

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 776

Cynthia bit her lip shyly, her face scarlet. 'Maybe he's just being polite. It couldn't have been romantic.'

"But he's a lot better now, so take the chance, Cynthia," Henry advised her. "He's a softie at heart. Yeah, he might look uncaring, but he's a loyal man. If you make him fall for you, he'll treat you like a queen."

'I know.' Cynthia nodded with a smile.

"Do you still like him then?" Henry asked again.

'Yes,' she answered without missing a beat. 'I have loved him the moment I saw him back when I was fifteen, and that hasn't changed.'

"That's good to hear." Henry smiled warmly.

A short while later, Mrs. Rawlston had prepared lemon and herb lamb skewers and some oatmeal. The servants took Henry and Cynthia to the dining table, and Zachary came down after changing.

They sat around the table, and Henry asked about the company, while Zachary answered him. Henry criticized him, dissatisfied with Zachary's nonchalant attitude.

Zachary was getting impatient. "I've been working the whole day now. Can't you just let me have some peace and quiet at home?"

"Why you..."

Henry was about to fly into a rage, but Cynthia gave him a skewer and gestured, 'The skewer's really nice. Have some, Grandpa.'

Her gentle smile soothed Henry's fury. "You should take a leaf out of her page. She's so gentle, so nice." Henry pointed at Zachary. "You, on the other hand, growls at everyone."

Zachary had his supper in silence. He wanted to get back to his room, but he needed to be there so Cynthia would calm Henry down, or he would have left otherwise.

‘Grandpa, you seem to look tired these days. Did something happen?’ Cynthia gesticulated.

“Nope. Just taking care of the kids. I’m still fit as a fiddle.” He sighed. “But yeah, age isn’t on my side, and this is one humid mountain. My whole body’s sore and that tires me out easily.”

Zachary looked up at Cynthia. We’re getting to the main topic now.

‘It is quite humid here, but this is the best place to be in summer. It’s cool, and the air is fresh,’ Cynthia gesticulated with a smile. ‘But you can’t really stay here. I seem to remember seeing you in better shape back in M Nation.’

“Uh-huh.” Henry nodded. “I got used to M Nation’s weather.”

‘I’ll give you a massage once I feel better. That should relieve a bit of the soreness,’ Cynthia kept gesticulating. ‘And your doctor back in Manhattan’s a good one too. Why don’t we get him here?’

“I don’t think so.” Henry shook his head. “He’s in his eighties now, and his family won’t let him go overseas because of his health. He called me last night, said he’d perform a checkup on me once I go back, but I might not have the chance anymore.” Henry dwelled in his sadness, for his biggest fear was his old friends’ passing.

‘But Dr. Leonard looks well enough to me.’ Cynthia was surprised.

“He used to be, but not after he tripped and fell.” Henry had gotten more solemn. “I tripped once two years ago, and since then, I’m wheelchair-bound. I could kick the ball around with my grandkid before that.”

'It's bad for the elderly to trip.' Cynthia frowned. 'I think Dr. Leonard could recover if he has plenty of rest. You should too. Remember to go for your treatment.'