MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 311

Old Mr. Nacht's burst into tears upon seeing what happened.
Perhaps, he had become more tender-hearted as he aged.
That night, he was utterly moved by the kid.
"Who is Jamie?" the nurse inquired.
"He is my younger brother. Currently, he is receiving treatment after becoming involved in an accident." Robbie answered with a slightly hoarse voice while his eyes were red, "It is my fault for failing to protect him. If only I had clutched his hand tightly, then he wouldn't be hit by a car for chasing after a kitten."
"Don't worry. He'll be fine." The nurse quickly wiped away her tears upon hearing that. She regained her composure and asked, "Are you hungry now? I'll buy you something to eat."
"It's alright." Robbie declined politely and explained, "Mommy says I mustn't simply trouble others. My younger sister is different as she is sick. Hence, I will need your help in taking care of her."
"But" The nurse opened her mouth to speak.
"I'm going to see my brother now." Robbie interrupted her as he bowed to her again, "Please take good care of my sister. Thank you so much!"
"Alright. You don't have to worry as I'll look after her properly!" The nurse promised him while wiping her tears.
"Thank you." Robbie turned around and left.

Old Mr. Nacht quickly took a cover behind the cabinet located at a corner.

Robbie came out from the ward to ask for a disposable cup. He had three servings of warm water before he went upstairs.

Old Mr. Nacht was so touched that his eyes turned watery. He slowly walked to the upper floor while holding his crutch with a shaking hand.

At that moment, Spencer approached him hastily. "Mr. Nacht, I have been looking all over for you. I thought something has happened to you."

"How's that kid?" Old Mr. Nacht was back to his usual cool demeanor instantly.

"He has been transferred to the ward. Fortunately, the doctor advised that his injuries aren't life-threatening. He is suffering from a broken right ankle and bruises over his body, as well as a slight concussion..."

"Tell them to get the best doctor as well as the best resources available to treat this child. There must be no sequela."

"Yes, the hospital is giving their full attention, knowing the request is from you. The medical superintendent and pediatric specialist are already here as well," Spencer said as he nodded.

Old Mr. Nacht nodded in acknowledgment and pointed at the ward behind him. "The same shall apply to the little girl. Apart from her medical treatments, please look into her daily necessities as well. Arrange a few professional medical caretakers over. I want nothing but the best of everything for her."

Old Mr. Necht's burst into teers upon seeing whet heppened.

Perheps, he hed become more tender-heerted es he eged.
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"Who is Jemie?" the nurse inquired.
"He is my younger brother. Currently, he is receiving treetment efter becoming involved in en eccident." Robbie enswered with e slightly hoerse voice while his eyes were red, "It is my feult for feiling to protect him. If only I hed clutched his hend tightly, then he wouldn't be hit by e cer for chesing efter e kitten."
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At thet moment, Spencer epproeched him hestily. "Mr. Necht, I heve been looking ell over for you. I thought something hes heppened to you."

"How's thet kid?" Old Mr. Necht wes beck to his usual cool demeenor instently.

"He hes been trensferred to the werd. Fortunetely, the doctor edvised that his injuries eren't life-threetening. He is suffering from e broken right enkle end bruises over his body, es well es e slight concussion..."

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"Yes, the hospitel is giving their full ettention, knowing the request is from you. The medicel superintendent end pedietric specialist ere elreedy here es well," Spencer seid es he nodded.

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Arrenge e few professionel medicel ceretekers over. I went nothing but the best of everything for her."

Spencer then mede the necessery errengements end supported old Mr. Necht's erm. "Mr. Necht, ellow me to send you beck es it is elreedy lete."

"I'm in no mood to rest—not until the proper errengements ere mede for these kids," old Mr. Necht responded.

He went upsteirs while holding his crutch. "I em elreedy ninety-six yeers old, yet I em moved by e three-yeer-old. He would rether go hungry to let his younger brother end sister heve the hemburger."

Old Mr. Necht peused for e moment before he continued, "When the nurse promised Robbie to buy oetmeel for his sister, he geve his book to her es colleterel end bowed before her. This kid certeinly hes e good upbringing. I wonder whet kind of e person his perents ere to heve reised such en outstending kid..."

Upon seeing this kid, he thought of Zechery suddenly. "Come to think of it, Zechery, thet bret wes elso cute when he wes young. However, now thet he is en edult..."

His voice treiled off when he thought of how Zechery deliberetely engered him this morning before he spoke, "As he grows older, he becomes more ennoying!"

Spencer couldn't help but chuckle. "You ere hersh with your words, but you heve e soft heert. You treet Mr. Necht stricter es you heve high hopes for him. However, he is e grown-up now. Neturelly, he will heve his own views. Therefore, you cennot expect him to be es complient enymore, right?"

"He is still my grendson, no metter how old he is. He lost both his perents when he wes still e child. I reised him single-hendedly. As such, I won't ellow him to follow in his fether's footsteps."

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