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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1566

Chapter 1566 Made of Stone

"What should we do?" Lupine fretted anxiously, "Let's reach out to the media and get this under control for now."

"That won't help! Did you forget that the Gold family is in the media business?" Charlotte countered with a sneer. "How do you think they've managed to control the public discourse so easily?"

"Ah..." Lupine did not know what to reply to that.

"Even if we bribed the media to bring them over to our side, it would just be a waste of money. I don't have the strength to fight them right now."

"So, what should we do?" Lupine repeated her question helplessly.

She had always been able to solve Charlotte's problems for her, but now, she had no idea how they would deal with this.

Charlotte had grown a lot during this period of time. Her wit and intelligence had sharpened exponentially. However, she was still no match for the Gold family.

After all, she was in this all alone.

"I don't know what to do either," Charlotte said, rubbing her temple in distress. "We'll just wait and see."

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Lupine glanced at her in concern as she did not know how to comfort her, and neither did she know what exactly the latter was waiting for.

Right then, she could only offer Charlotte her company.

That night, Charlotte stood guard over Alpha in the hospital. From time to time, she would ask Bruce for updates on Robbie and Jamie.

Lupine tried to persuade her to take a rest, but Charlotte could not still her mind long enough to fall asleep.

In truth, she was exhausted, but she just could not bring herself to close her eyes and fall asleep.

It was the most uncomfortable feeling.

Finally, at four o'clock in the morning, Lupine fell asleep sprawled across a chair when she could not stay awake anymore.

Meanwhile, Charlotte stood by a window and gazed up at the moon. She called out silently in her heart, Zachary, where are you? Where exactly are you? I can't bear this any longer. Please come back soon...

At that moment, in the backyard of a loft in Southridge, a herbal concoction was boiling away in a big black cauldron.

A petite-framed Francesco was performing acupuncture on Zachary next to the bubbling liquid.

For the past fortnight, she had been trying her best and calling on her entire lifetime's worth of experience and expertise to save this man. Yet, he had not shown any response at all. However, he did not die either. It really was the strangest situation.

On that fateful day, Francesco was planning to attempt one last plan to revive Zachary. If this plan failed like all the others, she would surrender this job to Charlotte and wash her hands of Zachary.

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Maybe he's a living dead. Maybe he cannot be saved... How annoying! This is affecting my search for my precious... I don't even know how my precious is doing right now...

Francesco glanced at the photo on the table, which she had found at the Nacht residence. It was a photo of Zachary, Charlotte, and the six children taken in the forest during their pre-wedding shoot.

Francesco felt as if the two adults were distracting her from the kids. Hence, Zachary and Charlotte's faces were veiled by leaves such that when one glanced at the photo, one would only see the children.

How adorable! Ah, I must stop being distracted. I'm trying to heal someone right now...

Francesco dragged her eyes away from the picture and returned her focus to the acupuncture she was performing on Zachary.

There were seventy-two needles sticking out of Zachary's head at that moment. However, despite looking like a hedgehog, he still did not show any signs of responding to the treatment plan.

Francesco became impatient at his lack of reaction and threatened in an irritable tone, "Hey, Zachary, if you don't give me a response right now, I'll feed you to the dogs!"

However, the man lying on the bed remained motionless.

"You're exactly like Danrique! Are you both made of stone or what?"

The look of disgust on Francesco's face was even more potent than any herbal potion she could concoct.

"Just look at yourself! If you can't recover, then just die quickly. You're just wasting my time at this point... Frankly, I'm all right with taking my time to try different treatment plans on you, but you must understand that I'm really busy right now. I am searching for my babies! I haven't seen them in so long. That idiot Danrique kept me locked up and stopped me from going out for so long! I had to beat up his men, destroy his car and escape through a window! Now, his men are searching for me. If they manage to find me, I'll definitely have to fight that idiot again! Oh, and lately, there has been another gang searching for me. They

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must be your enemies. It pisses me off so much every time they shoot at me. If it weren't because I had to take care of you, I would have killed all of them!"

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