

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1414

Ben whispered, "Ms. Lindberg was against the idea of taking things to the point of no return and thought it was enough to take out the one assaulting Lupine. However, I'm not going to forgive the mastermind from the Laurent family."

After much consideration, he thought of sharing the rest with Zachary. "Sir Louis might have sent the hitmen, but Sir Robert was the one pulling the strings behind the scenes. This might be one of his attempts to get his revenge against you. After all, you forced him to return the initial invested capital. They must've not learned from their lessons."

"A-Announce the termination of collaboration between Nacht Group and the Laurent family!" Zachary instructed with his fists clenched.

"All right." Ben nodded in return.

Shortly after he delivered his instructions, Zachary announced with his brows furrowed, "A-As for Louis, keep him imprisoned for another fortnight!"

"Yes!"

"Get going at once!"

"All right, I think Ms. Lindberg is going to—"

Halfway through Ben's speech, Hanna marched into the room with Charlotte and a cart. "Mr. Zachary, you're finally awake. Ms. Lindberg has made you something to eat."

"It's something you need as of now," Charlotte assured the injured man with a satisfied beam.

“Ms. Lindberg, I'll excuse myself since Mr. Nacht is in great hands.” Ben brought himself out of the room shortly after he wrapped up his conversation with them.

Similarly, Hanna made an excuse to leave the room.

Zachary was at a loss for words when Charlotte showed him the serving of oatmeal with some fruits she made him.

“I-Is that it?” he asked with a frown and thought it was an attempt of hers to get him back.

Is she seriously serving me a freaking bowl of oatmeal after I've been unconscious for three days? Isn't she aware I'm in desperate need of something nutritious, especially proteins?

“The doctor warned us not to serve you any solid food for the time being. Isn't this the best amongst your least preferred liquid foods?”

“C-Can't you make me a soup or something else?” Zachary's disappointment was written all over his face.

“You're not really supposed to consume anything greasy after being unconscious for such a long time.” Charlotte took a seat next to him and urged, “Be good and finish this, okay?”

He gave in eventually and was being treated like a child who couldn't care for himself.

Charlotte made sure the food was at optimum temperature before feeding him. On top of that, there was a napkin around his neck to stop him from making a mess.

“I-I'm not a freaking baby!” Zachary was rendered speechless at her actions.

"It's just a habit of mine as a mother of three. I mean, I've been feeding our children in a similar manner throughout the years. Speaking of which, it's almost their birthday."

"I-In another two months, they're going to be seven years old."

Zachary couldn't help but wonder if he would still be around on his children's birthday.

"Time sure flies, huh?" As she continued feeding the man, she urged, "You need to take good care of yourself and return to Happy Avenue with me once you're feeling better. Mrs. Berry's belongings are already there. I wish to drop by and sort everything out, but I'm constantly occupied with different things."

"Mmm!" He couldn't stop staring at the woman in front of him after the ups and downs he had gone through all this while.

"I know you're not really a fan of oatmeal, but just bear with me for the time being. I'll make you some vegetable beef soup a few days later," Charlotte promised him.

"No! I want more!" Zachary recalled the few dishes she used to make him. Although those were the only dishes she could make, he had been craving for those.

"You know what? I'll make you whatever you want once you're fully recovered!" Charlotte assured the man with a satisfied beam.