

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1291

"Thanks," Dr. Felch replied with a sigh, "By the way, about your family, I hope you don't mind me giving my two cents on the matter."

He looked at Charlotte searchingly before he continued, "I know I'm just an outsider and I might not know what is going on, but what your belated father said has always stuck to me. The reason why he worked so hard through the grind is none other than his family. He was not interested in power or wealth. All he ever wanted was for his wife and children to enjoy a carefree and peaceful life. Family is what counts at the end of the day."

Charlotte's complicated gaze met the old man's eyes. "I know..."

"I'm sure you know what's best for you," Dr. Felch said, patting her hand as he turned toward Sam. "Bring Mr. Nacht in. I'd like to have a word with him."

"Right away, Dr. Felch." The apprentice went out immediately to fetch Zachary.

"Why not you go get your hand treated?" Dr. Felch asked Charlotte, turning back toward her. "Could you make me some vegetable beef soup too? I really miss your cooking."

"Of course. I'll get going first then."

Hayley and Charlotte left the room soon after. Charlotte got her burn treated and started making some soup with Hayley.

Meanwhile, Zachary went into Dr. Felch's room with Ben. When he saw the sickly old man reclining on his bed, a sense of resignation budded in his heart.

He used to be a great doctor, but now he's reduced to his sickbed. I guess even the mightiest man is a nobody in face of death.

But well, who am I speak? I'm a dying man myself.

"There you are." Dr. Felch sat up when he saw Zachary. Sam quickly went over to put a cushion behind Dr. Felch's back.

"Hi, Dr. Felch," Zachary greeted politely as he went closer.

"I've always wanted to see you," the doctor said, looking at Zachary from the head to the toe. "Come closer."

Zachary hesitated.

Ben looked at the door briefly and went over to shut it.

"Don't worry. I've already asked her to go make me some soup. Hayley is there with her, so she won't be back anytime soon."

Dr. Felch knew what was on the young man's mind.

Zachary was surprised the old man actually read him like an open book.

"Have a seat," Dr. Felch beckoned, pointing at the empty space beside him.

Zachary sat down as requested while Sam turned on all the lights in the room so the doctor could have a good look at their guest.

After carefully surveying the young man, Dr. Felch shook his head, sighing, "I hope I'm wrong on this."

"What do you mean, Dr. Felch? Is there still a chance of him getting better?" Ben asked in worry.

"I should've done a more thorough check last time and done a surgery. It's been a while and now things are not looking good," Dr. Felch said solemnly, "Have you been getting treatment recently? What did your doctor say?"

"They can only palliate the symptoms and delay the onset of the disease. There's no cure per se," Zachary replied calmly.

"There's still hope although it's already late," Dr. Felch said, his expression becoming more serious. "I really want to help, but I don't think I have much time left."

"It's okay. It's entirely up to fate now. You don't have to worry about me."

"Are you serious?" Dr. Felch reproved, "You're still so young and you're giving up? You can't die. What will happen to the kids if you're gone?"

Dr. Felch loved the three children like his own.

Zachary looked at him, his heart inexplicably warmed. No one had reprimanded him after his father passed on.

Dr. Felch shook his head looking at Zachary before turning toward Ben. "Go and get all the records about his treatment. I want to take a look. Who knows I might find the best treatment before I breathe my last."

"Sure."

Ben nodded emphatically and went out to make a call.

"Is that really necessary?" Zachary asked, "You're already so sick. I don't want to burden you with another task."