

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 792

It was already half past one in the morning when Zachary left Charlotte's villa. He checked his phone, only to find seven or eight missed calls from Henry.

Zachary knew he had to check in on Cynthia, or Henry would throw a fit and go after him.

After all, he couldn't afford to anger Henry any further, so he decided to head to the hospital near Ashenville Garden to see Cynthia.

He was well on his way when he spotted a car driving toward him from the opposite direction.

Both cars pulled over, and Ben got out of the other car. "Mr. Nacht," Ben greeted with a bow.

"What's going on? Where's Cynthia?"

"Ms. Blackwood is in the car," Ben replied softly. "Her wounds have been checked out. But she refused to stay in the hospital, so we got the doctor's permission to bring her home."

Zachary looked in the car to see Cynthia leaning weakly against her seat. Her face was deathly pale, yet she still smiled and signed at him. "It's just superficial wounds. I'm okay. Let's go back."

He then gestured for everyone to get back into the cars and headed toward the hot spring resort.

On their way back, Zachary contemplated calling Henry. However, he ultimately decided against it as it was already late, and Henry might be asleep. If his call woke Henry up, he might incur even more of that man's wrath.

As soon as they arrived at the resort, Henry came out from the courtyard in a wheelchair. His unexpected arrival gave everyone a shock as they hurriedly bowed to greet him.

Henry ignored them and stared daggers at Zachary.

"Why are you here?" Zachary frowned at him.

"I couldn't reach you on your phone. I thought you were dead," Henry said sarcastically.

Upon that, Zachary chose his words carefully. "Louis had an emergency earlier."

"What could be more important than Cynthia's well-being?" Henry bellowed.

"It was a life and death situation," Zachary rebuked. "Is that important enough for you?"

Henry kept quiet upon hearing that. After all, Louis was a man of distinction. Should something happen to him while he was on their territory, the Nacht family wouldn't be able to answer for it.

If Louis really had an emergency, it would be understandable for Zachary to tend to that first.

"Ms. Blackwood, be careful," the nurse said as she helped Cynthia out of the car.

Henry's face was fraught with worry as he turned to look at Cynthia. "Cynthia, how are you? Were you badly hurt?"

"They were just superficial wounds. I'm fine." Cynthia gestured. "Grandpa, please stop scolding Zachary. Sir Louis did have an emergency, so I had him tend to that first."

"Good girl." Henry was deeply moved by her words. "You're so understanding."

"It's only right to be," Cynthia continued in sign language. "It was my fault. I insisted on going along, and now Zachary is in so much trouble because of that."

Henry's heart ached when he saw how guilty Cynthia felt. "Don't say that. It's his fault for having neglected you. It's getting windy outside. Why don't you head on in first?"

Cynthia was being led back into the house when her knees suddenly buckled. She would have fallen if Zachary hadn't rushed up in time to support her. "Get the wheelchair!" he ordered.

The nurses searched high and low for the wheelchair but to no avail. Cynthia had gotten even weaker at this point and could no longer stand up.

At that moment, Henry got into a state of panic and looked close to blowing his top at everyone. Zachary anticipated that and quickly carried Cynthia back into the house.

Only then did Henry manage to calm down. He shook his head and sighed, "What a blockhead."

"You can't rush these things," Spencer coaxed gently. "He has to have his heart in it."

"What the hell do you know?" Henry barked. "If I don't give them a nudge, they'll never be together."

Spencer said nothing more after that.

In the meantime, Zachary carried Cynthia back to her room and laid her on the bed. "Take good care of her."

He was about to leave when Henry blocked the doorway with his wheelchair. "You're leaving after having injured her?" Henry asked coldly.

"Or what?" Zachary shot back with a frown.