

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 688

"We're not sure about it yet," Ben replied. "Mr. Spencer has already sent someone to investigate this."

"Call him back immediately," Zachary ordered urgently. "Tell him I've already sent Bruce to keep an eye on the Northridge occupant and tell him and his men not to intervene."

"Yes, Sir." Ben gave Spencer a call immediately.

Hearing Ben's words, Spencer clamped a hand over the receiver and said to Henry, "Mr. Zachary says that he has already sent Bruce to settle this matter, and he doesn't want us to intervene in it."

Henry frowned but nodded eventually. "Alright, then. Let him settle a small matter like this on his own."

Spencer told Ben about Henry's reply, and Ben passed the message on to Zachary.

Zachary finally let out a sigh of relief. He ordered, "Well, get Bruce to go look into the matter, then."

"Yes, Sir." Ben went and informed Bruce immediately.

Zachary adjusted the wedding band on his left ring finger, his eyes shining with anticipation. Perhaps Charlotte had returned this time so she could be closer to him and the kids...

...

Robbie was reading in the study room.

His aide came and reported, "Mr. Robinson, your global economics tutor is on his way here. However, because of the distance, he might only be here in about half an hour."

"Got it," Robbie replied blandly.

The aide left.

Robbie finished reading the book on global economics, which was written entirely in English. Rubbing his temples, he got up and walked over to the windows, where he gazed out at the forest of trees in the distance. He felt the strain on his eyes lessen by the minute.

However, his gaze was attracted by a flash of silver some distance away...

Taking a closer look at the curious object, he realized that it was a car.

The Nacht family's cars were all black in color, and the private doctors and tutors they hired were all ferried into the house by the family cars. Where had this silver-colored vehicle appeared from?

Had an unexpected guest arrived?

Robbie turned around and reached for his pair of binoculars. He peered through the lens at the silver object.

It was a silver-colored Rolls-Royce. Strangely enough, it was the same model as the Nacht family's cars. The car pulled into Northridge, where it quickly disappeared beneath a huge canopy of trees.

However, since it was headed in that direction, Robbie could guess that it had headed into the west villa of Northridge.

He had once heard Ben say that there were two villas on Rokan Hill—one located in the east, and one located in the west.

The villa in the east was Robbie's home, but the villa in the west had been empty for a long time. The new neighbors were probably moving in today.

From the make of their car, he could tell that whoever it was probably had a jaw-dropping net worth.

Robbie put down his binoculars and turned away from the window. The location and angle of this room meant that he could only see a small stretch of the ring circuit from there. If he wanted to see the west villa from this building, he would have to go to the pavilion.

However, spying on people was a dishonorable thing to do, and Robbie wasn't much interested in it.

Without the tutor here, Robbie felt a little bored. Since he had already finished reading his book, he started fiddling around with his mechanical dove.

This was the new invention that he had been working on. He had bought the plastic dove at the toy store. When he got home, he had torn out its wires and attached a new remote control system to it.

He would then hurl the dove out of the window...

Robbie wanted to know how far this dove could fly, and whether it would be able to capture the sprawling scenery of Rokan Hill.

If it could, the dove would be much similar to a remote-controlled drone. However, his dove had many more interesting functions than an ordinary drone.

Robbie reached for his laptop and started running the special application he had installed on it.

Whatever the dove managed to record would be reflected on his screen in real-time.

He watched with delight as the image of his screen changed from the courtyard of the Nachts' residence to a bird's eye view of the entire house. Then, the house became a speck on his screen as the dove flew farther away. His screen filled with green as it flapped its wings over the surrounding forest, before flying upwards to capture a view of the Rokan Hill in its entirety.

Robbie's lips curled into a satisfied smile. What a success!

Controlling the dove's movement using his laptop, he wanted to see if the dove would be able to capture an image from a fixed point. Hence, he made the dove swerve and fly towards the west villa in Northridge.

He had no intention of spying on his neighbor— rather, he merely wanted to see how nimble his invention could be.

The dove flew towards the west villa, capturing a close-up shot of the silver-colored Rolls-Royce and a smattering of stern-looking bodyguards, who were hauling luggage into the house.

Another person with a pretty silhouette was making their way into the house, too. As though they had realized something, they turned around and stared straight at the dove...

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Robbie leaned excitedly towards the screen, wanting to see who that person was...

“Mr. Robinson!”

At that moment, his aide’s voice interrupted his train of thought. “Your tutor is here!”

