

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1645

“Of course I want it.” As if struck by a sudden thought, Francesca added, “By the way, how am I going to get paid if you end up dead? Charlotte does not look too safe in her current predicament. I don’t think she would be able to pay me and take care of herself simultaneously. Even if I went to her, what will happen if I get caught by Danrique?”

“That is why you must treat me to get paid,” Zachary said at once. “The prescription is written on greaseproof paper. All you need to do to reveal what’s written on it is to wipe it down with some iodine.”

“Oh, right.” Francesca picked up the prescription for a closer look. “An additional ten million for that service!”

Zachary’s eyes widened in shock. “Rob a bank, why don’t you?”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Francesca rolled her eyes. “It’s double the work for half the payout.”

Zachary was struck dumb. I am actually her cash cow.

“It’s a lot of work, you know,” Francesca whined. “I specialize in herbal concoctions. The medicine you require forces me to descend the mountain and into the hospitals. And there is the risk of running into Danrique and his men. They might capture me and take me away.”

Zachary shut his eyes with defeat. “Ten million it is. Just get it done.”

With a triumphant smile, she nipped his thumb and pressed a bloody thumbprint onto her checkbook.

Zachary gazed forlornly at the patch on his thumb. “At this rate, the entire Nacht fortune will be yours by the end of the week.”

Francesca grinned broadly. “Rightfully earned, if I may say so myself.”

After she had packed her bags and descended the mountain, Zachary was left alone once again in the wooden hut. He gazed at his own frozen body in despair.

After much persuasion, he had gotten Francesca to help him with his computer for a short while that afternoon before she complained of tiredness and refused to aid him any further. With his own immobility, he was afraid that he would not be able to accomplish much, given the rate of his progress.

If it had been a higher-end phone, Zachary would have been able to carry out the necessary functions with voice command. However, Francesca had gotten him the cheapest model she could find.

He was stunned when she first presented it before him. Having asked her why she did not pay more for a better model, she reasoned that there was no need for a phone with multiple features since they already had a computer.

Zachary stared morosely at the outdated phone, which was just out of reach.

I’ll only be able to use it when I regain the function in my fingers.

Francesca drove her broken-down van down the mountain and chose the first private clinic she saw. Having procured the medical supplies, Francesca was preparing to leave when she saw a familiar silhouette.

“Does this clinic have the necessary equipment?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Nacht. This clinic belongs to a good friend of mine. Besides, Mr. Gold wouldn’t notice such a small establishment. We’ll just be taking a blood sample, and then we’ll be out of here.”

“You’re right.”

Chris pulled down his mask and gazed about cautiously. Evidently satisfied that he was not being followed, he strode in with unnatural haste.

He did not notice a girl with a slight frame watching him from the bend of the corridor.

“He looks like just the guy I picked up,” Francesca murmured to herself.

She recalled that Zachary once mentioned that there was a high possibility of somebody impersonating him to collude with someone named Mr. Gold to steal his family’s wealth.

He must be that lookalike!

At the thought of Alpha’s injury sustained from the kidnapping carried out by the men before her, Francesca’s eyes glinted with cold malice.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1646

Chapter 1646 Little Snake

Under the concealment of his subordinates, Chris went up to the second floor of the clinic. The medical superintendent himself escorted him to have his blood drawn.

Chris gazed about nervously, still wary about being followed.

There's nobody from the Gold family around here. The boys are right; the Golds wouldn't pay attention to such a small establishment.

For some reason, even that logical reassurance did not do much to quell the fear in his heart.

"Have a seat, Mr. Nacht."

The superintendent of the clinic brought Chris to a private ward. "I'll have a doctor over immediately to run the test for you. Please wait a moment."

Chris grunted in acknowledgment before helping himself to a glass of water.

His subordinates did not let their guard down the entire time. They examined the other patrons of the clinic closely. Upon ascertaining that there were no suspicious characters in the vicinity, they surrounded Chris where he sat to shield him from view.

As Francesca was about to make a move from outside, her snake appeared and hissed frantically. "D*mn it," she whispered to herself, the color draining from her face. "He's here."

As she sprinted out of the building with great haste, the superintendent returned with a small group of medical staff as they headed back to Chris' ward.

Francesca made a gesture to the snake, who slithered surreptitiously into the collar of one of the nurses.

"Mr. Nacht, we will begin by drawing a sample of your blood," the superintendent announced politely. "If you would roll up your sleeve, please."

Chris grunted as he complied.

