

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 953

Henry had fallen ill, and he was due to stay in the hospital for a period of time to recuperate. Mrs. Rawlston was hoping that Charlotte and Zachary would seize this golden opportunity to talk things out and reconcile with the help of the children.

She did not expect that Henry would return so soon.

Dumbfounded, Mrs. Rawlston was unsure of what to do.

“Ask Jade to come down.” Charlotte rose to her feet as she put on a jacket. “Don't wake the kids up.”

“Err...” Mrs. Rawlston hesitated for a moment before getting Jade back.

Right then, there was a commotion upstairs. Morgan bellowed, “Get lost! I'll end your life if you utter just one more word.”

“You... How could you say that? We're here to give Ellie her medication.”

“Get lost!”

Knitting her brows, Charlotte rushed upstairs to see what happened.

It turned out that Cynthia brought two maids to feed Elisa some medicine, but the latter refused to drink it. She was very resistant, and even bawled her eyes out, asking for them to leave the room.

Morgan requested the maids to acquiesce in Ellie's decision, and subsequently check with Charlotte for further action.

However, Cynthia was relentless. Instead, she urged Ellie to drink her medicine at that instant. Her insistence made Morgan go ballistic.

After understanding the entire situation, Charlotte went to comfort Ellie. "There, there, Ellie. It's okay. Take it easy and rest." Elisa was curling up in a fetal position, holding her stuffed alpaca. Her whole body was shaking, which made Charlotte feel so sorry for her.

"Mommy, I'm terrified..." Her voice was hoarse due to her prolonged sickness whereas her sunken eyes welled up. "I don't want to drink any medicine. It makes me feel worse."

"All right. It's fine. You don't have to take the medicine if you don't want to," Charlotte consoled her gently. "Rest well, I won't let anyone disturb you."

"Okay..." Elisa took a peek at Cynthia and nodded timidly.

"Guard the room," Charlotte commanded the two bodyguards.

"Noted!" They shut the door and stood outside.

"Hang on..." A nurse from the Blackwood family blocked the door and argued, "Ms. Ellie isn't well, and she should be consuming her medicine. If you lot don't allow her to do so, how can her illness be healed? When that happens, Mr. Nacht is going to put the blame on Ms. Blackwood. How can this be?"

"Are you doing this on purpose?" Morgan pushed the nurse away. "I've repeatedly said to take this matter downstairs. Why do you keep insisting to discuss it here? Are you stirring up trouble intentionally?"

"You..." The nurse turned ghastly.

Cynthia quickly stood before the nurse and chimed in through her signs. "How could you do this? I'm only discharging my duty as a doctor. My nurse is right. If you don't let Ellie drink her medicine, she's not going to get any better. Zachary is going to get mad..."

"Cut the crap!" Morgan cut her off as she grew impatient. "Nobody understands your signs. Get lost, you crazy woman! Don't you dare disturb Ms. Elisa!"

"You..." the nurse attempted to refute, but was silenced by Morgan. "I'll cut off your tongue if I hear one more word from you."

With that, the nurse kept quiet.

"Go away!" Morgan pushed them aside.

As a result, the nurse staggered and spilled the medicine in her hand on Charlotte.

Wearing a menace expression, Charlotte frowned in displeasure.

"You b\*\*\*h! You did that purposely, didn't you?" Blazing with fury, Morgan slapped the nurse across the face, which sent her flying into the railing nearby.

Cynthia pushed Morgan angrily and gestured to debate with her.

Annoyed, Morgan gave her a push. Alas, Cynthia rolled down the stairs.

"I didn't use any force." Morgan was flabbergasted.

Before Charlotte could say anything, a ruckus was seemingly raised downstairs. “Oh no, Ms. Blackwood!”

“You're too much! How could you antagonize Ms. Blackwood?”

“That's right! She didn't do anything against you. Why did you treat her this way?”

“Ms. Blackwood is here to serve Mr. Nacht and Ms. Ellie as their doctor. She's not your punching bag.”

“This is ridiculous!” boiling with anger, Morgan yelled. “You're a bunch of drama queens. Do you know that?”

“Who's making a scene in my house?” barked a domineering voice suddenly. Rage laced his assertive tone.