

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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Charlotte was confused. Everything was fine earlier, and Henry even agreed to stay for dinner. Why is he suddenly angry?

"Don't bother. Let's eat now." Zachary made her sit at the dining table before he went to send Henry off.

"Where is great-grandpa?" asked the kids after they came out of the washroom.

Charlotte was unwilling to lie to them, so she answered frankly, "Your great-grandpa has just left."

"I thought he is going to stay for dinner? Why did he leave?" With his brows knotted, Jamie asked worriedly, "Did he leave because I went to chase after Fifi when I was performing martial arts?"

"Great-grandpa's car is still outside!" Ellie ran out of the house.

Jamie and Fifi followed suit.

Robbie, on the other hand, remained seated while calmly drinking water.

"All of them have gone after your great-grandpa. Why didn't you join them?" Charlotte asked curiously.

"If great-grandpa wanted to leave, he must have his own reason." Robbie handed a small bunch of grapes to his mother. "Mommy, the grapes are sweet and juicy. Have some."

"Thank you, Robbie." Charlotte took the grapes. After some hesitation, she asked, "Robbie, did you say something to your great-grandpa?"

Robbie was composed. "We have a few words. I just wanted to protect mommy."

Hearing that, Charlotte's heart tightened. She knew her son well. Robbie was more mature and cleverer than his peers. Thus, most probably, he knew all that was going on between her and Henry.

If that was so, it was not surprising that he would do something out of the ordinary.

Charlotte suddenly thought of Timothy, the boy who suffered a great deal because of the toxic relationship between his parents. The enmity between the two families had eventually caused the three-year-old boy to go to the extremes when he stabbed Helena with a pair of scissors.

She wouldn't want to see Robbie become the next Timothy.

Holding Robbie's hands in hers, she said, "Robbie, this is between the adults, and it has nothing to do with you. Don't think too much, alright?"

"I didn't, and I won't meddle in it. Don't worry, Mommy," Robbie comforted his mother, "I know what I'm doing."

Charlotte was at a loss for words.

Right then, Jamie and Ellie were back. The two were still sulking over their great-grandpa, who suddenly left.

"Hmph! Great-grandpa didn't keep his promise!"

"We're not sharing hot cross bunnies with him next time."

"Yeah! We're not sharing with him!"

"That's it! Let's eat!" Zachary picked the kids up and put them in their junior chair. Then, he asked Mrs. Rawlston to serve dinner.

"Daddy, mommy, Mrs. Berry, let's dig in!"

The presence of the kids in the house would always liven up the atmosphere. Including Fifi, there seemed to be four children in the house.

The dining hall was filled with the kids' laughter and jovial chatter. Charlotte soon cast her worries away. The heartfelt smile never left her face as she enjoyed dinner with them.

As for Mrs. Berry, she hadn't seen the kids for a long time. Throughout the dinner, she was busy filling the kids' plates with food.

The whole family had wonderful dinnertime together.

After dinner, Zachary and Charlotte took a walk in the garden with the kids.

As the cool evening breeze blew, Zachary wrapped his coat around Charlotte and his arm around her shoulder. Sitting on the bench, the two watched the kids as they played. The contentment and blissfulness brought about by the lovely family moment brought smiles to their faces.

"If only we can live a simple yet happy life like this forever," Charlotte said, "with the whole family staying together, and we will accompany the kids as they grow up."

"Yes, we will." Zachary was optimistic about the future. "Don't worry. Grandpa will eventually give his blessing."

"How are you so optimistic?" Charlotte plastered a bitter smile on her face. "He was angry when he left just now. I don't think he will agree to us marrying."

"Oh, Charlotte, you're such a pessimist!" The man ran his fingers through her hair. "Trust me, grandpa will agree for the sake of the kids."

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Charlotte fell into silence. Still, she was not too optimistic about it. One of the reasons being Henry's unfriendly attitude toward her, while the other reason was what Sam told her earlier that day.

It felt like Sam was hinting at something. Inexplicably, she had a bad feeling about it. Is he trying to tell me that there is still toxic residual in my blood?

"What's wrong?" asked Zachary. "You look bothered."

"Nothing. I couldn't be happier right now." She leaned against his shoulder. "Perhaps it's normal for every woman to be anxious before their wedding."

"You silly girl." Zachary caressed her hair. "Put your mind at ease and leave everything to me. You are going to be the happiest bride ever."

