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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1188

Holding her phone, Charlotte felt uneasy. She had a feeling that something had happened to Zachary, so she was hesitating whether she should call him back. However, upon further thought, she decided against it.

A stubborn man like him would not tell her anything even if something bad had happened to him.

However, since he could still call her and declare his dominance, it meant that he was still doing well.

It was better if she did not intervene.

After all, they were not fated to be together.

Sighing, Charlotte placed her phone down and got out of the bathtub. She wrapped a bathrobe around herself, dried her hair in the bedroom and went to sleep.

However, for some reason, Zachary's figure kept floating around in her mind.

She tried her best to calm down and not think about him, but she could not control her mind at all.

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Charlotte only drifted off to sleep at midnight, but she had a dream that Zachary appeared in front of her, his body covered in blood. She widened her eyes and asked him what happened.

Silent, he staggered toward her. Each step he took left behind a bloody footprint.

She wanted to rush over and help him, but she could not move a single inch, as if her feet had been nailed to the ground.

At that moment, Zachary suddenly toppled to the ground like a torn ragdoll. Blood flowed out of his body incessantly.

Kneeling on one knee, he clutched his head in agony with one hand, while stretching his other hand toward her obsessively.

“Zachary!”

Charlotte yelled out his name anxiously and tried her best to move her legs so she could go to him.

After a long while, she could finally move her legs. She dashed toward him hurriedly, but the ground started to split, forcefully separating them.

The spot where he was started sinking, sending him plunging into a bottomless abyss.

“No! Zachary!”

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Yelling his name, Charlotte was jolted awake from her dream.

With widened eyes, she stared at the ceiling while her heart pounded wildly.

Feeling extremely uneasy, she had a strong premonition that something bad had happened to Zachary.

She instinctively picked up her phone and was about to call him to check. However, before she dialed his number, she calmed down.

I'm already Louis' fiancée and I've cut off all ties with Zachary. We've already reached a peaceful agreement. I can't destroy this truce because of a moment of rashness! Even if something bad happened to him, it has nothing to do with me.

At that thought, Charlotte placed her phone down, collapsed on the bed again and stared at the ceiling dazedly.

After a while, her eyes became so tired that she closed them. She kept reminding herself to forget it and let everything go.

It was as if this voice in her mind had traveled to H City.

Zachary was lying on the bed. After finishing his treatment, he was extremely frail.

The first thing he did when he woke up was to call Charlotte.

He dreamed that Charlotte had married Louis. Although he yearned to barge into the church and crash their wedding, his body split with every step he took, and blood poured out of his body uncontrollably.

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He watched helplessly as Charlotte exchanged rings with Louis and kissed him passionately.

When a roar of despair escaped his lips, the church collapsed and the beams came crashing onto him.

At that moment, he suddenly woke up. He returned to his senses and immediately called Charlotte.

However, he was in so much pain that all he could muster were a few words.

Now, he was closing his eyes and enduring the intense pain silently.

“Mr. Nacht, our treatment for today is done. You should rest well and we’ll continue tomorrow,” said the doctor to Zachary carefully.

“Why is the treatment becoming more painful? It’s been so long, but the symptoms have not diminished yet.” Ben asked anxiously, “Also, since he’s in so much pain, can’t he take some painkillers?”

“Yes, but it’ll affect him...”

“Okay, you may leave now.”

Zachary’s deep voice interrupted the doctor, who quickly left.

Ben looked at Zachary worriedly and asked, “Why don’t I contact Dr. Felch?”

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