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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1090

“That’s good. Listen carefully, Dad. I’ve about seventy million in my Mom’s bank account. When you get the chance, retrieve it as soon as you can. The amount should be enough for a comfortable retirement.”

“Where did you get the money from?” Taylor was flabbergasted.

“You don’t have to worry about that,” Sharon murmured. “The card is hidden in the pillow in my room and the password is Mom’s birthday. That’s all for now. I’m going to hang up.”

Upon noticing that the phone call was about to span a minute, Sharon rushed to complete her agenda for the phone call. Just as she was about to hang up, Taylor anxiously yelled, “Hold on!”

“What’s wrong?” Sharon asked.

“When is your Mom’s birthday?” Taylor enquired feebly.

“I can’t believe you. You truly are a heartless man. How could you forget her birthday?” Sharon was beyond disappointed.

Despite her callous personality, Sharon’s mom was her Achilles heel.

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As Taylor's mistress, she was never allowed to reveal her actual identity in order to preserve his reputation. However, that never stopped her from going to great lengths when it came to Sharon's upbringing. She even went as far as sacrificing herself just so Sharon can return to the Blackwoods family.

Sharon always felt like she let her mother down. Hence, she was strictly unable to tolerate anyone who did her mother any disservice.

"Age is catching up with me. My memory's failing me these days," Taylor endeavors to defend himself. "I can't even recall your sister's and your birthdays. I don't even remember my own birthday, for that matter."

"That's enough," Sharon interjected. "630527!" In a brusque manner, she angrily reminded him.

"Got it. I'll remember it now."

Taylor had adopted a much more docile tone when conversing with Sharon. It sounded raspy and aged, different from the alluring man he once was in his days of yore.

"Is Cynthia dead?"

Since the phone call had already passed the one-minute mark, Sharon no longer feared the possibility of being wiretapped. If the police really wanted to bug her phone call, anything longer than a minute would be able to do the trick.

"Yes..."

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At the mention of Cynthia's demise, Taylor's voice divulged his inner despair.

"She died at the hands of the poison she concocted. Tragedy..."

"Serves her right!" Sharon growled as she gritted her teeth. "That nasty b*tch deserved to die. Who asked her to commit crimes then pin the blame on me?"

"You shouldn't talk about her like that. She's your sister." Taylor struggled to tell her off in his frail voice.

Sharon continued lambasting her sister with deep resentment. "That's no sister of mine. Years ago, when my mom passed on, I already found it unusual. Now that I think about it, it must've been her. She must have been the one who murdered my mom. How foolish of me! It's been so many years and I never knew she was adept at utilizing poison."

When she was locked up in the Nacht residence's backyard, she unintentionally heard the maids and bodyguards bemoaning about how it was a shame that a child so young was being poisoned.

At the time, she surmised that it was administered by Zara. She even thought about how ruthless Zara was that she would go to the extent of poisoning a young child.

However, when Olivia was pleading with her earlier on, she accidentally divulged that Cynthia was actually the one who poisoned Ellie. When Olivia recounted the symptoms Ellie had, Sharon could not help but recall her own mother's passing.

That was why she decided to test the waters with Taylor.

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“It all happened in the past. Why are you still dwelling on it?” Taylor sighed before changing the topic. “Oh right. You’ve yet to tell me. How did you flee?”

“Taylor Blackwood.” Sharon interposed angrily. “Are you telling me that you already knew that Cynthia was the culprit who caused my mom’s death?”

Taylor froze for a moment. He didn’t think through his words before responding to Sharon’s statement. Then, it dawned on him. That was a ruse to incite his reaction.

“You merciless b*stard. When my mom passed away, Cynthia was only eleven years old. Can you believe that? Never in the world did I expect her to be the killer. To think I really trusted what you said about how my mom died because of an illness. Only after I saw how that child suffered and got reminded of my mom did I realize that it could have been poison. You kept me in the dark all these years and pretended to love me, just to protect that vicious mute? Huh?” Sharon was quaking with rage.

“Women are like clothes. I can always look for more. But both of you are my daughters and you’re going to accomplish great things on my behalf. The last thing I want is for you to destroy each other.” Taylor kept his cool while he justified his actions.

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