

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 846

Zachary had just reached the hospital when his phone rang. He was slightly taken aback.

This number... It has to be Charlotte.

His leg was still in the air when he retracted them and went back into his car to take the call.
"Hello."

"Where are you?" asked Charlotte to get right to the point.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

"Home, why?" asked Zachary.

"I want to meet up," said Charlotte, "See you in Sultry Night at ten tonight."

"Sure, see you tonight," replied Zachary as he checked his watch.

After hanging up the call, Zachary replayed Charlotte's words in his mind repeatedly. He wondered why she asked to meet him that night...

She had probably met up with Olivia, so she should know what happened back then. Does she simply want to know who I am and where I stand?

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

That's probably it.

"Mr. Nacht, you have a meeting with Ms. Blackwood tonight," reminded Ben softly, "It's at six in the restaurant in Storm Hotel."

"I can make it," said Zachary. He didn't plan on wasting any of Cynthia's time. He owed her a favor, and it was time he made things clear with her.

"Understood," replied Ben, who didn't say anything else.

The group headed towards the hospital. Just then, a strong wind howled at them and swept up some dust.

Zachary narrowed his eyes and looked at the sky. Looks like a storm is brewing.

"It's the rainy reason, so it's natural for the weather to be like that," said Ben. He knew what Zachary was thinking, so he comforted, "You haven't slept well in days. Let's take a break after the issue in the hospital is settled."

"Okay," replied Zachary. Truth was, he hadn't been feeling well that day. Thinking back, it had been four days since he had a good night's sleep. He only slept a few hours, and even the strongest man would have trouble keeping it up.

Still, he had to deal with Henry's matter first.

Zachary spent the entire day busying away in the hospital. Henry's condition was still unstable, even though his life was no longer threatened after surviving on the night before. In fact, his illness acted up several times that day.

The team of experts that the hospital gathered never left his side and guarded the ward the entire time.

Henry's condition finally stabilized when evening rolled by, and the doctors could finally sigh a breath of relief.

Spencer, who had been awake for over twenty-four hours, slumped down on the chair.

"Mr. Spencer, you should go rest. Bruce can take care of things here. We can't afford to have you down at a crucial moment like this," said Zachary.

"I am too old to be useful now," sighed Spencer sadly.

He was almost eighty years old, so he couldn't handle the stress, even though he was pretty healthy.

"Mr. Hooters got a room ready for you. You can rest there and come back over after you've slept."

Zachary gestured with his hand to get Bruce to take Spencer to the room.

Bruce hurried back after helping Spencer settle down. He had a few men with him to help keep guard outside the ward.

Everyone had to be alert at that crucial moment, and no one dared to slow down.

"Hang in there for just a little longer. Once Mr. Nacht finishes working tonight, I will rush over to take over a shift," said Ben while tapping Bruce's shoulder.

"It's only been two days. I can handle it," insisted Bruce. He acted like he didn't need Ben's help at all.

"I'm glad to hear that," replied Ben before punching Bruce's chest a little.

"Let's go," said Zachary as he checked his watch and hurried out of there.

Ben quickly followed suit.

Just then, Raina called to tell them that the triplets wanted to visit their great-grandpa.

Zachary rejected that request immediately. He ordered, "Tell them that their great-grandpa's condition has stabilized, but now is not a good time to visit. I will take them to the hospital in person after a few days. For now, they need to stay home."

"Understood," replied Raina, before she sent his message to the kids.

Zachary left the hospital to rush to his meeting with Cynthia. He had just gotten into the car when Bruce called to say, "Mr. Nacht, we just received news that Ms. Nacht's private jet has just landed in H City."

"She works fast."

Zachary narrowed his eyes dangerously. Last night, he had Ben spread the news that Henry would be celebrating his ninety-eighth birthday soon. He did that to draw Zara out of hiding.

However, he never thought that Henry would suddenly get into an accident.

To make matters worse, Zara had shown up earlier than expected.

Still, things had progressed to that extent, so he had no choice but to go with the flow.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 847

Zachary rushed all the way to Storm Hotel, but he was still twenty minutes late.

Cynthia had been waiting for a while. She had a white dress on and looked regal, yet cute. She was staring out the window the entire time...

"Mr. Nacht," said the manager as he hurried over to greet the guy warmly, "It's been a while since you last visited."

It has been a while...

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

Zachary used to take Charlotte to the hotel, but they always head right to the rooms...

Cynthia stood up quickly upon hearing that voice. She smiled at him and signed with her hand, "Zachary, you're here!"

"Sorry for being late," said Zachary as he sat down and cleaned his hands with a wet towel.

"It's fine. I was here early."

Cynthia signed while smiling, but she never realized that Zachary wasn't even looking at her.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

She handed the menu to him. When he reached out to take the menu, his gaze shifted to her for a while before he said, "You can go ahead and order what you want. I don't have an appetite."

