

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1527

Morgan hastily took out the pill and handed it to Charlotte.

After swallowing the pill, Charlotte closed her eyes and recomposed herself.

"I didn't think that Mr. Brown would betray you," Morgan commented. "What a pity we trusted him so much and thought of him as a friend."

"Michael must be a pawn for someone else," Charlotte said in a raspy voice.

Speaking seemed to have taken out too much of her air, and she could not help but think, This is quite potent. The black tea I drank earlier did not taste odd. I really didn't think I'd have fallen for it. Luckily, I was smart enough to bring the medication Hayley prepared today. This medication is something Dr. Felch came up with, so it'll easily counteract most drugs.

"A pawn? He said that everyone in the hotel is his people!" Morgan spat out. "Ms. Lindberg, we'll expose him for his lies right this instance!"

"No," Charlotte stopped her. "This probably has something to do with the one behind the scenes. Since the other person has already made their move, they won't stop that quickly. We might as well go along with their plan and lure them out."

"Oh. What do we do now, then?" Morgan asked.

Charlotte remained silent as she kept her eyes closed.

"I'm glad that you kept Hayley's pill with you. I don't dare to imagine what would happen if you didn't." Morgan's heart was still pounding from the scare.

Right then, the elevator came to a stop on the first floor. Just as the doors slid open, a fierce-looking man stormed into the elevator with a murderous look in his eyes.

Charlotte frowned before making a gesture to Morgan with a hand behind her back, signaling for her to get ready to flee.

Instantly understanding what she meant, Morgan readied herself to fight.

Thus, the two began battling.

Charlotte supported herself against the wall, seemingly about to collapse.

At that moment, Michael rushed out of the elevator. When he took in the scene, he rushed toward Charlotte to support her. "Charlotte, are you okay?"

"Michael..." Charlotte slumped into his arms.

"Charlotte, what happened? Charlotte?" Michael quickly brought Charlotte into the elevator before instructing his subordinate, "Help her out."

"Yes, Sir."

The two bodyguards then went to help Morgan out.

"Ms. Lindberg," Morgan shouted as she spun around, but when she saw the look in Charlotte's eyes, she got distracted and was kicked to the ground. Thus, she was unable to catch up with Charlotte.

In the elevator, as Michael held onto Charlotte, he asked, "Charlotte, how are you? Charlotte?"

Charlotte continued to lay slump in his arms, a dark blush spread across her face. It seemed that she was barely conscious as well.

“How did things turn out this way?” Michael panicked, but he soon said reassuringly, “Don't worry. I'm here. I won't let anyone hurt you.”

When the elevator doors slid open, Michael helped Charlotte to his presidential suite.

After closing the door, Michael cautiously checked the suite for signs of other people. Once he made sure no one was around, he placed Charlotte on the bed and went to grab a damp towel to wipe her face.

At that moment, Charlotte was lying on the bed, the blush still on her face. Her lips were parted, and there was something alluring about her.

Michael was stuck in a trance as he looked at her. His hands halted midair, and his heart began thumping loudly against his ribcage.

For some reason he could not quite understand, he felt heat spreading to every part of his body.

It was then he put down the damp towel and began caressing Charlotte's face instead. In his eyes, lust emerged.

Michael leaned closer and closer to Charlotte, thinking of kissing her.

Charlotte's hands that were resting beside her slowly curled into fists as she furrowed her brows.

Right as she was about to strike, the room went pitch dark with a loud click.

Michael paused and instinctively turned around to look at the switch.

At that very second, Charlotte reached out and struck the back of his neck. Instantly, his body went limp and he collapsed onto the bed.