

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 761

"We can go against Ms. Nacht and Sharon, but Danrique..."

Ben trailed off. Just then, his expression darkened with the words he didn't say.

The Nachts and the Lindbergs had always been equally matched.

However, the Nachts were burdened with Zara, who kept butting heads with Zachary. She had already caused so many problems for him, and now Danrique had the ultimate trump card on hand – Charlotte.

Thus, Ben was extremely worried.

If Danrique was planning to use Charlotte against Zachary, things would go very badly.

"Let's take it one step at a time," Zachary sighed with a frown. "Even if Charlotte hates me, she'll still have the children in mind. She probably won't become just another one of Danrique's pawns."

Zachary could barely believe his own words.

"Of course," Ben nodded hurriedly. "If Ms. Windt learned the truth about what happened that year, she'll definitely forgive you."

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Zachary stayed quiet and looked down. Would she really?

He might be able to explain most things, and she might be able to forgive him for a lot of other things. However, Mrs. Berry's death and the torture that Charlotte faced were definitely going to be hard for her to forgive.

Despite that, Zachary knew he had to worm out the perpetrator so they could give Charlotte a proper explanation.

Zachary looked outside the window. Charlotte's cars were already halfway down the mountain, which meant they were almost home.

In one of the cars, Charlotte started studying the gun. "Find out who owns this gun ASAP," she told Lupine.

"Okay." Charlotte nodded.

Charlotte looked out the window at the pitch-black night sky. Right then, her head suddenly pulsed as the image of a woman leading a big group of black-clothed men to kill her started flashing in her mind.

She closed her eyes and tried to make out the woman's features, but she couldn't put the pieces together.

A strong emotion started burning in her heart – vengeance.

She could already guess that the person who sent those people after her had to have something to do with what happened two years ago.

Two years ago, she woke up in immense pain after being heavily poisoned.

She had also woken up to the sight of Mom's ashes and cried until it felt like she was wrung out.

Her brother had told her that someone had poisoned her and had ruined her poisons. They killed Mom and ran her to the ground until she didn't have an ounce of dignity left.

He had also said, Charlotte, you have to become strong enough to beat those people on your own.

Apparently, that person had something to do with the Nacht family.

That was why she returned to H City.

She thought she would have to put in some effort to worm those people out, but to her surprise, they had practically volunteered themselves up.

Good. It saves time. Hopefully, all of them will come and find me on their own so I can get rid of them at once.

She really had to start picking up the pace, though.

With that in mind, Charlotte commanded, "During South Sea's opening day on the thirteenth, invite as much press as you can. We will make sure everyone hears and sees this event taking place!"

"Understood." Lupine nodded.

It was already late when Zachary reached home. He walked upstairs as he told Ben what to do and heard Spencer call out, "Mr. Zachary!"

"Mr. Spencer, it's pretty late. Aren't you tired?" Zachary turned to look at him.

"We also just returned," Spencer said with a smile. "We've just put Cynthia to bed."

"What?"

Zachary was feeling confused when he spotted Raina coming out of the guest room with two medical staff members behind her.

"You brought her back already?" Zachary said with a frown as his tone slowly got annoyed. "Why did you let her take that room?"

That was the room that Charlotte lived in before they got married. It had been kept empty since Zachary hadn't allowed anyone to go in there.

Raina saw Zachary's mood worsen and quickly explained, "Cynthia felt unwell when she came in, so Mr. Nacht allowed her to use that room since it has a ventilator and a detector."

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"There's a clinic in the building at the back," Zachary cut her off with a cold glare. "You could have taken her there."

"I'm sorry, sir." Raina bowed her head, not daring to say anything else.

"What's the issue here?" Henry's voice piped up from behind. "You're going to wake our guest up. If you have something to say, say it in the study room."

Zachary was feeling angrier by the second, but he still followed Henry to the study room.

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Raina, on the other hand, was feeling nervous, but Ben gestured to her that she didn't need to worry.

Once they reached the study room, Zachary asked angrily, "I thought we agreed to leave her in the building in the back! I don't mind that you brought her here to help, but she doesn't have to live here. Not in that room."

"You agreed that you would spend time with her, so why did you leave early?" Henry asked instead.

"That's completely unrelated!" Zachary said in anger.

"Since you can do whatever you want, I can too," Henry said matter-of-factly. "That room has the best conditions for Cynthia to get better."

"This is my house," Zachary blurted out.

"As if you would have this house without me," Henry said with a raised eyebrow. His pride was coming to the forefront again.