Robbie turned towards the door quickly and replied, “Come in!”

By the time he turned to look at his laptop screen again, the figure had already made her way into the villa, and he had lost his one chance to see what she looked like.

Robbie couldn’t help but notice something strange. All the bodyguards were women.

However, he didn’t feel particularly disappointed. He directed the pigeon to head in another direction on Rokan Hill.

After all, he didn’t really want to spy on his neighbor.

The door swung open at that moment, and the aide quickly ushered the global economics tutor into the room.

Robbie stood up quickly to greet her. “Good morning, Ms. Helen!” He got ready his class materials and went to sit down for a lesson.

...

Zachary finished his morning meetings and decided to pay a visit to one of his project sites.

Lucy hurried forward to report, "Mr. Nacht, there will be a conference held by the Aploth Chamber of Commerce this afternoon. Will you be attending it?"

"Haven't I already assigned Mr. Sterk and yourself to go on my behalf?" Zachary snapped, sounding rather impatient.

"I just received information that a certain Ms. Lindberg will be attending the conference this afternoon," Lucy replied breathlessly.

Up till now, Zachary had been signing a few documents and only paying minimal attention to Lucy. Here, however, his hand jerked to a stop on the paper. "Pass me the details of the conference."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Lucy handed him a stack of documents.

Zachary flipped through the documents. Exactly 101 of the most powerful businessmen in the Aploth Chamber of Commerce would be gathered at Ashenville Garden today to discuss expansion opportunities in the Aploth-Pacific region. To top it off, there would be a banquet that night.

This conference was held once a year in different cities, and it routinely became the spotlight of the business world.

Lots of businessmen were desperate to be included in the 101. As the leading businessman with ventures in the Aploth-Pacific region, Zachary had used to attend the conferences. In the past two years, however, he had become more reluctant to show his face at public events—instead, he sent Johann to attend the event on his behalf.

Hearing that Charlotte was going to attend the event as well, Zachary changed his mind immediately.

"Alright, I'll go."

At the thought of meeting Charlotte soon, Zachary's heart started racing a little faster.

"The conference will be held over the span of two days. According to the rules and regulations, you'll have to stay overnight at Asheville Garden," Lucy reminded. "Do you want me to go and prepare your luggage?"

"I'll get Ben to assist me." Zachary glanced at his watch. "Bring the necessary documents and come along with me."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Lucy took out the schedule and handed it over to him. "You have a few more meetings before that, so we'll leave at around four in the afternoon. You should be able to attend the banquet this evening, at least. The actual conference is tomorrow."

"Alright," Zachary said, nodding. "Ben is out for an errand now. When he returns, tell him to get my things ready."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht."

Because of the change in plans, Zachary had to complete his remaining tasks as quickly as he could. He had practically no time to think about other matters.

At four in the afternoon, Ben finished packing Zachary's luggage. With a sleuth of bodyguards in tow, he left for Asheville Garden with Zachary.

Lucy and a few secretaries followed in another car behind them, preparing the information Zachary would need for the conference.

Zachary leaned back into his seat, gazing critically at the documents. Recently, Lindberg Corporation had established a monopoly in the South Sea territorial waters and even poached a few clients from his own company. The board of directors was extremely concerned about this matter.

Zachary was now comparing the personal details of those clients. He couldn't help but wonder what sort of underhanded methods the Lindberg Corporation had used to poach so many of their clients away in such a short amount of time.

"The Lindberg Corporation has been very efficient in their work," Ben said, sighing. "I heard Ms. Lindberg paid a visit to those three clients personally. After that, all three clients expressed that they no longer wished to continue their partnership with us."

"Is she that good?"

Try as he might, Zachary was unable to make any connection between this sharp, talented businesswoman and the bumbling, clumsy girl he had known in the past.

"I suppose we'll find out for ourselves tomorrow," Ben said glumly.

"Mr. Nacht, look at that!" Marino, the driver, suddenly exclaimed.

Zachary turned and looked in the direction he was pointing at. A silver-colored Rolls-Royce was gliding down the road ahead of them. It had a huge 'L' attached to its license plate— the car belonged to the Lindberg family.

"Catch up with them!" Zachary ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Marino stepped down on the accelerator and sped ahead towards the Rolls-Royce.

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Marino was the best at driving out of all the bodyguards Zachary had. Hence, he had been put in charge of driving Zachary around.

The Nacht family hired only the best. All their bodyguards were the best in their fields of specialties, and all could be considered professionals in their field.

