

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1167

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Charlotte ended the call. She frowned down at the empty black screen of her phone. Her emotions were all over the place, she quickly rearranged her face into a neutral expression and turned her attention back to the children.

Zachary was lying in bed, holding his phone to his chest. His exposed torso was crisscrossed with various tubes.

After about half a month of treatments, he had lost a lot of weight. His eyes were sunken in and his entire body looked haggard. It was difficult to look at him in this state.

Zachary had shown no signs of improvement and at this point, no one could be sure whether the treatment was even working as they had hoped.

However, there was no other choice but to be patient and continue with the treatments before any progress could be seen. After all, Zachary had only just started on the treatment.

The doctors had warned them that this sort of treatment could be very arduous treatment and it would take very strong willpower for a patient to go through it.

Back when Charlotte herself was undergoing the treatment, she had fallen into a deep coma. However, Zachary had not.

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He was undergoing the treatment while fully conscious. He was not even given any anesthetics in order to protect his brain from any damage.

For the past six months, he had been treated like a test subject; he was poked and prodded all over his body daily.

He endured an unimaginable level of pain and discomfort, but he tolerated it all without even a sigh.

It was a miracle that he was able to hold onto his consciousness just by his own sheer willpower.

On that day, he finally felt a little stronger and he insisted on calling Charlotte and the children.

“Mr. Nacht, Erihal is now in chaos. Mr. Lindberg has requested Ms. Lindberg to take her children to F Nation for their safety,” Ben said cautiously, trying to calm him down.

“If Danrique’s rival finds Arkfield, they will all be in danger.”

Zachary closed his eyes. His brows were knitted tightly together from the pain. He held the phone tightly in one hand. He had just gotten off a phone call with Charlotte and the children and he still felt their presence all around him.

“Why don’t I ask Bruce to go over to them?” Ben suggested.

“Do not interfere with their lives; just watch over them secretly,” Zachary said slowly and laboriously. Every word felt painful. “Get him to report back to me every day on how they’re doing.”

“I understand,” Ben nodded and left to contact Bruce immediately.

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“You should rest. Don’t worry too much,” the doctor who had been standing by his bedside advised gently. “You shouldn’t even have been allowed to make that phone call today. Any instability, both physically and emotionally, will affect your treatment.”

“I won’t die so easily...” Zachary whispered as he slipped into unconsciousness. The silhouette of Charlotte appeared in his dream, just like an angel.

She was standing in a vineyard, gazing at him with a beatific smile as if she was saying to him, “I’m waiting for you to come back to me.”

Only his willpower was keeping him alive. He chanted repeatedly to himself, “You must endure. You must live on. You must go to F Nation and bring Charlotte and the children home.”

Ben could not bear looking at Zachary’s face, all twisted up in pain. He had always thought of Zachary as an invincible god-like figure and it was disconcerting to see him this way.

He fervently hoped that he would recover soon.

Ben relayed Zachary’s order to Bruce who immediately rushed to F Nation with a group of his men. At the same time, he also directed some men to find out in which manor was Charlotte and Louise staying in.

Arkfield was, as always, cold and damp. There was a slimy quality to the atmosphere that made one feel rather icky.

On their third day at the manor, after completing the morning treatment, Charlotte and Louis took the children to the farm to pick fruits and vegetables.

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Then, later that day, they went to the flower fields to pick out their favorite blooms.

By the end of the day, the children were entertained and exhausted, and every one of them went home happy.

Even Dr. Felch was enjoying life at the manor. He was seated on their horse-drawn carriage, casually smoking a cigarette as he watched the children laughing and chasing each other in the countryside. A contented smile stretched across his face.

Sam, too, could not help sighing happily. "It's such a good day."

"It's a good day indeed." Dr. Felch looked into the horizon and frowned. "It looks like it's about to rain though."

"Really?" Sam looked up at the sky, squinting against the sun. "You're right. A storm is coming."

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