

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 791

"I guess I'm going to need a rabies shot," Zachary simply replied.

Louis almost spat his wine out at that.

Just then, Raina came into the room. "Mr. Nacht, let me tend to your wound."

"How is she?"

"She has calmed down, and there are no serious injuries," Raina said as she cleaned Zachary's wound. "Lupine put a pair of noise-canceling headphones on her, so there won't be any worries of her waking up again to the thunder."

"Exactly," Louis chimed in. "They usually pay a lot of attention to the weather. If there were reports of a thunderstorm, they'd make sure to have Charlotte wear the headphones. But, for some reason, they forgot about it today."

Hearing that, Zachary grew silent. Charlotte got attacked two years ago, and they destroyed her last antidote. She must have gone through hell and back after that episode. It was a miracle that she even survived it.

Her memory loss and having a relapse every time there's a thunderstorm could also be the effects of that traumatic event.

"Your wound looks bad." Raina frowned. "You'll have to get a tetanus shot at the hospital. I'm afraid I haven't brought any with me."

"I'll do it later." Zachary didn't care about it right now. "You should go stay by Charlotte."

Raina nodded and left with her medical kit.

After she left, Louis looked at Zachary quizzically. When Zachary kissed Charlotte and even claimed to like her, Louis didn't believe him. He had thought it was all part of Zachary's plan to force Charlotte out of the project.

But now, it seemed like Zachary wasn't lying at all.

When Charlotte had a relapse, Zachary was far more anxious than anyone else in the room. He had no care for himself when he used his body to protect Charlotte. Even when she bit him, he still didn't let go.

With such a display of selflessness, Louis knew Zachary wasn't joking around.

Zachary was calling Marino when he saw Louis staring at him. "What are you looking at?"

"Do you really like Charlotte?" Louis blurted out. "When did you start liking her?"

Zachary didn't reply instantly. Instead, he barked his orders at Marino over the phone, "Where are my clothes?"

"Coming, Mr. Nacht! I'm downstairs right now."

"Hurry up."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht."

After ending the call, Zachary looked up at Louis. "Two years ago."

"What?" Louis widened his eyes in shock. It took him a while to recover from it. "You've known her since two years ago?"

Louis paused as he contemplated more about it. Something didn't add up. "Wait a minute. Didn't you have a wife two years ago? She went missing, and you searched for her high and low... "

"She doesn't belong to you. Go look for another," Zachary said sternly.

His words had only just sunk in when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

Marino came in with a bag of clothes before excusing himself.

Then, Zachary picked up the clothes and proceeded to change in the bathroom.

Louis, on the other hand, stood behind the door with panic in his voice as he asked, "What happened exactly? Tell me everything right now!"

Despite that, Zachary ignored him as he continued changing. When he was done, he made a beeline for Charlotte's room.

"Hey! Answer me!" Louis followed behind in exasperation.

When Zachary reached Charlotte's room, he was glad to see her sleeping peacefully in her bed, but at the same time, his emotions were all over the place.

"Mr. Nacht, thank you for your help tonight. We'll let Ms. Lindberg have a good night's sleep now. We can talk tomorrow if there's anything else," Lupine said calmly.

Both she and Morgan seemed guarded, as if afraid that Zachary might touch Charlotte again.

"Take good care of her." Zachary took one good look at Charlotte before taking his leave.

"Can I come in?" Louis decided to try his luck with Lupine and Morgan.

As expected, they denied his request. "Sir Louis, we're very sorry. We can't let anyone in to disturb Ms. Lindberg right now. You can talk to her tomorrow."

Louis still felt a little hurt by the rejection as he followed sullenly behind Zachary.

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It was already half past one in the morning when Zachary left Charlotte's villa. He checked his phone, only to find seven or eight missed calls from Henry.

Zachary knew he had to check in on Cynthia, or Henry would throw a fit and go after him.

After all, he couldn't afford to anger Henry any further, so he decided to head to the hospital near Ashenville Garden to see Cynthia.

He was well on his way when he spotted a car driving toward him from the opposite direction.

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Both cars pulled over, and Ben got out of the other car. "Mr. Nacht," Ben greeted with a bow.

"What's going on? Where's Cynthia?"

"Ms. Blackwood is in the car," Ben replied softly. "Her wounds have been checked out. But she refused to stay in the hospital, so we got the doctor's permission to bring her home."

Zachary looked in the car to see Cynthia leaning weakly against her seat. Her face was deathly pale, yet she still smiled and signed at him. "It's just superficial wounds. I'm okay. Let's go back."

