

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 689

Robbie leaned excitedly towards the screen, wanting to see who that person was...

“Mr. Robinson!”

At that moment, his aide's voice interrupted his train of thought. “Your tutor is here!”

Robbie turned towards the door quickly and replied, “Come in!”

By the time he turned to look at his laptop screen again, the figure had already made her way into the villa, and he had lost his one chance to see what she looked like.

Robbie couldn't help but notice something strange. All the bodyguards were women.

However, he didn't feel particularly disappointed. He directed the pigeon to head in another direction on Rokan Hill.

After all, he didn't really want to spy on his neighbor.

The door swung open at that moment, and the aide quickly ushered the global economics tutor into the room.

Robbie stood up quickly to greet her. “Good morning, Ms. Helen!” He got ready his class materials and went to sit down for a lesson.

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Zachary finished his morning meetings and decided to pay a visit to one of his project sites.

Lucy hurried forward to report, “Mr. Nacht, there will be a conference held by the Aploth Chamber of Commerce this afternoon. Will you be attending it?”

“Haven't I already assigned Mr. Sterk and yourself to go on my behalf?” Zachary snapped, sounding rather impatient.

“I just received information that a certain Ms. Lindberg will be attending the conference this afternoon,” Lucy replied breathlessly.

Up till now, Zachary had been signing a few documents and only paying minimal attention to Lucy. Here, however, his hand jerked to a stop on the paper. “Pass me the details of the conference.”

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.” Lucy handed him a stack of documents.

Zachary flipped through the documents. Exactly 101 of the most powerful businessmen in the Aploth Chamber of Commerce would be gathered at Ashenville Garden today to discuss expansion opportunities in the Aploth-Pacific region. To top it off, there would be a banquet that night.

This conference was held once a year in different cities, and it routinely became the spotlight of the business world.

Lots of businessmen were desperate to be included in the 101. As the leading businessman with ventures in the Aploth-Pacific region, Zachary had used to attend the conferences. In the past two years, however, he had become more reluctant to show his face at public events—instead, he sent Johann to attend the event on his behalf.

Hearing that Charlotte was going to attend the event as well, Zachary changed his mind immediately.

“Alright, I'll go.”

At the thought of meeting Charlotte soon, Zachary's heart started racing a little faster.

“The conference will be held over the span of two days. According to the rules and regulations, you'll have to stay overnight at Asheville Garden,” Lucy reminded. “Do you want me to go and prepare your luggage?”

“I'll get Ben to assist me.” Zachary glanced at his watch. “Bring the necessary documents and come along with me.”

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.” Lucy took out the schedule and handed it over to him. “You have a few more meetings before that, so we'll leave at around four in the afternoon. You should be able to attend the banquet this evening, at least. The actual conference is tomorrow.”

“Alright,” Zachary said, nodding. “Ben is out for an errand now. When he returns, tell him to get my things ready.”

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.”

Because of the change in plans, Zachary had to complete his remaining tasks as quickly as he could. He had practically no time to think about other matters.

At four in the afternoon, Ben finished packing Zachary's luggage. With a sleuth of bodyguards in tow, he left for Asheville Garden with Zachary.

Lucy and a few secretaries followed in another car behind them, preparing the information Zachary would need for the conference.

Zachary leaned back into his seat, gazing critically at the documents. Recently, Lindberg Corporation had established a monopoly in the South Sea territorial waters and even poached a few clients from his own company. The board of directors was extremely concerned about this matter.

Zachary was now comparing the personal details of those clients. He couldn't help but wonder what sort of underhanded methods the Lindberg Corporation had used to poach so many of their clients away in such a short amount of time.

“The Lindberg Corporation has been very efficient in their work,” Ben said, sighing. “I heard Ms. Lindberg paid a visit to those three clients personally. After that, all three clients expressed that they no longer wished to continue their partnership with us.”

“Is she that good?”

Try as he might, Zachary was unable to make any connection between this sharp, talented businesswoman and the bumbling, clumsy girl he had known in the past.

“I suppose we'll find out for ourselves tomorrow,” Ben said glumly.

“Mr. Nacht, look at that!” Marino, the driver, suddenly exclaimed.

Zachary turned and looked in the direction he was pointing at. A silver-colored Rolls-Royce was gliding down the road ahead of them. It had a huge 'L' attached to its license plate— the car belonged to the Lindberg family.

“Catch up with them!” Zachary ordered.

“Yes, Mr. Nacht.” Marino stepped down on the accelerator and sped ahead towards the Rolls-Royce.