

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 325

“Oh dear, what happened to your shirt, Mr. Nacht?” At the same moment, another paramedic exclaimed, “What’s this?”

“Let me take a look at that.” The younger one between them went in for a closer inspection. “If I’m guessing this correctly, it should be bird droppings.”

“Did it come from that little parrot?” The two of them looked at the unconscious Fifi in astonishment.

“Right, that has to be it.” A third paramedic came out of the washroom and sounded agitated. “I saw that bird poop on Mr. Nacht last night and he didn’t seem too pleased...”

“Could it be...” The trio looked upon Fifi with considerable sympathy.

Charlotte was taken aback as she looked blankly at the bird. It crossed her mind that Fifi could have been strangled by Zachary.

Her strength escaped her as she nearly collapsed onto the bed.

“Ms. Windt...” The younger paramedic propped her up and offered her some gentle words of consolation, “Please take care of your health. The parrot is still alive so you might be able to save it if you could get it to a veterinarian.”

“As we have other matters to attend to, we should be going.”

The paramedics appeared tense and left as quickly as they could.

“Hey, wait up.” The younger one also followed suit, afraid that Charlotte might be upset. That could mean trouble for them.

Charlotte sat in the room by herself and was extremely upset with Zachary as she looked upon the half-dead bird.

Notions about being considerate or a teddy bear at heart were all empty talk.

The man was brutal enough to throttle Fifi for merely pissing on him.

She thought him an absolute monster.

The more she ruminated about it, the more she wanted to choke the man right back.

At the same time, she considered another problem that may arise. If he could bring himself to do this to a mere parrot, she shuddered to imagine what would he possibly do to her three children.

As Zachary had already borne a grudge against her triplets in the mistaken belief that they were Michael's, she was afraid that he might really cause them harm.

That got her so nervous that she started to pace around inside the room.

Just then, she noticed that the door was slightly ajar. When she got close and peeked out, she saw a female paramedic outside talking on the phone.

For some reason, the Nacht family bodyguards were all scrambling in the same direction.

Charlotte took the opportunity to sneak Fifi out. She didn't even put on her shoes while she made a break for the elevator.

When the paramedic on watch took notice, she shouted, "Heavens, Ms. Windt..."

Charlotte darted into the elevator and jabbed at the button repeatedly.

By the time two of the bodyguards reacted, the door had already closed upon them.

She panted and swallowed hard as her eyes transfixed upon the changing numbers, hoping to be able to free herself of Zachary's grasp.

It was fortunate that she was on the fourth floor and therefore able to descend quickly.

The moment the doors opened, she ran like a bat out of hell.

"Ms. Windt!" the guards shouted after her from behind.

She only wanted to escape at that point and she couldn't care less about anything else.

However, the men were faster on their feet as they quickly gained upon her.

Charlotte's heart was racing when a Lamborghini ground to a halt by the side of the road. The roof of the convertible was open and Michael was at the wheel. "Get in, Charlotte!"

"Michael?" She hesitated as she stopped in her tracks, uncertain as to whether she wanted to drag him into this.

“Come on!” He unbuckled himself and pulled her in.

“Ms. Windt...” The car had sped off by the time the guards came out. However, one of them managed to spot Michael in the driver’s seat. “Call Ben now.”