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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1094

Sharon was incensed when she heard this.

She would not be as agitated if Taylor had worked with the police to spy on her.

If that were the case, he could well excuse his action by saying the police left him no choice but to cooperate with the authorities to buy them time. In a sense, he was doing what was necessary to protect himself.

If the police had apprehended her, they would still need to abide by the protocol and run a retrial. They would still play by the rule and not kill her, but that was not what Taylor did.

He made a deal with Charlotte and even gave her Sharon's address. This was no longer just about protecting himself.

He was pushing her to the forefront and throwing her right into the eye of the storm because of his selfish interests.

He simply wanted her dead.

Never had she loathed her father with such an immense hatred.

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This truth sparked an unquenchable desire in her to live on. She told herself she had to stay alive. She wanted to face Taylor head-on and demand an explanation for his indefensible cruelty.

A bolt of sudden lightning zapped through the dark sky and a thunderous sound followed. Sharon stood frozen as she tried to come to terms with what she found out.

“I can’t believe I spent that much money just for you,” Charlotte derided, “I paid your dad a phenomenal sum just to know your location.”

“It doesn’t matter how much money you gave him,” Sharon said, lifting her head finally, “I know Lindberg Corporation can take back what y’all offered with just a simple command.”

Taylor fell from power to failure overnight. He was desperate and he had to cling on to the only hope he had.

He would do anything just to survive—even at the expense of his daughter’s life.

“Turns out you’re not as dumb as I thought you were,” Charlotte said, motioning toward Sharon slowly.

“Stay where you are or I’ll shoot!” Sharon shouted, “Get me a car now!”

Bang!

Before Sharon could continue, a bullet drove through her knee and she collapsed to the ground, shrieking in pain.

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Charlotte darted over and snatched her gun away. She grabbed Ellie with another hand and handed her to Morgan, who quickly carried the child into the car.

“Goodbye, Sharon.” Charlotte stepped on her head and bent lower. “Your death is long overdue. Two years is already too much for you.”

“Kill me if you dare to, Charlotte,” Sharon seethed, glaring back at her. “I will haunt you even in death!”

“Even hell is too good for you, Sharon, but come to think of it, you’re as good as dead now. Even your dad has betrayed you. There’s nothing else for you to live for.”

Charlotte used the same words Sharon told her two years ago. It was about time she had a taste of her own medicine. This familiar scene brought back bad memories.

Two years ago, Sharon had Charlotte under her feet. Similarly, Sharon smirked triumphantly at Charlotte as she ridiculed her.

“You’re as good as dead now, Charlotte. Even Zachary has betrayed you. What’s the point of living now? I’ll do you a favor and end your life. You won’t believe how thrilled I am to see you suffer. You’re never getting what I can’t get. This is my sweetest revenge for you.”

That was what Sharon said to Charlotte back then.

“You know what? It’s not worth it dirtying my hands for someone like you. I should just let you live and suffer more. You should be grateful because I spared you today.”

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Sharon laughed hysterically.

“Come on! Beg for your life! I will give you an easy death if you beg.”

Life was like an echo. What you sent out came back to you. Two years ago, Charlotte was the one struggling for her life.

“I will remember what you did to me, Sharon Blackwood. I will make sure you pay for it. Make sure you live to see me again,” Charlotte howled.

Two years had elapsed since that incident. It was Charlotte’s turn to deliver justice when she finally got her hands on Sharon.

“To hell, Sharon,” she said coldly, pointing the gun at her head.

Sharon knew it was not her time yet. She had to do everything she could to survive. “Aren’t you curious about the person who helped me flee?”

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