

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 848

"It is the Blackwoods' karma that we ended up in this position, and we should be the ones to bear the consequences. We shouldn't trouble you or your family anymore..."

After signing that last bit of message, Cynthia picked up her glass of wine and gestured to Zachary.

Their glasses clinked.

After that, Cynthia downed her drink. Zachary initially planned on taking a sip, but seeing her down her drink like that prompted him to finish his wine as well.

Cynthia set her glass down and signed, "This is the last time I'll trouble you for anything. It won't happen again."

"I am truly not in a position to butt in on the Blackwoods' matter," replied Zachary as he stared apologetically at her, "But if you ever need anything, I will definitely help you out."

"What could I need?" signed Cynthia before she grinned bitterly and added, "I can still make ends meet on my own even if the Blackwoods truly declared bankruptcy and Synder Group is no more. I will lead a peaceful and calm life in the future, and that's pretty good, too."

"You are a good woman," said Zachary.

He rarely complimented others, but even he couldn't deny that Cynthia was an amazing person. She was born with a disability and was bullied ever since she was a kid. Yet, she grew to be stronger and worked hard to get two doctorates. She even managed to establish a pharmaceutical company all on her own.

It wasn't a huge company, but she founded it all on her own, and that was pretty impressive.

She was, by all definitions, truly kind and sweet.

"Thank you," replied Cynthia as she stared at him and continued signing, "This is the first time I ever hear you complimenting anyone."

Zachary's lips curved into a grin. He continued sipping his wine.

The passion in Cynthia's eyes was as hot as the Sun, so Zachary had no choice but to avoid her gaze while feigning to sip his wine.

Soon, the waiter came to serve their food.

Zachary didn't have much appetite because he had been overworked and hadn't slept in a while, so he was exhausted. All he could really do was to use booze to keep himself awake. He needed to work on something else later. I have to go meet Charlotte...

"Why aren't you eating?" asked Cynthia using sign language.

Zachary had his gaze down, so he didn't see her. Naturally, that meant that he never received her message.

Cynthia poured him another half a glass of wine and poured herself a glass as well. After that, she gestured to him again.

The two of their glasses clinked once more before they downed the entire glass.

"Since you don't have an appetite, I will drink with you. I have to go back to M Nation tomorrow, and there's no saying when we'll meet again," signed Cynthia.

"Why are you heading back to M Nation?" asked Zachary in a surprised tone.

"My dad and Sharon keep bothering me, and I don't want to handle them anymore. I definitely don't want to put you in a difficult position, so I'm leaving," signed Cynthia sadly.

"Thank you..."

Zachary honestly didn't know what else he could say to express his appreciation and guilt.

"I'll visit Mr. Henry tomorrow and try to convince him to leave with me. That way, you won't have to deal with him nagging you all the time," added Cynthia with a smile.

"Grandpa won't be leaving for a while," said Zachary. He didn't want to share too much, so he simply informed, "He can't really walk lately."

"Huh? Why not? I've been calling him for the past two days, but no one picked up. He didn't reply to my texts either. I couldn't even get in touch with Mr. Spencer. Did something happen?" signed Cynthia while looking surprised.

"He's sick," shared Zachary, "His age is getting up there, so aches and illnesses follow him everywhere. I want him to rest up, so I cut off his connection to everyone else."

Henry being hospitalized was a grave issue, and he couldn't afford to let anyone, not even Cynthia, find that out.

Zachary had always remained aware when dealing with crucial matters.

"Oh, I see. No wonder you look so tired lately. I guess you haven't had a good sleep for a while. Drink up tonight, so you can sleep well later," signed Cynthia.

"Sure," replied Zachary before he continued drinking with her.

Ben frowned a little as he watched from the side.

Mr. Nacht had always had good tolerance to alcohol. Hell, I think he drinks alcohol more than he does water. Yet, he's never been drunk before. Why does he look a little off tonight? Is his gaze turning cloudy?

Is there something off with the wine?