

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 583

“That’s right! You’ll look great holding a bouquet because you’re a girl. Just like an angel,” Jamie chimed in.

“Alright, then I’ll hold the bouquet.” Persuaded by her brothers, Ellie eventually caved in. “Then who’s going to carry the ring?”

“Of course it’ll be me!” Jamie raised his hand.

“There will be two ring boxes. We can carry one each. I’ll carry mommy’s while you hold daddy’s.” Robbie split the tasks up evenly.

“Alright! We’ll go with that!”

Zachary found his children’s discussion endearing, and his lips curved upwards involuntarily. “Look at you, all worried about the wedding. Alright now, go back to your rooms to change. We’ll be heading out soon.”

“Heading out? Daddy, where are we going?” The children piped up instantaneously.

“I’m taking you all out to dinner.” Zachary pinched their faces adoringly. “Mommy is already getting ready. You should go do the same.”

“Yay! Awesome!” The children exclaimed in delight.

Zachary beckoned the medical staff to bring the triplets back to their rooms.

Charlotte was joyfully selecting her outfit when her head started throbbing in pain. Worrying that someone might find out about her condition, she held her forehead and rushed to the bathroom.

This time, the pain was accompanied by a nosebleed. Charlotte was thrown into a frenzy.

She quickly locked the bathroom door and hovered over the sink, spots of red speckling the white porcelain. She patted some cool water on the back of her neck, hoping that it would stop the nosebleed.

Blood dripped from her nose ceaselessly. A wave of agony washed over her, and she collapsed to the floor as she succumbed to the pain.

When Zachary went back to their room to change, Charlotte was nowhere to be seen.

The sound of running water penetrated the closed bathroom door. Zachary paid it no heed at first and busied himself with changing his clothes. However, he realized after a while that there was no movement behind the door.

Finding the situation peculiar, Zachary rapped the door with his knuckles. "Charlotte, are you ready?"

There was no response.

Zachary twisted the doorknob but realized with dismay that it had been locked. A sense of foreboding came over him. He was ready to kick the door down when he heard a voice coming from the bathroom. "My stomach hurts. I need some time."

"Why did you lock the door?" Displeasure seeped through his voice.

"I'm using the toilet. You can use the other bathroom." Charlotte sounded completely normal.

"Take your time; there's no rush."

With that, Zachary turned to leave. He had a niggling suspicion that something was wrong with Charlotte, but he could not put a finger to it.

Unease settled in his stomach, but he did not want his cynicism to come between their relationship.

Charlotte slowly got up from the floor, groping the wall to support her weight. She made sure that she appeared presentable before leaving the bathroom.

Zachary was sifting through some documents on the sofa when he heard a rustle behind him. He turned to look at Charlotte and blurted, "Why do you look so worn out?"

"Probably because I didn't sleep well last night."

Charlotte self-consciously touched her face and headed to the wardrobe to change her clothes.

"What's wrong with you recently? Are you feeling unwell?" Zachary spoke to her back, his eyebrows furrowed with worry.

"The injury hasn't healed completely, so the wound still hurts from time to time," Charlotte bluffed. "Besides, you haven't gone easy on me. I barely get any rest at night, which would explain why my body has been acting up lately."

"I see." Zachary reflected on his actions. Maybe I've gone overboard. We do the deed practically every night. Sometimes I even wake her up after she has fallen asleep...

She always cries that it's too much to bear, but I ignored her pleas. It seems like I have to control myself in the future.

"I'm ready. Let's go."

Charlotte had put on a comfortable periwinkle dress and let her long hair tumble down her back in effortless waves. She wore no makeup but was stunning nonetheless.

“You’re absolutely gorgeous.” Zachary wrapped his arms around her and kissed her long hair. “I’ll treat you with more care in the future, and as a soon-to-be bride, you should pay more attention to your health, alright?”

“Mm.” Charlotte mumbled her assent and buried herself in his embrace. Touched by his thoughtful gesture, warmth spread through her heart.