

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 874

“But why? Is the Blackwood family blackmailing you or something?” asked Johann in an agitated tone.

“I hold the most shares in the company, and I get to make that decision. Just do as I say,” said Zachary calmly before he hung up right away.

He could imagine just how angry Johann would be at that moment. He's probably stomping away now...

“The hospital called to inform us that Sharon has a broken rib and a broken leg. She also has some scratches, but other than that, she's fine. She's resting in the hospital as of now,” reported Bruce.

“Get someone to share what happened today with her,” commanded Zachary.

“Understood.”

Only then did Ben and Bruce realize what Zachary had in mind.

“For now, we will head to the Blackwoods' residence,” instructed Zachary.

“Understood. Should we inform them?” asked Ben.

“There's no need for that. Just head over.”

“Okay.”

The Blackwoods' residence was close to Henry's Garden Villa because Taylor wanted to build a rapport with Henry. The former deliberately bought a place near the vicinity to do just that.

The air was fresh, and the environment was quiet.

It was as if they were living in heaven, and that was a great place to stay after retirement.

When Synder Group got into trouble, the Blackwood family sold a lot of their foreign assets to make up for the loss incurred by their company. Yet, they never even considered selling that villa because it was located near the Nachts' residence.

The Blackwoods were surprised when Zachary dropped by. Taylor, in particular, was rushing down the stairs to welcome him. "Welcome, Zachary. Why didn't you tell me that you are dropping by? I would've gone to the gate to welcome you."

"There's no need for that. We're friends, after all," replied Zachary before he grinned and added, "I hope I'm not intruding."

"No, of course not. Please come in," said Taylor as he led Zachary, Ben, and the others into the house. After that, Taylor turned to the housemaid and instructed, "Serve our guests some tea."

The housemaid immediately went to prepare some exquisite tea.

"Ah, I am so forgetful. I forgot that you don't drink tea," commented Taylor before he changed his instructions quickly, "Open up a bottle of red wine. Hurry!"

"I heard from Cynthia that you have a lot of excellent wine with you. Is that true?" asked Zachary.

His tone was warmer that day.

"I don't actually drink much. Those wines are only for serving valued guests. Cynthia is in the backyard picking some flowers. I've already had someone get her over, so she should be here soon," replied Taylor with a smile.

"I actually came here to talk to you. Didn't you ask to see me? I'm here now, so let's cut to the chase," said Zachary, who wanted to speed things along.

"Uh... Let's go talk in the study room," replied Taylor awkwardly. He didn't expect Zachary to be that straightforward.

"Okay."

The two men got up and went to the study room. By then, the maid had already opened up a bottle of exquisite wine. She poured Zachary a glass before she moved away.

"I have twenty minutes left," said Zachary as he checked his watch, then swirled the wine in the glass.

"Oh, right. You run a huge corporation, so you are busy all the time. It's nice that you are willing to spare, even just twenty minutes, to talk to me today. I'll keep things short," said Taylor, who suddenly felt nervous.

"Okay," answered Zachary before he sipped some wine and waited for Taylor to speak up.

"I don't actually have much to say. I just want to know what your plans with Cynthia are," said Taylor in an ambiguous tone.

"My plans? Didn't Cynthia tell you that we are just friends? The news shared by the media is fake," replied Zachary while wearing a confused expression.

“She told me that the two of you were drunk,” said Taylor, “Listen, even if nothing had happened, the news still spread like wildfire. This is bad for her reputation, and her feelings for you are true. I wish...”

“We're living in the twenty-first century,” interrupted Zachary, “Even if we had slept together, it would still just be a one-night stand with consent from both sides. Moreover, we didn't even do anything in reality, so do you actually expect me to marry her?”