As the nurse was in the process of handing over sterilized equipment, she felt a sudden chill at the back of her neck. Having reached back and felt nothing, she thought no more of it.

As they were drawing blood, Chris suddenly felt a sharp pain in his ankle. In a panic, he drew up his trouser leg and found nothing there.

The small prickle vanished as suddenly as it came.

“What is it, sir?” the superintendent asked with concern.

“Your clinic is filthy,” Chris said with a frown. “I got bitten by an insect.”

“My sincerest apologies, sir. We will be sure to sterilize the area next time before you arrive.”

“Don’t bother. There wouldn’t be a next time.”

Once the results of the toxicology report are out, I wouldn’t have to come back to this godforsaken place ever again.

Francesca emerged from the clinic and lifted a casual hand to allow her snake to land squarely on her wrist.

She smirked with satisfaction at the sight of the smear of blood by the side of the snake’s mouth before gazing up at the familiar silhouette by the window on the second floor. “You will pay dearly for laying a finger on my darling.”

As her van left from the back alley of the clinic, Sean, who had been lying in wait, sped up but found himself soon shaken off.

“This d*mn woman is a handful,” he growled as he swung the steering wheel ferociously. “It took so much effort to locate her, and now we’ve lost her again!”

“Be careful, Sean. Mr. Lindberg will have your tongue for that.”

“Shut up!”

“Yes, Sean.”

After Chris had his blood drawn, he did not leave immediately. Instead, he remained in the ward as he awaited the results.

I will not have a peaceful night’s sleep if I don’t obtain the results firsthand.

He was so anxious that he had even sent two of his men to keep an eye on the medical staff in charge of his toxicology report.

The superintendent arrived with a tray. “Have some tea while you wait, Mr. Nacht.”

Chris grimaced from the first sip. “Why is it so bitter?”

“It is possible that my tea is subpar, Mr. Nacht. I can send for some-”

“No need for that,” Chris cut across irritably.

For some reason, the sense of unease he felt was becoming greater by the minute.

The results of the blood test will be out any moment now. I hope Jesse didn’t actually poison me.

He was suddenly interrupted by a phone call. Pulling a face at the realization that it was Jesse himself, he picked up. "Hello?"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1647

Chapter 1647 You Will Marry Him

"Where are you?" Jesse asked abruptly.

Chris scowled. He did not enjoy having his movements being controlled to such a degree. "What is it?"

"Come over at once," Jesse ordered. "We have some matters to discuss."

"If this is about the marriage, forget it," Chris retorted flatly. "You've seen how opposed your daughter was to the idea. You should hear the things she said to me."

"You will find her more agreeable," Jesse assured him. "I've managed to convince her."

"Fine. I'll drop by tonight."

Chris knew that the time was not yet ripe to offend Jesse as he still needed the latter's help to handle matters over at Nacht Group.

He recalled back in his youth when his mother had always pushed him to study business in the hopes that he, Chris, would be a highly accomplished businessman like Zachary. Chris had always been resistant to that idea as he found the subject dull.

I should have listened to her. Due to my lack of expertise in business, I'm currently forced to rely on somebody else's and have become their pawn in my own quest. If I knew how to do business, I would have been able to exact my vengeance and take down Nacht Group on my own.

"Mr. Nacht," the superintendent said, interrupting Chris' reverie. "The result is out."

"Let me see." Chris snatched the report and squinted at it. "What does it mean?"

"Everything in your blood is normal, sir," replied the superintendent with a smile. "You haven't been poisoned!"

"Not poisoned?" he repeated, sounding uncertain.

Could it be that Charlotte had lied to me? Jesse did not poison me after all?

"That's right, sir. Everything appears to be normal."

"Are you sure?" Chris demanded, still feeling uneasy.

The superintendent nodded. "Yes, sir. There is almost an impossible margin for error for this test. If it would appease you, we can conduct the test again just to be safe."

"There's no need for that."

Without another word, Chris pocketed the results as he got to his feet with the superintendent escorting him all the way to the door.

Chris was still feeling confused when he got into the car. “It looks like I have been blaming Jesse for nothing. He did not poison me after all. Charlotte is the one who has been instigating us.”

His subordinates heaved a sigh of relief at the good news. “It’s good that you’re fine, Mr. Broid. Even if she’s pulling the strings, you should still be wary of Mr. Gold. For him to allow you to marry his daughter must mean that he intends to acquire the wealth of the Nacht family for himself.”

