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## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1502

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.

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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.

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"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.

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"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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