

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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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!

...

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...

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The president's office was so well-insulated that the sound from the previous commotion had not passed through the wall to the adjacent room where the children were. They had no idea what had transpired.

The bad mood caused by the intrusion of the uninvited guest just now had been allayed by the fun and games.

The three children had a great time playing VR games in the lounge.

The gaming setup in here was the most advanced. Equipped with hi-tech seats, the gaming experience was as real as it could get, almost transporting the children into the game itself.

The trio was seated side-by-side in the seats, donning the special goggles. They were experiencing the mysteries of space currently.

From time to time, they exclaimed excitedly and screamed in pleasant surprise as their hands fluttered around.

Fifi seemed to be joining in the fun as well, as it flapped its wings and flew around the screen, seemingly wanting to enter into the same world to experience the same joys as the three children.

Zachary had changed his clothes and walked in. Witnessing the children's elation, he could not help but curve the corner of his lips into a satisfied smirk.

He felt he now knew why Charlotte was so obsessed with money in the past. For the sake of earning more, she would even sell him off to some rich cougar...

After all, it was all for the sake of raising up these three little rascals!

No matter what trials and tribulations one faced outside, the moment one stepped back home and witnessed the three of them, surely all troubles and worries of the day would just dissipate...

"Mr. Nacht..." Seeing him coming over, the three nurses prepared to inform the children.

Zachary gestured to them not to disturb the children. He wanted to let them finish the game first.

Outside, Ben had already readied the car. Bruce stepped in and mentioned, "Sir, shall I go back to fetch Ms. Windt?"

"Don't worry too much about it." Checking his watch, Zachary decided, "We'll go over first. Let her set out one hour later."

"Understood."

"There's something else I wish to report." Leaning into Zachary's ear, Bruce whispered, "Ms. Nacht has been staying in H City and hasn't left. Mayhap she is waiting for the news of the old man waking up."

Upon hearing these words, Zachary deeply furrowed his brows. He had not cared much for neither the Blackwoods nor the Browns. The troublesome one he was wary of was this aunt of his.

She possessed a black heart and a cunning mind. Her methods were swift and vicious. Her plots were sly and subtle. She would do anything and sacrifice anyone to achieve her insidious goals. Those qualities combined made her a formidable opponent not to be underestimated.

During the last visit to Grandpa, even though she seemingly did nothing out of place, he had long suspected that there was something amiss. He did not manage to smell out the tricks up her sleeves...

Due to this, he dared not to lower his guard against her.

"Let's not fetch Charlotte today," Zachary uttered, changing his mind, "Deploy more personnel to protect the children."

"Acknowledged." Bruce immediately sprang to action.

Zachary had known that something that happened last time had cast a great shadow over Charlotte. She herself had known that her father's death was related to Zara. Should a

chance encounter occur at the hospital between two of them later, Zachary could not predict what the outcome would be...

It would be troublesome as well should the children be frightened.

Rather than taking chances, might as well not let her go this time. Utilizing all manpower to ensure the children's safety would be the next prudent thing to do.

As the children were still engrossed in their games, Zachary went out and called Charlotte.

"Hi!" His call was quickly picked up. Charlotte sounded groggy as if she had just woken up from her sleep, "What's the matter?"

"Grandpa is awake," Zachary curtly relayed the good news.

"Really?" Seemingly fully awake from her previous slumber, Charlotte joyfully asked, "That's great! Shall we go there earlier? Let me start preparing now..."

"No." Zachary cut her off and gently said, "Just rest at home. We won't go over today."

"Huh?" Charlotte had not expected the reply and reacted, "Why? Then what about the children?"

"I'll take them over," Zachary answered.

Charlotte was surprised. After all, he had promised in the morning to take her along. Suddenly now he had changed his mind...

What does this signify?

Perhaps he did not plan to tell old Henry about her yet. Even worse, maybe he had not prepared to marry her?

"Daddy..." The shouts of the children could be heard coming from the back.

"I'll hang up the call first," Zachary informed before advising, "Get some good rest."

Immediately after, he hung up.

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Charlotte held the phone in her hand. She was dizzy with disappointment.

She tried comforting herself in her heart. Perhaps Zachary feels that since the old man has just woken up, it'll be better not to rile the latter up too soon...

Charlotte pitifully comforted herself.

...

