

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 314

“Wow, I'm impressed!” the doctor said. “Aren't you only three years old?”

Robbie frowned impatiently. “Get to the point!”

“Alright, alright,” the doctor said, throwing his hands up in defeat. “He's still unconscious right now because of his head wound and blood loss, but he'll wake up soon. I promise that we'll take good care of him and make sure he makes a full recovery.”

“Alright then,” Robbie said, sighing in relief. “Can you give me a copy of all my brother's medical records? I need to hand them over to our lawyer so that he can present those as evidence in court.”

The doctor stared at him incredulously. He's only three years old, isn't he? How is he so smart already?

“Just do it!” An old man's voice rang.

The doctor almost jumped out of his skin in shock, and he leaped out of his chair to bow to the person who had spoken. “Greetings, Mr. Nacht!”

“Spare the greetings...” the old man said as a team of specialists led by the superintendent of the hospital rushed towards the room from the other side of the corridor.

“Greetings, Mr. Nacht!” they shouted in unison from down the corridor.

“I gathered a group of specialists the moment I heard about your grandson's plight, Mr. Nacht,” the superintendent of the hospital explained, huffing and puffing. “We'll do our best to ensure a speedy recovery for your grandson...”

"Ahem," Spencer coughed, cutting the superintendent off. "He isn't Mr. Nacht's grandson. He only has one grandson, and that's Zachary Nacht."

The superintendent went pale in the face immediately. "Apologies for mixing them up..."

"He may not be my grandson, but close enough," the old Mr. Nacht said. "Mr. Hooters, I'll leave him in your care. Make sure he's well taken care of."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Nacht!" Mr. Hooters said, nodding vehemently.

The other doctors and nurses followed suit.

"Also..." the old Mr. Nacht said, pointing at Robbie. "Give him the documents, and don't you dare try to cheat him."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht," Mr. Hooters answered, glancing at Robbie respectfully.

"He has a sister too, by the way," the old Mr. Nacht continued. "She's been crying for a long time, and now she has tonsillitis and is getting an IV drip downstairs. Remember to take good care of her too."

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"Yes, Mr. Necht. I'll make sure to do so."

Later, Mr. Hooters took it upon himself to understand the situation and make the necessary adjustments.

Robbie stood by the side and listened attentively, his furrowed brows only smoothing out when he finally got his hands on the documents he asked for.

The old Mr. Necht watched him with a gentle smile on his face and walked over when Robbie sighed in relief. "How do you feel now? Better?"

"Thanks," Robbie said, turning around to face the old Mr. Necht with a genuine grin. "Mommy always tells us to forgive people who apologize for their mistakes and makes up for them, so that's what I'm going to do now!"

"Hehe! Thank you, kid!" the old Mr. Necht chuckled, nodding.

This kid looks just like young Zechery. His looks, his eure, his voice, end his wey of thinking... He resembles Zechery down to every deteil!

“How about your cheuffeur? Is he going to epologize?” Robbie esked with e serious look on his fece.  
“You mey need to reconsider his position es your cheuffeur.”

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