Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1364

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1364 Her Warmth

Charlotte dozed off as she waited and lay down her head beside Zachary's bed.

She did not let go of his hand even in her sleep.

The night drew nigh and the outside world fell into silence, as did the ward. Charlotte slipped into slumber on Zachary's bed, just as how she always did before.

Zachary had a dream that night. He lost his way in the desert and did not know how to get out. He was stranded in a vast and endless piece of grey and blurry sand land without any light.

His whole body ached as if it was about to burst. He felt as if he was on the verge of losing his sense of hearing and vision completely.

He desperately wanted to escape, but his vision kept failing him and he could not hear a thing.

All he could do was keep going forward, but even taking a step felt like a formidable task. He felt emptiness under his feet every time he took a step. He kept changing direction, but every direction pointed him to an endless abyss.

He was trapped in a place of no escape.

He was lost, helpless, and resentful, but it was then that he felt a hand reaching out to him.

He was apprehensive in the beginning. He was afraid that this hand would lead him to another bottomless pit, but this hand did not push him into another chasm.

Instead, it held onto his hand tenderly, leading him to the light at the end of the tunnel.

His heart was assured and he kept following the leading hand until he finally saw light again, but just as he was about to reach the other side, a violent wind ravaged the desert and blew away the hand.

He wanted to cling onto it, but he could not.

Zachary was shaken up by the nightmare. He opened his eyes gradually and realized Charlotte was beside him, holding on to his sleeve as if she was afraid he would vanish.

His gaze softened and he reached his hand to touch her face. He realized her face was still wet.

Did she cry? Was it because of me?

Zachary let his thoughts lead him astray. A gush of cold wind blew through the window. He tried to cover her with his blanket, but he was too weak to move a muscle.

The chilly air sent a shudder down Charlotte's spine and it woke her slightly. She muttered his name and grabbed his hand instinctively, but she accidentally rubbed against the wounds on her hand.

She opened her eyes in pain but immediately saw that Zachary was awake and was looking at her. She dismissed the pain and asked softly, "Are you awake? How are you feeling?"

Zachary did not reply but looked at her tenderly.

"I'll ask Raina to come over and check on you."

Charlotte wanted to get up to press the emergency button, but Zachary put his hand around her waist.

"What are you doing?" she asked, "Let me go."

"Over my dead body."

Those were Zachary's first words after he regained consciousness. His voice was hoarse and deep.

Charlotte lay back down as he wanted, moving carefully so she did not hurt him.

"It's been a while since I hugged you."

Zachary moved closer, indulging in her scent. Everything felt so familiar.

"Stop it. I should go and get the doctor."

"I'm not letting you go. Never," Zachary insisted like a child.

"Zachary Nacht."

Charlotte wanted to give him a stern warning, but the moment she said his name, tears choked her voice and she broke down as her emotions finally took over her.

"Why did you push me away?" she questioned, sobbing, "You were bleeding all over and your clothes were all red. Everyone was so scared something might happen to you."

"What about you? Were you scared too?"

Zachary planted a kiss on her hair, taking a deep breath.