

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1437

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Deep down, Charlotte knew that the only reason Zachary did that was to make her familiarize with the operations of the company. When he was no longer around, he hoped that she could take over Nacht Group.

Her heart sank at that thought. Yet, she brushed it aside and replied with a smile, "Duly noted. However, I want to pay Mount Phoenix a visit. I missed the chance to pay my final respect to Dr. Felch's the last time, and I felt really bad about it. Hence, I really wanted to go visit his grave."

"You can go there next time." Zachary held her hands and said, "I don't want you to leave me now."

"I'll only be gone for a day. I asked Morgan to arrange for a private jet to take me there in the morning. I'll be home in the evening." Charlotte pacified him, "Don't you worry. I'll bring more people along on this trip. Rest assured that nothing bad will happen."

Actually, she had no intention of leaving Zachary's side too, especially at this critical moment. Time was not on their side. How she wished to stay with him forever and ever!

"Okay then." He gave in to her decision. "Let me take over the arrangement of the private jet and get someone to send you over."

Charlotte agreed. "Sure, I shall set off tomorrow morning."

"All right, leave it to me." He kissed her forehead. "Go and spend some time with the kids. I need to work on a document."

"Okay." As soon as Charlotte exited the study room, the smile on her face faded. It was replaced with a frown and a heavy heart.

I might not gain anything from this trip to Mount Phoenix. Anyhow, I must stay hopeful. I must try my best and have a positive mindset even if the chance of success is slim.

"Dinner is ready, Mrs. Nacht," Hanna announced in a gentle tone.

Charlotte was taken aback. Immediately, she responded with a question, "What did you call me, Mrs. Rawlston?"

"Mrs. Nacht," Hanna replied with a wide smile. "You and Mr. Zachary are getting married. So, we should address your title correctly."

"Mrs. Nacht!" Right then, Cain, the bodyguard reported, "The private jet is all set to take off at eight tomorrow morning. We will return at nine at night. Is that fine?"

"Yes, this will do. Thank you for your help." Charlotte nodded approvingly.

"I shall help you to pack your luggage, Mrs. Nacht." All the maids in the house began to address her as such.

Charlotte felt slightly awkward with her new title. In fact, she was feeling uneasy about the change.

"You'll get used to it." Hanna stroked her back dotingly. "I shall bring the kids down for dinner."

"Let me do that. The bunch of monkeys are too noisy," Charlotte said casually. "Could you get Zachary instead?"

"Sure, Mrs. Nacht." Hanna let out a smile before heading upstairs.

Shortly after Charlotte headed out to the garden to look for the children, she heard a sudden scream from Hanna. Terrified, she went back in. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing, Mrs. Nacht. I accidentally knocked over something and smashed it to pieces."

When Charlotte dashed upstairs, she found Hanna.

"Where's Zachary?" She darted toward the study room, and she bumped into Ben, who was walking out. "Mr. Nacht is getting changed. He will head down very soon."

"Is everything all right with him?"

Charlotte's heart was pounding rapidly as her face turned pale. Yet, she stopped in her tracks.

"Everything's fine," Ben assured her. "Why don't you wait downstairs? We will be down in a minute."

"Sure." Charlotte took a quick glance at the door and went away.

The flight of stairs felt like a never-ending winding road through the hills. She trudged through each step with immense difficulty.

At that point, she felt like a big rock had knocked the breath right out of her, leaving her gasping for air.

Something must have happened to Zachary, but Ben and Mrs. Rawlston didn't want the children and me to know. So, they are covering up for him.

A dark cloud was hanging over Charlotte's head. She wanted to rush in and embrace Zachary so badly. At the same time, she knew that it would be a bitter pill for him to swallow if she did that.

He was always a proud person; more arrogant than anyone she knew. He would never ever let her see him at his worst. Therefore, she could only pretend to be ignorant as a wave of sorrow enveloped her bleeding heart.

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After washing their hands, the kids took their seats at the dining table. Their tiny faces lit up as they looked forward to devouring the sumptuous dishes on the table. However, they did not dare to make any move until Charlotte and Zachary were present.

Charlotte helped out in the kitchen while waiting for Zachary to come down from upstairs.

Pacing back and forth, she was very anxious. When she was about to check on him again, Marino showed up and informed her, "Mrs. Nacht, Mr. Nacht asks that you go ahead with the children first. There's an urgent matter which needs his attention."

Hearing that, Charlotte's trembled in fear. She knew it at once that Zachary's condition had worsened. Yet, she had to maintain her composure and not make the children worry.

I must stay calm.

"Okay, got it," she said, suppressing her bad feelings. She put on a straight face and feigned calmness. "Mrs. Rawlston, please save some for Zachary and Ben. The kids and I will eat first."

"Sure, Mrs. Nacht," Mrs. Rawlston choked on her words as she spoke, but she, too, tried to be composed.

"All right, darlings, let's dig in," Charlotte invited the little ones for dinner.

Immediately, they started eating without hesitation.

Ellie was concerned. "Mommy, why is Daddy so busy?"

