

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 632

“That’s right. The three of you are priceless treasures.” Zachary patted Robbie on his head. “Keep your money. When you want to start your own business in the future, you can use it as seed capital.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Robbie nodded repeatedly.

“Are you really going to start your own business at such a young age?” Ben was overwhelmed with envy.

“Alright, go and play now.” Zachary brought them to play soccer.

As Henry watched his grandchildren play happily by the side, he was in a jovial mood and felt that bliss was defined by moments like that.

Meanwhile, just when Charlotte rushed into the bathroom, she collapsed onto the ground. Blood was flowing non-stop from her nose.

The pain in the back of her head reverberated through her body. It felt as if there was a hammer banging on her head, trying to split it open.

Grasping her head with both her hands, she rolled on the floor in excruciating pain. She didn’t dare make a sound while biting down on her lip forcefully.

“Mr. Zachary needs some refreshments over at their end. Why don’t you bring some fruits and desserts over to them.”

“Alright, Mrs. Berry. We will do so at once.”

After sending away the maids in the living hall, she hurried to the bathroom and knocked on the door.

“Miss, there’s no one else outside. Can I come in now?”

When she didn’t get a response, Mrs. Berry tried to turn the knob. The moment the door swung open, she was shocked by the scene that greeted her.

“Miss!” Mrs. Berry hurried to help Charlotte up and asked anxiously, “What happened? Aren’t you supposed to have recovered? Why is there a relapse? How can this happen?”

“S-Shut the door!” Charlotte moaned in pain.

Mrs. Berry quickly closed the door and wiped Charlotte’s face with a wet towel.

When she saw Charlotte grimacing in pain, Mrs. Berry trembled in fear. She sobbed, “Miss, let’s go to the hospital. I’ll take you there.”

Just as she spoke, she tried to help Charlotte up.

“No, we can’t...” Charlotte desperately supported herself against the bathroom vanity. She uttered weakly, “I’ll be getting married tomorrow and have waited for it for a long time. I can’t ruin it now...”

“But, but you...”

“I’ll be fine in a while. It will be over quickly.” Charlotte closed her eyes, slowly losing consciousness. In her daze, she murmured, “They must not know...”

“Miss, Miss...”

Crying, Mrs. Berry wiped the blood off Charlotte’s face. When she opened the door to check, she made sure there was no one around before carefully carrying Charlotte back to her own room.

Inside, she locked the door and brought in a basin of hot water. Then, she wiped Charlotte’s body with it as tears streamed down her cheeks.

She was terrified of the prospect that Charlotte wouldn't wake up or that the pain would stay with her for life.

"Oh God, why must you do this to her? Why?" Mrs. Berry cried as she questioned the divine. "She is such a kind and gentle person. Why must you punish her this way? What has she done wrong to deserve such treatment?"

"Mr. Windt, wherever you are, you have to watch over Miss!"

"Mr. Windt, what am I supposed to do?"

Mrs. Berry's cried her eyes out.

When Charlotte finally awoke, she mumbled weakly, "Mrs. Berry, don't cry. Don't be afraid. Once the wedding is over tomorrow, I'll go and see the doctor."

"Alright, alright. I'll go with you." Mrs. Berry nodded repeatedly. "Miss, do you feel better now?"

"Much better..." Charlotte supported her head with her hand. "This time, the duration of the attack is shorter. It is probably a sign that it isn't as serious as it used to be."

Just as she spoke, she let out an awkward smile. However, she hid the truth from Mrs. Berry. Despite the shorter attack, it had become more intense than it used to be.

She felt as if death was knocking on her door.

At that moment, she thought she could see her father waving at her from Heaven.