

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1523

After “Zachary” blurted out his thought about how Charlotte was taking revenge on him, he panicked, thinking that he had accidentally revealed something by saying the wrong words.

However, Charlotte's response made him breathe a sigh of relief.

I'm glad she didn't notice anything. She used to bear a grudge against Zachary, so it's nothing strange for her to talk about wanting to take revenge on him.

“I know you're doing this for my sake, but this treatment is really unnecessary.”

Left without a choice, “Zachary” softened his tone and pleaded, “It's too difficult. Not only is it showing no results, but it's worsening my condition.”

“How is that possible? I was cured because of this treatment.” Charlotte drew her brows together. “And before that incident, you agreed with me about this treatment plan. Why do you suddenly have a change of heart?”

“I...”

For a moment, “Zachary” could not find a good excuse.

He knew that if he continued, he would expose himself.

After all, the real Zachary had been diagnosed with a terminal illness, so even if his treatment was tormenting, he would still cooperate with the others so that he could survive.

“If... you really don't want to do this anymore, I won't force you to,” Charlotte mumbled dejectedly with a sigh. “I can't stand watching you getting tormented. You know what? Let's just stop...”

“Really?” A delighted look entered fake Zachary's eyes. “Then—”

“We'll go to Raina,” Charlotte continued. “While Dr. Wright is still around, we'll ask her to perform another surgery and draw some blood. We should be able to stabilize your condition. Once we find Francesco, we'll use a different treatment plan.”

“Zachary” was dumbfounded by her words. “D-Draw some blood?”

“Yes. We did something similar before. We'll make an opening behind your ear and let out the bad blood. Then you'll be bedbound for a month to slowly recover.”

“You don't need to be so merciless, do you?” the fake Zachary nearly shrieked out. “Didn't you say that I have to go to the office tomorrow? Wouldn't I be essentially crippled if I were to be bedbound?”

His plan had to be executed soon. If he were to be bedbound for a month, he would not be able to work on his plan.

“So what do you want?” Charlotte asked in a helpless tone.

At that, the fake Zachary's mouth twitched. He was truly tormented by everything, but still, he steeled himself and said, “Let's just go with Dr. Felch's treatment plan.”

As he said those words, he mentally prepared himself to face the end of the world.

That was the choice he made—he had chosen the slightly better option between the two choices he was given.

Although it was suffering to soak in scalding hot herbal baths and go through acupuncture sessions every day, he would soon be out of his misery once his plan was completed.

On the other hand, if he chose the option of surgery, he would be crippled for a month.

Furthermore, he might end up exposing himself. If that were to happen, the woman in front of him would surely skin him alive.

“You chose this yourself,” Charlotte quickly said. “In that case, please cooperate with us during the treatment and stop throwing a tantrum. Also, don't hurt others anymore. I've already told them to tie you up if you go mad again. If that really happens, things will turn awkward.”

“Zachary” was stunned into silence as a look of disbelief appeared on his face.

“All right. Rest early now,” was all Charlotte said before turning around to leave.

“Where are you going?” the fake Zachary hurriedly stopped her. “Aren't you going to sleep here?”

“I still have a lot of work to deal with.” Charlotte flung his hand away before walking out of the door. “Rest early. Good night.”

“Zachary” watched as she walked away, his brows knitted. Once her footsteps faded, he hastily locked his door and checked the room. Then he made a call.

“How is it?”

“I was f*cking tortured to death today. They shoved me into a tub of hot herbal concoction before stabbing needles in me, talking about some kind of herbal concoction treatment.”