

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 972

"She's going to be sent away tomorrow, so you should just endure it first. Don't be rash!" advised the medical staff carefully. "We can't fight her now. She's too powerful!"

"Yeah, don't do anything reckless for now. It's not worth it."

The two medical staff were already so scared of Charlotte that they did not dare to provoke her anymore.

"Forget it?" Cynthia signed frantically. "If she escapes this time, how can I take revenge on her? I want her to experience my suffering before she leaves!"

"But..."

"Shut up!" Cynthia slapped the medical staff forcefully. "Pass me the medical kit."

"Okay." Clutching her cheek, the medical staff brought the medical kit over.

Cynthia took out a small blue bottle. Narrowing her eyes, she signed viciously. "Tomorrow morning..."

Pale from fear, the medical staff quickly interrupted, "We can't do this, Ms. Blackwood. We're doomed if someone finds out!"

"Yeah! Ms. Lindberg is cruel and merciless. She'll definitely kill us!"

"You're afraid of her, but not me?" Cynthia signed menacingly. "If you act smartly, no one will find out. Furthermore, Henry and Zachary are siding with me now. The family is going to be in my grasp soon! Who is that woman to compete with me?"

When the medical staff heard that, they hesitated...

"Don't worry. After everything, I'll arrange for both of you to leave as soon as possible and give you a huge sum of money." Cynthia took out two cheques. "This is your deposit."

When the two of them saw the number scribbled on the cheque, their eyes lit up. The deposit was so hefty that no one could refuse it.

"Don't worry over nothing." Cynthia signed coldly. "Even doing business involves risk-taking. When you go out, you might even get into a car accident! If you don't dare to take any risks, how can you ever succeed?"

"You're right! I'm in!"

"Me too!"

Meanwhile, in his room, Henry was frowning.

"There's something wrong with that rascal. Why is he so agreeable tonight?" He wondered. "Is this part of a strategy to calm me down first before playing his tricks?"

With his head lowered as he made the bed, Spencer gave no response.

"Why aren't you saying anything, you silly old bugger?" growled Henry unhappily.

"I don't dare to," answered Spencer.

“Pfft! What do you not dare to do?” A grim expression crossed Henry's face. “Why are you speaking so weirdly? What are you trying to say?”

“I don't understand.” Spencer tried to hold himself back, but he could not help but ask, “Why would you rather believe an outsider than your own grandson?”

“What do you mean?” Henry was stunned, for this was the first time Spencer had rebuked him.

“I think that Mr. Zachary knows what he is doing. Sometimes, you...”

Spencer shot him a timid look, not daring to go on.

“What do you want to say? Speak!” Henry glared at him.

“You're too much of a busybody.” Spencer could not help but speak his mind.

“How insolent!” Henry refused to admit it. “I'm doing this for his own sake...”

“You might be doing it for his own sake, but he doesn't want it.” Spencer became anxious. “Two years ago, you also had his good intentions in mind. However, what happened? He drowned in his sorrows, while the kids hated you. Not only did you fail to stop what you wanted to stop, but you also made the situation worse...”

At that point, Spencer paused mid-sentence when he noticed Henry's grim expression. He was afraid that if he continued speaking, Henry would be provoked again.

Hence, he paused and advised tactfully, “Mr. Nacht, I think that you should trust Mr. Zachary's judgment and capabilities. For all these years, he had never taken a wrong step. On the other hand, when you try to forcefully change the situation, you'd end up committing a huge mistake. Not only does it require so much effort, but you have also turned your grandson and grandchildren against you! Why go through all that?”