

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 661

"Take it easy. I don't think he saw her face." Taylor tried to calm Henry down.

Spencer held his phone and reported, "Mr. Nacht, I've asked Ben, and he said that Mr. Lindberg did talk to Mr. Zachary in the car that day. The windows were slightly rolled down, but it's improbable that he saw Ms. Windt.

"However, at the wedding reception, Mr. Lindberg was hiding in the shadows. I'm not sure if he saw her. Well, even if he did, with the distance and the bustling crowd, I supposed he could only see her silhouette."

"Whichever the case is, we need to fix this." Henry's brows knitted tighter. "My plan was to give her an identity and then announce her death in a few months' time. That would've solved the problem. Now, we need someone to pass off as her to wipe out any speck of suspicion."

"Huh?" Spencer's blood ran cold. "But Mr. Zachary would never agree to it."

"It's not up to him now!" Henry blustered.

Spencer dipped his head low and held his tongue.

"Taylor, you have another daughter, right?" Henry uttered out of the blue. "I've seen her before. She's pretty and tender-hearted. Besides, she does have some resemblances to Charlotte."

"And?" Taylor's eyes widened as he sensed vice.

"She could be the solution."

T Nation, Coldbridge.

Boom! Charlotte jolted awake from her nightmare at the sound of thunder and screeched in horror.

"Miss, Miss!" Mrs. Berry leaped out of her bed and wrapped herself around Charlotte. "It's just a nightmare, Miss. Don't worry. Everything's okay," she tried to console Charlotte as she stroked her back gently.

"I dreamed that I was dead. Some girl morphed my face into hers and married Zachary. The children even were calling her Mommy..." Sweat ran down Charlotte's face and body, and she couldn't help but tremble in fear.

"Don't be silly. How's that even possible? It's just a bad dream. Calm down. Now, let me get you some water." Mrs. Berry kept soothing her nerves.

The swinging shadows from the trees sent tingling chills down her spine. She squeezed her pillow into her chest and curled up in the corner of the room.

"It's raining out there. Quite windy too." Mrs. Berry gave Charlotte a glass of warm water to calm her nerves. "Shhh, it's alright now. Once the sun rises, we'll go get a phone and give Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie a call, okay?"

"Okay." Charlotte's nerves loosen at the thought of her children. After a few gulps of water, she regained her sobriety.

"Sleep tight." Mrs. Berry tucked her into bed, and as she was just about to stand up, Charlotte locked her arms around hers. "Mrs. Berry, stay with me."

"Haha. My dear, you're a grown-up now." Mrs. Berry then lay next to her. "Remember when you were a kid, you always wanted to hug me to sleep when there was thunder?"

Mrs. Berry's embrace was Charlotte's safe haven.

"There's nothing to be afraid of. Mr. Windt's watching over us from heaven. All these will soon be over."

"You're right." Charlotte was looking on the bright side too. Dozing off to the pitter-patter of the rain, she murmured, "There's so much rain in Coldbridge. It's been raining since we first arrived. And it gets heavier and heavier..."

"Indeed. It's the rainy season now. Sleep tight. I'm right here."

Mrs. Berry's soothing voice gave Charlotte a sense of security.

She dapped the sweats dotting Charlotte's forehead after the latter nodded off. Looking at her pale face only sent prickling stings to Mrs. Berry's heart. She turned toward the window, looked out to the veil of rain, and let out a deep sigh.

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The next day at the crack of dawn, Mrs. Berry and Charlotte went looking for phones.

They bought local sim cards together with the phones. Oddly, the vendors have scruples about enabling international calls. He explained that it was due to the identification they had provided.

Mrs. Berry used all the body language she could think of but to no avail.

When Charlotte tried to communicate in English, they only shrugged their shoulders and tilted their heads.

Eventually, they sought help from their neighbor, Arthit. But he, too, said that there was nothing he could do, and there was no way they could contact their family back home.

Charlotte finally realized that if the Nacht family had trudged their way to send her here, they'd definitely cut off any possible means for her to make contact with her children.

That explained the numerous restrictions that came with their local identifications, which the Nacht family obtained for them.

All of a sudden, Charlotte ran back home as a thought struck her. She rummaged through one of the boxes, looking for her passport, but it was gone, and so was her C Nation ID card.

Right now, she and Mrs. Berry only had T Nation's ID cards in possession. These cards stopped them from taking planes, riding trains, and making international calls.

In other words, the chances of leaving Coldbridge and making contact with people outside of Coldbridge were practically zero.

"Where are our passports? And our ID cards? What happened to them?" Mrs. Berry was at sixes and sevens. She nervously asked, "Miss, do you think someone broke in?"