"Ya, can't he work after dinner?" Jamie looked in the direction of the staircase. "Shall I bring him some food?"

"Oh, there's no need for that. Daddy is still working, so let's not disturb him. Once he's done, he will come down."

"But—"

"Why do you have so much to ask? Just eat your food," Robbie barked.

Jamie was taken aback by the sudden reprimand. Feeling wronged, he grumbled, "Why did you yell at me, Robbie?"

"Just eat your food." Robbie glared at him.

"You have a terrible attitude, Robbie." Jamie was enraged. "You're always sullen and scolding others for no apparent reason. How annoying!"

"Oh, Jamie..." Right when Charlotte was about to coax him, Robbie rose to his feet and left the table.

"Look at him, Mommy!" Jamie went ballistic. He pointed at Robbie and complained, "He had a run-in with me out of a sudden and then stormed off. This is too much!"

"Don't be so upset, Jamie." Charlotte comforted him with a hug. "I'll go check on Robbie. You guys continue with your dinner."

With that, Charlotte trotted after Robbie, only to find him by the lake in the garden, all alone.

He was furiously punching and kicking the tree bark. Though his knuckles were wounded, he had no intention to stop.

Charlotte gazed at him from afar. She did not stop him nor disturb him. Tears streaked her face as she felt so sorry for both Zachary and Robbie.

Jamie accused Robbie of simply taking out his anger on others. Little did he know that Robbie had been going through a tough time, shouldering immense pressure.

He knew that Zachary's condition had worsened to a detrimental stage. Hence, he exhausted all means to look for Francesco, but to no avail. All of these unfavorable happenings had landed him in a state of anxiousness and panic.

Therefore, when faced with the immaturity of his siblings, Robbie lost control of his emotions and ended up lashing out at Jamie.

Charlotte completely understood how he felt and the emotional turmoil that he was going through. Her heart sank every time she thought about the immeasurable pressure that Robbie had to face as a child.

“Why? Why?” After releasing his anger, Robbie sat on the ground and started bawling his eyes out.

Charlotte did not console him right away. She remained watchful from a distance, giving him the time and space he needed to regulate his emotions. Perhaps, he will feel much better after this.

After what seemed like an eternity, Robbie wiped away his tears and asked Charlotte, who appeared before him. “Mommy, when are you going to Mount Phoenix?”

“First thing tomorrow morning.” She propped him up and bandaged his wounds with a handkerchief.

Sobbing, she said, “Robbie, I know how awful you feel about all these. I also understand that you’re under a lot of pressure. Though I have no idea how to make you feel better, I want you to be well. Leave the rest to me, will you?”

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“Let’s do our best together.” Robbie’s voice was a little hoarse. “We can put our heads together and think of a solution.”

“Robbie...” Charlotte felt bad for him. “You’re still so young. I don’t want you to feel burdened.”

“I want to save Daddy.” Furrowing his little eyebrows, the boy maintained a stubborn expression. “I’m sure I can solve the problem. Also, I have requested Mr. Sterk to come and help.”

“All right. We will think of something together.” Heart aching for her son, she reached out to hug him. “Let’s go back now. I’ll help you put on some medication.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Obediently, Robbie went back inside with Charlotte. “Mommy, you should check on Daddy and see if—”

"He doesn't want us to see him. Let's not make it any more difficult for him, all right?" she exhorted as her eyes reddened.

"I understand." Robbie lowered his head.

Back in the dining room, Jamie turned his head away petulantly when he saw Robbie.

"Robbie, what happened to your hand?" When Ellie saw that Robbie's hand was injured, she rushed to his side. "Oh, you're hurt!"

"What happened?" Morgan hurried over to check on him. "Robbie, how did you hurt yourself?"

"Bring him to dress his wound," Charlotte instructed.

"Yes." Morgan did as she was told.

When Jamie saw that Robbie's hand was wounded, he could not help but worry, so he caught up to them and said, "Robbie, let me help you."

"Jamie, I'm sorry about just now. I didn't mean to lose my temper at you."

"Don't worry about it. I'm used to it."

"Erm..."

"After all, you're the eldest. There's nothing I can do about you scolding me."

"That sounds about right."

"You..."

"Hahaha..."

Given that they were still kids, they patched up their relationship in the blink of an eye.

Looking at both of them, Charlotte felt a surge of warmth in her heart. Even though she continued eating with the children, she barely had any appetite. Instead, she kept looking upstairs and wondered how Zachary was coping.

Meanwhile, in the study on the second floor, Zachary was lying on the sofa. With a face as pale as a sheet, he seemed extremely weak.

"Raina is on her way. You should have a drink first."

Ben helped Zachary up and wanted to feed him some water.

However, Zachary made a gesture of rejection.

After lying down for half an hour, he had gradually recovered from the earlier shock. As a result, his mind began to clear.

"We can't keep this up." With red-rimmed eyes, Ben asked, "Should we go to the hospital?"

Too weak to speak, Zachary closed his eyes.