Cynthia nodded and ordered a few dishes before pointing at the decanter. She signed, "I brought two bottles of exquisite wine from home. It's been decanted. Try and see if you like it."

The waiter poured half a glass of wine for Zachary.

Zachary sipped some before complimenting, "Hmm... It's pretty good."

"It's from my dad's collection. He said that you would like it," signed Cynthia with a smile.

Zachary waved his hand and got everyone to leave.

"Did your dad ask you to come to see me?" asked Zachary to get right to the point.

"That's right," replied Cynthia before she nodded and added, "Everything at home is in a mess now. He and Sharon tried everything, but they simply couldn't solve the issue. That's why he asked me to ask for your help."

Zachary didn't say a word. He simply enjoyed the wine gracefully.

There was no way he could butt in on the matter, but he wasn't sure how to reject Cynthia without hurting her or going against his principles.

"I understand that this is difficult for you. The Nachts and the Lindbergs have always been equal, and the Lindbergs are an even bigger threat to the Nachts now that they have made it into the local market. If you help my family out at a crucial moment like this, Nacht Group will be in trouble too," signed Cynthia.

Zachary was surprised to see Cynthia being so understanding. He knew that she was kind, but he never expected her to be that clear-minded. Something that huge has befallen her family, yet she is still able to analyze the situation with a clear mind...

"That is why I am not here today to ask for your help. I was forced to at least put on a show to get them to back off. That is why I will have to trouble you to have a meal with me," signed Cynthia in exasperation.

"Thank you..." murmured Zachary softly. He was thanking her from the bottom of his heart.

He might not have any romantic feelings for Cynthia, but he truly appreciated what she had done for the Nachts. Moreover, she was being so considerate at that moment, so he was touched.

“Don’t say that. You never have any obligation to help my family, anyway,” replied Cynthia as she looked sincerely at him, “Truth is, my dad is a terrible businessman. The only reason Synder Group can grow to this extent is because he has been profiting off of the Nachts’ reputation.”

Zachary had long wanted to say those words...

Henry might seem cruel and distant, but Taylor once rescued Harrison back in the days. Hence, Henry had been taking care of the Blackwoods for over twenty years.

Every time the Blackwoods got into trouble, Henry would remind everyone of that incident. Henry even tried to force Zachary to marry Sharon back in the days and insisted that the Blackwoods were amazing. At the time, Zachary was tempted to refute by saying that the Nachts were the ones who gave the Blackwoods everything they had.

Zachary even had to pay the Blackwoods a hefty amount of money after he got out of marrying Sharon.

He didn’t care much about the money, but the injustice was annoying him.

Unfortunately, Taylor had always acted polite and humble in front of the other Nachts, so Zachary was not in a position to say anything.

The injustice Zachary felt finally dissipated after Cynthia spoke up about it in such an understanding manner.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 848

“It is the Blackwoods’ karma that we ended up in this position, and we should be the ones to bear the consequences. We shouldn’t trouble you or your family anymore...”

After signing that last bit of message, Cynthia picked up her glass of wine and gestured to Zachary.

Their glasses clinked.

After that, Cynthia downed her drink. Zachary initially planned on taking a sip, but seeing her down her drink like that prompted him to finish his wine as well.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

Cynthia set her glass down and signed, "This is the last time I'll trouble you for anything. It won't happen again."

"I am truly not in a position to butt in on the Blackwoods' matter," replied Zachary as he stared apologetically at her, "But if you ever need anything, I will definitely help you out."

"What could I need?" signed Cynthia before she grinned bitterly and added, "I can still make ends meet on my own even if the Blackwoods truly declared bankruptcy and Synder Group is no more. I will lead a peaceful and calm life in the future, and that's pretty good, too."

"You are a good woman," said Zachary.

He rarely complimented others, but even he couldn't deny that Cynthia was an amazing person. She was born with a disability and was bullied ever since she was a kid. Yet, she grew to be stronger and worked hard to get two doctorates. She even managed to establish a pharmaceutical company all on her own.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

It wasn't a huge company, but she founded it all on her own, and that was pretty impressive.

She was, by all definitions, truly kind and sweet.

"Thank you," replied Cynthia as she stared at him and continued signing, "This is the first time I ever hear you complimenting anyone."

Zachary's lips curved into a grin. He continued sipping his wine.

The passion in Cynthia's eyes was as hot as the Sun, so Zachary had no choice but to avoid her gaze while feigning to sip his wine.

Soon, the waiter came to serve their food.

Zachary didn't have much appetite because he had been overworked and hadn't slept in a while, so he was exhausted. All he could really do was to use booze to keep himself awake. He needed to work on something else later. I have to go meet Charlotte...

