

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 664

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.”