"Mm." She nodded smilingly.

"You must be tired now, and you should sleep early tonight. Tomorrow is going to be a long day as we need to take our wedding photos at the seaside."

"Alright then." Charlotte wrapped the coat tighter around her. "I'll go to bed now while you stay with the kids. Come join me later."

"Alright."

Zachary gestured to the maid to help Charlotte into the house.

His smile gradually disappeared as her figure vanished from sight. He then beckoned Bruce over and asked, "How's Dr. Felch?"

"He's still unconscious," Bruce replied. "Raina has invited a group of specialists from overseas to treat Dr. Felch. His vital signs are stable, yet there is no sign of him waking up."

Zachary furrowed his brows. After a while, he asked, "Have you found that crazy woman?"

"Not yet." Bruce lowered his head, embarrassed with his incompetency. "It seems like she is deliberately hiding from us. We can't find her anywhere."

"Use all resources to search for her. I don't believe she can hide forever."

Zachary felt fury rose within him when he recalled what Zara had done.

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Bruce nodded.

Zachary then dismissed him.

He was in an agitated state. He knew well that although Charlotte seemed to look fine, her life was at risk. The toxins in her body were like a ticking bomb that could explode anytime.

It was a race against time. He had invited a top-notch medical team to treat Dr. Felch, and at the same time, he had ordered his men to track Zara down. He was still clinging to the hope that Zara had an antidote.

He would find the cure for Charlotte at all costs.

In fact, he did all this without Charlotte's knowledge so that she wouldn't feel burdened.

He hoped she could be a carefree and happy bride.

"Daddy! Watch out!"

All of a sudden, a basketball came flying in his direction. Zachary reacted swiftly in catching the ball and tossed it back to the kids.

"Thank you, daddy."

The kids continued with their basketball game. Although both Robbie and Ellie lacked in stature and were a little clumsy, they greatly enjoyed themselves.

As for Jamie, that boy was gifted with athleticism. He was a fast learner when it came to sports.

Ellie, on the other hand, preferred arts. The little girl had mastered singing, dancing, drawing, and piano at a young age. Nevertheless, she was not good at studying, just like her mother.

The sight of his kids playing happily in the garden dispelled Zachary's gloominess. He was never afraid of challenges, and he always believed there was no problem unsolvable.

Soon, the clouds blotted out the sunlight; it was about to rain.

Both Mrs. Rawlston and Mrs. Berry were worried that the kids might get wet, so they urged them to come into the house.

Yet, Zachary halted them. "Let the kids play. The Nachts are strong and tough. They are not afraid of the rain."

"Daddy is right!" Jamie cheered as he continued with the ball game.

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Robbie and Jamie were now playing soccer. The clumsy Ellie was also trying hard to keep up with his brothers.

Fifi was cheering for them on the basketball hoop, "Come on! Come on!"

Standing by the window, Charlotte was glad to see the kids having fun outside. Zachary and the kids are brave in the face of challenges. How can I wimp out? I should be confident and face all challenges with them!

Hope reignited in Charlotte as she gained strength from her family.

When Zachary was back in the bedroom, Charlotte was already fast asleep. The latter always felt tired and sleepy recently.

Initially, he thought she was pregnant. Later, the doctors found out that Charlotte's condition was caused by the toxins in her body.

Zachary took off his coat and wiped his hair with a towel before he went to sit on the bed. Fixing his eyes on the sleeping Charlotte, he gently caressed her cheeks.

She was in a deep slumber like a sleeping beauty.

She didn't even stir in her sleep at his touch.

Zachary gave her a light peck on the forehead. Just as he was about to leave for the washroom, Charlotte wrapped her arms around his waist from behind and leaned her body against his.

"You're up?" He turned around and rustled her hair.

"Mm. You woke me up."

With that, Charlotte clung to the man's body while her hand started unbuttoning his shirt.

"Why are you so passionate today?" Zachary was surprised when she gave him the come-on. Cupping her face, he asked, "Is there something wrong with you?"

Charlotte's face flushed. "You're so annoying! Do you want it or not?"

"Of course I do!" With that, the man climbed on top of her and pinned her hands. He planted kisses all over her face, from her forehead to her lips and her earlobe. "Oh, you're driving me crazy."

A moan escaped from Charlotte's lips. "I'm glad to hear that."

She wrapped her legs around his waist. At that moment, all she wanted to do was to reward him with her passion.