He then gestured for everyone to get back into the cars and headed toward the hot spring resort.

On their way back, Zachary contemplated calling Henry. However, he ultimately decided against it as it was already late, and Henry might be asleep. If his call woke Henry up, he might incur even more of that man's wrath.

As soon as they arrived at the resort, Henry came out from the courtyard in a wheelchair. His unexpected arrival gave everyone a shock as they hurriedly bowed to greet him.

Henry ignored them and stared daggers at Zachary.

"Why are you here?" Zachary frowned at him.

"I couldn't reach you on your phone. I thought you were dead," Henry said sarcastically.

Upon that, Zachary chose his words carefully. "Louis had an emergency earlier."

"What could be more important than Cynthia's well-being?" Henry bellowed.

"It was a life and death situation," Zachary rebuked. "Is that important enough for you?"

Henry kept quiet upon hearing that. After all, Louis was a man of distinction. Should something happen to him while he was on their territory, the Nacht family wouldn't be able to answer for it.

If Louis really had an emergency, it would be understandable for Zachary to tend to that first.

"Ms. Blackwood, be careful," the nurse said as she helped Cynthia out of the car.

Henry's face was fraught with worry as he turned to look at Cynthia. "Cynthia, how are you? Were you badly hurt?"

"They were just superficial wounds. I'm fine." Cynthia gestured. "Grandpa, please stop scolding Zachary. Sir Louis did have an emergency, so I had him tend to that first."

"Good girl." Henry was deeply moved by her words. "You're so understanding."

"It's only right to be," Cynthia continued in sign language. "It was my fault. I insisted on going along, and now Zachary is in so much trouble because of that."

Henry's heart ached when he saw how guilty Cynthia felt. "Don't say that. It's his fault for having neglected you. It's getting windy outside. Why don't you head on in first?"

Cynthia was being led back into the house when her knees suddenly buckled. She would have fallen if Zachary hadn't rushed up in time to support her. "Get the wheelchair!" he ordered.

The nurses searched high and low for the wheelchair but to no avail. Cynthia had gotten even weaker at this point and could no longer stand up.

At that moment, Henry got into a state of panic and looked close to blowing his top at everyone. Zachary anticipated that and quickly carried Cynthia back into the house.

Only then did Henry manage to calm down. He shook his head and sighed, "What a blockhead."

"You can't rush these things," Spencer coaxed gently. "He has to have his heart in it."

"What the hell do you know?" Henry barked. "If I don't give them a nudge, they'll never be together."

Spencer said nothing more after that.

In the meantime, Zachary carried Cynthia back to her room and laid her on the bed. "Take good care of her."

He was about to leave when Henry blocked the doorway with his wheelchair. "You're leaving after having injured her?" Henry asked coldly.

"Or what?" Zachary shot back with a frown.

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"Apologize sincerely, and ask about the injury. That's basic courtesy," Henry demanded.

"It's already so late..." Zachary was about to reject when he saw Henry glower at him. He had no choice but to agree to it.

After that, he turned and walked back toward Cynthia's bed.

The nurses got the hint and quickly left the room to give some much-needed space to Zachary and Cynthia.

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The door was closed behind him, leaving them alone in the room. The combined effect of the dimmed lights, sway of the white curtains, and lavender fragrance gave a very romantic ambiance.

Zachary sat on the sofa, opened a bottle of wine, and started drinking on his own.

As for Cynthia, she lay on the bed and quietly looked at Zachary, her eyes full of warmth and tenderness.

"I'll rest here for a while before leaving so I don't get nagged at again." Zachary glanced at Cynthia. "Am I disturbing you?"

"No, it's fine." Cynthia gestured. "You can rest as long as you want."

When they locked eyes, Cynthia blushed and immediately tried to clarify. "What I meant was, to put Grandpa at ease, you can stay here longer... no, I meant, you can stay however long you want..."

The more she tried to explain, the more flustered she got.

Regardless, Zachary remained on the sofa, quietly savoring the wine while enjoying the silence.

All of a sudden, he glanced at the door. He could sense someone outside, watching them.

At that, Zachary promptly placed his glass down and made his way toward Cynthia.

Cynthia was very nervous as she gripped her blanket tightly. As a matter of fact, her nerves were so bad she didn't even dare to look at Zachary.

Soon after that, Zachary was already beside her and was leaning in towards her. She then instinctively closed her eyes.

Just as she felt him getting even closer... Zachary reached out and turned off the light switch behind her.

The room was now mostly dark except for the flickering light from the aroma lamp. The darkness gave the room an even more romantic ambiance.

