

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 685

"I know what I'm doing," Zachary said nonchalantly. "You shouldn't be worrying for the company since you're not feeling well."

"You've done a lot of things in the last two years, but I'd never intervened," Henry said, "The Lindberg Corporation had already monopolized the entire Southeast Aploth region, and they've now built a strong connection to make a foray into our domestic market. If you still..."

"I know." Zachary interrupted. He put down his wine glass and asked, "Anything else you want to say? I need to rest now."

Henry sighed. He looked away and signaled him to get out of the room.

"You should sleep early too." Zachary stood up and left.

Henry watched him leave and instantly let out a deep sigh.

"Don't worry, Sir," Spencer consoled and poured him a cup of tea, "He might seem cold and arrogant, but I believe he knows what he's doing."

"He wouldn't have allowed the Lindberg Corporation to gain the upper hand over him had he known what he was doing," Henry said icily, "He doesn't care about the company because he's so focused on finding that woman."

"He's a human, after all," Spencer said, "We should be glad that he managed to pull himself together."

"What a stubborn man," Henry expressed his dismay with a low grunt, "Just like his father. Men who put relationship before anything can never succeed in life!"

That remark had rendered Spencer speechless. He covered Henry's thighs with a blanket and quietly massaged his feet.

"Forget it. Take me to my room." Henry knew there was nothing much he could do now as he no longer called the shots.

Nothing he said or do could change anything. He would have to let Zachary handle the problems on his own as he was in charge of the family now.

As Spencer was taking Henry back to his room, they passed by the living hall and noticed the lights were still on in the study upstairs.

They also saw Ben entering the room with a pile of documents.

Spencer immediately said, "Look, Mr. Zachary is still working at this hour. He still cares a lot for the family business."

"He'd better be," Henry said with a nod.

In the study upstairs, Ben passed the documents to Zachary. "These are the details about Ms. Lindberg."

Zachary went through all the documents and sneered, "How detailed."

"There isn't a single flaw in her records," Ben said, "Records from her elementary school to university and even postgraduate studies are all complete. Even her kindergarten results are all well-documented."

Zachary remained silent and continued flipping through her records. There were even photos from her childhood and teenage years.

"Look at how complete her records are," Ben expressed his thought, "I guess there's still a possibility that she might not be Ms. Windt."

Zachary let out a cold snort and laughed. "If the Nachts are capable of erasing a person's records, I'm sure the Lindbergs, too, have the power to create a person's identity from scratch."

Upon hearing that, Ben was at a loss for words.

"Did you manage to find out where she's staying now?" Zachary put down the files and asked.

“Unfortunately, no.” Ben shook his head. “The Lindbergs have been extremely secretive about it. But Bruce is still in the midst of investigating it.”

“Tell him to stop,” Zachary said, “At this point, I don’t want to create any unnecessary suspicion.”

“All right, Sir,” Ben immediately gave Bruce a call.

“The Lindberg Corporation has now owned the territorial waters of the South Sea and is ready to enter the domestic market. I’m sure we’ll meet soon!” Zachary tapped his fingers on the table.

He could not wait to see Charlotte again, but at the same time, he knew he had to stay calm and not rush into things.

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Before bed, Zachary received another text message from Cynthia.

In the last two years, Cynthia had texted Zachary every morning and night without fail.

Zachary would normally ignore her messages, but since Charlotte had returned, and he remembered the promise he made to Robbie, he decided to have the talk with her. He replied: Let’s have dinner together tomorrow.

All right! I’ll see you tomorrow!

Cynthia replied almost instantly. She was clearly excited about tomorrow’s dinner.

Zachary put away his phone and shut his eyes. Once again, Charlotte’s face once again popped up in his mind. Will I still dream of her tonight?

The next morning, after having breakfast with the triplets, Zachary was ready to send them to school.

No matter how busy he was in the last two years, he would always make a point to send them to school. To him, the forty-minute journey was extremely precious as he could spend some quality time with the children.

Yet, today, Henry wished to send them to school instead. He smiled and said, "Do I have the honor of sending all of you to school today?"

Zachary looked at the children and waited for their response.

"Yay! Great-grandpa is sending us to school today!" Ellie clapped in excitement.

"Okay! You've not visited our school, right? We'll bring you around!" Jamie, too, was happy to hear that.

Meanwhile, Robbie responded with a nod.

"So you want Great-grandpa to send you to school?" Zachary looked at Robbie.

"Okay." Robbie nodded again and looked away.

Zachary looked at Henry and said, "Thanks. Don't tire yourself out. Come back soon and rest."

"Got it." Henry looked like he did not sleep well last night, but the thought of being able to send the children to school made him happy.

"I got to go now." Zachary gave the three little ones a hug and left in a hurry.

"Finished your breakfast?" Henry smiled.

"Yes!" They then packed their bags and pushed Henry's wheelchair to the door.

"I suddenly remember I have International Economics class today." Robbie put down his utensils and wiped his mouth with the napkin gracefully. "I won't be going to school with you today."

"Mr. Robinson..." Spencer wanted to persuade Robbie to go to school, but Henry interrupted, "All right. You stay at home then."

“Okay.” Robbie looked away and nodded. He went upstairs right away and ordered, “Inform the teacher to come early.”

“All right, Mr. Robinson.”

Henry knew Robbie was trying to stay away from him. Though he was upset about it, there was nothing much he could do now.