Back then, she always thought of Zachary as a temperamental person. It was only until then that she realized how affectionate and perfect a man he was.

He was like a sturdy tree, shielding her and the kids from the storm. He would overcome all difficulties so that the whole family could stay together.

How could she not love him?

It was still raining outside, yet the temperature in the room rose as the two's passions filled the space.

Meanwhile, Henry couldn't seem to sleep that night. He was sitting in his wheelchair, staring blankly at the storm outside.

Spencer was attentive enough to replenish Henry's teacup when the tea turned cold though the latter had not taken a sip of it.

He was worried as Henry had sat there doing nothing for a long time. "Mr. Nacht, you didn't eat much during dinner. Why don't I get the maid to cook something for you?"

"There is no need," Henry rejected. After a while, he spoke up, "I won't change my mind because of that cheeky rascal, but after having that conversation with Robbie..." At that point, he let out a sigh.

Hearing that, Spencer said understandingly, "Mr. Robinson is indeed different from other kids. He is smarter and emotionally more intelligent than his father at his age."

"That's true." Henry nodded in agreement.

Then, he uttered, "After all, that cheeky rascal lost his parents since he was young. At that time, I was too busy with the family business that I never really spent time with him. His childhood was full of tedious training. Growing up without much family love, he is relatively weak when it comes to interacting with other people.

"Robbie, on the other hand, is different. His mother and Mrs. Berry sure have taken good care of them."

Spencer couldn't agree more with Henry. "That's why his words could easily touch your heart. I was shocked as well that a kid at his age would say something like that. Yet, I believe it is Mr. Robinson's genuine thought.

"Since Mr. Zachary is not a sentimental person, I suppose he didn't teach Mr. Robinson that. As for Ms. Windt, she went to meet you as soon as she came back, and she didn't have the time to even talk to Mr. Robinson. Besides, she looked like an artless person. It doesn't seem to me that she would teach her child to say something like that."

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"That's true. I suppose you're right." The next moment, Henry mocked, "Those two adults are not as clever as Robbie. Do you really think they are capable of teaching Robbie that?"

Spencer tittered. "Oh, Mr. Nacht, that is too unfair to Mr. Zachary. We all know he's a clever person."

"Hmph! That cheeky rascal is indeed guileful." Henry was unhappy when he thought of Zachary. "He might not have taught Robbie that, but I'm sure he was the one who asked the kids to persuade me."

Spencer, too, could tell that Zachary was the one behind all that. "You're right, or the kids wouldn't come home half an hour earlier."

Henry was distressed when he thought about the kids' persuasion. "Even though it was the cheeky rascal's idea to have the kids persuade me, but I know the kids really meant what they said."

"Mr. Nacht, do allow me to be honest with you." Spencer stole a glance at Henry's expression before he continued speaking, "The kids are very determined to stay with their mother. If you insist on separating the family, they will definitely hate you. The kids are strong-minded, especially Mr. Robinson. If he really leaves with his mother, then I'm afraid..."

Before he could finish his words, Henry interrupted him. "You silly old bugger! You know I'm frustrated right now, and you're still going to scare me? You should think of something to help me out!"

He hammered the ground with his cane in anger.

Spencer was frightened as he took a step backward. He then said with a hint of uncertainty, "Mr. Nacht, if I tell you my opinion on this matter, I'm afraid you will be mad at me."

"I won't. Go ahead, tell me." Henry was at his wit's end. He really needed someone else's opinion.

"Um... Well... Actually, I think..." Spencer was hesitant. Eventually, he bit the bullets and spoke his mind, "Mr. Zachary is determined to marry Ms. Windt, and the two of them already have three children. It's impossible that you could separate them. Why don't you give your blessing to them?"

"You old silly bugger! I asked you to think of a way to separate them, but now you're helping them to persuade me?"

Henry angrily hit Spencer with his cane. Though, the force he used was much smaller than when he hit Zachary.

After all, unlike Zachary, who was tough enough to withstand his beatings, Spencer was almost eighty years old now.

Spencer complained, "You said you wouldn't be mad! And now you lose your temper. How could you not keep your promise?"

"How dare you talk back!" Henry's anger was further aroused.

Spencer was quick to apologize, "I wouldn't dare to. Mr. Nacht. To be honest, I said that because I thought of Mr. Harrison."

The butler mentioned Harrison's name in a barely audible voice.