"Why aren't you eating?" asked Cynthia using sign language.

Zachary had his gaze down, so he didn't see her. Naturally, that meant that he never received her message.

Cynthia poured him another half a glass of wine and poured herself a glass as well. After that, she gestured to him again.

The two of their glasses clinked once more before they downed the entire glass.

"Since you don't have an appetite, I will drink with you. I have to go back to M Nation tomorrow, and there's no saying when we'll meet again," signed Cynthia.

"Why are you heading back to M Nation?" asked Zachary in a surprised tone.

"My dad and Sharon keep bothering me, and I don't want to handle them anymore. I definitely don't want to put you in a difficult position, so I'm leaving," signed Cynthia sadly.

"Thank you..."

Zachary honestly didn't know what else he could say to express his appreciation and guilt.

"I'll visit Mr. Henry tomorrow and try to convince him to leave with me. That way, you won't have to deal with him nagging you all the time," added Cynthia with a smile.

"Grandpa won't be leaving for a while," said Zachary. He didn't want to share too much, so he simply informed, "He can't really walk lately."

"Huh? Why not? I've been calling him for the past two days, but no one picked up. He didn't reply to my texts either. I couldn't even get in touch with Mr. Spencer. Did something happen?" signed Cynthia while looking surprised.

“He’s sick,” shared Zachary, “His age is getting up there, so aches and illnesses follow him everywhere. I want him to rest up, so I cut off his connection to everyone else.”

Henry being hospitalized was a grave issue, and he couldn’t afford to let anyone, not even Cynthia, find that out.

Zachary had always remained aware when dealing with crucial matters.

“Oh, I see. No wonder you look so tired lately. I guess you haven’t had a good sleep for a while. Drink up tonight, so you can sleep well later,” signed Cynthia.

“Sure,” replied Zachary before he continued drinking with her.

Ben frowned a little as he watched from the side.

Mr. Nacht had always had good tolerance to alcohol. Hell, I think he drinks alcohol more than he does water. Yet, he’s never been drunk before. Why does he look a little off tonight? Is his gaze turning cloudy?

Is there something off with the wine?

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 849

“I have been looking everywhere for you. Turns out, you’re here.”

A proud voice suddenly interrupted Ben’s train of thoughts.

Zachary turned over and saw that it was Sharon.

She had an elegant outfit on and was wearing exquisite make-up as she strode over.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

Cynthia frowned the second she saw Sharon there. The former got up and signed, "Sharon, what are you doing here?"

"This is a public place. Am I not allowed to be here?"

Sharon was extremely rude to Cynthia, and every word carried a hint of arrogance.

Compared to Sharon, Cynthia seemed especially sweet and gentle. She frowned but didn't dare to do anything else. In fact, she was staring at her surroundings and seemed worried about embarrassing herself in public.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Zachary with a frown. The distaste in his eyes was obvious.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

"Zachary, I have been texting you a lot lately, but you never replied. You didn't pick up my call either," said Sharon, whose attitude changed immediately when she turned to Zachary. She seemed weak and pitiful when she said, "All I want is to see you. Is that really so bad?"

Zachary had it with her pretentious stance. He looked away angrily and seemed like he didn't want to entertain her at all.

"Sharon, stop making a scene," signed Cynthia. She reached over to try to get Sharon away.

Sharon swung Cynthia's arm away rudely and howled in an extremely discerning tone, "What are you doing? If you can invite Zachary out for a meal, then why can't I? Do you honestly think that you are beautiful? He's only meeting you right now because he pities you!"

"Everyone's watching. How are you not embarrassed? Let's leave together. Don't bother Zachary anymore," signed Cynthia nervously.

"F*ck off," growled Sharon impatiently before she pushed Cynthia away.

Cynthia stumbled backward and knocked onto the table before she fell to the floor.

The decanter fell and smashed onto her head...

Blood flowed.

Zachary was taken aback. He hurried over to help Cynthia up.

Seeing that got Sharon to feel a little bad, so she redirected the blame and said, "You weakling. All I did was give you a small push. Are you really on the floor already?"

"Shut up!" scolded Zachary angrily, "You are such a vile woman. She is your sister, but you hurt her repeatedly and attacked her right in front of me. Do you seriously think that I won't go after you?"

"Zachary..." muttered Sharon in astonishment. Her face shone with disbelief as she protested, "Why are you shielding her like that? Did you really fall for her? She is mute! She's not worthy of..."

"Don't you dare say another word," growled Zachary. His hatred for Sharon had maxed out, "Leave now, before I lose control and attack you!"

"Zachary..."

"Please leave on your own accord," advised Ben as he stepped forward, "Stop making a scene. Save yourself from more embarrassment."

Tears rolled down Sharon's eyes as she left furiously.

