

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 764

Zachary went upstairs and walked past the room. Stopping his tracks at the entrance, he saw a few medical staff helping Cynthia up from the wheelchair and placing her on the bed.

Raina reminded, "Slowly."

Even though they were careful with transferring her onto the bed, the IV needle on the back of Cynthia's hand was pulled, and blood started gushing out.

"Get me the medical kit." Raina instructed the medical staffs before checking on Cynthia.

A few medical staffs took the medical kits and helped her in addressing Cynthia's wound.

One of them blurted out, "Ms. Blackwood was heavily injured, but he ordered us to transfer her to another place and stopped us in the middle of the process. Is he doing this on purpose to torment her?"

Another medical staff chimed in to express her dissatisfaction. "That's right. Ms. Blackwood is too pitiful."

"Shut up!" Raina scolded as she focused on treating her patient's wound.

Seeing how Raina lashed out at them, the two medical staffs lowered their heads and dared not to say another word.

Lying down on the bed, Cynthia was weak, but she wore a gentle smile all the while Raina was treating her wounds. After the doctor was done, she gestured with her hands to thank her.

"Don't sweat it, Ms. Blackwood." The medical staffs were worried about Cynthia.

Seeing everything unfold in front of him, Zachary couldn't help but feel guilty, so he walked into the room.

"Mr. Nacht," Raina hurriedly bowed, greeting him respectfully, while other medical staff followed as their hearts started racing.

They were worried that Zachary might overhear what they said.

The man waved dismissively for Raina and the medical staff to leave the room.

"Did I disturb you just now?" He stood at the end of the bed to put some distance between them.

"I wasn't asleep." Shaking her head, Cynthia smiled and explained using sign language. "My house's currently not safe for staying, and my dad is returning to M Nation. So, Mr. Henry asks me to stay here in the meantime. Sorry for intruding."

She was thoughtful, humble, and gentle that others couldn't bring themselves to hate her.

"Not at all." Zachary said politely, "I wasn't picking on you just now. Please don't mind it."

Cynthia smiled gently. "I understand. I've heard that this room belonged to Mrs. Nacht. Sorry for staying here, and I'll move tomorrow morning."

Zachary's voice was reassuring. "It's fine. The side house is covered in dust, and it isn't suitable to stay. You can stay here. No worries."

"Are you not angry?" Cynthia looked at him anxiously.

“There's nothing to be mad about.” With that, Zachary glanced back to make sure that the door was closed. Then he cut to the chase. “I need your help with something.”

“Me?” Cynthia widened her eyes in surprise as she pointed at herself. “What can I do for you?”

The man said, “Grandpa's too strict with me, and it's causing a break in our relationship. Plus, I wish he can return to M Nation to rehabilitate as soon as possible since his health isn't very well...”

After pausing for a brief while, the man asked, “Can you help me convince him?”

“Of course. However, my advice may not work. I'll try my best.” Cynthia smiled faintly while looking at the man.

“Thank you.” After thanking the woman, Zachary turned around and left.

As Cynthia watched him walk away, complicated feelings filled her heart.

Zachary returned to his room and took a bath. He lay down on the bed before taking out Gigolo's phone. Looking at the call logs of conversations with Charlotte, he couldn't help but text her: Are you asleep?

Charlotte didn't reply to his message.

Zachary was disappointed. What is she doing?

At night, Zachary had a weird dream. In his dream, Charlotte was pointing a gun at him as she bombarded him with a flurry of questions. “Why did you send me away and order people to kill me?”

Why do I have to be humiliated by others because of you? What about Mrs. Berry? Why did you get her killed?"

He wanted to explain everything to her so badly, but he couldn't seem to make a sound.

With a bitter expression, Charlotte was about to pull the trigger at him.

Right at that moment, Henry showed up. He came into view with his wheelchair and took all the blame. "I did everything. It has nothing to do with others."

Charlotte smirked wickedly. "Go to hell!"

With that, she fired at Henry's head.