At that point, Cynthia was so nervous she was shaking uncontrollably. Even her breathing had become erratic.

However, Zachary still didn't touch her. He went back to the sofa and continued to drink his wine.

Cynthia slowly opened her eyes and gazed at him sadly.

She thought he was going to...

But alas, he was only turning off the lights.

After a while, Zachary had fallen asleep on the sofa. It was either from sheer exhaustion or the effect of the wine.

He dropped the wine glass he was holding, and the wine immediately stained the white carpet.

Cynthia stole a glance outside before getting out of bed to walk toward Zachary. She then covered him with a blanket and joined him on the sofa, looking at him longingly.

The dimly lit room made his handsome face look weary. His brows were knitted even in his sleep, as though he was in deep melancholy.

Cynthia's heart ached for him as she carefully reached out to caress his brows.

Right then, Zachary suddenly twitched in his sleep.

Startled, Cynthia quickly pulled her hand back and clutched her chest in panic.

Once there were no more sudden movements from Zachary, Cynthia breathed a sigh of relief.



Seeing that he was in deep sleep, she gathered up her courage and slowly caressed his face.

Her fingers were slender, and her touch was gentle. Every brush against Zachary's face was soft like a feather and full of love.

The desire in her eyes gradually intensified as she slowly moved her fingers onto his lips. She brushed against it gently and was about to get up to kiss him when...

Bzzzzz! The vibration of Zachary's phone interrupted her.

Cynthia was startled and quickly backed away, only to fall flat on the floor.

Coincidentally, Zachary had also been startled awake. When he sat up and saw Cynthia on the floor, he immediately bent down to help her up. "What's the matter?"

"You fell asleep, so I wanted to cover you with a blanket." Cynthia gestured nervously.

"Thank you." Zachary led her back to the bed. "You should go to bed now. Goodnight."

"Goodnight!" Cynthia gestured back.

Zachary checked his phone as he walked out. To his surprise, it was a call from Charlotte...

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However, she was actually calling that gigolo's number.

By the time Zachary came out of Cynthia's room, there wasn't anyone outside anymore.

But he could feel a pair of eyes watching him from afar. That must be Grandpa's informant.

I've been in Cynthia's room for almost an hour, and so I already did what I needed to do.

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Grandpa should have nothing to say about this anymore.

Zachary quickly went back into the room but noticed that the call had already been disconnected. After locking the room door, he went into the bathroom and dialed Charlotte's number with Gigolo's phone.

"Hello?" the woman answered weakly.

"What's wrong? Why do you sound like that?"

His heart obviously ached for her, but he had to act like he didn't know anything.

"I want to see you," Charlotte said.

"Tell me your address."

After hanging up, he instantly called for Ben to gather his stuff.

Luckily, the latter was prepared. No matter where Zachary went, there would always be a mask and the rest of his stuff in the boot of the car.

Once he was done changing, Zachary got out of the room through the window. However, instead of driving, he jogged to the villa.

In the master bedroom on the first floor, Henry lay exhausted on the bed as he listened to Spencer's report, "Mr. Zachary only left Ms. Blackwood's room after seventy-five minutes. Are you feeling more relieved now?"

"It seems like that brat is tough on the outside but soft on the inside. I knew it. He wouldn't be so apathetic." The old man was extremely pleased with what he heard. "Cynthia isn't in good health right now. When she gets better, we'll let them spend time alone together, and all will be well."

"Yes, yes. It's very late now, so do get some rest," Spencer said. "It's not advisable for you to stay up this late at this age."

Henry was indeed tired now, but he suddenly thought of a question. "Wait, no. This could all just be an act the brat put on to fool me. We shouldn't let our guards down."

"Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on him."

Spencer finally left the room quietly after tucking the old man in.

He got to the second floor and took a look around. The door to the master bedroom was locked, and the lights inside were turned off. Then, he went into his own room and looked outside. He was convinced that Henry had been overthinking things after seeing that all the cars were still parked in the parking lot.

With his mask still on, Zachary climbed over the wall and got to Charlotte's window.

Lupine and Morgan had locked up all the doors and windows in the room, probably worried that Raina would affect Charlotte again.

He couldn't break the windows to get in, so he could only send her a text to let her know that he was there.

Charlotte instantly got up to open the window when she received the text.

Zachary climbed in and immediately saw her pale face. He wanted to hug her but refrained from doing so. After a while, he pretended as if he didn't know anything as he asked, "What's wrong? You don't look too good."

"I'm fine."