"You're just being unreasonable now." Zachary was enraged, but he was trying his best to control it. "I keep trying to close an eye, but you keep pushing things."

"Cynthia saved Ellie's life. The Nacht family owes her that," Henry said. "It doesn't seem right for you to complain so much now that she's heavily injured and is recovering at our house."

"It's not like I'm asking her to leave. I just don't think she should use that room."

"She's in it already. What are you going to do about it?" Henry started in an almost cheeky manner.

"You-" Zachary couldn't finish his sentence in his anger.

"Please calm down, Mr. Zachary," Spencer piped up hurriedly, trying to mediate things. "Mr. Nacht wasn't planning to put her in that room at first, but Ms. Cynthia started having breathing difficulties once she reached and needed oxygen at once. The building at the back wasn't ready yet, so we decided to place her in the guest room for the time being."

"There's no need to explain anything to him," Mr. Nacht said in anger. "It's just a room, for God's sake! Rooms are made for staying in! Are you going to withhold even that from me?"

"Please calm down, Mr. Nacht-"

"Zachary, this is the last time I'm telling you this," Henry thundered. "I gave you everything you own now. Without me, you're worth nothing. If you dare act so recklessly again, I'm going to give Chris all the shares to the Nacht Group. If that happens, Danrique will be able to get rid of you as easily as an ant."

"Are you threatening me right now?" Zachary said with a darkening expression. His gaze became cold. "Do you really think I need you to make a living?"

"You can try." Henry jabbed a finger at him fiercely.

"Alright then-"

"Please calm down, Mr. Nacht." Ben quickly stopped Zachary from saying something he would regret.

At the same time, Spencer also advised, "Mr. Henry, please calm down. He's still young."

"Young? He's already thirty!" Henry roared. "The only younglings here are those three great-grandchildren of mine. He's stuck in the past for some selfish reason and never thinks about his own kids' futures!"

"Who's the selfish one here? If you weren't selfish from the start, would our family turn out like this?"

“How dare you!”

“Please keep your voices down, or the kids will wake up,” Spencer hurriedly said. He then indicated for Ben to pull Zachary out of the room.

However, Ben couldn’t calm Zachary down enough to do that.

Without a choice, Spencer ended up pushing Henry’s wheelchair out. “You’re too old to be quarreling with youngsters, Mr. Nacht. If the kids saw you, they’d start talking again.”

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“Why did you push me out?” Henry growled angrily, “Stop! I haven’t told him off enough yet-”

“If you keep going, the kids will wake up, especially Robbie. He’ll know what’s going on the moment he hears you. By then, it’ll be hard to fix your relationship again. Do you want it to go back to how it used to be?”

That served incredibly effective to calm Henry down.

“Mr. Zachary shouldn’t have talked back like that. Go back and rest. I’ll tell him off for you.”

“That cheeky, rude rascal. You better teach him a lesson!”

“I will. Don’t you worry.”

Spencer finally wheeled Henry away with his smooth words.

Back in the study room, Zachary was so angry that he kicked over the coffee table.

Ben hurriedly advised, “Mr. Nacht, please calm down. The kids might wake up.”

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Yet Zachary was still huffing in anger.

Ben suddenly thought of something and said, "You mentioned before that Cynthia could help advise Mr. Henry to go back to M Nation, right? This is a good opportunity."

Zachary finally calmed down at that. He had almost forgotten.

Charlotte was finally back in H City. Besides that, she was living in Northridge while the Lindberg Corporation was entering the local market steadily. They would start promoting themselves, and Charlotte herself would soon come into the public eye.

By then, he could no longer keep the secret from the kids and Henry.

That was why he had to get Henry back to M Nation as soon as possible before everything else could fall into place.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Raina's voice piped up, "Mr. Nacht, I have something to report."

"Come in," Ben answered.

Raina entered cautiously. "Please don't be angry, Mr. Nacht. The medical staff are already helping Ms. Blackwood move to the other building."

"Did she hear everything?" Zachary asked with a frown.

"Yes." Raina nodded. "She asked me to help arrange everything. The building has already been cleared out, so we just need to--"

"She can stay here," Zachary suddenly said.

"Huh?" Raina said in shock.

"Let her stay in the guest room first," Zachary commanded.

"Understood," Raina quickly returned to pass the message. "Mr. Nacht said she can stay here. Hurry up and move her things back to the guest room so she can rest properly."

Spencer had just come downstairs to mediate things with Zachary when he heard that and rushed back to report to Henry.

Henry said huffily, "My threat probably put him in place. Looks like he still knows who's the boss."

