

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 663

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.