The woman was obviously not feeling well. Despite that, she was putting up an act as though she was healthy and strong as she dragged her weak body towards the bed.

The former reached out to help her, but she pushed his hand away. "I'm not that weak."

Her stubbornness and strong will contrasted with Cynthia's weak demeanor.

Charlotte only felt a little better after laying back on her bed. However, for some reason, she was feeling cold all over.

Meanwhile, Zachary stood beside her doing nothing except staring at her, his mind a mess.

“What are you staring at me for?” she asked with a frown.

The man took off his coat and lay beside her before taking her in his arms. Charlotte didn't refuse, and instead, she leaned against his chest. Her body was sweating to the point that she was even shivering, but she tried her best to hide it.

After all, she didn't want him to notice.

“Your body is so cold.”

Zachary didn't expose her, but he did use his warm hands to help warm her up.

“Do you know why I wanted to see you?” Charlotte closed her eyes and nestled in his arms. “Because you're warm. I don't feel as cold anymore now that I'm in your arms.”

The former's nose began to tingle, and his eyes turned red upon hearing this.

You stupid woman... You're exactly like how you were previously – clearly feeling miserable yet still acting tough.

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I wonder how she's been living in the past two years. Does she bleed out every time there's a storm? Is her condition so painful that she'd curl up on the bed alone, shivering each time?

Who was there to warm her up when I wasn't there?

“What are you thinking about?”

Charlotte kept leaning into his embrace, clinging onto him as though she was an octopus.

“Do you want to feel warmer?” Zachary was starting to feel his heart fluttering by her actions.

"Yes..." She buried her face in his neck and indulged herself in his scent.

He suddenly rolled over and pinned her beneath him before kissing her gently on her lips.

This kiss was unlike all the previous kisses. It was as gentle as dewdrops landing on flower petals but also passionate and even a little cautious at the same time.

The rational part of Charlotte told her that this was dangerous, but her body was accepting it instinctively and was even playing along with him.

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She found it weird that her body liked being so close to him and that it wasn't in control by her brain.

Every time he hugged her, kissed her, or even when they were doing something more intimate, her brain would tell her to fight back. Even so, her body couldn't help but reciprocate his gestures and would even want more.

Right then, Zachary slowly deepened the kiss as his hand moved downwards from her shoulder. An electrifying sensation ran across her skin wherever his hand was.

Charlotte seemed to have melted into his arms as she accepted his kiss. Both her arms were wrapped weakly around his waist, and she shut her eyes, enjoying his affectionate touch.

The room was becoming increasingly hotter, and her body was also slowly becoming warmer.

Zachary had achieved his goal.

However, his lust was just like a trapped beast clamoring, as though it was about to lose control soon.

The man tried his best to control himself and rolled over reluctantly. He took her in his arms but didn't touch her any further.

Even if his breathing was heavy and his was blood boiling with excitement, he still endured it and held back.

"What's the matter?" Charlotte asked as she stared at him in a daze.

"Your body is too weak. It won't be able to take it," he replied as he nibbled on her earlobe. His endurance was obviously strong based on his warm breath. "Once you're better, I won't be going easy on you."

Her lips curled into a smile upon hearing that, and she quickly leaned in to kiss him.

"Go and get some sleep," Zachary said as he cupped her face in his hands. "I'm here. Don't be afraid."

"Okay." Charlotte snuggled against his chest and slowly fell asleep to the rhythm of his heartbeat.

He was able to soothe the pain and discomfort she felt from a relapse just like that.

Every time a relapse happened, the pain was so unbearable for her that she couldn't sleep. Yet, that night, she was able to sleep soundly and peacefully.

Charlotte felt at ease and warm because she trusted him without any hesitation, and she believed that even if the sky collapsed, he would hold it up for her.

Seeing that Charlotte was finally asleep, Zachary was relieved. He gently brushed her lips with his thumb and stared at her fondly.

Although he was extremely tired, he couldn't sleep.

All he could think of at that moment was how he could help her get rid of the pain and have her back by his side.

I should think of a way to completely remove the remaining poison in her body.

Maybe when that happens, she'd finally get better, and her memories would even recover.

Perhaps it had been a tiring day, but he soon fell asleep with Charlotte still in his embrace as he thought of ideas.

Dawn came before they even realized it, and Charlotte jolted awake from a nightmare. She was covered in sweat, but she instantly felt at ease when she saw the man lying beside her. At that, she immediately went back to snuggling in his arms again.

However, she noticed the injury on his neck, and she couldn't help but freeze at the sight of it.

The woman could vaguely remember that she had bitten someone when she had a relapse the previous night.