

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 850

The manager saw that Cynthia was injured, and that got him on edge. He quickly sent his men to get the medical kit and offered, "The hotel has a doctor working here and can treat minor injuries. I'll send the good doctor over immediately. For now, please allow me to take you to your room."

"Hurry," instructed Zachary as he carried Cynthia toward the elevator.

"Yes, sir. Understood," replied the manager. He rushed over quickly to the elevator and led Zachary and his bodyguards to the room.

Four bodyguards were following close by. They had just entered the elevator when they heard a bang from a floor below. Everyone instantly became alert.

"Go check it out," instructed Zachary.

"Understood," replied the men. Two bodyguards exited the elevator and walked down the stairs to inspect the issues.

Zachary carried Cynthia out of the elevator. Only then did he realize that the manager had taken him to the room he used to stay in with Charlotte. He paused and frowned before requesting, "Get me another room."

"Every other room is occupied. We deliberately kept this room vacant because you used to stay here a lot, and we didn't dare to rent it out," replied the manager fearfully, "It'll take us some time before we can get you another room. Ms. Blackwood is bleeding a lot now. How about we tend to her injuries before switching rooms?"

Zachary turned to Cynthia, who was trembling in his arms. He had no choice but to carry her in.

At that moment, Ben had forcefully dragged Sharon to the ground floor and was forcing her to get into the car.

“What the f\*ck?” growled Sharon angrily, “What the hell did that mute drug you lot with? Can you not see that she is a fake? She might look harmless, but on the inside, she is evil.”

“Enough. Please leave.”

Ben didn't want to waste his time on her. All he wanted was to head back as soon as possible because Henry's condition was a little troublesome. Zachary had reassigned most bodyguards to the hospital and left some at home to take care of the kids. Hence, the number of men they had with them was limited.

“Just you wait. When that b\*tch cons you lot and reveals her true colors, you'll learn that I am the nice one,” complained Sharon unhappily.

“Do you hear yourself now?” laughed Ben, “How can someone who went after their own sibling be a nice person?”

“What is that supposed to mean? When did I go after her?” asked Sharon in astonishment.

“Alright, you know what? This is your family business and has nothing to do with me,” replied Ben. He didn't want to waste his breath on her, so he opened the door to the car and gestured for her to get in. After that, he added, “If you insist on staying here, I will have no choice but to call your father.”

Sharon harrumphed and glared over before getting into the car unwillingly.

Unfortunately, the car she was in had just left the building when another vehicle toppled it...

Ben's eyes bulged in surprise. He was taken aback for a moment before he quickly got his phone out and made a call.

Inside the presidential suite on the top floor.

The hotel's medical staff rushed over quickly to help Cynthia tend to her injuries.

They had to sew her up a little. Half of her face was tainted with blood.

Zachary stood at the side. Guilt was welling up in him as he watched. He usually had quick reflexes, but his reaction was a little slow, and he didn't protect Cynthia well. Maybe it's because I had too much to drink...

I am a man. Even if she is not my lover, I should've kept her safe when she's around me...

"All done," said the medical staff, who was quick to treat Cynthia's injuries, pack up, and leave with his head down.

"Mr. Nacht, I will be waiting outside. Please call me anytime if you ever need anything," said the manager before he left as well.

"Rest up. I'll have my people take you to the hospital later," said Zachary as he handed her a wet towel.

Cynthia cleaned her face with the towel before she signed, "I need to use the washroom."

After that, she went into the washroom.

Zachary sat on the sofa and opened a bottle of water. Perhaps it was because he had too much to drink, but he kept feeling parched. He downed an entire bottle of water before he leaned against the sofa and waited for Cynthia.

When he carried Cynthia over, her blood tainted his clothes, so he tossed his coat aside.

After that, he continued drinking his water.

Perhaps the alcohol was getting to him, but he felt hotter and unbuttoned his shirt.