Marino had yet to meet anyone who could outdrive him. However, he had finally met his match today.

The silver-colored Rolle-Royce zipped lithely around the other cars like a slippery eel. Threading through the crowd confidently, it managed to keep ahead of Zachary's car despite Marino's best efforts at catching up.

Soon enough, the silver-colored Rolls-Royce was more than ten meters ahead of them.

"Marino, what's wrong with you? Catch up with them immediately!" Ben ordered, sounding rather stricken.

Sweat was beading on Marino's brows. He stepped down on the accelerator and sped forward, but the Rolls-Royce put even more distance between them. He couldn't catch up with it at all.

Feeling rather humiliated, he gritted his teeth and stepped down on the accelerator fully, causing the car to lunge forward.

"Come on, you can't lose to a woman!"

Recalling how he had suffered at the hands of that female bodyguard yesterday, Ben felt a wave of anger wash over him. He had to win this competition today, no matter how petty it sounded.

Inside the silver-colored Rolls-Royce, a female bodyguard adjusted her sunglasses and stepped down hard on the accelerator, causing the car to speed along the road so quickly that it nearly flew into the air.

Lupine, who was riding shotgun, looked in the rearview mirror and laughed with satisfaction. "How could they even think of catching up to us?"

In the backseat, Charlotte shut her eyes to rest. Calmly, she said, "Take note of your own safety."

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg!" Lupine responded instantly.

Morgan, who was driving, shot a look at the rearview mirror. When she spotted the black-colored Rolls-Royce catching up to them, she started frowning in annoyance.

"Morgan, what's up with you? Step on it!" Lupine practically screeched.

"I'm trying!" Morgan replied crossly. "I didn't think that rascal would have some tricks up his sleeve."

"Well, hurry up! Don't let them catch up to us," Lupine grumbled.

Morgan sped up, but the black-colored Rolls-Royce caught up to them eventually.

The two cars cruised along the road alongside each other, making for a very strange sight indeed.

“Try and maintain this speed!” Ben yelled at Marino.

“Got it!” Marino replied. He could neither speed up nor slow down now—instead, he continued driving at the same speed to match that of the silver-colored Rolls-Royce.

The two cars were only one meter apart now. The distance was getting a little dangerous.

Zachary jerked his head around to stare at the car next to him, wondering who was inside. However, try as he might, all he could make out was a blurry figure.

He could tell that the person was staring at him, too.

“That’s Zachary Nacht, you say?”

Charlotte’s eyes narrowed as she appraised the man in the car next to her. Although she could only see the outline of his face, she couldn’t help but feel that it looked rather familiar.

“Yes, that’s probably him,” Lupine replied, pressing her nose against the glass. “You can’t really see anything through those tinted windows, though.”

“Slow down a little,” Charlotte ordered.

“Yes, Ms. Lindberg.” Morgan reduced the speed of the car immediately.

Next to them, the car slowed down as well. No matter how Morgan controlled the speed of the car, they always managed to match her speed.

“Oh, how annoying!” Morgan snapped, gnashing her teeth.

As the car slowed down, Charlotte rolled down the windows a little to reveal her pair of bright, dancing eyes.

The man in the other car rolled down his window too, revealing the top half of his face.

The two of them looked at each other, but the expressions in their eyes were completely different.

Charlotte's eyes were cold, arrogant and mocking...

On the other hand, Zachary's eyes were flickering with a complicated mix of emotions. As memories of past events flooded his mind, his heart started churning with excitement...

His eyes flashed with yearning, guilt, and deep, passionate love.

However, he tried to keep his face blank.

He had to calm his beating heart and keep his composure!

Those eyes in front of him were so familiar to him that his heart ached a little. They belonged to Charlotte herself!

However, Charlotte never used to look at him with such a cold, aloof expression. Although he had seen her haughty side before, this was different...and it scared him a little.

For some reason, however, Zachary knew he was right—that person in the other car was Charlotte!

As Charlotte gazed into those eyes, she felt a shiver run down her spine for what seemed like no reason at all. Her heart felt as though it was being pricked by a needle that got lodged just a little deeper in her whenever she saw this man.

She removed her gaze from him coldly and rolled up the windows. "Step on it again!"

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg." Morgan sped up the car.

As expected, the car next to them sped up as well, as though they were extending a challenge to them.

"Throw them off!" Charlotte ordered.

"Yes, Ms. Nacht!"