

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 779

Raina came to pick Cynthia up that afternoon. Cynthia took two nurses with her because of her injuries and Henry sent two bodyguards with her. Ben sent another two bodyguards to tag along, making it a total of four bodyguards, one doctor, and two nurses escorting Cynthia around. It was a crowd.

Mr. Potter knew Cynthia was someone close to Zachary when he welcomed her at Ashenville Garden's parking lot as she had a lot of people protecting her. She was to stay at the same villa where a hot spring was in the backyard, just like how Zachary wanted.

It was already eight in the evening when everything was done, but Zachary was nowhere to be seen.

Even so, Cynthia didn't seem to show any form of anxiety. She told Mr. Potter to keep her arrival a secret, for she didn't want to worry Zachary. Mr. Potter nodded with a smile. Such a gentle lady. She might be a mute, but she comes from a good family, is knowledgeable, gentle, and gorgeous. She's perfect.

Raina treated Cynthia's wounds and told her, "You can't go into the hot spring just yet, Ms. Blackwood, but you can soak your feet in it."

"I see. Thank you, Dr. Langhan." Cynthia was a cultured lady who was polite to everyone, including the servants. She'd even smile at the waiters as a sign of gratitude for their service.

"Don't mention it. Rest up. I'll unpack."

"Of course."

After Raina went to the room beside hers, Cynthia quieted down and pushed herself to the window, and looked at the rain that was pouring outside. It's a downpour. I wonder if Zachary is trapped in the congested traffic.

Indeed he was, and congested traffic was an understatement. Zachary was stuck at the exit, and he couldn't even move an inch. Zachary was reading through the documents when Ben suddenly pointed at the rear-view mirror and gasped. "That looks like Ms. Lindberg's car!"

Zachary looked into the rear-view mirror and saw the silver Rolls-Royce that belonged to Charlotte. The traffic finally inched forward, and the Rolls-Royce moved up and stopped beside his black one.

"Goddammit! They're everywhere!" Marino glared at that car. Even though he couldn't see the interior, he could feel the woman inside glaring back at him.

"Tell me about it." Ben felt a headache coming up at the thought of that woman. "Wait, they can't be heading the same place as we are, can they?"

"What?" Zachary frowned. "Did Louis invite her too?"

"..." Ben didn't see that coming. "That's going to be a sticky situation. If Ms. Lindberg bumps into Ms. Blackwood, you're going to have a hard time explaining."

"I don't think they're heading to Ashenville Garden," Zachary refuted. "Remember what happened at the seaside restaurant? Things were pretty ugly, and I don't think Louis would be so dumb as to invite both of us at the same time."

"You have a point." Ben nodded.

The traffic loosened up a short while later. Zachary's car was about to go ahead, but Charlotte's cut in, much to Marino's chagrin. "These women are barbaric."

"Take it slow. We're not in a hurry," Zachary said.

"Yes, Sir." Marino stopped grumbling.

They moved on at a snail's pace and had to wait for ten more minutes before exiting the highway. Instead of going to the hotel with hot spring when he arrived, Zachary went to the banquet hall instead.

Sir Louis' banquet was held there, and there were the partners from F Nation who came to talk about the upcoming project. The moment he came out of the car, Mr. Potter went to welcome him. "Mr. Nacht, Sir Louis has been waiting for you. Ms. Blackwood is all settled down. Shall I invite her?"

"No."

Zachary wasn't planning on having Louis know that Cynthia was there. Louis' villa was on the racecourse, which was some distance away anyway, so they wouldn't bump into each other.