

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 736 - 740

No one else noticed that there was a rhodium ring around the eagle's leg.

That ring was Charlotte and Zachary's wedding ring.

Perhaps no one else noticed that when the eagle swooped towards Robbie, a whistle could be heard. Right after, the eagle stopped and hovered in front of him.

He was posed at just the right angle to notice the ring.

At that moment, Robbie had felt a mixture of terror and astonishment.

After the incident, everyone was busy trying to handle the aftermath. Yet Robbie was consumed with thoughts about the ring.

He was not stricken by fear nor traumatized. He was just thinking about how his mother's ring ended up on the eagle.

What's going on?

That eagle belongs to the owner of Northridge. If I find out who he is, I'll be able to follow. Thus, Robbie released a mechanical dove and sent it to spy on the owner of Northridge.

At that moment, the mechanical dove flew higher and further.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Raina's gentle voice drifted in, "Are you there, Robbie?"

Robbie knew it would take some time for the dove to reach its destination. Thus, he went to open the door. "What's up, Dr. Langan?"

"Can we chat, Robbie?" Raina squatted and gazed at him kindly. "I know you must have been frightened just now. You're just trying to put on a brave front..."

"I think you've misunderstood," said Robbie as he interrupted Raina. His tone was level and calm. "I was a bit scared just now, but I'm fine now. I'm just busy with my own stuff. I'm not trying to avoid anything, so you don't need to be worried."

Raina smiled awkwardly. "I'm glad you're fine."

"Thank you!" Robbie politely replied. "Is there anything else?"

"No." Raina hurriedly shook her head. "I'll let you get back to what you were doing."

"Thank you for taking care of Jamie and Ellie!"

Robbie bowed courteously and closed the door.

Raina felt rather vexed, but she had no choice but to return to Jamie and Ellie.

After that, Robbie walked up to the computer and continued tracking the mechanical dove. It was currently flying towards Northridge.

The camera on the mechanical dove recorded everything below it clearly and sent the footage to Robbie.

Robbie anxiously stared at the computer screen as he waited for the mechanical dove to reveal the answer he was searching for.

At this moment, someone knocked on his door again.

Robbie frowned in annoyance. "Who is it?"

"Robbie, I asked the kitchen staff to prepare some breakfast. Let's go eat together," said Henry gently.

Jamie and Ellie's voices followed.

"Did they really make hot cross bunnies, Great-grandpa?" Jamie asked excitedly.

"They did. I tasked Mrs. Rawlston to learn how to make them. Go eat them now and tell me how they taste," replied Henry with a grin.

"Yay, that's great," cheered Jamie as he ran downstairs.

"Where's Robbie?" asked Ellie.

"I'm calling him out now." Henry lovingly patted her head. "Go on. We'll join you soon."

"Okay, I'll go look for Fifi."

Ellie skipped downstairs.

In the room, Robbie stared unblinkingly at the screen. The pigeon had arrived at Northridge and was nearing the villa. He did not want to miss seeing the truth, but they were waiting for him outside. Thus, he had no choice but to open the door.

"Robbie..."

"Great-grandpa, I'm not hungry yet. You guys can start without me."

Robbie turned back to the computer. At that moment, his heart was pounding at a breakneck pace. If he was delayed any longer, he would miss his opportunity.

"Robbie, I want to talk to you..."

"I don't want to talk now," blurted Robbie.

Henry froze, and his gaze darkened.

Robbie realized how rude he was acting and immediately apologized. "I'm sorry. I'm just... really busy. Please start breakfast without me."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### chapter 737

"I'm sorry. I'm just... really busy. Please start breakfast without me."

Robbie then shut the door.

Outside the door, Henry was crestfallen. I thought Robbie and I were starting to mend our relationship. But it's clear that he still hates me.

Henry was extremely hurt by this notion.

Robbie was his beloved great-grandson. Hence, he greatly hoped that Robbie would become the next successor. After all, he had spent a large sum of money trying to nurture Robbie. Yet still, they ended up in such a state.

Meanwhile, Robbie felt guilty about his attitude towards his Great-grandpa. He must be so sad...

Suddenly, an eagle cry sounded out from the computer, and Robbie rushed over to check.

The mechanical dove had arrived at Northridge and landed on a large tree. The camera was pointed at the entrance of the villa.

A woman carrying the eagle climbed out of a car, and the eagle flapped its injured wing. After being chided by the woman, it settled contentedly in her arms.

The woman's slim figure was familiar to Robbie.

He continued to fix his eyes on the computer screen, eager to see her face. Unfortunately, she kept her head turned away from the camera. When she arrived at the door, she suddenly stopped and turned.

Robbie's eyes widened, and his heart almost stopped.

Alas, the eagle's wing obscured the woman's face.

