Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 788

Zachary felt terrible unease and couldn't stop thinking about Charlotte. With that, he put his wine glass down, got dressed, and hurried downstairs.

"What's the matter, Mr. Nacht?" Marino asked, panicked by Zachary's sudden rush.

"Get the car. We're going to Charlotte's villa."

Marino nodded and carried out his orders immediately. Zachary was buttoning his shirt while still making his way downstairs. He was in such a hurry that he broke into a run.

Just then, there was a loud bang from downstairs.

In his rush, Zachary had knocked Cynthia down when he turned the corner.

The impact was so strong that the poor girl sat on the floor, trembling in pain.

"Ms. Blackwood!" the nurse exclaimed as she quickly helped Cynthia up.

"What is Cynthia doing here at this time of the night?"

 "Ms. Blackwood had only just passed a gift to Dr. Langhan," the nurse explained.

Cynthia looked to be in so much pain that Zachary wondered if she had landed on her wound. Her face had gone pale, and beads of sweat were rolling down.

"Get Raina here now!" he ordered.

As the nurse ran off to get Raina, Zachary held his hand out for Cynthia. He wanted to lead her to her room, but her legs were shaking so much that she couldn't walk at all. Thus, he had no choice but to carry her back.

Once back in the room and with the lights turned on, it was now clear to see that Cynthia's leg wound had reopened. It was bleeding profusely, and a wave of guilt came over Zachary. "I was walking too fast earlier… "

Before he could finish his sentence, Raina ran into the room to check on Cynthia. "Oh no. The wound looks bad. Bring me my medical kit," she ordered the nurse.

"How is she?" Zachary asked, his frown deepening.

"The wound on the leg has reopened, so I'll need to stitch that up. I still have to check the other areas, but there shouldn't be anything too serious. Don't worry too much."

"That's good to hear." By this time, the car he asked for was all ready to go, and so was he. He once again reminded Cynthia, "Stay in the room and rest. Don't go wandering about again."

Just as he was about to leave, Cynthia suddenly cried out in pain.

Zachary stopped in his tracks and turned around. The wound on her waist had reopened too, and the blood seeping out had stained her white nightgown.

Raina's face changed. "Oh no! We have to get her to the hospital!"

Zachary doubled back in shock. "How did it get so serious? Quick, send her to the hospital."

"I'll get the hospital staff to come over immediately," Raina said, taking her phone out to make the call.

Zachary was steeped in guilt as he saw how much Cynthia was suffering. At that point, he could only try to reassure her that medical help was on the way.

Despite being in so much pain, Cynthia still wore a smile as she gestured, "Do you have something urgent to do? Go ahead. Dr. Langhan is here for me, so don't worry. I will be okay."

The more she said, the more guilty Zachary felt. But he was also worried about Charlotte and was still in a hurry to go to her.

Raina was done with her call and came back into the room. "The hospital staff is on their way. It'll take around half an hour."

"Take care of her, Raina. I have to go out for a while."

Zachary was all ready to leave when his phone rang. It was a call from Henry.

He frowned before turning his attention onto Cain, who was standing outside.

Cain quickly lowered his head and scrambled to hide his phone behind him.

At that, Zachary had no choice but to answer his phone.

"What's wrong with you?" Henry hollered. "Why are you in such a rush in the middle of the night? And now you've even injured Cynthia, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"You really are all-seeing. We can't hide anything from you," Zachary replied bitterly. "It's not like I injured her on purpose. The hospital staff is already on their way as we speak."

"You…" Henry gritted his teeth in anger. "I want you to take full responsibility for this! I don't care what you have on hand. You are to put everything aside and take good care of Cynthia. Do you hear me?"

"There's something I need to do now."

"Even if the sky falls, you are to take care of Cynthia first," Henry roared, his anger ratcheting up another notch. "You knocked into her, so you have to be responsible!"