"Mr. Zachary may speak harshly, but deep down, he still respects you," Spencer said wisely. "You shouldn't push him too far. Just give him some time."

"I don't have the time for that," Henry managed before he started coughing violently. He clutched his chest, trying to breathe in distress.

"Mr. Nacht, you should really start getting some treatment." Spencer hurried over to pat Henry on the back.

"Treatment won't help much. I'm already 98." Henry smiled helplessly. "No matter how powerful I was when I was young, nothing can beat the disease of old age."

"You're not old, Mr. Nacht. You're just as lively as the rest of us," Spencer said with reddening eyes.

"This happens to everyone," Henry said mildly. "I just want to see that rascal put down his past and live a new life before I go."

"He doesn't seem completely heartless toward Ms. Cynthia," Spencer mused. "Now that Ms. Cynthia is staying with us, they'll have plenty of chances to interact. As time goes by, they'll definitely start falling for each other."

"I hope that's the case," Henry said with a sigh. "Once I see them together, I can finally return to M Nation in peace."

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Zachary went upstairs and walked past the room. Stopping his tracks at the entrance, he saw a few medical staff helping Cynthia up from the wheelchair and placing her on the bed.

Raina reminded, "Slowly."

Even though they were careful with transferring her onto the bed, the IV needle on the back of Cynthia's hand was pulled, and blood started gushing out.

"Get me the medical kit." Raina instructed the medical staffs before checking on Cynthia.

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A few medical staffs took the medical kits and helped her in addressing Cynthia's wound.

One of them blurted out, "Ms. Blackwood was heavily injured, but he ordered us to transfer her to another place and stopped us in the middle of the process. Is he doing this on purpose to torment her?"

Another medical staff chimed in to express her dissatisfaction. "That's right. Ms. Blackwood is too pitiful."

"Shut up!" Raina scolded as she focused on treating her patient's wound.

Seeing how Raina lashed out at them, the two medical staffs lowered their heads and dared not to say another word.

Lying down on the bed, Cynthia was weak, but she wore a gentle smile all the while Raina was treating her wounds. After the doctor was done, she gestured with her hands to thank her.

"Don't sweat it, Ms. Blackwood." The medical staffs were worried about Cynthia.

Seeing everything unfold in front of him, Zachary couldn't help but feel guilty, so he walked into the room.

"Mr. Nacht," Raina hurriedly bowed, greeting him respectfully, while other medical staff followed as their hearts started racing.

They were worried that Zachary might overhear what they said.

The man waved dismissively for Raina and the medical staff to leave the room.

“Did I disturb you just now?” He stood at the end of the bed to put some distance between them.

“I wasn’t asleep.” Shaking her head, Cynthia smiled and explained using sign language. “My house’s currently not safe for staying, and my dad is returning to M Nation. So, Mr. Henry asks me to stay here in the meantime. Sorry for intruding.”

She was thoughtful, humble, and gentle that others couldn’t bring themselves to hate her.

“Not at all.” Zachary said politely, “I wasn’t picking on you just now. Please don’t mind it.”

Cynthia smiled gently. “I understand. I’ve heard that this room belonged to Mrs. Nacht. Sorry for staying here, and I’ll move tomorrow morning.”

Zachary’s voice was reassuring. “It’s fine. The side house is covered in dust, and it isn’t suitable to stay. You can stay here. No worries.”

“Are you not angry?” Cynthia looked at him anxiously.

“There’s nothing to be mad about.” With that, Zachary glanced back to make sure that the door was closed. Then he cut to the chase. “I need your help with something.”

“Me?” Cynthia widened her eyes in surprise as she pointed at herself. “What can I do for you?”

The man said, “Grandpa’s too strict with me, and it’s causing a break in our relationship. Plus, I wish he can return to M Nation to rehabilitate as soon as possible since his health isn’t very well...”

After pausing for a brief while, the man asked, “Can you help me convince him?”

“Of course. However, my advice may not work. I’ll try my best.” Cynthia smiled faintly while looking at the man.

“Thank you.” After thanking the woman, Zachary turned around and left.

As Cynthia watched him walk away, complicated feelings filled her heart.

Zachary returned to his room and took a bath. He lay down on the bed before taking out Gigolo's phone. Looking at the call logs of conversations with Charlotte, he couldn't help but text her: Are you asleep?

Charlotte didn't reply to his message.

Zachary was disappointed. What is she doing?