An elongated Rolls-Royce made its way to the hospital, escorted by two rows of convoys in front and at the back – truly a sight to behold.

The bodyguards deployed were all vigilant, checking and scanning around to spot any untoward surprise ambushes.

Nonetheless, everything went on without a hitch as the journey itself was smooth.

As the cars drove up to the hospital, Zachary led the three children out of their ride. Jamie, whose foot had not fully healed, was sitting on his shoulders. He held the hands of the other two: Robbie and Ellie.

Jamie was feeling elated, with a special sense of superiority seated on his father's broad shoulders.

Fifi was perched meanwhile on Jamie's head, its eyes opened wide, gawking around curiously.

"Daddy, I don't want to hold your hand anymore." Breaking away from Zachary's hand, Ellie childishly complained, "You're too tall. I have to keep raising my hand to hold onto yours. My arm is now tired..."

"Truthfully, I'm tired too." Looking up to Zachary, Robbie blinked and asked innocently, "I'll be as tall as Daddy in the future, won't I?"

"Of course you will." Bending down, Zachary heaved up both Robbie and Ellie in his arms while carefully making sure Jamie was securely seated on his shoulders. "Hang tight, Jamie."

"Okie." Jamie held onto Zachary's head for fear of falling.

"Yay! I'm high up now too!" Ellie cheered, clapping her little hands together.

"Suddenly I feel like my visual field has expanded," Robbie mused, smiling.

"I'm higher up than you still." Jamie raised his brows, proudly showing off.

"I'm higher! I'm higher!" Fifi squawked exuberantly, flapping its wings in response as if it understood the whole childish competition.

"Shush!" Ellie pointed to Fifi with her chubby small hand, pouted her mouth, and playfully scowled, "Fifi, if you squawk again, I'm going to pull off your feathers!"

The intelligent bird quickly covered its mouth with its wings and dared not make any more noises. Its eyes were rolling around, making it looked both funny and adorable.

"Hahaha..." The three children filled the air with their laughter simultaneously.

Zachary could not help but grin. Since these three children had appeared in his life, his world had been filled with nothing but laughter and joy. He had also been slowly changed into a more cheerful person who tended to smile more.

"These kids are so adorable!" Bruce remarked with a satisfied sigh. "Everything has been a little different since Mr. Nacht has become a father. He's a changed man."

"Agreed. A change for the better. A more humane person overall," Ben whispered.

Bruce laughed, "Yeah. Way better."

As the entourage entered the hospital from the side door, they were greeted by the dean and heads-of-departments all lined up ready and waiting. They lined and led them directly to the special ward.

Spencer, who had been waiting downstairs all the while, was glad to see Zachary. He promptly greeted the latter and informed excitedly, "Mr. Zachary, Mr. Henry has awakened and has been thinking about you."

"Noted," Zachary nodded before asking, "You haven't told him anything, have you?"

"No, definitely not. I'll leave you to tell him personally, as per your instruction."

Gazing at the children one by one, Spencer smiled giddily, allowing himself a brief moment to show his true feeling. After that, his face tightened as he hinted meaningfully, "Mr. Zachary, since Mr. Henry has just woken up, please be mindful that he can't handle any bad stimulus yet!"

The meaning was clear as day: double down on the good news, avoid the bad ones.

Zachary instinctively understood what Spencer meant and assured the latter, "Fret not. I'll be tactful!"

The whole family soon arrived outside the special ward. Zachary took the children to the decontamination chamber for a change of clothes. Fifi intended to follow but was prevented by Zachary who tapped its beak and ordered, "Stay outside. Don't cause a ruckus."

Stopping what it was about to do, Fifi immediately landed on Ben's shoulder. It looked aggrieved as it shrugged its little head.

"Make sure you don't poop on my shoulder," Ben threatened, giving Fifi a vicious look, "Or else I will pluck out your feathers one by one..."

"Daddy, Daddy."

Before Ben could finish his sentence, Fifi flew over to Zachary and complained, "Pluck feather, pluck feather. Scared. Scared..."

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"Umm, Ben?" Zachary coldly stared at him.

"I dare not." Ben hurriedly bowed his head in apology, somewhat reluctantly.

Sensing its victory, Fifi shook its hips triumphantly, fluttered its wings, and flew over once more to Ben's head. Raking his hair with its claws and treating his head as its nest, it promptly perched down after a while.

