entire team of medical staff.

"Arghhhh!" Arthit whimpered, raising his arms in the air. "Don't kill me! Please don't kill me! I know nothing! I know nothing..."

Bang! Those were his last words before he collapsed in his pool of blood.

The assassinations were done swiftly with a single bullet each, without even a moment of hesitation.

With a phone in hand and a gun in the other, Sharon got out of the car and sauntered toward Charlotte in the rain with a scathing look on her face.

Charlotte's bridal gown was drenched in blood. She simply lay motionless on the ground as the rain and mud washed her cold body.

With an impatient look on her face, Sharon brutally kicked Charlotte's head, but the latter did not even make a sound. Sharon knelt down and slapped her gun against Charlotte's face.

"Hey! Hey! Wake up! You're making this unbearably boring!"

"Kill her!" On the other end of the call, Zara seemed to be getting rather impatient too.

"What's the hurry?"

Having said that, Sharon pinched Charlotte's philtrum, trying to wake her up. She desperately wanted to see Charlotte beg for her life, or she would not be satisfied with the kill.

"Sharon! Do it! Do you want to die too?" Zara commanded irritably.

Rolling her eyes, Sharon ended the call with a smirk. Then she stood up and kicked Charlotte's limp body a few more times.

Eventually, Charlotte began curling up a little.

"Hah! That's what I'm talking about!" Sharon used her foot to roll Charlotte's face over.
"Charlotte Windt! Look at me!"

Charlotte wearily opened her eyes and made out Sharon's face despite her blurry vision. Fury and hatred began to well up in her eyes.

"Good! Hah! I love that face you're making!" Sharon was so excited that she began cackling uncontrollably. Pointing her gun at Charlotte, she said, "Beg! And maybe I'll make it quick for you!"

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Charlotte opened her mouth, but her voice was too raspy and soft to be heard.

"What?" Sharon bent down and moved her ear closer to Charlotte.

"I hope you live on..." Charlotte struggled to talk. "I will definitely... come back... and seek revenge on you... I'll... make you... pay for this!"

"Hahaha..." Sharon burst out in laughter as if she had just heard the funniest joke ever. "Charlotte! Have you lost your mind? You're gonna die here today. Do you know that? Revenge? Are you going to haunt me like a ghost? Hah! This is the funniest thing I've heard in a while..."

Sharon's cackles sounded extra mocking and contemptuous in the howling winds.

After some time, she turned quiet. Hitting Charlotte's face with her gun, she growled, "Stupid whore! You deserve this! If you do become a ghost, feel free to find me! Oh, by the way, you shouldn't be haunting me. I wanted to spare your life, you know? I only planned on letting you suffer from the drugs, but those from the Nacht family just couldn't wait to kill you! Urgh, I can't do anything about that, can I?"

Feigning a troubled expression, Sharon pointed to the bodyguards and jeeps behind her.

"Look... Those are men dispatched by the Nacht family. At this point, none of them want you to live a second longer. Your existence is a blatant threat to them! You bring shame to their family!"

"Are you... telling me the truth?" Charlotte's chest heaved as a multitude of emotions surged from within.

"Think about it yourself. They have already wiped you away from existence and even got someone to replace you! Do you really think that they'll let you live?" Sharon snickered. "They won't be able to sleep at night until you're dead for good!"

As her smile widened, Sharon continued, "Trust me. I won't lie to someone who's about to die."

Sharon's words had doused the last flames of hope in the back of Charlotte's mind. Her gaze instantly turned cold, and her fists were clenched so tightly that her nails were digging into her flesh. A seed of hatred had been sowed deep in her heart.

"Farewell, Charlotte Windt!" Sharon pointed her gun at Charlotte. "I hope you'd be less of an idiot in the afterlife. Oh, and don't get deceived by men again!"

With that, she pulled the trigger and was ready to fire a shot at Charlotte.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was at that very moment that the whirling sound of aircrafts reverberated overhead.

The wind bellowed like a wild beast, causing the dirt on the terrain below to be swept up.

Sharon instinctively covered her eyes before glancing overhead with caution. More than a dozen helicopters were approaching them from all directions. One, in particular, was circling directly above them, and the gusts of wind from its engine almost made her lose her balance.

Her bodyguard rushed over to cover her before bringing her back to her jeep. To their dismay, they soon fell over as the strong winds pinned them onto the ground.

Sharon was furious. Whipping out her gun, she blasted multiple shots at the helicopter.

Bang! To her utter horror, a bullet punctured her wrist.

Sharon bawled her lungs out from the sharp pain and rolled around on the ground.

Her bodyguards immediately got up and readied themselves to retaliate. However, upon seeing the golden symbol imprinted on the helicopters above, they froze in their tracks. "The Lindbergs!"

"It's the legendary Mr. Lindberg!"

The next thing they knew, tens of men in black were plunging down from the sky.

Right then, a tall figure could be seen free-falling from the helicopter in the center and landing nimbly before Charlotte. The tall man loomed over Charlotte as he gazed down at her.

Unable to move, Charlotte simply looked up at him as she lay in a pool of blood. She was met by the sight of a cold and domineering young man who exuded a mysterious aura.

"Were you the one who made the call?" the man spoke calmly.

"Yes..." That was all that Charlotte managed to utter.

The man kneeled gracefully and gently swept away the messy hair covering Charlotte's bloody face. Taking a closer look at her face, he curled his lips. "You're definitely Isabella's daughter!"