At night, Zachary had a weird dream. In his dream, Charlotte was pointing a gun at him as she bombarded him with a flurry of questions. "Why did you send me away and order people to kill me? Why do I have to be humiliated by others because of you? What about Mrs. Berry? Why did you get her killed?"

He wanted to explain everything to her so badly, but he couldn't seem to make a sound.

With a bitter expression, Charlotte was about to pull the trigger at him.

Right at that moment, Henry showed up. He came into view with his wheelchair and took all the blame. "I did everything. It has nothing to do with others."

Charlotte smirked wickedly. "Go to hell!"

With that, she fired at Henry's head.

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Bang! With a loud gunshot, blood splattered onto Zachary's face and got into his eyes.

The man jolted up from sleep as he widened his eyes at the ceiling while panting heavily.

I mustn't let this happen.

Just when he was pondering about it, an excited ear-piercing noise sounded from outside. "Mommy!"

Zachary was slightly startled. Soon after, he got up from the bed hurriedly and put on some clothes before going out to check what had happened.

The three kids woke up in the morning and found out someone was staying in their mother's room. They thought she had returned, so they couldn't control their excitement and rush to the room while yelling.

To their disappointment, it was Cynthia, who was staying in the room.

When they saw her exiting the room in a wheelchair with the help of a medical staff, they froze and stared blankly at her.

Jamie widened his eyes in shock and asked, "Ms. Cynthia, why are you here?"

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Disappointment was written all over Ellie's face, but she greeted Cynthia politely. "Ms. Cynthia, are you hurt?"

Meanwhile, Robbie frowned and stayed silent.

Cynthia smiled and explained using sign language. "I got into an accident. There's a clinic at your house, so I was treated here. I'll be staying here for a short while. Sorry for intruding."

Jamie nodded and said, "Oh, so that's how it is. Get well soon."

Ellie gave the woman a smile and said, "Get well soon."

"Thank you, Jamie and Ellie." Cynthia gestured with her hands to thank the kids.

"You're welcome..." Right when the kids were replying to Cynthia, Robbie said seriously, "Ms. Cynthia, please call us by our names. It's inappropriate for you to call us by our nicknames. It's reserved for our parents."

Cynthia's expression turned awkward as she immediately changed her way of calling the kids. "Alright, Robinson."

"Get well soon!" Robbie bowed at her before turning around and left.

"Let's go downstairs for breakfast." Jamie followed Robbie downstairs.

Only Ellie was friendly toward the woman. "Ms. Cynthia, have you eaten breakfast?"

Cynthia shook her head while wearing a gentle smile.

"Then come downstairs with me. Mrs. Rawlston learned how to make hot cross bunnies." Ellie smiled and gestured in the air, outlining the image of a bunny. "They are shaped like bunnies and taste great."

"Is that so? I would like to try one." Cynthia motioned with her hands and her smile grew wider.

"Let's go. I'll take you there," Ellie invited the woman.

"Thank you, Elisa." Seeing how amiable the girl was, Cynthia ruffled her hair gently.

The two of them entered the lift and went downstairs. When they exited the lift, Ellie saw Zachary standing at the entrance of his room and waved at him. "Good morning, Daddy!"

"Morning." Noticing the kids were rather calm, Zachary closed the door and disappeared from view without sparing a glance at Cynthia.

The latter was in the middle of saying "good morning" with sign languages, but the man had returned to his room, so she could only smile bitterly and put down her hands.

Robbie and Jamie were heading toward the dining table.

Robbie's expression was cold. Jamie leaned in and whispered, "Don't be like this. She saved Ellie before. Just see her as a guest at our house."

"I didn't say anything." Reluctant to heed his brother's advice, Robbie sat in his seat.

"Alright." Jamie shrugged at his reaction. He knew Robbie's personality, and the latter was just like their father. Not only was he cold, he was also stubborn and did not heed others' advice.

Spencer pushed the wheelchair and brought Henry to the dining table, while the latter looked energetic when he greeted the kids, "Morning, Robbie and Jamie."

"Good morning, Great-grandpa!" Both Jamie and Robbie took turns to greet Henry. The former said it with a smile, while the latter was polite yet aloof.

Robbie's reaction was within Henry's expectations. However, he thought it was inevitable for the kids to feel this way, and soon they would get used to it.

Their mother's dead and their father would've to remarry one day.

He didn't speak about it to the kids. He wanted Cynthia to build a relationship with them before telling them the truth.

"Good morning, Great-grandpa!" At that moment, Ellie accompanied Cynthia as they headed toward them.

"Morning!" Henry was relieved. At least Ellie doesn't repulse Cynthia.