

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 667

Panic-stricken, Arthit ran off, leaving Charlotte bawling her eyes out in the rain with Mrs. Berry in her arms.

“Miss...” Mrs. Berry held onto Charlotte’s hand tightly. Blood was oozing from the corners of her mouth, but she still mustered the strength to call out to Charlotte, “Miss...”

“Mrs. Berry! Don’t worry. You’ll be fine. You’ll be fine! I won’t let anything happen to you.” Charlotte quavered as tears trickled down her face. “You can’t leave me like this! You’re all that I have left... I have no one but you...”

Charlotte could not imagine a life without Mrs. Berry, who was the last ray of hope in her life that she desperately held onto.

She would rather get shot than let Mrs. Berry sacrifice herself.

“Miss...” Mrs. Berry’s eyes were gruesomely wide open, and the tears strewn on her face were washed away by the unforgiving rain. The blood in her mouth made it difficult for her to speak. “You need to live... on...”

“Mrs. Berry...” The next thing Charlotte knew, Mrs. Berry’s hand had gone limp, dropping to the ground.

“Mrs. Berry! Mrs. Berry...” Charlotte called her name in a trembling voice. “Mrs. Berry! This is not funny at all... Wake up... Wake up!”

To Charlotte’s despair, no matter how urgently she cried for her, Mrs. Berry did not respond and simply lay lifelessly in her arms.

What had been an affectionate, loving, and chubby angel in her life became merely an empty shell.

Overwhelmed with shock, Charlotte's pupils dilated while her mouth was agape. She wanted to scream at the top of her lungs, yet she could not even make a sound.

She could not bring herself to believe that Mrs. Berry, the caring and dependable guardian in her life, had left her forever.

"No..." Charlotte clung onto Mrs. Berry's cold body, quivering uncontrollably. Looking up at the sky, her vision blurred as she broke out in tears. "Arghhh!"

She sounded like a desolate beast in pain. Her sorrow could not be expressed in mere words.

What have I done wrong? God! Why are you doing this to us?

Crimson stains of blood bloomed like flowers of death on her pristine wedding gown once more. But this time, it was Mrs. Berry's blood.

It should have been me instead!

Eventually, the ambulance arrived at the scene. Paramedics rushed to check on Mrs. Berry, but alas, they turned to Charlotte with conflicted expressions. "We're sorry..."

Arthit, who stood beside her, was at a loss for words. He had no idea how he could comfort her in such a situation. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

The paramedics continued to talk to Charlotte about Mrs. Berry, but her mind seemed to be somewhere else. In the end, the paramedics left the scene, leaving Charlotte and Arthit, who looked at her in sympathy.

Time slowly ticked away, but Charlotte did not move an inch and clung onto Mrs. Berry helplessly in the relentless rain. Even as the sun set, she did not seem to notice.

Night fell soon after, but the rain was still pouring from the sky.

Though the rain was far from a thunderstorm, Charlotte had become drenched inside out, and all the blood on her had been washed away.

“Charlotte, let’s bring Mrs. Berry back. She’s been in the rain for too long,” Arthit said tentatively.

Those words seemed to wake Charlotte up from her trance, and she took a closer look at Mrs. Berry, who was in her arms. Wobbling as she stood up while holding onto Mrs. Berry’s heavy body, she cried, “I’m bringing you home... Let’s go home...”

“Let me help you.” Arthit knelt before her.

“Screw off!” Charlotte shrieked.

Shocked by her sudden outburst, Arthit stumbled backward.

Charlotte mustered the remaining strength she had to bring Mrs. Berry’s body home. However, her body quickly gave in after a few steps when a stinging pain struck her head like a sharp blade.

Charlotte fell to the ground with a hand on her head and the other firmly gripping Mrs. Berry’s hand.

“Charlotte, what’s wrong?” Arthit was terror-stricken and began wailing, “This isn’t funny! Don’t scare me like this! I’ll go get the doctor!”

With that, Arthit darted off.

Without any warning, blood began streaming out of Charlotte's nostrils. Droplets of the warm liquid landed on Mrs. Berry's body as the unbearable pain surged within Charlotte's body. At the same time, she felt as if a thousand needles were piercing her skull from the inside.

"Arghhh!"

Charlotte collapsed with her head banging against the hard, cold concrete below. The unyielding rain and ominous dark clouds were reflected in her bloodshot eyes. She, too, could feel the life being sucked out of her...

Her eyelids felt heavier and heavier. Am I about to die too?