

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1501

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)
Chapter 1501 Overthinking

At that thought, Charlotte could feel her heart aching terribly for him. Holding Zachary's hand, she consoled, "It's fine, Hubby. I'm already thinking of a way to find Francesco. You'll be fine soon..."

The man did not reply, merely holding her hand tightly and stroking the back of her palm gently with his thumb.

There seemed to be something weighing on his mind.

"Hubby, where have you been for the past few days? What happened? Can you tell me?" she asked uneasily.

"I don't know either..." Zachary rubbed his temples and explained tiredly, "When I was sleeping that night, I felt that the house was on fire. Then, someone barged in, and I fainted. When I regained consciousness, I saw you in the hospital."

"I see..."

His answer confused Charlotte. It was so vague that she learned nothing new from it.

“What exactly happened?” he asked in return. “Why did the police say that you’re involved in this case? Where’s Ben?”

“Hubby, this is what happened...”

Charlotte told him all the details of that night. However, as she did not want him to feel pressured, she did not tell him anything that happened after that.

In the end, she added, “Ben was shot and is still in a deep coma. However, he’s not in critical condition, so don’t worry. Ellie isn’t severely injured, but she’s so traumatized that she locked herself up and refused to talk to anyone...”

“Why did that happen? Have you found her a doctor?” asked Zachary worriedly.

“Yeah. Raina arranged for a child psychologist to check up on Ellie. We also invited Dr. Wright to treat Ben...”

“That’s good. They’ll definitely recover after receiving treatment,” he said, but his questions did not stop there. “Why did someone barge into our house? Who are those men in black? What did the investigation reveal?”

For some inexplicable reason, Charlotte felt that something was amiss.

Although Ben is Zachary's subordinate, they are as close as brothers. Yet, even after knowing that Ben was shot and is in a coma, he dismissed it lightly. It's the same for Ellie too. Zachary has always doted on the children, especially Ellie. He did appear anxious upon realizing that she was unwell, but... There's something seriously weird about this.

However, she could not put her finger on what exactly was strange.

Charlotte felt like something was weighing down on her—a strange and uncomfortable feeling.

"What's wrong?" Zachary held her hand.

"I'm wondering who those men in black are," she replied, evading the question. "Why did they start a fire at Southridge the night before our wedding? The security at your place is so strict. How did they sneak in?"

"I find it weird too..." Zachary frowned. "I'm afraid that we'll only know the truth after Ben wakes up."

When Charlotte heard this, her doubts started to fade. This does seem like Zachary's train of thought. He always identifies and realizes the critical parts of a problem quickly...

"Let's leave this to the police." Then, she changed the topic of conversation. "Your health is our utmost priority. How are you feeling now?"

“These are just some superficial injuries. It’s nothing major,” Zachary blurted. After saying so, he quickly added, “As for my old illness, it can’t be cured so quickly, anyway. It’s already fortunate that I’m still alive now.”

Nothing was wrong with his statement.

Only those in the family knew about Zachary’s terminal illness—outsiders knew nothing about it.

His reaction was very normal.

Charlotte suddenly felt that she was being too skeptical. Perhaps, he didn’t make any further comments because he believed that Ben and Ellie would definitely recover. Or maybe his reaction is slower because of his condition. I’m probably overthinking...

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Chapter 1502 Drinking Alcohol Secretly

However, the events that happened that day were simply too strange. Charlotte felt oddly unsettled the whole time, as if something major was about to happen.

“What are you thinking about?”

Zachary cupped her cheeks and moved closer to kiss her again.

“Nothing.” Charlotte avoided him once more. “You should rest for a while. We’ll be reaching home soon.”

For some reason, her body was instinctively averse to being intimate with him.

Logically speaking, there was nothing wrong with him. Yet, her sixth sense was telling her that something was amiss.

In the past, it was true that Zachary loved to be affectionate with her regardless of the setting. However, he only did that in front of his subordinates. When he was with her female bodyguards, he would be very mindful of his behavior.

Yet, he seemed overly eager to be affectionate with her on that day. His hand kept stroking her arm as if he was tempted to do something.

“Fine,” came Zachary’s reply before he leaned against the seat and closed his eyes.

Charlotte scrutinized him. His face, figure, and demeanor tell me that he’s my husband, but why do I have such a strange feeling? Even so, I can’t pinpoint where that strangeness came from.

Slowly, her gaze inched down from his face to his waist. To confirm whether he was Zachary, she just needed to look at the tattoo on his waist.

The moment they reached home, a bunch of people surrounded them. Gazing at Zachary with snots and tears on her face, Hanna cried, "You're finally back, Mr. Zachary. I knew you'd definitely return!"

"Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Rawlston." He smiled at her.

"You must be tired, Mr. Zachary. Go back to your room and rest," Spencer urged, his heart throbbing with pain at how exhausted and weak Zachary looked.

"Yes, Mr. Spencer," replied Zachary before struggling to stand up.

Bruce immediately rushed forward to help him up.

"Where's Charlotte?"

Zachary scanned the house. She was nowhere to be seen after they got out of the car.

"Ms. Lindberg is handling some matters," explained Bruce. "The children went out today and will be back a while later. There are some matters that she has to settle in the office too..."

"Mmm," responded Zachary before heading to his room upstairs with Bruce's help.

When they were in the room, Bruce poured Zachary a cup of hot tea, but the latter frowned and ordered, "Get me a glass of wine."

"Mr. Nacht, your condition forbids you from drinking," advised Bruce.

Displeased, Zachary raised his head and glared at him.

"You really can't drink." Unlike Ben, Bruce was much more stubborn. "Just bear with it for a while longer. After you recover, I'll drink with you."

All of a sudden, Zachary asked, "How is my condition?"

"The toxins in your body haven't been eliminated yet, and your condition has become very severe. Have you forgotten?" Bruce became anxious. "Furthermore, you got injured from the fire, and your wounds haven't healed yet. How can you drink now?"

"All right, I understand." Zachary grew impatient. "Go out."

"Rest well. I'll excuse myself now. If you need anything, just call out for me."

With that, Bruce lowered his head and left.

The moment the door closed, Zachary got up and poured himself a glass of wine. Leaning against the sofa, he sipped at it slowly.

As he stared at the cup of hot tea on the table, he narrowed his eyes as though deep in thought.

“Hubby...”

At that moment, Charlotte pushed the door open and entered.

Zachary hastily placed the glass of wine down and grabbed the cup of tea. Unfortunately, she caught him red-handed. “Are you secretly drinking alcohol again?”

She emphasized the word “again.”

In the past, Zachary would drink alcohol secretly all the time. Even when his health had deteriorated to the worst state, he still could not restrain himself.

In truth, Charlotte knew that he was not an alcoholic. It was just that he would become less conscious after drinking, which would make him feel less troubled.

“I-I just—”

“You aren’t allowed to drink anymore.” Charlotte frowned and said sternly, “With your current condition, you have to abstain.”

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Chapter 1503 Something Different About Daddy

"I won't die from drinking a few more glasses. Even if I stop drinking, the toxins will not be cleared." Zachary smiled wryly.

Instantly, Charlotte's attitude softened. She hugged him and said, "Hubby, you'll be fine. I'll definitely find a way to save you, I promise."

Lifting his arm, he hugged her in return. As he caressed her waist, a subtle glint of lust flashed across his eyes.

All of a sudden, he pinned Charlotte to the sofa and was ready to plant a kiss on her lips.

"Hubby, you..." Charlotte was stunned.

Right then, someone rapped on the door anxiously.

At that, Zachary could only halt. With a frown marring his countenance, he asked, "What is it?"

"Daddy? Daddy, is that you?" Jamie asked eagerly.

Robbie, too, was thrilled. "It's Daddy's voice. It's him!"

"The kids are back." Charlotte pushed him aside, straightened her clothes with her hands, and went to open the door.

When she saw the kids, she called out, "Robbie, Jamie!"

"Mommy, is Daddy..." Before Jamie could finish asking the question, he saw Zachary standing behind her. Unable to contain his excitement, he immediately embraced the man and exclaimed, "Daddy!"

"Daddy..." Robbie was about to give Zachary a hug too, but he suddenly halted in his tracks.

He noticed Zachary's expression was not filled with the usual joy and affection when Jamie went into his arms. On the contrary, the man frowned, visibly annoyed.

However, that only lasted for a split second, for Zachary soon plastered a smile to his face and embraced Jamie gently.

Although Robbie felt that something was amiss, he could not quite put his fingers on it.

"Come over here, Robbie." Zachary lifted his head and smiled at him.

“Daddy.” Robbie slowly walked over and studied the man from head to toe. “Are you okay? Where have you been in the last few days? We were worried about you.”

“Something happened, but I’m home now. You don’t have to worry about me anymore.” Zachary rubbed the children’s heads in a seemingly affectionate manner.

Somehow, Robbie felt that something was weird about Zachary. It felt as if he was interacting with a stranger, who did not bother to look into his eyes when he spoke.

“I thought I would never see you again, Daddy. I was so scared.” Hugging Zachary, Jamie burst into tears.

“But I’m back now, Jamie. Don’t cry anymore.” Zachary patted his back and comforted him gently.

