

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 674

The sight of his grandson hugging his great-grandchildren was heart-wrenching for Henry to watch. He wanted to say something but was silenced by Zachary's eyes that were burning with hatred.

He blinked and straightened his back. Putting on a tough front, he said, "It's good that you've returned. Don't go wandering around like that again. You're not just anyone. You're the heir to Nacht Group, and you're the father to these children. You need to take responsibility for them!"

Hearing that, Zachary merely remained silent and took his kids back to their rooms.

He tried his best to suppress his anger toward Henry for the sake of his children.

After all, in the world of children that little, family was everything to them. They had just lost Mrs. Berry and their dear mother. If something were to happen to their great-grandfather too, their sorrow would only be exacerbated.

"What's with that attitude?" Henry snarled.

"It's quite unexpected that Mr. Zachary can behave so calmly. Let's give him some time," Spencer said with a serious expression.

"I did it... I did all of it for the sake of our family... For the kids... Was it really my fault?" Henry asked.

That question was actually meant for himself.

He had been reflecting on his actions. Have I really made a mistake?

“Well... tragedies are not uncommon in life.” Spencer sighed deeply. “It’s not your fault, but I think we are definitely responsible for Ms. Windt’s death. We should be grateful that Mr. Zachary didn’t even mention this in front of the kids.”

Henry went quiet upon hearing those words.

For the past few days, he had been preparing himself mentally for a big fight with Zachary when he returned. However, none of that actually happened.

And that made him all the more uneasy.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Zachary is a strong person.” Spencer could tell what Henry had on his mind. “With the three kids with him, he would pick himself up sooner or later,” he said reassuringly.

“Yeah.”

Henry nodded his head. As he thought about his great-grandchildren, everything seemed worth it.

“Time shall solve all these problems...” Spencer began pushing Henry toward the door.

Henry looked up at the second floor. The lights of the master bedroom were switched off, but the study room seemed occupied.

Heaving a heavy sigh, he said, “Prepare a private jet. I’m going back to M Nation tomorrow.”

“You’re not staying to look after Mr. Zachary?” Spencer raised his eyebrows in surprise.

“He’s a grown man, not a boy. Why would I need to look after him? Obstacles and problems are bound to arise in life. A member of the Nacht family mustn’t give up so easily when facing a setback!” Henry lamented with a frown.

“Alright, then.” Spencer nodded. “What about the kids? Is it really okay to leave them with Mr. Zachary, given his current state of mind? Can he care for them well? How about we bring them to live with us in Anglandur for a bit?”

“There’s no need for that.” Henry shook his head. “Staying with the kids would help him get back on his feet sooner...”

“Okay, I understand!” Then Spencer and a bodyguard helped Henry get into the car.

“Tell Taylor to come to me. I need to talk to him.”

“Understood.”

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After putting his three children to sleep, Zachary returned to his bedroom.

Though he had left home for three months, all the decorations from the wedding day still remained. Nobody dared take them down without his word.

However, his wedding photos with Charlotte had disappeared.

There was not a single photo of her in the entire house, but the shadow of her and her scent seemed to linger in every corner.

He could see her blowing her hair dry by the table and turning around to talk to him with a smile. You should go shower too!

He could also see her walking toward him with an affectionate expression and taking his coat for him. You're home? Are you tired from work? I've prepared the bathwater for you. Hurry up and take a bath...

Her silhouette seemed to loom around in his bedroom right before his eyes. However, as he reached out, wanting to embrace her, she instantly disappeared into a wisp of smoke, leaving his extended arm frozen in the air.

At that moment, even his heart felt icy-cold.

Staring blankly at his feet, the sorrow in his heart was unimaginable.

At the same time, at the back of his mind, there was a small but firm voice telling him that Charlotte was definitely still alive.