

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 783

Zachary went back to the villa feeling annoyed. He wanted some peace and quiet, but then he noticed Cain and Kyle observing him from the shadows. He knew they were tasked by Henry to observe him and Cynthia, so he had to keep the act up no matter how reluctant he was.

He changed into casual attire and came to the hot spring, where Cynthia was resting.

Cynthia was wearing a thin silk dress, her hair tumbling down her back, and she was soaking her feet in the hot spring. The nurses who were taking care of her praised, "You're beautiful, Ms. Blackwood."

"Yeah, you look so pure and innocent, Ms. Blackwood. You're like a fairy."

"Yeah, she does give off that vibe."

The girls chatted away, and Cynthia smiled. The breeze blew and her hair danced along, elevating her beauty to greater heights.

She was different from Charlotte. Cynthia looked pure and innocent, like she was a fairy from outside this world, while Charlotte was noble and elegant, just like an angel. Zachary looked at her for a few moments and approached the lady.

"Mr. Nacht!" One of the nurses quickly bowed when she noticed him.

"Mr. Nacht." Everyone else backed off. Cynthia was flustered at the sight of him. She tried to take her cape, but her movements were hindered by her wound, and she almost fell into the spring, but Zachary managed to save her in time.

She loosened up and fell into his embrace. Zachary noticed the smell of flowers coming from her as she leaned against his chest like a damsel in distress.

“Are you alright?” Zachary pushed her away easily and covered her with his suit.

‘Thank you,’ Cynthia gestured as she threw a loving look at him.

Zachary sat on the recliner and waved the servants down. At the same time, Cain was hiding in the bushes nearby, holding up a phone and turned it in their direction.

He was video calling Henry, and Henry was delighted when he saw Zachary and Cynthia looking so intimate.

‘There was a downpour earlier. Did you get into anything on the way?’ Cynthia tried to initiate a conversation.

“Would I be here if I did?” Zachary blurted, and Cynthia stiffened up. Well, how should I keep this conversation going?

She tried her best, but Zachary could shut her down easily no matter what she tried to say.

“How’s the villa?” Zachary looked at the place.

“It’s nice,” Cynthia answered. “I quite like it.”

“Glad to hear that.” He nodded and pointed at the hot spring. “You should go in there more. It’s good for you.” Zachary then tried to leave, but Ben gave him a look. He knew Henry’s spies were still observing him, and Henry was most probably watching him too. Dammit. I have to keep this up for a while longer.

He found it odd that he couldn't speak well with women. Well, technically he could, but he'd end the conversation quickly, since he'd get bored no matter what they had to say. Only Charlotte could hold up his interest.

'Are you upset about something?' Cynthia asked.

"Huh?" Zachary was surprised. "How did you know?"

'Because you're frowning, and your eyes tell me you're troubled.' Cynthia smiled and gestured, 'You saw Sir Louis, didn't you? Is it about the project?'

"How did you know I met Louis?" Zachary finally started paying attention to her.

'Mr. Potter told me you went to meet an important friend in the banquet hall. I heard Sir Louis is in H City recently, so I thought you might have gone to see him.' She smiled. 'And did you forget that I major in psychology? I can see when you're troubled.'