The woman carried the eagle into the villa. Shortly after, a female bodyguard looked towards the mechanical dove with a pair of binoculars. She seemed to be looking for something.

In order to prevent it from being spotted, Robbie had fitted the mechanical dove with camouflage technology.

Hence, no one saw the mechanical dove hidden amongst the foliage.

As expected, the female bodyguard failed to notice anything out of the ordinary. She then walked away with the binoculars in hand, and the other bodyguards started attending to their tasks.

Nonetheless, Robbie was desperate to know the truth. Thus, he kept the mechanical dove hidden in that tree.

He would find out the truth the moment the woman walked out of the villa.

Despite watching the screen for some time, the woman did not appear. They even closed the door.

It looks like she won't be coming out anytime soon.

However, Robbie continued watching as he yearned for the truth.

At this moment, someone knocked on his door again.

Robbie was speechless. "Who is it?" he snapped.

"Robbie, it's me," said Jamie.

"Come in," said Robbie as he relaxed.

Jamie carried a tray in. On the tray was a plate of hot cross bunnies and a glass of milk.

"Robbie, Mrs. Rawlston learned how to make hot cross bunnies. I saved a few for you. Have a taste."

"Thank you." Robbie glanced up at Jamie before returning his focus to the computer screen. "Mrs. Rawlston finally succeeded after so many attempts!" Robbie muttered.

"What?" Jamie was stunned.

"You and Ellie go to school so early, so you didn't see Mrs. Rawlston practicing how to make hot cross bunnies every day. She fed the failed ones to the other maids, and they spat them out many times."

Robbie was still looking at the screen as he spoke.

“Ah...” Realization dawned on Jamie. “I praised Mrs. Rawlston just now, and she seemed embarrassed. She told us how she only succeeded after failing many times.”

“Yep, thirty-eight times.” Robbie nodded distractedly.

“Mrs. Rawlston is so nice. Robbie, don’t you want to try one?” Jamie placed the breakfast tray in front of Robbie.

Robbie reached out and grabbed a hot cross bunny. He took a bite and exclaimed, “Hmm, yummy! Please thank Mrs. Rawlston for me.”

Jamie’s mouth fell open, and he could not help but ask, “Why are you acting like this, Robbie?”

“What?” Robbie was stunned.

“Great-grandpa and Daddy really love us. Mrs. Rawlston and Dr. Langan also treat us well. So why are you shutting them all out?”

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### chapter 738

It was Jamie’s first time discussing this matter so seriously with Robbie. Indeed, Robbie was an entirely different person from his usual frivolous self.

He’d suddenly grown stern. Looking into his brother’s small face, Jamie felt that Robbie exuded an aura of manliness.

“I haven’t...” Robbie began, then reflected. “My personality’s always been rather neutral. I’m not as lively as you.”

“No,” Jamie shook his head, saying solemnly. “You were always wiser and more mature than I was even when Mommy was still with us. But you’d still laugh and joke. You were close to Great-grandpa too. I haven’t seen you smile in a while.”

"Now that Mommy's not around, I can't bring myself to smile," Robbie replied in a low voice, his eyes reddening.

Jamie bowed his head in grief. He was silent for a moment, then said, "Ellie and I are sad, too, that Mommy's no longer around. But we can't take it out on Great-grandpa. It has nothing to do with him."

Robbie frowned but said nothing. He was the only one who had borne witness to the last time Mommy had been with them. She'd clearly been threatened by Great-grandpa. Robbie hadn't stopped blaming himself for trusting Great-grandpa.

If only I'd stopped him! If only I'd never left her side! Robbie despaired with all the benefits of hindsight. Perhaps tragedy would not have struck then.

There was no way he could tell all this to Jamie and Ellie, though. He swallowed the truth in silence, and it weighed heavy on his heart like a stone.

Let them live in blissful ignorance! That's the only way they can continue to be happy.

"Great-grandpa's eyes were red, and he wasn't listening all the time I was talking to him, staring off into the distance," Jamie pressed. "He was trying so hard to get you to like him! Why did you treat him that way?"

"I had something urgent to deal with just now..." Robbie began. He suddenly sat up in dismay as raindrops began pelting down outside the window.

His mechanical dove was still hidden in that tree! It was in no danger of being discovered at the moment. At present, it faced an even greater risk of short-circuiting.

Robbie had installed a waterproof system for it, which was effective for warding off drizzles. However, this torrential downpour was another matter altogether.

"What was so urgent?" Jamie demanded.

"I'll tell you later," Robbie replied distractedly. He frantically turned toward the computer in a bid to hastily transfer his mechanical dove to another place of refuge from the rain.

"Robbie!" Jamie cried in annoyance. "I'm talking to you. Aren't you being a little rude?"

