

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 819

Zachary went back to his office after sending Cynthia off.

Bruce called while Zachary was driving. The former reported, "I tailed the Lindbergs all the way to the airport, but I didn't go any further because I didn't want to risk them seeing me."

"Good," replied Zachary. He sighed a breath of relief. Now that Charlotte is finally back in Erihal, I can work at ease.

After hanging up, Zachary called Henry.

"What is the point of having a phone if you don't pick up nine out of the ten times I call you?"

"Who would want to pick up a call from you if you scold them the second the line is connected?"

"You..."

"Come now, let's not dwell on this topic," said Zachary before he cut to the chase and informed, "I've sent Cynthia off, and now I'm on my way to the office."

"So, how are things between the two of you?" asked Henry in anticipation.

"Don't you already know all about it?" retorted Zachary. "I'm sure Cain and Kyle have reported everything that happened in the past two days to you."

Henry was speechless for a moment there. He was so irked that he almost had a heart attack. "You brat! Why must you say things that infuriate me?" chided Henry.

"I'm just stating the truth," replied Zachary, whose tone softened slightly when he added, "If you insist on hearing it from me, then all I can say is that things are going well. She is kind, sweet, and does everything in accordance with my liking. It seems like she'd be a good wife."

"I'm glad to hear that," claimed Henry gleefully. "You're getting older, and the kids need a mom. I'll also feel more at ease if you marry Cynthia soon."

"Marriage is not a simple matter. Let's talk about it after we get to spend more time together," refuted Zachary flatly.

"Of course," agreed Henry. "I'm just hoping that you'd move on from that dark past and try to get together with Cynthia. I won't push you to get married so soon."

"Okay," replied Zachary, "I'll hang up now if there's nothing else."

"I'm not done talking," reprimanded Henry. "Have you heard the news about the Blackwoods?"

"I heard about the matter, but I haven't looked into it," answered Zachary nonchalantly.

"I've investigated the case. Lindberg Corporation is trying to oppress Synder Group," revealed Henry in a grim tone. "Two years ago, Danrique tried to get Synder Group to join them, but I put a stop to it."

"Nacht Group was in trouble at the time, and Mr. Blackwood risked offending Lindberg Corporation to come to our aid. He stood by our family and fended for us. Although we have no idea why Lindberg Corporation is suddenly going after Synder Group, the Nachts cannot stand idly by!"

"So you want me to help them out?" blurted Zachary while frowning. "But we have no legit reason for doing that."

"That is why we can't make it too obvious," instructed Henry. "Help them out in secret."

"But I am not in a position to do that." Zachary refused blatantly, then pointed out, "Sharon was too brazen and offended the Lindbergs. They will undoubtedly demand her demise, and it would not be right for me to extend a helping hand."

“What is that supposed to mean?” blurted Henry in astonishment. “You know the whole story?”

“I know bits and pieces. The point is that Sharon had it coming,” informed Zachary, who tried to make things seem less grave than it actually was. “You shouldn’t intervene in the matter. If Taylor asks for your help, just ask him to come to me.”

“Alright,” replied Henry exasperatedly. “I’ve already handed the corporation over to you anyway, so it’s not right for me to butt in either.”

“I’m glad you think this way. I have to go now. Rest well,” said Zachary, who sounded pleased.

“Okay.”

After hanging up the phone, Zachary frowned as he suddenly thought of a problem. Both Sharon and Cynthia had seen Charlotte in person before. If they shared that secret with Henry to save themselves, things would be troublesome for Zachary.

He was contemplating the issue when his phone suddenly rang. The call was from Taylor.

Zachary hesitated for a while before he eventually picked it up and greeted, “Mr. Blackwood.”

“Zachary, do you have time? I’d like to talk to you.”

“Let’s talk in my office. I have half an hour to spare before ten o’clock in the morning.”

“Okay, I’ll head over right away.”