“Of course he is. I wasn’t born yesterday.” Chris rubbed his temples. “That’s strange. My head is starting to ache.”

“We’ve been up drinking a lot lately. Let’s call it an early night tonight, shall we?”

“You’re probably right.”

“Where to, boss?”

“To the Gold residence.”

“Roger that.”

At that very moment at the Gold residence, Jesse stood with his arms folded while glaring at Nancy severely. “I’ll give you three minutes to think about it. If you’re not going to marry Zachary, I’ll have your sister marry him instead. She’s more willing than you are.”

“That’s not Zachary Nacht. That’s Chris Broid.” Nancy was visibly upset. Just the thought of the doppelganger lying to her to get her into bed filled her with disgust.

Having harbored an unrequited love for Zachary since her youth, she had carefully saved herself for the only man she truly loved.

I can't believe a lookalike tricked me into giving up my virginity!

"I don't see a difference," her father said impatiently. "They look and sound alike. Even their status is the same."

"They're not the same!" Nancy cried, near tears with exasperation. "He will never replace Zachary!"

"I've grown tired of arguing with you, young lady. Are you going to marry him or not?"

"I won't," Nancy cried stubbornly. "I never want to see him again in my life!"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter No. 1648

Chapter 1648 Instigation

"You've bedded him," Jesse said coldly. "I will not have a grandchild out of wedlock! Marry him and remain my legitimate heir. If you don't, you're getting nothing. Think hard about it."

At that, Jesse raised his wrist to consult his watch. "Two minutes left for you to consider. If you decide that you won't cooperate, I'll have your sister take your place instead."

Nancy glared at her father without speaking, knowing full well that nothing she said would have been able to reverse his decision.

She knew, too, that her father was quite capable of carrying out his threat if she refused to marry Chris.

I would never be able to recover from that. If my sister takes my place as the favored daughter, I would be kicked out of the Gold residence. By then, given my dependence upon Daddy's wealth, I would be truly left with nothing!

"Ten seconds to go," Jesse called. "Nine, eight, seven..."

"I'll do it."

"That's my girl." Jesse smiled. The harshness in his tone gave way to a gentler tone. "You know that you're my beloved daughter, Nancy. I wish you nothing but happiness. Though Chris is a fool, he is easy to control. Didn't you wish to marry Zachary? Chris is the new and improved version as he's docile and obedient. You will become Mrs. Nacht once you marry him, and Charlotte wouldn't be a match for you. Rest assured. I'll pave the way for you. All you have to do is to take care of business in the Gold family. When we surpass the Lindberg family and Nacht family to become the most powerful business family in Aploth, I will die a happy man."

"I understand, Daddy."

Nancy forced a smile though her heart remained numb. She had once heard how vicious her father could be to achieving his goals, but she had never believed it.

They were right after all.

She also recalled Charlotte mentioning once before that her father was conspiring with Chris to steal all of the Nacht family's wealth, going as

far as to start the fire at the Nacht residence. She did not believe a word of it.

It's all true after all. Is Zachary really dead?

Back in the woods of Rokan Hill, Zachary stretched out his fingers to reach for his phone to no avail.

Suddenly, the noise of an engine suggested Francesca's return. A series of hurried steps followed by the sound of the door being kicked open further confirmed that notion.

Despite her diminutive stature, she moved about very noisily.

Francesca threw the bag of medicinal products onto the ground. In no apparent haste to prepare the medicine, she nudged Zachary with her foot. "Guess who I ran into at the clinic?" she asked excitedly.

"Now isn't the time to be discussing this!" Zachary stared at her, aghast. "I've paid ten million for your services! Shouldn't you be at least sterilizing the equipment?"

"That can wait." Francesca's curiosity was overwhelming. "I saw that guy who looks just like you."

"Chris?" Zachary said, sitting upright at once. "Why was he at the clinic?"

"He was conducting a blood test to see if he was poisoned," Francesca said excitedly. "I had a look, and he wasn't poisoned. But I gave him a little nip for good measure."

“What are you...” Comprehension suddenly dawned on Zachary’s face.
“Did you poison him?”

“I had my snake give him a bite. The toxic will manifest itself tonight.”
Francesca grinned evilly. “I’ve exacted vengeance on your behalf. Pay
up!”

“Hang on a minute.” Zachary’s mind was a whirl with the unexpected
development. “He wasn’t poisoned, but he thought he was. Charlotte
must have instigated matters between them to turn Chris against Jesse.
Your snake couldn’t have bit him at a better time!”