

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 669

Meanwhile, on the highway, Zachary was speeding toward the airport. His eyes were alarmingly red, as if the blood vessels within them were about to pop.

Charlotte, wait for me... I'll get you now. He uttered those words in his head over and over.

Henry had personally spiked his drink and imprisoned him in the basement of his own house just to ensure that Cynthia could take Charlotte's place.

As a result, he fell unconscious for three entire days, and by the time he woke up, things seemed to have taken an irreversible turn.

Everything related to Charlotte had been erased and replaced by fabricated information about Cynthia. News of Cynthia marrying Zachary was also released in an official announcement.

Of course, Zachary absolutely lost it when he heard the news. However, he was locked up and did not have the means to do anything about the situation.

Henry had planned on detaining him until Charlotte took the last bottle of antidote the next day and left for a place where Zachary would never be able to find.

Never did it cross his dysfunctional mind that Charlotte might fall into peril before the next day even came.

Unable to sit back and do nothing, Zachary figured out a way to escape. He then stole a bodyguard's phone to contact Bruce and Ben. Upon discovering what happened to Charlotte, he took over a car on the streets by force and drove to the airport like an absolute maniac.

On the other hand, Henry also sent his men to hurry to the airport to stop Zachary.

At the same time, Spencer reached out to the correspondents of the Nacht family in T Nation and ordered them to travel to Coldbridge to protect Charlotte.

However, it was too late.

At about two kilometers from a local hospital in Coldbridge, a monstrous jeep appeared out of nowhere and crashed straight into the ambulance that Charlotte was in.

Bang! The impact of the collision caused the ambulance to slide backward haphazardly, and the ambulance collided once more against the utility pole by the road, causing it to fall onto its side. As the piercing ambulance sirens rang, the medical staff within the vehicle scurried out.

Arthit dizzily climbed out of the car window and then dragged Charlotte out. She had already lost consciousness by then.

A short distance away from the wreckage, Sharon, who was in the jeep, turned her phone camera toward the ambulance and talked to the person she was video-calling, "Do you see this?"

"Those from the Nacht family are arriving very soon. You got to end this quickly! You need to ensure that she dies through and through!"

Zara was giving the commands on the other end.

"Understood." Sharon did a gesture.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Within minutes, a few bodyguards emerged from the jeep and shot down the entire team of medical staff.

“Arghhh!” Arthit whimpered, raising his arms in the air. “Don’t kill me! Please don’t kill me! I know nothing! I know nothing...”

Bang! Those were his last words before he collapsed in his pool of blood.

The assassinations were done swiftly with a single bullet each, without even a moment of hesitation.

With a phone in hand and a gun in the other, Sharon got out of the car and sauntered toward Charlotte in the rain with a scathing look on her face.

Charlotte’s bridal gown was drenched in blood. She simply lay motionless on the ground as the rain and mud washed her cold body.

With an impatient look on her face, Sharon brutally kicked Charlotte’s head, but the latter did not even make a sound. Sharon knelt down and slapped her gun against Charlotte’s face. “Hey! Hey! Wake up! You’re making this unbearably boring!”

“Kill her!” On the other end of the call, Zara seemed to be getting rather impatient too.

“What’s the hurry?”

Having said that, Sharon pinched Charlotte’s philtrum, trying to wake her up. She desperately wanted to see Charlotte beg for her life, or she would not be satisfied with the kill.

“Sharon! Do it! Do you want to die too?” Zara commanded irritably.

Rolling her eyes, Sharon ended the call with a smirk. Then she stood up and kicked Charlotte’s limp body a few more times.

Eventually, Charlotte began curling up a little.

“Hah! That’s what I’m talking about!” Sharon used her foot to roll Charlotte’s face over. “Charlotte Windt! Look at me!”

Charlotte wearily opened her eyes and made out Sharon’s face despite her blurry vision. Fury and hatred began to well up in her eyes.

“Good! Hah! I love that face you’re making!” Sharon was so excited that she began cackling uncontrollably. Pointing her gun at Charlotte, she said, “Beg! And maybe I’ll make it quick for you!”