

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 561

As Sharon finished with her threat, she slashed the fruit knife towards her wrist...

"No! Ms. Blackwood! Don't be hasty!" Ben shouted after her.

Zachary had no intention to stop the whole incident. Instead, he sat down on the sofa with his legs up comfortably and lit his cigar calmly.

Meanwhile, the knife found its mark. A shallow slash appeared as fresh blood slowly trickled out...

Sharon slumped onto the floor dramatically, weeping pitifully as torrents of tears streamed down her face.

'What a farce. With such a shallow wound, it's impossible for you to die.'" Zachary dangled his cigar in his mouth and raised his eyebrows. "Shall I teach you how to do it instead?"

Walking over, he grabbed Sharon's hand, picked up the fruit knife, and put it against her injured wrist, as he cold-bloodedly instructed, "You've got to show more resolve. Use more force to jam the knife in. Let me hear the sound of the blade piercing into the arteries. Let me witness the glorious fountain of blood spurting out. Only then you will die quickly!"

"You..." Sharon opened her eyes wide in astonishment, staring at him incredulously as if she was looking at a total stranger.

Everyone knew of Zachary's ruthlessness and resoluteness. From the very beginning, she had admired those qualities of his; these were the aspects of a man who would stand on top of the world in the future. She had thought that she could become his wife by leveraging the existing relationship built by her parents with his family.

Alas, right now, she finally got a taste of his cold-bloodedness firsthand.

“What's the matter, my dear?” Zachary sneered, “Aren't you going to die in front of me? Go on! C'mon!”

“You...” Sharon was nearly driven mad as her whole body shook. “Fine! Just you wait!”

Throwing the fruit knife away, she got up and left, slamming the door with all her might on her way out.

The few secretaries outside exclaimed in horror at the sight of her bloodied hand. Lucy frantically rushed in and asked, “Mr. Nacht, what happened to Ms. Blackwood? She...”

“Forget about her,” Zachary responded ruthlessly.

Ben quickly made a hand gesture.

Understanding the signal, Lucy hurriedly withdrew. Dispersing the panicked secretaries outside, she barked, “Get back to work. Nothing interesting to see here.”

As the secretaries returned to their positions one after another, some could not restrain their curiosity and started whispering. “Ms. Blackwood has cut her wrist. My goodness! For her to walk out alone, won't she die?”

“From what I saw, there's not much blood. Her wound shouldn't be too deep...”

“Makes sense. If it were life-threatening in the first place, the president would not have ignored it. After all, it's a matter of life and death.”

“You're right. Serve her right for putting up such a show in an attempt to force Mr. Nacht's hand. Such a primetime display of drama worthy of the Grammys.”

“Hmph! Mr. Nacht would never be threatened by such cheap farce.”

“That's right! Mr. Nacht did not even bat an eyelid! Such a complete catastrophic wipeout.”

“It's a blessing for us! Thank goodness. We'll be spared from such a terrible future lady boss.”

“I wholeheartedly concur with that!”

“Quit yapping around and get back to work. Pish posh!” Lucy popped back to remind. Turning her head to Dani, she instructed, “Go and call up the cleaner lady. Tell her to get rid of the bloodstains on the floor.”

“Affirmative.” Dani obediently scrambled out.

Deep down their hearts, all the secretaries on the floor were glad. Finally, they did not have to put up with Sharon's atrocious antics anymore!

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Back in the president's office, Ben asked cautiously, “With that has transpired, what if she impulsively turned to Lindberg Corporation?”

“With our joint projects in hand, if she were to turn to Lindberg Corporation, the Synder Group would naturally lose a lot of money. I'm sure she's smart enough to weigh the pros and cons. Besides, even if she were to act foolishly, she still had the arduous task to convince her other shareholders to jump in on her ship as well.”

Casually, Zachary puffed his cigar, proverbially having all the winning cards securely in his hand.

“That's true.” Breathing a sigh of relief, Ben asked once more, “But haven't you perhaps gone too far just now? She may report all these to old Mr. Nacht.”

“Jolly old Mr. Nacht now has great-grandchildren. Who would care about her?” Zachary rolled his eyes, “Let's stop with the nonsense for now. Get someone to clean up the mess here. I don't want the children to be shocked when they come in here.”

“As you wish.”

As Ben was about to call for someone, Lucy had already brought in people for the clean-up.

Zachary was about to go to the adjacent room to his children when Bruce hurriedly rushed in to report, “Sir, old Mr. Nacht has awakened!”

“Huh?” Zachary frowned.

“It's not just a minimally conscious state. He's fully conscious now. Fully sound. And oh, he said that he wants to see you,” Bruce reported with much joy and excitedly ushered, “Come now. See for yourself, sire!”

“Alright.” Stubbing out his cigar, Zachary got up to get the children...