He then softly pushed Jamie aside, but as he did so, the child’s snot dripped on his hand, and he instinctively frowned in response.

Once again, Robbie was stunned to see the changes in Zachary’s expression. He had so many doubts in his mind.

It was not unusual for Jamie and Ellie to accidentally drop their snot, tears, food crumbs on him, but Zachary would always smile and clean their faces with his hands.

He might be particular with hygiene, but he was never disgusted with his children.

"What a crybaby." Charlotte pulled Jamie into her arms and cleaned his tears and snot with a piece of tissue.

Meanwhile, Zachary took a piece of wet towel and carefully wiped the snot from the back of his hand.

"Daddy..." Jamie wanted to hug him again.

A slight crease formed between Zachary's brows, but the man did not stop him from approaching.

"Enough, Jamie." Charlotte took a glance at Zachary before turning her attention to the boy. "Daddy still has injuries on his body. You have to be extra careful not to hurt him."

"Oh... sorry, I forgot about that." Jamie took a few steps back. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I hope I didn't cause you any pain."

"I'm fine." Zachary lifted a corner of his mouth. "Why don't you go out and play?"

"But I still want to talk to you." Jamie was reluctant to leave.

"You can talk to Daddy tomorrow, okay?" Charlotte coaxed. "Daddy had just come home from the hospital, and he needs to rest now."

"Okay..." Jamie nodded and walked away.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1504

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Chapter 1504 Very Weird

"Rest well, Daddy." Robbie expressed his concern to Zachary before turning his attention to Charlotte. "Mommy, don't forget to visit Ellie in the hospital when you're free."

"How's Ellie?" Charlotte hastened to ask, "Did she talk to you today?"

"She said she's scared, but when I asked her what she is scared of, she cried immediately and wouldn't talk clearly..." Robbie explained. "When we left just now, she kept asking for you."

"I'll visit her at the hospital later," she said. "Okay. Go back to your room now."

"All right." Robbie looked at Zachary and inclined his head as a greeting before leaving.

"What happened to Ellie?" Zachary asked.

"The fire incident traumatized her," Charlotte answered briefly before heading to the closet. "I told you before when we were in the car."

Zachary wanted to follow her to the closet, but his injuries hurt so bad that he had to walk over slowly. By the time he reached the closet, she had already changed into a fresh set of clothes.

"I'm going to the hospital now. Take a good rest at home," she said while tying up her long hair.

"I'll go with you," he quickly offered. "Ellie is my child too. I'm worried about her."

"I know, but you're not feeling well either, so you should rest more." Charlotte cupped his face with her hands. "Besides, there's still a lot of work waiting for us to settle. I need you to recuperate fast so that you can help me out with it."

"But—"

"All right, I have to go now." Charlotte kissed him on his forehead and left in a hurry. "Go and take a shower. Mrs. Rawlston will bring your meal over soon."

Zachary's eyes darkened as he watched her leave.

Once the sound of Charlotte's footsteps faded, he started looking around as if studying the room. Then, he made his way to the bathroom.

In the meantime, Charlotte told Morgan to stay in the house while she and Lupine brought a few maids to the hospital.

Halfway down Northridge, they bumped into Gordon and his men.

After parking the cars aside, Gordon got out of his car and asked, "Have you brought that man home?"

"You mean Mr. Nacht?" Lupine took a glance at Charlotte before persuading Gordon in a gentle voice, "Gordon, Ms. Lindberg and Mr. Nacht are now married. Regardless of the family feud in the past, we should show Mr. Nacht some respect now."

"That's not what I meant..." Gordon frowned as if he was hesitant to speak.

"What's wrong?" Charlotte knew something was on his mind, so she suggested, "Let's talk in the car."

"Okay."

After instructing all the other bodyguards to travel in another car, Lupine took the driver's seat while Gordon was in the front passenger seat.

While Lupine was driving, Gordon started voicing out his concern.

"Ms. Lindberg, don't you feel there's something weird about Mr. Nacht? He was actually awake when I sneaked into the ward. The moment he saw me, he was evidently shocked and panicked."

"You met him?" Charlotte asked.

"Our eyes met for about three seconds, but his reaction was very weird," he said with a frown.

After thinking about it for a while, he analyzed, "Mr. Nacht and I might have only met a few times before this, but from what I know, he's a sophisticated man who's capable of handling any situation calmly. Yet, when he saw me, he looked stunned. I could even sense panic in his eyes. There's just something bizarre about that man."

Upon hearing that, Charlotte was silent for a moment before she asked, "Did you speak to him?"

"Nope. When I was about to approach him, a doctor came in, so I had to sneak out through the window," Gordon replied. "Judging from the hospital's security, they must have made preparations for this beforehand!"

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