

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 650

Gently, Zachary arranged Charlotte's hair as he wiped away the splatters of blood across her cheeks. The sight of her bloodstained bridal gown sent a stab of pain through his heart.

Charlotte was in a deep slumber. It seemed like she was free from the pain of the poison.

Zachary stroked her cheek with a tender touch and ran his thumb over her lips as he looked at her with a gaze full of longing.

I love her. I wish Charlotte nothing but happiness and peace.

He had endured countless obstacles in order to walk down the aisle with Charlotte.

Yet all of a sudden, his path was blocked off once again. It seemed as if his insistence would kill countless people, including her.

This forced him to halt his progress and search for another path.

Knock knock! Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Spencer's voice rang out, "Mr. Zachary, we're coming in."

As the door was pushed open, Spencer pushed Henry, who was in his wheelchair, into the room. Dozens of the Nacht family's elite bodyguards trailed behind them, holding Zara captive.

"Have you made up your mind?" inquired Henry icily.

Without saying anything, Zachary removed his blazer and covered Charlotte's body.

"Still can't bear to part with her?" Henry stared at an unconscious Charlotte and declared, "If this drags on, she'll die before I even take action!"

At his words, Zachary stirred. He turned and glared at Zara menacingly. "Give me the antidote."

"Who do you think you are?" sneered Zara. "When your father was alive, he dared not talk to me this way."

Without warning, Zachary's fist landed on the coffee table. Bang! Glass shards flew everywhere.

Everyone was taken aback, including Zara.

Grabbing a knife from the table, Zachary pressed it on Zara's neck. "If you don't give me the antidote, you'll die!"

"Ha!" Zara arched a brow sarcastically, unfazed by his threat.

"Insolent fool!" Henry spat angrily. "Put down the knife!"

Instead of putting down the knife as told, Zachary twisted the knife so its sharp edge cut into Zara's skin. Immediately, blood trickled down her neck.

"Do you seriously think I will hand out the antidote to you this way?" Zara seemed indifferent. "As a Nacht, I'm not afraid of death!"

"If you want the woman to die right here, go ahead and kill me."

Henry made a gesture. At once, his bodyguard pointed a gun at Charlotte.

"How dare you?" Zachary hissed.

“You’re already holding a knife at your aunt’s throat.” Henry was adamant. “Put the knife down, and we can talk. Otherwise...”

He pointed at Charlotte using his cane. “I’ll send her to hell now!”

The bodyguard cocked his gun.

Molten anger rolled through Zachary as he released his grip on the knife reluctantly.

Zara burst into excited giggles. “Father, I thought you’ve never loved me. Turns out, I was wrong.”

“Cut the crap,” Henry uttered and stretched his hand out. “Give me the antidote!”

“Why do you want to save this woman?” Zara was stunned. “Her mother was the one who killed Harrison and Beatrice!”

“I said, give me the antidote. Don’t make me repeat myself.” Henry’s voice grew stern.

“Why do you always defend him?” Zara was upset. “He hit Chris and attacked my company deliberately. Not only did you not punish him, you even asked me to give you the antidote to save the enemy’s daughter?”

“Give me the antidote. I’ll ask him to stop attacking your company and transfer five percent of Nacht Group’s shares to Chris,” offered Henry. “Will that do?”

Zara was briefly startled but soon regained her composure. Flashing a grin, she replied, “Father, you should’ve said that earlier. We’re a family, after all.”

With that, she took out a tiny bottle from her pocket and handed it to Henry.