

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1359

Someone had dropped a glass vase from above.

Zachary was bleeding profusely, and half of his face was covered in blood in no time. Soon, blood stained his white shirt, coloring it scarlet.

Charlotte widened her eyes in shock as she stared at him dumbfoundedly. Her heart was aching so much as if that vase had struck it.

If Zachary had not pushed her away, the vase would have landed on her head, and she would be the one bleeding instead of him.

Stupefied, Michael stood rooted at the spot.

“Mr. Nacht!” Ben dashed over and supported Zachary while instructing, “Call Raina now! Quick!”

“Understood.” One of the subordinates made the call immediately.

“Mr. Nacht, you...” Nancy was in so much shock that she started crying. “Why are you so silly? Why did you...”

“I’m fine.” Zachary had his head lowered as he pressed his hand against his wound. He was obviously in so much pain since even his face had turned pale, yet he remained calm and gave out an order. “Ben, send Ms. Gold home.”

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.”

“That’s not what you should be worrying about now,” Nancy said in between sobs. “I’ll take you to the hospital.”

"It's okay." Zachary held up his hand and rejected her offer. "Have you forgotten that you... Go back now."

"But—"

She wanted to say something else, but he was not in the mood to listen. Instead, he turned toward Charlotte and pointed at the woman. "Get in the car with me," Zachary ordered domineeringly.

Charlotte was still standing motionless, her face as white as a sheet.

"Charlotte..." Michael snapped out of his shock and gave her a nudge.

"Ms. Lindberg, get in," Ben said while helping Zachary into the car.

At the same time, one of Zachary's subordinates escorted Charlotte into the vehicle.

Michael watched as the car sped off and only regained his senses when it was out of his sight. Immediately, he instructed his subordinate, "Check which room did that vase drop from. Go now!"

"Yes!" At once, his subordinate brought a group of men into the hotel to run the investigation.

A second later, another subordinate reported, "Mr. Brown, the Nacht family's bodyguard has already gone to investigate. The media might get wind of it if the matter is blown up. Should we..."

"No matter what, we should still find out the truth first," Michael bellowed in displeasure. "Someone is injured because of an object that was thrown out of our hotel room's window. The first thing we should do is find the culprit and give the victim an explanation, not try to suppress the news. That's not the behavior of a righteous man."

"I understand." The subordinate immediately lowered his head, no longer daring to say another word.

Meanwhile, Nancy had just broken out of her trance and was staring at Michael deeply.

“Ms. Gold, if you don't mind, shall I get someone to send you back?” Michael offered, like how a gentleman would.

“My subordinates will be here soon.” Nancy rejected politely. “Thanks for the offer, though, Mr. Brown.”

“Don't mention it,” Michael replied. “You must be in shock. Don't worry. I'll definitely investigate the matter thoroughly and give Mr. Nacht an explanation!” he then declared apologetically.

“Thank you.” She nodded her head in gratitude. Just then, her subordinate arrived and asked in concern, “Ms. Gold, are you all right?”

“I'm fine,” Nancy replied. After getting into the car, she looked at Michael through the rearview mirror and instructed, “Look into that man's background.”

“Understood, I'll get to it right away,” the subordinate replied.

“Ms. Gold, what happened? Why is there so much blood on the floor? Where's Mr. Nacht?” another subordinate asked.

“He's injured...”

Nancy could not help but feel her heart aching as she recalled the earlier scene.

At that crucial moment, Zachary had risked his life to save Charlotte. It was apparent that in his heart, that woman's safety was more important than his own.

Since he loves her so much, why did he go on a date with me? Was his gentleness toward me all a pretense?

“Are you sure you're fine?” one of the subordinates asked cautiously. “Are you hurt? Should we go to the hospital—”

“Shut up!” Nancy scowled in frustration. Her mind was in a mess.

Deep down, she felt that she could never compare to Charlotte, no matter how perfect she was.

Have I really lost?