"I'm busy. I'll tell you later! Go and get some breakfast first," Robbie pleaded, his eyes fixed on the computer screen.

"I'm getting really mad!" Jamie declared, his arms akimbo. He stalked out of the room.

Robbie glanced at Jamie's departing figure, then turned back to his computer. Wait till I get Mommy back! You won't be mad then.

Charlotte returned to her room after attending to Fifi's wounds. She drew back the blinds and gazed out at the gloomy skies. Her heart grew as heavy as the dark clouds that gathered on the horizon.

She recalled the wails she'd heard at the Nachts' residence previously. Charlotte's heart ached for the children.

Why am I feeling this way? Charlotte wondered. She was baffled by how emotionally attached she was.

As her mind drifted, Charlotte was suddenly drawn to a faint red glow emitted from a tree not far off. She immediately fished out her binoculars. Peering through them, Charlotte realized that she was looking at a dove.

Her mind flashed back to the bird that had been felled with a single shot. Upon its dissection, she had discovered that it was actually a mechanical dove. Charlotte presumed that this must be a similar specimen.

Divine Corporation specialized in technology. Such creatures were mere playthings to them.

Charlotte scoffed. Is Zachary using these toys to spy on me? How childish of him!

She raised her gun and prepared to condemn it to the same fate its predecessor had suffered. However, another thought struck her. If Zachary's so intent to spy on me, perhaps I should take him for a ride!

Charlotte lowered her gun.

The rain was still falling steadily. There was a knock on the door, and Lupine entered with a pot of hot tea. "Ms. Lindberg, have a cup of hot tea to warm yourself up."



"Go and get someone to close all of the windows," Charlotte ordered. "Today's itinerary is canceled. I'm taking a break today."

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### chapter 739

Robbie remained in the room, his eyes never leaving the computer. He was waiting for the resident of the villa to appear in order to get a good look at her face. After a long while, however, she was nowhere to be seen. In addition, the villa's windows had all been shut.

The only sights the mechanical dove was privy to were the villa's stone walls.

Robbie felt his stomach growl. He picked up the hot cross bunny on the table and ate it, washing it down with milk. Then he continued watching the screen intently.

Before he knew it, it was noon, and Mrs. Rawlston was rapping on the door, calling, "Mr. Robinson, time for lunch."

Robbie's eyes were sore, and he was starving. However, he wasn't about to squander this opportunity. He yelled through the door, "Mrs. Rawlston, can you bring the food up here? I'll eat in the room."

Mrs. Rawlston exchanged looks with Henry, who was standing behind her.

Henry nodded. With his permission, Mrs. Rawlston replied agreeably, "Alright, I'll get it ready then."

Robbie glared at the screen. They can't possibly stay in there forever!

Mrs. Rawlston soon reappeared with lunch. Upon entering the room, she saw Robbie planted in front of the computer. "Mr. Robinson, you'll hurt your eyes if you keep staring at the computer screen. Come and have lunch first," she chided.

"OK. Thank you, Mrs. Rawlston," Robbie swiveled in his seat to face her. "Can you bring it over here for me, please?"

Mrs. Rawlston had been about to set the food down onto the table. She believed that the study table was not an appropriate place for meals but obeyed nonetheless.

"Thank you, Mrs. Rawlston." Robbie reached for his food and began eating with gusto.

"Take smaller bites. Don't rush through your food," Mrs. Rawlston said tenderly. "Try the juice too. It's freshly squeezed."

"OK," Robbie nodded absently. "I'll call for you when I'm done with the food. Don't worry about me."

"All right," Mrs. Rawlston said and exited the room.

Robbie continued his vigil at the computer. All was still quiet at the villa. In spite of that, Robbie was unfazed. He was firm in his conviction that whoever was within would have to emerge sometime.

The rest of the day came and went without much fanfare. When at last night fell, Robbie sprawled onto the table in weariness and slept.

The sound of a car revving startled Robbie awake. He rubbed his eyes and squinted at the screen.

The rain had subsided, and the door of the villa opened. Eight female bodyguards lined up before the door bearing black umbrellas. In their tidy rows, they formed a shelter from the rain.

A woman wearing a black suit marched out of the villa.

Robbie's heart skipped a beat. He quickly leaned forward and nearly bore through the computer screen with his gaze. The figure he had seen that morning had looked just Mommy's. His desire to get another glimpse of her had superseded both exhaustion and hunger.

The entire day Robbie had spent waiting had been an absolute torment.

Now that his objective had finally appeared right before his eyes, Robbie refused to blink for fear of missing something.

However, the umbrellas shielded the top half of her face from Robbie's eager eye. There was nothing he could tell from the single sliver that was exposed.

Robbie grew frantic. He hastily adjusted the angle of the mechanical dove, trying to get it to fly lower in the hopes of catching sight of the woman's face.

