

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1650

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“Crazy b*tch!”

Chris had just stepped into the Gold residence when he received the text. He was so irritated by it that he deleted it immediately.

“Welcome, Mr. Nacht!”

He must be beginning to believe the lie he is telling so often to be calling me Mr. Nacht in his own home!

“Apologies for keeping you waiting, Mr. Gold.” Chris strode over as he rearranged his expression to something more amicable. “It’s been a hectic couple of days. Now that I’m finally here, we are going to get drunk.”

Jesse was in high spirits. “Hah, good man! I have a couple of reds that I know you will enjoy.” He turned to a servant. “Have Ms. Nancy come down here.”

“Yes, sir!” The servant set off at once.

“Is she...” Chris’ voice trailed off uncertainly. Nancy’s reaction had been a strong one that morning when she found out that he was a fraud.

“Don’t worry. I’ve spoken to her.” Jesse wiggled his eyebrows, looking pleased with himself. “My daughters are very obedient.”

“Oh, good to hear. I-” Chris was suddenly interrupted by a sneeze. Without thinking much of it, he rubbed his nose and continued speaking.

Soon, he realized that he was beginning to exhibit flu-like symptoms. His joints ached, and he felt feverish.

“Could it be that you have caught a cold?” Jesse asked with concern.

“I might have...”

Chris suddenly recalled Charlotte’s text and felt uneasy. With some difficulty, he pulled himself together by reminding himself of the tests he had done.

“Nancy.” Jesse beckoned at her when she appeared. “Sit next to Mr. Nacht.”

Chris raised his eyes at the sound of his host’s voice and gazed at her with desire.

Though Nancy felt revulsed by the gaze, she suppressed her emotions in preparation to take her seat when Chris sneezed again.

Nancy grimaced in disgust before leaning away from him.

“You should get yourself checked out,” Jesse suggested. “It wouldn’t do to put it off. You might end up feeling worse.”

“Hmm, you’re right,” Chris said absently.

“Didn’t you go to a clinic today?” Nancy suddenly asked. “Why didn’t you see a doctor for your cold?”

Jesse frowned at her as though she had said something she should not have.

Chris was startled. “How did you know that I went to a clinic?”

“Weren’t you harboring a suspicion that Daddy had poisoned you?” Nancy asked with a sardonic smile. “Turns out the report proved that you’ve been overthinking, hasn’t it?”

“Hold your tongue, Nancy,” her father said sharply.

Nancy fell silent and sipped her wine.

"Did you have me followed?" Chris turned his furious gaze on Jesse.

"I was only trying to ensure your safety," Jesse said as a matter of fact. "Now that the Lindberg family and the Nacht family have their eyes on you, I was worried that they might-"

Without waiting for the older man to finish his sentence, Chris turned and stormed out.

Jesse did not attempt to stop him. Instead, he glared at his daughter. "What are you trying to do?"

"I didn't do anything." Nancy took another sip of wine. "I just hated the thought of him suspecting you that I couldn't help throwing in a jab at him."

"Don't you know that that would only make him more suspicious?" Jesse shouted. "He will suspect that the toxicology report had been falsified!"

"Why would a suspicious little ferret be of use to you?" Nancy demanded.

"Hold your tongue!" Jesse roared. "I know how little you think of him. But you will marry him one way or another!"

At that, he turned and left his daughter alone in the room.

Chris was feeling more sickly by the minute in the car. "Should we head to the hospital to get that checked?" his men asked apprehensively at the sight of him in the middle of a sneezing fit.

"It's just a cold..." he croaked.

Once again, Chris felt the sense of unease in his stomach brewing at the thought of Charlotte's ominous text. "If Jesse did have me followed," he murmured to himself, "that means that there's a possibility of the results of my toxicology report to be falsified."