

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 670

Charlotte opened her mouth, but her voice was too raspy and soft to be heard.

“What?” Sharon bent down and moved her ear closer to Charlotte.

“I hope you live on...” Charlotte struggled to talk. “I will definitely... come back... and seek revenge on you... I’ll... make you... pay for this!”

“Hahaha...” Sharon burst out in laughter as if she had just heard the funniest joke ever. “Charlotte! Have you lost your mind? You’re gonna die here today. Do you know that? Revenge? Are you going to haunt me like a ghost? Hah! This is the funniest thing I’ve heard in a while...”

Sharon’s cackles sounded extra mocking and contemptuous in the howling winds.

After some time, she turned quiet. Hitting Charlotte’s face with her gun, she growled, “Stupid whore! You deserve this! If you do become a ghost, feel free to find me! Oh, by the way, you shouldn’t be haunting me. I wanted to spare your life, you know? I only planned on letting you suffer from the drugs, but those from the Nacht family just couldn’t wait to kill you! Urgh, I can’t do anything about that, can I?”

Feigning a troubled expression, Sharon pointed to the bodyguards and jeeps behind her.

“Look... Those are men dispatched by the Nacht family. At this point, none of them want you to live a second longer. Your existence is a blatant threat to them! You bring shame to their family!”

“Are you... telling me the truth?” Charlotte’s chest heaved as a multitude of emotions surged from within.

“Think about it yourself. They have already wiped you away from existence and even got someone to replace you! Do you really think that they’ll let you live?” Sharon snickered. “They won’t be able to sleep at night until you’re dead for good!”

As her smile widened, Sharon continued, "Trust me. I won't lie to someone who's about to die."

Sharon's words had doused the last flames of hope in the back of Charlotte's mind. Her gaze instantly turned cold, and her fists were clenched so tightly that her nails were digging into her flesh. A seed of hatred had been sowed deep in her heart.

"Farewell, Charlotte Windt!" Sharon pointed her gun at Charlotte. "I hope you'd be less of an idiot in the afterlife. Oh, and don't get deceived by men again!"

With that, she pulled the trigger and was ready to fire a shot at Charlotte.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was at that very moment that the whirling sound of aircrafts reverberated overhead.

The wind bellowed like a wild beast, causing the dirt on the terrain below to be swept up.

Sharon instinctively covered her eyes before glancing overhead with caution. More than a dozen helicopters were approaching them from all directions. One, in particular, was circling directly above them, and the gusts of wind from its engine almost made her lose her balance.

Her bodyguard rushed over to cover her before bringing her back to her jeep. To their dismay, they soon fell over as the strong winds pinned them onto the ground.

Sharon was furious. Whipping out her gun, she blasted multiple shots at the helicopter.

Bang! To her utter horror, a bullet punctured her wrist.

Sharon bawled her lungs out from the sharp pain and rolled around on the ground.

Her bodyguards immediately got up and readied themselves to retaliate. However, upon seeing the golden symbol imprinted on the helicopters above, they froze in their tracks. "The Lindbergs!"

"It's the legendary Mr. Lindberg!"

The next thing they knew, tens of men in black were plunging down from the sky.

Right then, a tall figure could be seen free-falling from the helicopter in the center and landing nimbly before Charlotte. The tall man loomed over Charlotte as he gazed down at her.

Unable to move, Charlotte simply looked up at him as she lay in a pool of blood. She was met by the sight of a cold and domineering young man who exuded a mysterious aura.

"Were you the one who made the call?" the man spoke calmly.

"Yes..." That was all that Charlotte managed to utter.

The man kneeled gracefully and gently swept away the messy hair covering Charlotte's bloody face. Taking a closer look at her face, he curled his lips. "You're definitely Isabella's daughter!"