“I thought your International Economics class is in the afternoon?” Jamie asked in confusion.

“Don’t worry about Robbie. He doesn’t need to come to school with us since he has completed all the syllabus anyway,” Ellie frowned and said, “Come on, let’s go! We’re going to be late!”

“Okay!”

As their Rolls-Royce was driving on the greenway, they noticed a silver Rolls-Royce driving up the hill.

The drivers and bodyguards from both cars exchanged glances when they drove past each other.

While the Nachts’ driver and bodyguard gave them a confused look, their counterparts remained cold and arrogant.

“Are they our new neighbors?” Spencer mumbled while looking at the Rolls-Royce.

There were only villas on Rokan Hill, and one of them was the Nachts’ residence, which was located halfway through the hill and on the south side.

The other villa, which was on the north side, had been left vacant for years.

As the only family living on Rokan Hill, the Nachts had exclusively used the winding hill road for many years. This was why Spencer was surprised to see another car here.

He continued to observe and realized the silver Rolls-Royce was heading to the north.

Someone has indeed moved into the other villa!

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chapter 687

"What are you looking at?" As Henry was playing cards with Jamie and Ellie, his gaze fell on Spencer, who had lifted up the gardens to peer out of the window.

"There was a car that looked similar to ours, and it passed by us just now. It was silver in color," Spencer said in a hushed voice. "I watched them drive down to the west villa of Northridge."

Henry looked rather stunned. Frowning, he said, "Only seven models of this car have ever been produced, and it's so expensive that not everyone can afford it. I think... the person you saw was from the Lindberg family!"

Danrique Lindberg's personality was as eccentric as his name. He liked all of his cars to be silver in color.

Meanwhile, the Nacht family had a staunch preference for black-colored cars.

"That can be true!" Spencer exclaimed, looking shocked. "Danrique Lindberg has always kept his location a secret, and he values his privacy more than his own life! Why would he deign to come and live next door to Mr. Zachary?"

Henry looked rather grim. "Go and investigate this," he ordered.

"Yes, Sir." Spencer immediately gave a call to one of his subordinates and told them to look into the matter.

Jamie looked up at Henry and cocked his head to the side curiously. "Great-grandpa, who are the Lindbergs? Are they very powerful?"

"They're the arch-enemy of our Nacht family," Henry said, looking at Jamie with a serious expression. "In the future, make sure to stay clear of anyone with the surname Lindberg. Don't even try to get close to them, am I clear?"

"Of course not!" Jamie said, nodding his head vigorously. His face had clouded over, as though the very thought of his family's greatest enemy put him in a bad mood.

"Do we really have arch-enemies?" Ellie asked, frowning slightly. Looking rather confused, she continued, "Isn't our family the most powerful one on earth? I heard Daddy is super strong— more powerful than Superman himself!"

Henry choked on his drink and nearly spat it out at once. He coughed loudly and banged on his chest.

"Great-grandpa..." Immediately, Jamie stood up and ran over to him. Patting Henry's back, he asked concernedly, "Are you alright?"

"Ellie, you're so cute! That made me laugh so hard that I choked! Haha!"

Still clutching his chest, Henry bent over and wheezed with laughter.

"Haha, children's words carry no harm!" Spencer said, joining in the laughter. "Don't take it to heart, Mr. Nacht."

"Oh, did I say something wrong?" Ellie asked, feeling a little embarrassed. Her face flushing scarlet, she muttered, "My teachers, friends, Mrs. Berry, and everyone else around the house tells me that Daddy is really strong. I didn't think there could be anyone more powerful than him on this planet."

"Yes, that's what I thought too," Jamie said seriously. "I always thought only Robbie might be able to surpass Daddy in the future!"

"Robbie is a very talented boy, and he's bound to surpass his own father and mentor one day," Henry mused, a look of pride appearing on his face as he thought about the boy. "However, the world is a very big place, and there will be people who are good enough to rival your Daddy."

"Are you talking about that person from the Lindberg family?" Jamie asked curiously, leaning closer to him. "Are they male or female? How old are they? Are they mean?"

"Are you a fool?" Ellie asked, rolling her eyes at him. Looking at Jamie as though he was an idiot, she continued, "Didn't Great-grandpa say they are our arch-enemy? Of course they're horrible people."

"The people of the Lindberg family are very dangerous," Henry reminded them again sternly. "If you bump into them by accident, make sure to cross over to the other side of the street immediately. Don't believe a single word they say. Is that clear?"

"Got it!" the two children replied, nodding frantically.

Spencer, who had been listening to their conversation by the side, felt a little worried. Henry was so serious about this matter because he was afraid that the Lindberg family would fight for custody of the children once they figured out that the blood of the Lindbergs flowed in Ellie, Robbie, and Jamie's veins.

However, how long could they hide something like this for?

Thankfully, Robbie wasn't here today. Otherwise, he would have lots of questions for Henry and might have stumbled upon a nasty fact by accident...

"Inform Zachary about this," Henry ordered, looking very anxious.

"Yes, Sir." Spencer made a call to Ben and told him everything that had happened.

At that moment, Zachary's car was already pulling into the company's parking lot. Ben hung up the phone immediately and quickly reported the matter to him.

Hearing this, Zachary felt rather stunned. "What? Did you say they've just moved into Northridge? Could it be Charlotte?"