Zachary helped Cynthia to the sofa. When he saw the deep cut that the decanter made on her head, he suggested immediately, "I'll take you to the hospital."

Cynthia shook her head quickly and signed, "The media has their eyes on the Blackwoods now. If I go to the hospital, they will learn of it quickly and will make up crazy stories."

"We'll go to the hospital I own. No one will say a word of it."

Zachary was going to keep her steady and help her out of the place when he saw that her leg was also injured. He carried her like a princess immediately after.

"There really is no need to go to the hospital. I'm fine. I'll just put some medicine on it. You're so busy, and I don't want to waste your time," signed Cynthia as she rested in his arms.

Zachary checked his watch after reading those signs. It's half-past eight. Even if I rush to the hospital, the time taken to travel over would make me late for my appointment with Charlotte...

After coming to that conclusion, Zachary turned to the manager and requested, "Get me a room, and have a medical kit sent over immediately."

"Understood."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 850

The manager saw that Cynthia was injured, and that got him on edge. He quickly sent his men to get the medical kit and offered, "The hotel has a doctor working here and can treat minor injuries. I'll send the good doctor over immediately. For now, please allow me to take you to your room."

"Hurry," instructed Zachary as he carried Cynthia toward the elevator.

"Yes, sir. Understood," replied the manager. He rushed over quickly to the elevator and led Zachary and his bodyguards to the room.

Four bodyguards were following close by. They had just entered the elevator when they heard a bang from a floor below. Everyone instantly became alert.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

"Go check it out," instructed Zachary.

"Understood," replied the men. Two bodyguards exited the elevator and walked down the stairs to inspect the issues.

Zachary carried Cynthia out of the elevator. Only then did he realize that the manager had taken him to the room he used to stay in with Charlotte. He paused and frowned before requesting, "Get me another room."

“Every other room is occupied. We deliberately kept this room vacant because you used to stay here a lot, and we didn’t dare to rent it out,” replied the manager fearfully, “It’ll take us some time before we can get you another room. Ms. Blackwood is bleeding a lot now. How about we tend to her injuries before switching rooms?”

Zachary turned to Cynthia, who was trembling in his arms. He had no choice but to carry her in.

Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query

At that moment, Ben had forcefully dragged Sharon to the ground floor and was forcing her to get into the car.

“What the f*ck?” growled Sharon angrily, “What the hell did that mute drug you lot with? Can you not see that she is a fake? She might look harmless, but on the inside, she is evil.”

“Enough. Please leave.”

Ben didn’t want to waste his time on her. All he wanted was to head back as soon as possible because Henry’s condition was a little troublesome. Zachary had reassigned most bodyguards to the hospital and left some at home to take care of the kids. Hence, the number of men they had with them was limited.

“Just you wait. When that b*tch cons you lot and reveals her true colors, you’ll learn that I am the nice one,” complained Sharon unhappily.

“Do you hear yourself now?” laughed Ben, “How can someone who went after their own sibling be a nice person?”

“What is that supposed to mean? When did I go after her?” asked Sharon in astonishment.

“Alright, you know what? This is your family business and has nothing to do with me,” replied Ben. He didn’t want to waste his breath on her, so he opened the door to the car and gestured for her to get in. After that, he added, “If you insist on staying here, I will have no choice but to call your father.”

Sharon harrumphed and glared over before getting into the car unwillingly.

Unfortunately, the car she was in had just left the building when another vehicle toppled it...

Ben's eyes bulged in surprise. He was taken aback for a moment before he quickly got his phone out and made a call.

Inside the presidential suite on the top floor.

The hotel's medical staff rushed over quickly to help Cynthia tend to her injuries.

They had to sew her up a little. Half of her face was tainted with blood.

Zachary stood at the side. Guilt was welling up in him as he watched. He usually had quick reflexes, but his reaction was a little slow, and he didn't protect Cynthia well. Maybe it's because I had too much to drink...

I am a man. Even if she is not my lover, I should've kept her safe when she's around me...

"All done," said the medical staff, who was quick to treat Cynthia's injuries, pack up, and leave with his head down.

"Mr. Nacht, I will be waiting outside. Please call me anytime if you ever need anything," said the manager before he left as well.

"Rest up. I'll have my people take you to the hospital later," said Zachary as he handed her a wet towel.

Cynthia cleaned her face with the towel before she signed, "I need to use the washroom."

After that, she went into the washroom.

Zachary sat on the sofa and opened a bottle of water. Perhaps it was because he had too much to drink, but he kept feeling parched. He downed an entire bottle of water before he leaned against the sofa and waited for Cynthia.

When he carried Cynthia over, her blood tainted his clothes, so he tossed his coat aside.

After that, he continued drinking his water.

Perhaps the alcohol was getting to him, but he felt hotter and unbuttoned his shirt.