A second before he collapsed, the last thing he told Ben was to hide his condition from Charlotte and the children.

That was the only thing that mattered to him.

In fact, he was not even hoping to survive.

"Mr. Nacht..."

Looking at Zachary's condition, Ben felt tears welling up in his eyes. If it were possible, he would gladly suffer on his behalf.

In the meantime, Raina arrived with her assistant in haste. However, when she entered the hall and saw Charlotte with the children, she slowed down and feigned a relaxed manner as she said, "Mrs. Nacht, I'm here to change the dressing for Mr. Nacht's wound."

"Go ahead." Despite feeling worried, Charlotte put up a calm front.

"All right." Raina nodded before rushing upstairs with her assistant.

"Quick!" Marino was waiting for them by the staircase.

The moment Raina entered the room and saw Zachary lying on the sofa, her knees buckled, but she forced herself to rush to his side. After examining his condition while kneeling, she gave him his medication.

"What medication is that? Will it be of any use?" Ben asked.

"I spoke to Dr. Wright before I came," Raina explained in a low voice. "She suggested this."

"What else did she say?" Ben probed. "Does she have any other ideas?"

Raina shook her head dejectedly but said nothing else.

After taking the medication, Zachary gradually fell asleep. His expression eased significantly compared to before.

Putting a blanket over him, Raina explained, "Let him sleep. He will feel much better once he wakes up."

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"What did Dr. Wright say? Why did he go into shock suddenly?" Ben was extremely anxious.

"She said that going into shock is considered the best-case scenario." Raina sounded pessimistic. "If not for Mr. Nacht's strong constitution, I'm afraid..."

Upon hearing that sentence, he slammed his fist against the wall in frustration.

Boom! Along with the shaking wall, everyone's heart sank.

That dire circumstance weighed heavily on everyone's minds.

"With Dr. Wright's help, we have been trying to contact doctors from all over the world. Unfortunately, everyone backed out after hearing about his condition." Raina could not help but sigh. "I'm feeling equally distraught. Given the circumstances, we can't afford to experiment with other treatments too."

"Did you hear anything from Bruce?" Marino asked softly.

"No." Ben shook his head.

"What about Ms. Lindberg?" Raina questioned.

"Ms. Lindberg has been brainstorming ideas non-stop. However, she has lost contact with Sean and Gordon," Ben explained. "Considering that Mr. Lindberg's enemies are hunting him down, it's not a surprise that they have cut off communications."

"What are we going to do?" Raina's brows were deeply furrowed.

"Ms. Lindberg plans to go to Mount Phoenix tomorrow and see what she can find at Dr. Felch's," Marino revealed softly. "I heard from Morgan that Dr. Felch left many medical books there before his death. Perhaps, Ms. Lindberg wants to search Dr. Felch's study for any clues on how to contact Francesco."

"Great, great. That's a good idea." Ben nodded repeatedly. "Maybe she can discover something useful."

"Mmm, I hope that's the case." Raina felt hopeful again. "But we don't have much time left. If we don't find Francesco soon, it will—"

"It's premature to talk about that now. Anyway, you should stay here for the next few days in case something happens to Mr. Nacht," Ben instructed. "In the meantime, I'll help him back to his room."

"Okay."

When Raina came downstairs, she told Charlotte she had re-dressed Zachary's wound and that he fell asleep due to his weak condition.

Immediately, Charlotte went upstairs to check on him and found him sleeping in his bed peacefully.

Afraid that she would feel distressed, Ben carefully explained, "Mr. Nacht was just too tired. He will be better when he wakes up."

"Stop hiding it from me. Did he pass out?" It sounded like there was a lump in her throat as she spoke.

"No," he replied softly, "he was in shock."

Closing her eyes, she swallowed the sigh that almost left her lips.

"He has been given his medication and should wake up tomorrow morning," Ben comforted her. "You should stay with him. I'll take my leave first."

Charlotte nodded in response before shifting her gaze to Zachary.

Overwhelmed by heartache and anxiety, she could not stop herself from giving Danrique another call. However, she was still unable to get through to him. The result was the same when she called Sean and Gordon.

Holding her phone in hand, Charlotte sat by the bed with her shoulders slumped.

At that moment, her only hope lay at her trip to Mount Phoenix on the next day. Hopefully, I can find some valuable clues in Dr. Felch's study...

After wiping Zachary's body and changing him into his pajamas, Charlotte stayed by his side quietly.

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably when she saw how haggard he looked.

Stricken by remorse, she regretted not setting aside her hatred earlier, not noticing Zachary's condition, and not staying in H City.

If she had done so back then, Dr. Felch would have been able to treat Zachary. And perhaps, Zachary might even be cured by then.

He would not need to be tormented by his sickness or be in critical condition.

Consequently, she blamed herself for everything that had transpired.

As she dwelled on the past, her tears fell onto Zachary's face unknowingly.

When she reached out to help him wipe it away, she felt a warm palm grip her hand. Then, a raspy voice murmured, "I'm not dead yet. Don't worry."