

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 662

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?