

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 539

"Looks like it's time. Let's go for lessons."

With one clinging on his back, a second nestled in his arm, and a third tugging him along by the hand, Zachary was like a tree overrun by monkeys as he strode forth.

He turned his head toward Mrs. Berry. "Please let Charlotte know that we'll be in the study."

"Will do," Mrs. Berry replied. She watched them leave before she rapped upon the washroom door. "Miss. Are you alright, Miss?"

"I'm fine..." Charlotte was pallid as she hunched over the sink. In spite of being in no small measure of agony, she did her best to compose herself. "I might have the runs, so you should go up first. I'll be out in a minute."

"No worries. I'd be right here with you." Mrs. Berry remained concerned. "Did you have too much to eat at dinner? I'll go get you a glass of warm water."

"Okay."

After she heard the footsteps departed outside, Charlotte slumped down seated on the floor. Beads of sweat ran ceaselessly down her forehead.

She bit down upon her lip until they were close to bleeding.

The excruciating pain continued to permeate. There was nothing visibly wrong with her right shoulder, only the sensation of gnawing upon her blood vessels.

It dawned upon her that the injection that that woman gave her must be more than just a sedative.

The substance inside might have been some form of toxin so subtle that it was undetectable even to Raina.

"How are you doing, Miss?" Mrs. Berry hollered from the outside.

"I'm okay," Charlotte said with a deep furrow. "It may take a while more, so you should go."

"Alright. I'll leave it on the table for you. Do take some medication if you are still not feeling well," the older woman said.

"Got it." Charlotte did her best to sound calm.

Mrs. Berry exited.

Charlotte continued to be tormented by pain for another half an hour before it fully subsided.

After she struggled onto her feet, she splashed water on her face. She then downed a few mouthfuls from the glass on the table when she came out.

Jamie's coat and one of Ellie's shoes were left on the couch. She felt conflicted as she reminisced about the heartwarming scene from a moment ago.

A few knocks on the door were followed by Raina's voice. "May I enter, Ms. Windt?"

"Please come in," came Charlotte's swift reply.

The doctor pushed through the door with a medical bag in hand. "Mrs. Berry told me that you were experiencing some discomfort in your abdomen. Could you describe it to me? Let's see if we have any medication here suitable for you."

"It's alright." Charlotte shook her head. "I guess I must have had indigestion from overeating. After visiting the washroom, I'm feeling much better already."

"That's good to know." Raina gave her a pack of medicine anyway. "Have some of these digestive tablets that I've formulated myself. I'm sure they'll be of help."

"Thank you." Charlotte took two of that and meaningfully asked, "Mrs. Berry and my friends are your patients, and I've also heard from doctors in other hospitals that you have quite the reputation as a medical practitioner."

"I might be the best there is if that does not come across as being too full of myself. Haha."

Raina was quite confident of her own competency in her chosen profession.

"Does that mean to say that no one would be able to treat what you can't?" Charlotte probed.

"That depends." The doctor adopted a more objective stance. "Some procedures may be better handled by my peers with the relevant expertise, as there are limits to what anyone could be good at. Though I'm able to diagnose most ailments, there will always be doctors from my hospital who I could call on."

"I see." Charlotte found it troubling that even someone with Raina's capability could not figure out what was inside of her.

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"Ms. Windt! Ms. Windt!"

Raina's calls interrupted her train of thoughts.

Charlotte then tried to change the subject. "I'll be leaving Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Peyton in your able hands."

"Don't worry, I will take care of them." Raina nodded. "How's your stomach now? Are you feeling better?"

"Very much so," Charlotte replied with a slight smile. "I think I should be heading up now. Thank you again."

"You're welcome. Feel free to approach me anytime." Raina picked up her bag and left.

Charlotte got her head in order before she returned upstairs.

The door to the study was slightly ajar. She was able to see Zachary instructing Robbie on some technological concepts from her position just outside.

The boy's brows were knitted in intense focus, much like Zachary's.

Jamie and Ellie were by their side. They must not have understood what was being shared as the girl wandered off to fiddle with her Barbie doll in a pink tent at the side, while the younger boy, too, started to play with Fifi on the couch.

"You're an absolute genius!" Zachary was pleasantly surprised to discover Robbie's talents. "I was six when I started getting involved with technology. You're already ahead of me at just three years old!"

"Really?"

Robbie was delighted. He used to enjoy chatting to his mother about these while she was still able to engage him adequately then. It, however, did not take long before his knowledge base surpassed hers.

As others in the family were even less informed, Robbie was without tutelage and made little progress researching on his own.

He was in his element and able to advance in leaps and bounds the moment Henry gifted him a computer and enrolled him in online lessons.

However, the efficacy of remote sessions could not compare with that of live instruction. It seemed that Robbie was able to pick things up more easily and quickly, as it showed during Zachary's first attempt.

Both father and son were tremendously pleased and felt a great sense of accomplishment.

"Uncle Zack..." Robbie blurted.

"What?" Zachary reminded him with an eyebrow raised.

"I mean Daddy." The boy immediately rectified himself with a blush on his little cheeks. Perhaps consistently hailing the man as such would still take some of getting used to. "With regards to the development of your company's new product, I have a few suggestions. Could you take me to observe the design process?"

"Of course I could." Zachary nodded. "I'll bring you down to the office tomorrow."

"Ah? To the office?" Robbie felt slightly overwhelmed. "Would that be okay? I was just thinking..."

"Why wouldn't it be?" Zachary patted the boy's head with pride. "You're my son. One day, you'll be taking over my place at the helm of the company. The sooner you are able to get up to speed, the sooner you could join me in running things together!"

"Yeah." Robbie nodded. His beautiful eyes beamed with radiance.

Charlotte's lips lifted into a smile. She felt that this was the version of Robbie which he really wanted for himself.

Her coming back to the Nachts had proven to be the right decision for the children.

"Beep! Beep!"

Jamie flipped himself up from the couch the second the alarm sounded. "Time's up for Robbie, Daddy. It's my turn."

"Alright." Zachary closed the laptop before turning to the older boy. "You can go rest up now."

"I still want to read on." Robbie took the device and continued what he was going before at the side.

"You're very diligent." Zachary curled his lips. "Don't you want to learn martial arts together with your brother?"

"Nah, I'm not interested in that." Robbie's eyes were fixated on the screen. "Man can create invincible weapons with his intelligence. No martial arts would be able to stand against that."

"I beg to differ, as there are things that machines cannot overcome," Jamie retorted. "What's more, the practice of martial arts can strengthen the body. Surely that's something that machines cannot replicate?"

"A reasonable point." Zachary thought aloud with interest.

“Which one of us were you referring to, Daddy?” Jamie eagerly wanted to validate himself.