

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1733

“Bast*rd!” Morgan went ballistic. “Let go of her!”

“Haha...” A slight smile crept up on Chris' face. “Let's die together.”

As he spoke, white foam was seen spewing out of his mouth. Gradually, his arm became weaker and his grip loosen. Within moments, his body started to fall.

“Chris!” As a reflex action, Charlotte shouted in shock and grabbed his hand tighter.

At first, Chris shut his eyes anticipating his fall. Little did he know that a hand would stretch out to save him.

His head snapped up with his eyes wide open to stare at Charlotte.

The moonlight beamed on her face, and she looked just as gorgeous and pristine as the first time he met her. A tiny version of his disheveled self could be seen reflected in her clear, bright eyes.

Gradually, his eyes softened. The murderous intent in him was replaced with grief and woe.

He started questioning himself and how his life ended up in this state.

“Hold on tight, Chris!”

Charlotte's mind turned blank. She had no extra energy to think about anything else besides surviving this tragedy together with Chris.

“Let him go, Ms. Lindberg. We can't hold on much longer!” Morgan panicked.

Yet, Charlotte refused to let go of Chris. Clenching her teeth, she uttered, “Don't loosen your grip. Hold on to me!”

Seeing how resolute she was in saving him, a conflicting smile appeared on Chris' face. In a hoarse voice, he lamented, “How nice would it be if I had known you first...”

Upon saying so, he used his last ounce of energy and flung her hand away.

“No! Don't be silly, Chris!” Charlotte tried to stop him. “I can save you, trust me...”

“It's Nancy Gold!”

After spitting out the name, Chris wriggled his hand off Charlotte's grip, stretched out both arms, and went into a free fall...

“No!” Charlotte screamed hopelessly, “Chris!”

The man's lips curled into an attractive smile, just like how he presented himself to her on the very first day they met—cool and carefree.

He was once a pure and kind-hearted guy. Though many regarded him as an unruly wild horse, he was serious about Charlotte.

Nobody knew when his life started going downhill. Perhaps, he was clueless about it too and would remain so forever.

Charlotte bawled her eyes in anguish. She could not accept the fact that there was no way for her to turn things around for Chris.

Meanwhile, Zachary just arrived at the hospital. Before he could park the car properly, something smashed into the roof of his Rolls-Royce with a loud thud. As a result, the top part of the car was completely sunken and scared the living daylights out of Marino and Ben.

After a long pause, Ben muttered, "It's Mr. Broid!"

Sitting at the back of the car, Zachary froze when he heard the news.

Instantly, snapshots of the happy playing moments he shared with Chris flashed across his mind.

He recalled their younger days when Chris would keep him company when Henry punished him. "Oh well, I'll kneel with you, for I've got nothing better to do, anyway. Hehe!"

He thought about the times Chris ran his arm across his shoulders and addressed him affectionately as his big brother.

He remembered how good, innocent and easy-going Chris was, especially his smiles, and the way he admired Zachary.

Closing his eyes, Zachary felt as though a ruthless arm was ripping his heart apart.

He had never wanted this ending for Chris. At most, he only thought about bringing him to justice.

His heart wrenched as he witnessed the death of his own cousin. The pain of losing a family member was unbearable.

"Go check on Ms. Lindberg," Ben commanded.

“Yes, sir.”