

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 620

"That's enough..." Henry interrupted Spencer. The latter bowed his head and did not speak anymore.

"I'm sorry, I've said too much."

Spencer kicked himself. He knew that his words must have felt like knives in Henry's heart.

If this were any other day, Henry would have lost his temper long ago. But that day, he allowed Spencer to finish.

He intended to help Henry realize his mistake to avoid repeating it.

"I'll think about it," Henry sighed. "What are you waiting for? Wheel me in."

"Yes, sir." Spencer hurriedly steered the wheelchair into the house. "Are you hungry? Should I ask the servants to prepare some oatmeal for you?"

"No need." Henry sounded dejected. "I have no appetite."

"Before we left, Mrs. Berry stuffed a little bag into my hand. They were some hot cross bunnies that the children like. Shall I have them heated up for you?" Spencer asked tentatively.

"Mrs. Berry?" Henry recalled. "Yes, the nanny of the children."

"She used to be the Windt family's housemaid," Spencer explained. "They said when she was young, she took care of Ms. Windt's father, and then her, and now her three children. She's like family to Ms. Windt and her children."

"I see," Henry said. "An old maid who is willing to care for three generations even when the family was in shambles. This shows the loyalty of Mrs. Berry, and also the integrity of the Windts."

"I agree." Spencer nodded with a smile.

"You must have gotten something from that rascal to be speaking so kindly on his behalf, haven't you?" Henry scolded suddenly, changing his tune, "You are a disloyal servant!"

"Mr. Nacht, I have been with the Nacht family for four generations..."

"Shut it!" Henry glared at Spencer. He suddenly touched his stomach and said, "I'm a little hungry. Why don't you heat those buns?"

"Yes sir, right away," said Spencer in delight. He ordered the kitchen to heat the buns. "Oh, bring a glass of warm milk for Mr. Nacht too."

"Two glasses!" Henry corrected. "It's meaningless to dine alone."

"Then I shall accompany you, sir." Spencer smiled.

When Charlotte awoke the next morning, the sunlight had already streamed through the window onto her face with a touch of warmth.

She shielded her eyes from the light and squinted at the foliage outside in a daze.

"You're up?" Zachary emerged from the bathroom, dressed for casual comfort.

"Yes." Charlotte stretched. "Why are you up this early?"

"I did a little reading with the kids." Zachary buttoned up his shirt. The sunlight illuminated the side of his face, accenting his jawline and cheekbones. Charlotte was mesmerized. "Go back to sleep. We'll leave at ten," Zachary said.

"I'm up now." Charlotte sat up lazily and held up her arms. "Carry me!"

Zachary smiled and bit her on the chest.

"Ouch, it hurts!" Charlotte squealed and hit him on the back.

"Did that wake you up?" Zachary kissed the skin he had bitten. "Get up quickly. I'll send for some breakfast."

"Thank you," Charlotte said as she kissed him on the cheek. She then leaped out of bed.

Zachary smacked her buttocks, adjusted his tie, and walked towards the door with wide strides.

Charlotte's phone rang as she brushed her teeth. She glanced at her screen and hastily picked up. "Hello, Olivia!"

"Charlotte..." came Olivia's voice shakily. "Help me, please help me..."