"Yes, the Nacht family'."

Charlotte was fuming in abhorrence. She couldn't figure out what the Nacht family wanted exactly. Why are they so callous? Not only did they send me to an alien country, but they also cut off all possible connections between the children and me. What are they up to?

"Are you saying that it was the Nacht family who took away our identifications?" All of a sudden, a revelation hit Mrs. Berry. "No wonder the bodyguards were holding onto our luggage the entire time! Oh no..."

She turned to the other drawer and hastily looked for a small box given to Charlotte by Richard.

Thank goodness it's still here.

Mrs. Berry opened the box and sighed in relief at the sight of the letters and a black card.

Nevertheless, she was still worried. "What are we gonna do now, Miss?"

"Pull yourself together. Let's wait till I'm fully recovered." Charlotte didn't want to live in this town forever.

"You're right." Mrs. Berry then popped back into the room and came out with a small silver box in her hands. "Spencer gave me these. They are the antidote. Here, have a bottle."

Right after her last word, Mrs. Berry abruptly drew her hand back in suspicion. "Wait a minute. This might not be the antidote. What if it's another of their ploys? What if it's poison?"

"If they wanted to kill us, we wouldn't be alive and kicking now."

Having said that, Charlotte seized the bottle and chugged it.

With her heart palpitating, Mrs. Berry observed in silence for some time. Only when she saw nothing amiss did she let her nerves unravel. "Well, at least the antidote is real..."

"Yup. As long as we're alive, there's hope." Charlotte put on a scornful smile.

"Good. That's the spirit. Anyway, I'm gonna make us some lunch. Have some rest."

Mrs. Berry trotted to the kitchen.

After that, Charlotte went back to the boxes, trying to see if there was anything that could come in handy. Her father's will and a name card that was attached to it were intact. Right then, she recalled that in the will, there was something about calling the number on the card if she came to a dead end.

To her frustration, it was an international number.

International calls were out of bounds for them at the moment. She could not help but wonder, if something life-threatening were to happen, would death be their only option?

Charlotte gave out a long sigh. The drizzling weather was a precise depiction of her emotions—gloomy and grim.

When will it end?

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An agonizing nine days had passed.

In the silver box stood the last bottle of antidote. Fortunately, Charlotte did not relapse for the past few days, which was basically the only thing she was glad about.

One more bottle tomorrow, and all the poison in her body would be flushed out.

At dawn, Mrs. Berry collected Charlotte's custom-made bridal gown after she hung the clothes outside. Thanks to the ceaseless rain, it took them forever to dry, and the layers of fabric sewn to the dress didn't help either.

The bridal gown had been out on the laundry rack for nine days since Mrs. Berry removed all blood stains on it.

Finally, she could take the gown back in.

After that, she looked for the biggest hanger she could find, hung it on the wall, and ironed it using the steam from a conventional iron.

"Let me do it." Charlotte took over the iron.

Actually, a gown worth tens of millions shouldn't be hand-washed, neither should it be ironed in this manner. But with the limited resources in this town, that was all they could come up with. There were also dry cleaners out there, but Mrs. Berry wasn't sure if they were professional enough.

Inch by inch, Charlotte finally pressed out all the wrinkles after more than an hour. She took a few steps back and gave it a once-over.

As the soft breeze passed under the tulle, it gently buoyed up and fell. There was something familiar yet foreign about this gown.

The diamonds sewn onto the gown made it glimmer under the sun. Yet, a bridal gown without a bride was like a fallen angel, ripped off all its resplendence.

Just like Charlotte's eyes.

Tears trickled down her cheek when she looked at the wedding ring in her palm, and she had never felt worst.

"Miss, cheer up. At least you're recovering well. One last bottle tomorrow and you'll be as fit as a fiddle. This is great news, isn't it?"

"You're right. I've survived." Charlotte smiled.

Despite that, she was no better than a walking corpse that was robbed of everything and trapped in a foreign land.

"Miss, there's still hope as long as we're alive. Mr. Zachary would surely come for us." Mrs. Berry was very encouraging.

Charlotte was having conflicting feelings as her eyes wandered on the bridal gown. She would feel hopeful every morning, believing that Zachary would come for her. But at night, before she fell asleep, the fire in her heart would slowly smother, blaming how heartless he was.

At that moment, she was truly lost.

She didn't know if she should trust him anymore.

"I'm gonna make dinner. Have some rest." Mrs. Berry went to the kitchen.

After staring blankly at the bridal gown for some time, she took it down and put it on. Looking at her reflection, she noticed how careworn she'd become. All the elegance and glow on her wedding day had faded away.

