

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 743

"I get it." Bruce nodded in realisation.

"I'm pretty surprised, though, that Charlotte was willing to meet Louis," Zachary remarked.

Zachary appeared nonchalant but was fretting inside. The Charlotte he knew two years ago had been an absolute fanatic about loyalty in a relationship, particularly that of the man's.

It was two years since, and Charlotte had evolved from an innocent, naive girl into a cold and haughty woman. Could that domineering woman still have the same outlook as the sweet girl of yesteryear? Zachary didn't dare to say for sure.

"Actually, the fact that Ms. Lindberg even agreed to meet with Sir Louis is proof enough that she doesn't love him," Bruce analyzed. "The more affection you feel for someone, the less accepting you'd be of such behavior. Do you think she really got over it within a day? She doesn't love him!"

"That makes sense," Zachary said with a sigh.

"But that's not to say that she still won't get together with him," Bruce continued. "Sir Louis is a member of F Nation's royalty. Lindberg Corporation has been cultivating close ties with F Nation. A marriage alliance for business relations isn't unheard of."

Zachary's face instantly grew dark.

"The Ms. Lindberg we see now is no longer the Ms. Windt we knew, but another person entirely," Bruce said, completely diffident to Zachary's growing displeasure. "Perhaps over time, love has taken a backseat to politics for her. It's very possible..."

"Shut up!" Zachary bellowed, cutting short Bruce's contemplations. He immediately picked up his phone and dialed Louis.

“Zachary?” Louis answered, puzzled.

“Where are you?” Zachary demanded in return.

“I’m at a restaurant here at South Sea, what’s it called... Seacrest or something like that.”

Just as Louis blurted out the name of the restaurant, Zachary hung up. Turning to his chauffeur, he commanded, “To Seacrest Restaurant.”

“Sure,” the chauffeur replied, immediately turning the car around.

“Uh...” Bruce faltered. “Mr. Nacht, are you...”

“You’re right,” Zachary said, narrowing his eyes. He fiddled with the wedding band on his left hand. “If she’s really changed that drastically and is going to get together with Louis for a marriage of convenience, then where am I going to find a mother for the children?”

Bruce could not muster any response. He cursed himself for having said anything at all.

They’d promised Henry that they were going to the hospital and even confirmed it with the Blackwoods. However, they were now racing towards a seaside restaurant.

Old Mr. Nacht’s going to be pissed! Bruce thought, wincing to himself.

Another thought followed quickly on the heels of that one.

Bruce suddenly remembered the warning that Henry had issued only that morning. He'd threatened to boot the next person who kept any secrets from him out of the Nacht family altogether.

Shuddering at the thought, Bruce quickly pointed out, "The Blackwoods are still waiting for us at the hospital. Besides, Henry has already ordered us to visit Ms. Blackwood at the hospital. If you suddenly change your mind, won't it..."

"We can go to the hospital later," Zachary said dismissively, glancing at his watch. "Tell them that we'll head over later."

"This..." Bruce was about to speak, then caught himself when Zachary turned an icy glare to him. Lowering his head in acquiescence, Bruce replied meekly, "All right, got it."

Bruce thus gave Taylor a call, citing urgent matters that were currently delaying them. Bruce reassured him that they would definitely be there later on.

Over the phone, Taylor concernedly told them not to worry. Zachary was to focus on his own matters first.

Bruce hung up the phone with a look of resignation on his face.

Zachary, meanwhile, was fixed on urging the chauffeur to drive as fast as he could.

"Sure," the chauffeur nodded. They flew towards Seacrest Restaurant.

In the meantime, Louis texted Zachary a string of several flustered texts.

Why did you call me just now?

You're not coming to look for me, are you?

You'd better not come to look for me! I'm on a date with Charlotte. Do not bother us!

She's here. I'm not going to reply anymore. Don't bother us!

Louis ended it off with a photo.

The restaurant was a cozy, intimate affair. Pink roses and heart-shaped balloons were scattered all around. Louis, in center stage, was decked out in a white tuxedo that made him look even more dashing and distinguished than usual.