Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 61

"You're the one who's going to die!" Zachary said coldly, as though he was the Grim Reaper himself.

"W-What are you talking about?" Wesley asked, almost dropping his dagger in fear.

Zachary had not moved an inch from his position at the door, but Wesley's hand holding the dagger was already trembling uncontrollably.

Before Wesley could react, Zachary squinted and snatched the dagger out of his hand, then pinned him down onto the ground in the process before he could even react.

With a loud 'snap', his wrist broke into two. The loud scream that followed could almost tear the ceiling of the building apart.

"How dare you threaten Mr. Nacht!" Ben bellowed as he dragged Wesley away like a dying dog.

Charlotte, on the other hand, was on the verge of collapse.

Just seconds before her head hit the ground, a pair of hands steadied her and pulled her away from the cold, hard floor. Through her half-lidded eyes, she managed to make out the handsome features of Zachary Nacht just before everything went black.

"Call the doctor!"

"Yes, Sir!"

After what seemed like ages, Charlotte woke up in a daze, only to notice that she was lying on a stiff bed in a room that barely had any decorations.

There was an 'S' symbol on the light hanging from the ceiling, and realization hit her like a truck the moment she saw it.

That's Zachary's symbol! Am I in his room?

She pushed herself up into a sitting position with much effort and realized that her clothes were gone, replaced by a thin white robe.

It was as though a bomb had gone off in her head, making her head spin.

Oh no! Where's the chip?

Did Zachary find out about it?

"You're awake?"

A gentle voice made Charlotte jump in shock.

She looked up to see a female doctor walking into the room with a cart of medical supplies. The doctor proceeded to check her temperature and the wounds on her body. "The wound isn't infected, which is a good sign. I'll have to monitor you for a few more days before you can go, though."

"Who are you?" Charlotte asked, confused.

"I'm Raina Langhan, the family doctor of the Nacht family," she replied with a smile. "Mr. Nacht told me to take care of you for the time being."

Charlotte froze, unaccustomed to Raina's respectful tone. She recalled how everyone had treated her in a similar way back when she was dating Hector.

Back then, the Windt family also had a private doctor to take care of her whenever she fell sick.

She glanced at her uniform, which was placed in a neat pile on the cart that Raina had been pushing.

"Wait…I'm just a security guard!" she yelled all of a sudden as she tried to get out of bed, only to hiss in pain and collapse onto the bed again.

Her neck was tightly wrapped up and secured in place by a neck guard, while her left shoulder was rendered immobile by the thick layer of bandages on it.

"Don't move!" Raina said, rushing over to help her. "Your jugular vein was still intact, but the wound is deep. You need to rest."

"My clothes…" Charlotte said, reaching out and grabbing her uniform.

"I've asked someone to wash it for you," Raina said, putting the clothes and a small plastic pouch by her pillow. "Your personal belongings are here as well. Is there anything that we missed out?"

Charlotte noticed the tiny black box in the pouch and grabbed it immediately. "Did you check my belongings by any chance?"

"Of course not," Raina said, chuckling. "We won't invade the privacy of our esteemed guests."

"Then, what about Devil-I mean, Mr. Nacht?" she asked as her heart pounded against her chest.

He's going to think that I'm one of those chip-stealing bandits…I'll be dead meat!

"Mr. Nacht left as soon as he dropped you off here," Raina said with a respectful smile. "He'll return at night."

Charlotte heaved a sigh of relief and almost jumped when she heard someone approach the door. "Welcome back, Mr. Nacht!"