

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 668

As she closed her eyes wearily, a familiar voice suddenly echoed in her ears. "Miss... You need to live... on..."

Mrs. Berry's voice was joined by the sweet voices of her dear children.

"Mommy! Mommy! We'll wait for you to come home!"

Charlotte slowly opened her eyes once more to meet the sight of her father's silhouette looming above her in the skies as if giving her words of comfort. "Lottie, please live on... Please live a happy life without me..."

The voices of her family seemed to warm her heart, imparting the powerful strength of hope into her veins, pushing her to fight against the Grim Reaper.

She blinked and sluggishly clenched her hands into fists.

Flames of hatred burned in her bloodshot eyes.

You want me dead? No way!

I'm going to survive this! And make all of you pay!

With willpower alone, Charlotte pushed herself up and crawled toward her right.

There was a phone lying on the ground, which was left by Sharon. Its screen was still flashing.

As Charlotte clambered toward the phone, blood oozed from her knees and elbows. Her ivory gown had turned into a dirty, gory mess after being tainted by her blood and mud.

However, that was the last thing on her mind at the moment. Nothing was going to stop her from grabbing her lifebuoy in the bottomless, treacherous sea she was currently drowning in.

Reaching out for the phone with her blood-covered hands, she dialed the number that had been carved into her heart with trembling fingers.

Lottie, when you find yourself trapped in a dead-end, call this number, and your guardian angel shall descend from the skies and protect you from harm!

I shall... I shall be reborn...

Doo! Doo! Doo! The phone rang once, twice, thrice...

Finally, the call went through. "Hello?" A baritone voice resounded in her ears.

"I... I'm Isabella's daughter... I'm in Coldbridge... Save me... Save me!"

With her last breath, Charlotte uttered those words. The next moment, her head crashed straight onto the hard concrete.

"Over there!" At that very moment, Arthit returned with a group of doctors. "Charlotte! Charlotte! Wake up!"

The screen of Sharon's phone was still glimmering on the ground. The call only ended when the tires of the ambulance ran over the phone as Charlotte got taken to the hospital.

The glass screen shattered, with cracks that resembled a spider web. With that, Sharon's phone was reduced to a piece of scrap metal.

Rain was still pouring from the heavens. The darkness that shrouded the terrain below seemed to parallel the unbreakable spell of the human condition.

In the ambulance, Arthit spoke anxiously to the paramedics, "How is she? Is she dead?"

"She isn't dead, but her condition is worrying... and that lady over there is beyond saving."

Upon hearing those words, Arthit's expression turned grim, and he hurriedly made a call to relay the events that had transpired that day.

The person on the other end froze momentarily and then sprinted to find Spencer with his phone in hand.

Spencer happened to be brewing tea for Henry in the study room to discuss some follow-up matters. Out of the blue, their bodyguard burst into the room, yelling, "Ms. Windt is in mortal peril!"

"What? What happened to her?" Spencer quickly asked.

"They got attacked. Mrs. Berry was shot, and Ms. Windt is terribly injured. She's on the brink of death..."

Clink!

Henry's teacup fell to the ground and shattered into pieces. "How can that be? Who did it?"

"I'm not sure about that. Our informant, Arthit, talked about a woman from C Nation, but he doesn't know who she is..."

“Hurry!” Henry turned to look at Spencer. “Gather your men and get there immediately... Hold on. You need to inform our correspondents in T Nation to safeguard her first, then hurry to T Nation with your team!”

“Understood!” Spencer immediately sprang into action.

At that very moment, another subordinate entered the room. “Mr. Nacht! Your grandson has escaped! He is on the way to the airport at the moment. He must have found out about Ms. Windt!”

“What? How could that be?” Spencer turned pale.

“Didn’t I drug him and lock him up in the basement? How did he even get out?” Henry was on edge. “Quick! Head to the airport now!”

“Yes!”