

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1646

Under the concealment of his subordinates, Chris went up to the second floor of the clinic. The medical superintendent himself escorted him to have his blood drawn.

Chris gazed about nervously, still wary about being followed.

There's nobody from the Gold family around here. The boys are right; the Golds wouldn't pay attention to such a small establishment.

For some reason, even that logical reassurance did not do much to quell the fear in his heart.

“Have a seat, Mr. Nacht.”

The superintendent of the clinic brought Chris to a private ward. “I'll have a doctor over immediately to run the test for you. Please wait a moment.”

Chris grunted in acknowledgment before helping himself to a glass of water.

His subordinates did not let their guard down the entire time. They examined the other patrons of the clinic closely. Upon ascertaining that there were no suspicious characters in the vicinity, they surrounded Chris where he sat to shield him from view.

As Francesca was about to make a move from outside, her snake appeared and hissed frantically. “D*mn it,” she whispered to herself, the color draining from her face. “He's here.”

As she sprinted out of the building with great haste, the superintendent returned with a small group of medical staff as they headed back to Chris' ward.

Francesca made a gesture to the snake, who slithered surreptitiously into the collar of one of the nurses.

“Mr. Nacht, we will begin by drawing a sample of your blood,” the superintendent announced politely. “If you would roll up your sleeve, please.”

Chris grunted as he complied.

As the nurse was in the process of handing over sterilized equipment, she felt a sudden chill at the back of her neck. Having reached back and felt nothing, she thought no more of it.

As they were drawing blood, Chris suddenly felt a sharp pain in his ankle. In a panic, he drew up his trouser leg and found nothing there.

The small prickle vanished as suddenly as it came.

“What is it, sir?” the superintendent asked with concern.

“Your clinic is filthy,” Chris said with a frown. “I got bitten by an insect.”

“My sincerest apologies, sir. We will be sure to sterilize the area next time before you arrive.”

“Don't bother. There wouldn't be a next time.”

Once the results of the toxicology report are out, I wouldn't have to come back to this godforsaken place ever again.

Francesca emerged from the clinic and lifted a casual hand to allow her snake to land squarely on her wrist.

She smirked with satisfaction at the sight of the smear of blood by the side of the snake's mouth before gazing up at the familiar silhouette by the window on the second floor. “You will pay dearly for laying a finger on my darling.”

As her van left from the back alley of the clinic, Sean, who had been lying in wait, sped up but found himself soon shaken off.

“This d*mn woman is a handful,” he growled as he swung the steering wheel ferociously. “It took so much effort to locate her, and now we've lost her again!”

“Be careful, Sean. Mr. Lindberg will have your tongue for that.”

“Shut up!”

“Yes, Sean.”

After Chris had his blood drawn, he did not leave immediately. Instead, he remained in the ward as he awaited the results.

I will not have a peaceful night's sleep if I don't obtain the results firsthand.

He was so anxious that he had even sent two of his men to keep an eye on the medical staff in charge of his toxicology report.

The superintendent arrived with a tray. “Have some tea while you wait, Mr. Nacht.”

Chris grimaced from the first sip. “Why is it so bitter?”

“It is possible that my tea is subpar, Mr. Nacht. I can send for some-”

“No need for that,” Chris cut across irritably.

For some reason, the sense of unease he felt was becoming greater by the minute.

The results of the blood test will be out any moment now. I hope Jesse didn't actually poison me.

He was suddenly interrupted by a phone call. Pulling a face at the realization that it was Jesse himself, he picked up. "Hello?"