

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 775

“What?” Zachary frowned. “Robbie saw his mother?”

“No,” Bruce answered firmly. “I blocked his sight. He shouldn’t have seen Ms. Lindberg.”

“Shouldn’t have?” Zachary growled.

“I’m sorry for my incompetence.” Bruce was frustrated, but he didn’t defend himself.

“Calm down, Mr. Nacht,” Ben advised him. “You can’t hide it forever. Ms. Lindberg is still going to make a public appearance on the South Sea territorial waters project’s opening day. Even if the people from Southridge and Northridge aren’t seeing one another right now, they’d know she’s back on that day.”

Zachary frowned after hearing the explanation. “When’s the opening?”

“Thirteenth next month,” Ben answered hastily. “It’s already twenty-ninth today.”

“So we have sixteen days to work with.” Zachary tapped the armrest of his leather chair, then he told Bruce, “Call Cynthia. If she’s holding up, tell her to have dinner with me tonight.”

“Huh?” Bruce was startled by the request, but he quickly answered, “Right away, Sir. Give me a minute.”

Zachary ended the call, but he didn’t look relaxed. In fact, he was tense. I have to get Henry back to M Nation, or I’ll get held back.

“Don’t worry. There are about two weeks before that. We’ll settle this before then,” Ben calmed him down.

At the same time, Ben called back, “Ms. Blackwood isn’t feeling well. She declined your invitation.”

Zachary was surprised to hear that. He thought Cynthia would accept the invitation no matter what, but he never expected her to say no. "I see." Zachary hung up.

"Ms. Blackwood sustained quite a serious injury. I saw her yesterday, and she couldn't even get out of bed. Going out for a meal seems unrealistic for now," Ben explained.

"We'll talk about this later. For now, let's settle some business."

"Yes."

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Zachary worked for the whole day and refused all appointments for that night. He wanted to go home soon and spend some time with his kids, but it was already ten when he came home.

Henry and Cynthia were having a game of chess when Zachary came back. Henry seemed to be in a good mood, and he laughed heartily. "Good form, Cynthia. Good form. Not many people out there have the patience to play chess with me and win. You're the second."

Cynthia put her chess piece down and signaled, 'Is Zachary the first?'

"No." Henry shook his head and sighed. "It's his mother."

Cynthia froze up for a moment, then she apologized, 'I'm sorry. I shouldn't have talked about that.'

"It's fine. It's all in the past now." Then Henry realized Zachary's return, and his gentle attitude was replaced by a stern one. "You're late."

“I tried my best to be early.” He went upstairs, then he remembered something and asked, “Are you guys hungry? Wanna get supper together?”

Henry stopped drinking his tea, surprised that Zachary would ask them out for supper. Zachary was, after all, a cold man.

‘Sure. I’m getting hungry now,’ Cynthia gestured.

“Make some light supper, Mrs. Rawlston. I’ll come back after I change,” Zachary told Mrs. Rawlston.

“Yes, Mr. Zachary.” Mrs. Rawlston quickly sent the servants to the kitchen, while Zachary went upstairs.

Henry looked at him for a while, then he turned to Cynthia. “Cynthia, did he talk to you over the last few days?”

‘He asked me out for dinner tonight, but I declined because I’m not in a state to go out yet,’ she gesticulated.

“Is that so?” Henry was delighted. “That’s progress right there!”