

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 311

Old Mr. Nacht's burst into tears upon seeing what happened.

Perhaps, he had become more tender-hearted as he aged.

That night, he was utterly moved by the kid.

"Who is Jamie?" the nurse inquired.

"He is my younger brother. Currently, he is receiving treatment after becoming involved in an accident." Robbie answered with a slightly hoarse voice while his eyes were red, "It is my fault for failing to protect him. If only I had clutched his hand tightly, then he wouldn't be hit by a car for chasing after a kitten."

"Don't worry. He'll be fine." The nurse quickly wiped away her tears upon hearing that. She regained her composure and asked, "Are you hungry now? I'll buy you something to eat."

"It's alright." Robbie declined politely and explained, "Mommy says I mustn't simply trouble others. My younger sister is different as she is sick. Hence, I will need your help in taking care of her."

"But..." The nurse opened her mouth to speak.

"I'm going to see my brother now." Robbie interrupted her as he bowed to her again, "Please take good care of my sister. Thank you so much!"

"Alright. You don't have to worry as I'll look after her properly!" The nurse promised him while wiping her tears.

"Thank you." Robbie turned around and left.

Old Mr. Nacht quickly took a cover behind the cabinet located at a corner.

Robbie came out from the ward to ask for a disposable cup. He had three servings of warm water before he went upstairs.

Old Mr. Nacht was so touched that his eyes turned watery. He slowly walked to the upper floor while holding his crutch with a shaking hand.

At that moment, Spencer approached him hastily. "Mr. Nacht, I have been looking all over for you. I thought something has happened to you."

"How's that kid?" Old Mr. Nacht was back to his usual cool demeanor instantly.

"He has been transferred to the ward. Fortunately, the doctor advised that his injuries aren't life-threatening. He is suffering from a broken right ankle and bruises over his body, as well as a slight concussion..."

"Tell them to get the best doctor as well as the best resources available to treat this child. There must be no sequela."

"Yes, the hospital is giving their full attention, knowing the request is from you. The medical superintendent and pediatric specialist are already here as well," Spencer said as he nodded.

Old Mr. Nacht nodded in acknowledgment and pointed at the ward behind him. "The same shall apply to the little girl. Apart from her medical treatments, please look into her daily necessities as well. Arrange a few professional medical caretakers over. I want nothing but the best of everything for her."

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Spencer then made the necessary arrangements and supported old Mr. Necht's arm. "Mr. Necht, allow me to send you back as it is already late."

"I'm in no mood to rest—not until the proper arrangements are made for these kids," old Mr. Necht responded.

He went upstairs while holding his crutch. "I am already ninety-six years old, yet I am moved by the three-year-old. He would rather go hungry to let his younger brother and sister have the hamburger."

Old Mr. Necht paused for a moment before he continued, "When the nurse promised Robbie to buy oatmeal for his sister, he gave his book to her and bowed before her. This kid certainly has a good upbringing. I wonder what kind of a person his parents are to have raised such an outstanding kid..."

Upon seeing this kid, he thought of Zechery suddenly. "Come to think of it, Zechery, that boy was also cute when he was young. However, now that he is an adult..."

His voice trailed off when he thought of how Zechery deliberately angered him this morning before he spoke, "As he grows older, he becomes more annoying!"

Spencer couldn't help but chuckle. "You are harsh with your words, but you have a soft heart. You treat Mr. Necht stricter as you have high hopes for him. However, he is a grown-up now. Naturally, he will have his own views. Therefore, you cannot expect him to be as compliant anymore, right?"

"He is still my grandson, no matter how old he is. He lost both his parents when he was still a child. I raised him single-handedly. As such, I won't allow him to follow in his father's footsteps."

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