Such a flaunting display of arrogance and dominance – coming from a mere parrot!

Ben's face darkened, unhappy to be defeated by a mere bird. He rolled his eyes upward and stared at the blasted bird perched comfortably on his head, wishing to throw it into a nice pot of hot stew...

Witnessing the whole episode in front of his eyes, Bruce could barely contain his guffaw, and let loose his laughter with a loud snort. "Bwahahaha! This little parrot is quite a human. Hahahaha!"

"One of these days..." Before Ben could finish grumbling, Fifi perked up and postured itself to squawk a complaint once more.

Taking a deep breath, Ben had no other choice but to swallow his pride and his gripe. No matter what, the blasted bird was now his master.

Better not mess with it!

After changing into their isolation gown, Zachary and the children stepped out of the decontamination chamber into the isolation ward.

"I'm already fully awake. Why am I still locked in this accursed ward? Just transfer me out, stat! I'm not that vulnerable, you hear?"

Just as they stepped in, they heard the unhappy complaint of old Henry.

Although he had not been fully healed from his serious illness yet, and his voice was not as energetic as before, he was still filled with quite the vigor.

The doctor and the health specialist standing next to him hurriedly comforted, "Don't worry, Mr. Nacht. We've already done a full-body detailed scan on you this morning. When the results of the scan come out, as long as all the parameters are okay, I assure you we will immediately transfer you to the general ward."

"Why bother with all the troubles. Now listen, y'all, when I said I want to get transferred, I expect y'all to get it done right away..."

"Grandpa!" Little Ellie's cute voice rang out, interrupting Henry's sentence halfway.

Old Henry was jolted from his grumbling. Turning to look, he was overjoyed at the pleasant sight. "Ellie! Robbie! Jamie!..."

"Grandpa!"

"Grandpa!"

The trio shoved Zachary's hands away and rushed over excitedly to Henry's side.

"Grandpa, you're finally awake..." Robbie's eyes were red and he nearly choked with tears. "Every time we dropped by to see you, you were always sleeping. We're so anxious and really hoped for you to wake up soon."

"I'm awake. I'm awake. Dear old me ain't be sleeping no more." Shaking Robbie's hand excitedly, the old man said, "It's a glad ol' thing to see y'all the first thing I wake up!"

"Grandpa, you promised to take me to play soccer last time." Jamie's eyes were red, but he had a big and bright smile on his face. "Now that you're awake, you'll fulfill your promise, yes?"

"Of course," the old man uttered with a smile as he asked, "How's your tiny foot doing? Better?"

"Almost healed," Jamie raised up his leg to show the old man. "The cast has been removed, along with the splint. I'm healed enough to climb the stairs unassisted."

"Hahaha, awesome!" Old Henry laughed heartily. "The moment I'm discharged from this blasted place, I'll take Jamie along for some ball-kicking."

"Hey, Grandpa! You've said you're going to take me to Disneyland to see the princesses." Not wanting to be left out, Ellie grabbed old Henry's hand and squeaked childishly. "Your words still count, yes?"

"Hohoho! Of course, my dear!" Old Henry nodded repeatedly. "The minute I'm outta' here, I'll whisk dear Ellie away to the good ol' magical world of Disneyland in a jiffy!"

"Thanks, Grandpa..." Ellie said as she raised up her chubby small hands and cheered, "All hail Grandpa! Long live Grandpa!"

"Hahaha. If I were to live a thousand years wouldn't I end up an old geezer later, aye?" old Henry remarked in a jocular fashion.

"Naw, Grandpa won't be an old geezer. Grandpa will always be the best! Hip hurray!" Tilting her head, Ellie said with a serious face, "Grandpa must watch us grow up, okay? We still want to honor you for years to come!"

"Good, good! Good kids, y'all are!" old Henry nodded joyously, feeling his eyes slightly wet.

Due to aging, or perhaps having gone through life and near-death experiences, he had become a more sentimental person. Whenever he would see children, he would be easily touched. I've become a big ol' softie, haven't I?

"Gee, grandpa. Playing favorites now, are you?" Zachary sourly noted before continuing in feigned jealousy, "The moment you have great-grandchildren, you don't care about your grandson anymore!"

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"No one wants a cheeky rascal like you..." Old Henry paused mid-sentence and frowned. Staring at Zachary suspiciously, he asked, "What did you just say? 'Great-grandchildren'?"

