

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 627

Henry sighed in relief as he caught a glimpse of the family emerging unscathed.

Luckily it was just a fright—nothing serious. If something had happened, Zachary and the children will hate me for the rest of their lives.

“What an eventful day!” Spencer exclaimed. “What a fright it gave me. My old heart was unable to take it!”

“Let's go.” Henry gestured. He turned back and saw Mrs. Berry howling in grief from within the car. A bodyguard ran over. “Mrs. Berry, Ms. Windt is fine. Look!”

Mrs. Berry stared in the direction the bodyguard pointed. The family of five strolled happily towards their car. Nobody was hurt, not even the bird.

In an instant, Mrs. Berry was crying tears of joy. “Oh, thank God! Ms. Windt is fine.”

Suddenly, she wailed in horror again. “They forgot about me! We were supposed to take wedding pictures together! Ms. Windt, wait for me!”

With the help of the bodyguard, Mrs. Berry squeezed her plump little body out of the car and ran after Zachary and his family.

At the sight of Mrs. Berry's plump figure running after them, Spencer couldn't hold back his laughter.

“Silly old bugger, always laughing at Mrs. Berry,” Henry teased him. “You have a crush on her, don't you?”

“Huh?” Spencer was taken aback. “No, why would I be thinking of something like that?” he stammered an explanation. “I just think...”

“You sound guilty,” Henry said sternly as he glared at Spencer. He waved at a bodyguard to lift him into the car. “Oh, and tell the rascal that I won't be attending his photoshoot. I'll drop by at the wedding,” he casually instructed Spencer before departing.

“Yes, sir,” Spencer responded with a bow. He froze as he grasped the full meaning of Henry's words. “Are you saying that you agree to it?”

“Can I say no?” Henry sighed helplessly. “If I voice my disagreement again, they'll all hate me.”

“I'm glad that you've thought it through, sir. I will inform Mr. Zachary right away.” Spencer bowed again and rushed off.

“Mr. Zachary, Mr. Zachary!” At the sound of Spencer's voice, Zachary spun around as he was placing the children in the car. “What is it, Spencer?”

“M-Mr. Henry said...” panted Spencer. As he was old, it took him several moments to recover from the short sprint.

“We can talk about this when we get back,” said Zachary with a frown. He was worried that his grandfather was trying to interfere again. He wasn't in the mood for it and tried to drive away before he had to hear what Spencer had to say.

“He said he won't be attending the photoshoot, but he'll drop by at the wedding!” Spencer finished in a hurry.

Zachary froze. He turned around to look at Spencer again. “Are you saying that grandpa agreed to it?”

“That was what I asked him!” Spencer then imitated Henry's tone of voice as he repeated the latter's reply word by word, “If I voice my disagreement again, they'll all hate me.”

Zachary laughed with joy. “Thank him for me, please!”

“Yes, sir.” Spencer nodded with a smile. “Hurry on to the hospital. Mr. Henry would feel sad to see the injuries on your arm.”

At that, he walked away. Mrs. Berry was still jogging toward them. “Watch your step, Mrs. Berry,” Spencer greeted her as they crossed paths.

“Oh, thank you.” Mrs. Berry nodded. “Mr. Zachary, Ms. Windt, are you all right?”

“We're fine.” Zachary signaled at two bodyguards to help Mrs. Berry up the car.

“Daddy, what did Mr. Spencer say?” The children crowded around Zachary, for they were not able to overhear his conversation with Spencer.

“He said, your great-grandpa has given us his blessing!” Zachary said as he hugged Charlotte. “Does this put your mind at ease?”

“Yes, it does.” Charlotte nodded vigorously. With his blessing, I can finally go on with the wedding without worries.