Within merely ten days, she dropped two sizes, and the gown was loose on her now.

Pitter-patter... "Gosh, It was all sunny just now. Where did the rain come from?"

Mrs. Berry ran out to the yard to collect the clothes, and to her apprehension, she saw several black sedans outside the house. It was the Nachts family's convoy.

Mrs. Berry leaped in joy, assuming that the Nacht family had come to pick them up. "Miss, Miss! Hurry! The Nacht family has sent someone to pick us up!"

Charlotte rushed out of the house barefoot upon hearing Mrs. Berry's holler.

"Miss, isn't that the Nacht family's convoy? It looks like it!" Mrs. Berry pointed toward the cars on the other side of the fence.

"Yes, it's them." Charlotte held the hem of the gown and ran toward the gate. But the moment she pushed the gate open, the face she saw was that of someone she loathed.

"Hi, Charlotte. It's been a while! Didn't expect to fall into my hands, did you?" It was Sharon, who had a malignant grin on her face.

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Charlotte was in absolute stupefaction. When she returned to her senses, she slammed the gate shut as fast as she could and locked it.

"Miss, what's wr—"

"It's Sharon! Run!"

Charlotte held Mrs. Berry's hand tightly and headed toward the backdoor. "Wait!" Mrs. Berry shook her hand off and ran into the room.

She clutched the silver box close to her chest. "This is the last bottle of antidote. We mustn't lose it."

"Come! We have to go!" Charlotte was like a cat on a hot tin roof. Again, she dragged Mrs. Berry toward the backdoor.

Thump! Thump! Thump! The guards were pounding on the door.

As they dashed out of the house, they ran into Arthit. "Hi, Mrs. Berry. this durian is amaz—"

"Call the police. Someone's trying to kill us!"

Charlotte shouted at Arthit and continued her fleeing with Mrs. Berry.

Arthit stood there dumbfounded. Before he could make any sense out of Charlotte's words, a few beefy men knocked him down.

While he tried to root his feet on the ground, he was pushed down again by another few who were chasing after Charlotte. The durian that he was holding rolled onto the grass and cracked open. The fruit inside fell out and was trampled to mush.

Arthit wasn't having any of it. He got up and was ready to reproach them until he saw a man of towering height glaring murderously at him. That man was holding a gun too.

Arthit immediately got out of their way.

"Mind your own business!" The brute gave him a warning and continued his chase.

"Get her!"

It was the voice of a woman. Arthit turned around to see a tall and slender woman in heels. She and her bodyguards were trying to catch up with the rest of the gang.

"Stay away from me!" Charlotte's cries were heard from the distance.

Triggered by her agonized voice, Arthit almost jumped in to save the damsel in distress. But upon seeing the lofty human barricade, he ran away immediately.

"W-What do you want?"

Mrs. Berry tried to shield Charlotte from the men even after she was pushed to the ground.

"What do I want?" Sharon chuckled. "Revenge!"

"I've never done you any harm. What is there to avenge?" Charlotte growled.

"You've never done me any harm? Hahaha!" Sharon laughed hard as if Charlotte just cracked the funniest joke on the planet.

"I was Zachary's rightful fiancée, but all he cared about was you. He even sneaked into your room right in front of me, but I could only keep it to myself. Do you know how much that hurt? None of this makes sense. I have both the money and the looks. How are you better than me? Why you but not me?"

"Oh, and our wedding was canceled last minute even though it was already made public, and I became the joke of the town! I even attempted a wrist cut in front of him. But you know what? He didn't even bat an eyelid..."

As she recounted her misery, her brows began to droop, and her voice got hoarser. Yet, she snapped right out of it almost immediately and allowed her vicious self to take over. She squatted and slapped her sharp knife on Charlotte's cheek.

"It's all because of you. Hmm?"

"That's between you and him. I have nothing to do with it." Charlotte defended herself while carefully moving her face away from the blade.

"You have nothing to do with it?" Sharon squeezed Charlotte's cheeks and fiddled with the knife just an inch away from her face. "Are you sure?"

"What are you doing? Let go of her..."

Thud! The moment Mrs. Berry wanted to hurl herself toward Charlotte, one of the bodyguards kicked her onto the ground.

"Argh—" She let out a wail, and blood came spewing out of her mouth.

"Mrs. Berry!" Charlotte brayed in rage. "It's me you're after. Leave her alone!"

"Very well, then." Sharon's eyes roved around Charlotte's gown. "Wow, someone's in her bridal gown. Why? Trying to relive your wedding with Zachary? Too bad he's done with you."