It wasn't the most subtle thing to do, but Robbie could care less. He'd think about the consequences afterward.

The mechanical dove loftily descended, landing on a tree just by the entrance of the door. Bit by bit, it revealed the woman in an almost dramatic fashion. If only I could just see her face...

Robbie held his breath. He stared so intently at the screen that his face was mere inches from it. His little hand curled up into a fist as he muttered furiously to himself, "Quick, quick!"

The frame kept dipping lower and lower, closer and closer. Robbie saw her mouth, the tip of her nose...

Suddenly, Robbie heard an eagle scream overhead. It swooped down, directing its piercing gaze straight towards the camera. It wore a look of murderous rage.

Robbie recoiled instinctively in terror.

At the same time, the screen fizzled out into a blank white.

Robbie's eyes widened and he gaped at the screen, aghast.

That eagle attacked my second mechanical dove!

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### chapter 740

Robbie wasn't as vexed as he had been the previous time. The feeling that rose within him was more akin to a sense of loss.

However, this seemed like a promising lead to Mommy's whereabouts. Hope rekindled within Robbie's heart, and he felt a renewed sense of vigor surge through him.

Robbie was young, but he knew that the more something was shrouded in secrecy, the more there was waiting to be uncovered.

He was determined to get to the bottom of things. What did that woman from Northridge have to do with Mommy?

Why did her figure look just like Mommy's?

Most of all, why did she have Mommy's ring?

Robbie's actions had alarmed her now, however. He couldn't afford to be reckless.

As he was deep in thought, there was a banging on the door followed by Zachary's voice hollering, "Robbie, can I come in?"

"Daddy!" Robbie dashed to the door and opened it. "Please come in."

Zachary entered the room. He draped his jacket over the small sofa and surveyed his surroundings. "Raina did up this room for you when you were three and a half years old. Now that you're older, would you like a revamp?"

"No, I like it like this," Robbie said, handing a cup of fruit juice to Zachary. "I only have fruit juice, milk, and yogurt. There's no alcohol here."

"Ha!" Zachary chortled. "Wait till you grow up. I'll install a mini-bar here for you."

"How old must I be?" Robbie queried, pouring himself a glass of milk.

Zachary clinked his glass of fruit juice against Robbie's milk. He glanced down at Robbie fondly and said, "Mentally and intellectually, you're already pretty grown up. But your body is still that of a child's, so you're still one."

"Thank you," Robbie said, taking it as a compliment.

"Jamie and Ellie complained that their rooms were too childish for them. They're insistent on renovating it. Are you really fine with keeping yours the way it is?" Zachary quizzed.

"Yes," Robbie answered, looking around his room. His gaze landed on the family portrait hanging on the wall. "This room still has traces of Mommy and Mrs. Berry."

At this, Zachary fell silent. When Charlotte had left all those years ago, Robbie was the only one who had ever seen her. Robbie was thus privy to much more nostalgic sentiments than Jamie or Ellie.

Robbie was already a lot more mature than other children his age. He was able to piece things together even when the event had been incomprehensible to him when it happened. Robbie was thus aware of the fact that it was Henry who had forced Charlotte to leave.

Robbie's resentment towards Henry was therefore perfectly reasonable.

"Why did you come back so early today?" Robbie asked, changing the subject in an attempt to lighten the mood.

"Mr. Spencer called to say that you'd shut yourself in your room all day without taking a single step outside. Great-grandpa was very worried about you. He hasn't eaten or drunk anything," Zachary replied, looking meaningfully at Robbie.

"Huh? Why didn't Great-grandpa eat or drink anything?" Robbie asked, stunned. "I was busy doing something in my room. I had lunch."

"Great-grandpa was just concerned about you. At the same time, he also feels a sense of guilt towards you..."

Zachary trailed off. This was the first time he'd confronted Robbie about this matter. However, Zachary was never really good with words. He was at a loss on how to finish what he had impulsively started.

Zachary felt bitter towards Henry and usually kept his distance as well. How could he then expect Robbie to put on a facade of affection for Henry when even Zachary could not bring himself to do so?

"So?" Robbie frowned. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"Treat it as if you're doing Daddy a favor. Go visit Great-grandpa," Zachary said, gently ruffling Robbie's hair. "He's getting along in years and if he doesn't eat, he'll destroy his body."

"All right, I'll go," Robbie said smoothly. "But there's something I've been meaning to ask you for a very long time, Daddy."

"What is it?" Zachary asked warmly.

"Why didn't you protect Mommy?" Robbie's clear gaze seemed to penetrate right through Zachary. "Why did you abandon her?"

Zachary lowered his gaze. Memories of the past crowded into his mind, clamoring. "It's not that I didn't protect her. I just didn't do it well enough. I didn't abandon her either."