Harrison, Zachary's late father, was a man world-famous for his talents. He was not interested in doing business, and he was strong-willed in marrying the woman he loved.

Yet, he was forced by Henry to learn how to do business. Not only that, but the latter had also forced him to leave his girlfriend and marry a woman from a noble family. Eventually, Harrison didn't achieve any success in his career, and his love life was a mess.

To Henry's eternal regret and loss, Harrison and his wife died at an early age in an accident.

Henry would definitely be angry if someone dared mention Harrison in front of him. Yet, at that point, he was not, for his butler had spoken his mind and pointed out his biggest worry.

"The Lindberg family indeed has unshirkable responsibility for the tragedy, but if we didn't force Mr. Harrison, perhaps..." Spencer stopped mid-sentence, not daring to continue.

He stole a glance at Henry's expression before speaking out in a low voice, "I think Mr. Zachary's love for Ms. Windt is comparable or even exceeds Mr. Harrison's for that woman from the Lindberg family.

"I'm afraid if we insist on separating them, the same tragedy will happen again.

"Mr. Nacht, you're ninety-six years old now. If anything happens to Mr. Zachary, do you think you have that much time to cultivate Mr. Robinson into becoming the heir of the Nacht family?"

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"That's enough..." Henry interrupted Spencer. The latter bowed his head and did not speak anymore.

"I'm sorry, I've said too much."

Spencer kicked himself. He knew that his words must have felt like knives in Henry's heart.

If this were any other day, Henry would have lost his temper long ago. But that day, he allowed Spencer to finish.

He intended to help Henry realize his mistake to avoid repeating it.

"I'll think about it," Henry sighed. "What are you waiting for? Wheel me in."

"Yes, sir." Spencer hurriedly steered the wheelchair into the house. "Are you hungry? Should I ask the servants to prepare some oatmeal for you?"

"No need." Henry sounded dejected. "I have no appetite."

"Before we left, Mrs. Berry stuffed a little bag into my hand. They were some hot cross bunnies that the children like. Shall I have them heated up for you?" Spencer asked tentatively.

"Mrs. Berry?" Henry recalled. "Yes, the nanny of the children."

"She used to be the Windt family's housemaid," Spencer explained. "They said when she was young, she took care of Ms. Windt's father, and then her, and now her three children. She's like family to Ms. Windt and her children."

"I see," Henry said. "An old maid who is willing to care for three generations even when the family was in shambles. This shows the loyalty of Mrs. Berry, and also the integrity of the Windts."

"I agree." Spencer nodded with a smile.

"You must have gotten something from that rascal to be speaking so kindly on his behalf, haven't you?" Henry scolded suddenly, changing his tune, "You are a disloyal servant!"

"Mr. Nacht, I have been with the Nacht family for four generations..."

"Shut it!" Henry glared at Spencer. He suddenly touched his stomach and said, "I'm a little hungry. Why don't you heat those buns?"

"Yes sir, right away," said Spencer in delight. He ordered the kitchen to heat the buns. "Oh, bring a glass of warm milk for Mr. Nacht too."

"Two glasses!" Henry corrected. "It's meaningless to dine alone."

"Then I shall accompany you, sir." Spencer smiled.

When Charlotte awoke the next morning, the sunlight had already streamed through the window onto her face with a touch of warmth.

She shielded her eyes from the light and squinted at the foliage outside in a daze.

"You're up?" Zachary emerged from the bathroom, dressed for casual comfort.

"Yes." Charlotte stretched. "Why are you up this early?"

"I did a little reading with the kids." Zachary buttoned up his shirt. The sunlight illuminated the side of his face, accenting his jawline and cheekbones. Charlotte was mesmerized. "Go back to sleep. We'll leave at ten," Zachary said.

"I'm up now." Charlotte sat up lazily and held up her arms. "Carry me!"

Zachary smiled and bit her on the chest.

"Ouch, it hurts!" Charlotte squealed and hit him on the back.

"Did that wake you up?" Zachary kissed the skin he had bitten. "Get up quickly. I'll send for some breakfast."

"Thank you," Charlotte said as she kissed him on the cheek. She then leaped out of bed.

Zachary smacked her buttocks, adjusted his tie, and walked towards the door with wide strides.

Charlotte's phone rang as she brushed her teeth. She glanced at her screen and hastily picked up. "Hello, Olivia!"

"Charlotte..." came Olivia's voice shakily. "Help me, please help me..."