

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1645

### Chapter 1645 Cold Gaze

"Of course I want it." As if struck by a sudden thought, Francesca added, "By the way, how am I going to get paid if you end up dead? Charlotte does not look too safe in her current predicament. I don't think she would be able to pay me and take care of herself simultaneously. Even if I went to her, what will happen if I get caught by Danrique?"

"That is why you must treat me to get paid," Zachary said at once. "The prescription is written on greaseproof paper. All you need to do to reveal what's written on it is to wipe it down with some iodine."

"Oh, right." Francesca picked up the prescription for a closer look. "An additional ten million for that service!"

Zachary's eyes widened in shock. "Rob a bank, why don't you?"

"Don't be ridiculous." Francesca rolled her eyes. "It's double the work for half the payout."

Zachary was struck dumb. I am actually her cash cow.

"It's a lot of work, you know," Francesca whined. "I specialize in herbal concoctions. The medicine you require forces me to descend the mountain and into the hospitals. And there is the risk of running into Danrique and his men. They might capture me and take me away."

Zachary shut his eyes with defeat. "Ten million it is. Just get it done."

With a triumphant smile, she nipped his thumb and pressed a bloody thumbprint onto her checkbook.

Zachary gazed forlornly at the patch on his thumb. "At this rate, the entire Nacht fortune will be yours by the end of the week."

Francesca grinned broadly. "Rightfully earned, if I may say so myself."

After she had packed her bags and descended the mountain, Zachary was left alone once again in the wooden hut. He gazed at his own frozen body in despair.

After much persuasion, he had gotten Francesca to help him with his computer for a short while that afternoon before she complained of tiredness and refused to aid him any further. With his own immobility, he was afraid that he would not be able to accomplish much, given the rate of his progress.

If it had been a higher-end phone, Zachary would have been able to carry out the necessary functions with voice command. However, Francesca had gotten him the cheapest model she could find.

He was stunned when she first presented it before him. Having asked her why she did not pay more for a better model, she reasoned that there was no need for a phone with multiple features since they already had a computer.

Zachary stared morosely at the outdated phone, which was just out of reach.

I'll only be able to use it when I regain the function in my fingers.

Francesca drove her broken-down van down the mountain and chose the first private clinic she saw. Having procured the medical supplies, Francesca was preparing to leave when she saw a familiar silhouette.

"Does this clinic have the necessary equipment?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Nacht. This clinic belongs to a good friend of mine. Besides, Mr. Gold wouldn't notice such a small establishment. We'll just be taking a blood sample, and then we'll be out of here."

"You're right."

Chris pulled down his mask and gazed about cautiously. Evidently satisfied that he was not being followed, he strode in with unnatural haste.

He did not notice a girl with a slight frame watching him from the bend of the corridor.

"He looks like just the guy I picked up," Francesca murmured to herself.

She recalled that Zachary once mentioned that there was a high possibility of somebody impersonating him to collude with someone named Mr. Gold to steal his family's wealth.

He must be that lookalike!

At the thought of Alpha's injury sustained from the kidnapping carried out by the men before her, Francesca's eyes glinted with cold malice.

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### chapter 1646

#### Chapter 1646 Little Snake

Under the concealment of his subordinates, Chris went up to the second floor of the clinic. The medical superintendent himself escorted him to have his blood drawn.

Chris gazed about nervously, still wary about being followed.

There's nobody from the Gold family around here. The boys are right; the Golds wouldn't pay attention to such a small establishment.

For some reason, even that logical reassurance did not do much to quell the fear in his heart.

"Have a seat, Mr. Nacht."

The superintendent of the clinic brought Chris to a private ward. "I'll have a doctor over immediately to run the test for you. Please wait a moment."

Chris grunted in acknowledgment before helping himself to a glass of water.

His subordinates did not let their guard down the entire time. They examined the other patrons of the clinic closely. Upon ascertaining that there were no suspicious characters in the vicinity, they surrounded Chris where he sat to shield him from view.

As Francesca was about to make a move from outside, her snake appeared and hissed frantically. "D\*mn it," she whispered to herself, the color draining from her face. "He's here."

As she sprinted out of the building with great haste, the superintendent returned with a small group of medical staff as they headed back to Chris' ward.

Francesca made a gesture to the snake, who slithered surreptitiously into the collar of one of the nurses.

"Mr. Nacht, we will begin by drawing a sample of your blood," the superintendent announced politely. "If you would roll up your sleeve, please."

Chris grunted as he complied.

As the nurse was in the process of handing over sterilized equipment, she felt a sudden chill at the back of her neck. Having reached back and felt nothing, she thought no more of it.

As they were drawing blood, Chris suddenly felt a sharp pain in his ankle. In a panic, he drew up his trouser leg and found nothing there.

The small prickle vanished as suddenly as it came.

"What is it, sir?" the superintendent asked with concern.

"Your clinic is filthy," Chris said with a frown. "I got bitten by an insect."

"My sincerest apologies, sir. We will be sure to sterilize the area next time before you arrive."

"Don't bother. There wouldn't be a next time."

Once the results of the toxicology report are out, I wouldn't have to come back to this godforsaken place ever again.

Francesca emerged from the clinic and lifted a casual hand to allow her snake to land squarely on her wrist.

She smirked with satisfaction at the sight of the smear of blood by the side of the snake's mouth before gazing up at the familiar silhouette by the window on the second floor. "You will pay dearly for laying a finger on my darling."

As her van left from the back alley of the clinic, Sean, who had been lying in wait, sped up but found himself soon shaken off.

"This d\*mn woman is a handful," he growled as he swung the steering wheel ferociously. "It took so much effort to locate her, and now we've lost her again!"

"Be careful, Sean. Mr. Lindberg will have your tongue for that."

"Shut up!"

"Yes, Sean."

After Chris had his blood drawn, he did not leave immediately. Instead, he remained in the ward as he awaited the results.

I will not have a peaceful night's sleep if I don't obtain the results firsthand.

He was so anxious that he had even sent two of his men to keep an eye on the medical staff in charge of his toxicology report.

The superintendent arrived with a tray. "Have some tea while you wait, Mr. Nacht."

Chris grimaced from the first sip. "Why is it so bitter?"

"It is possible that my tea is subpar, Mr. Nacht. I can send for some--"

"No need for that," Chris cut across irritably.

For some reason, the sense of unease he felt was becoming greater by the minute.

The results of the blood test will be out any moment now. I hope Jesse didn't actually poison me.

He was suddenly interrupted by a phone call. Pulling a face at the realization that it was Jesse himself, he picked up. "Hello?"