"Your hearings must have deteriorated with age," Zachary feigned a sigh while shaking his head.

"Daddy, Grandpa's ears are still good," Ellie defended Henry, puffing up her cheeks childishly.

"Ellie, what did you just call him?" Old Henry was stunned.

"Daddy." Turning her head, Ellie replied with a straight, serious face.

"Hell, what's going on 'ere?" Old Henry looked intently at Ellie, before turning his gaze to Zachary and demanded, "Cheeky rascal, you're gonna do some explaining 'ere?"

"Grandpa... Actually scratch that. You're going to be called Great-grandpa from now on..." Robbie chuckled as he faced old Henry and enthusiastically explained, "Since he's our Daddy," the young boy paused and pointed to Zachary before continuing, "And we're Daddy's children. Therefore, we can't address you as 'Grandpa' from now on, but rather 'Great-grandpa'."

"Yes!" Jamie nodded in agreement as he chirped in, "Daddy's grandfather should be called great-grandpa."

Old Henry was absolutely flabbergasted. His eyes widened in astonishment. It took him a while to regain his composure as he impatiently called Zachary over, "I can't make no head nor tail of this. Zachary, get your ass over 'ere!"

The children pouted pitifully and stood aside, giving their spot to their Daddy. Gathering at the corner, they started whispering to one another.

"Why can't Grandpa understand what we're saying?"

"Perhaps we didn't express it clearly enough for him to understand?"

"Makes sense. We're still in kindergarten anyway. It's normal for adults not to understand us. Daddy will explain on our behalf."

"We'll ascend to the second year of kindergarten next year. We should improve our communication skills."

"Yes. We really should read and recite more. This way we can definitely improve our communication skills..."

"Agreed."

Meanwhile, as soon as Zachary approached, old Henry punched him on the arm angrily. "Cheeky rascal."

With his current condition, the punch lacked any strength...

“Spencer mentioned to me that during the time I was sick, you helped me to take care of these children. I was elated, thinking that you finally had grown a conscience in that thick skull of yours.”

Prodding his finger at Zachary’s head, he continued gently, “You know that I care for them greatly. And I know you do a great job taking care of them so I’ll be happy when I wake up.”

“Yet when I finally wake up, bingo! There you are, teaching these innocent children to call you ‘Daddy’?” The old man’s genial tone suddenly took a totally drastic turn. “Have you lost your friggin’ mind?”

“Done with your lecture, old man?” Zachary did not mount a single refutation throughout. After old Henry had finished with his tirade, Zachary calmly took out a DNA test result sheet and handed it to the old man. “Now that you’re done, take a look.”

“What in Hades’ hell is this?” As old Henry scanned through the content, his jaw dropped as he stuttered, “This, this is...”

“The irrefutable proof that they’re my children. My genuine offspring,” Zachary solemnly proclaimed. Smiling, he challenged, “If you don’t believe it, we can run the test once more.”

This time, old Henry was completely confounded. He could only stare on blankly with eyes filled with utter disbelief.

“Mr. Zachary, it is prudent not to excite nor surprise Mr. Nacht too much. His heart may not be able to handle it.” Looking on anxiously from the side, Spencer soothed, “Sir, what Mr. Zachary said is true. These three adorable children you love are truly the biological children of Mr. Zachary, hence your great-grandchildren...”

“Don’t lie to me, you old geezer,” old Henry muttered. With excitement trembling in his voice, he turned to Zachary and said, “Cheeky rascal, don’t you dare prank me. I can’t stand the thrill...”

“Old man, why are you so melodramatic?” Unable to bear it anymore, Zachary boldly challenged, “I’ve revealed the DNA test result. Yet you still doubt it. Shall I do the test once more right here and now?”

“What test?” Ellie widened her eyes blankly.

"You're such a ditz. Even I understand what's going on. It's a test to confirm whether we're Daddy's children," Jamie felt upset at his sister's stupidity.

"A DNA test requires drawing of blood. Quite painful, that one," Robbie shuddered as he remembered the lingering fear of having his blood drawn out from last time.

"I don't want my blood to be drawn. I'm afraid of pain..." Ellie exclaimed as she suddenly bawled her eyes out. "Boohoo... Grandpa, why can't you just believe that we are Daddy's children?"