MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1061

When something happened to Charlotte, Zachary almost fell into the vicious cycle of despair. Had it not been for his children, he might not be able to pull himself together.

Therefore, Henry appointed his great-grandchildren his successors instead of his grandson in an attempt to divert Zachary's attention.

Henry knew things would never be the same for Zachary and Charlotte. The best out of the worst possible outcome would be for the duo to part ways and stay away from one another.

In an attempt to keep Zachary going in life, Henry made a mess and brought upon the financial predicament for his grandson's sake.

Little did he know Zachary was about to face yet another crisis in life.

Shortly after he dismissed the rest, he returned to his office and staggered in front of Lucy when he was about to tell her the things she had to sort out with the legal team.

"M-Mr. Nacht!" Lucy shrieked in fear.

Ben rushed over to Zachary's side and stopped him from falling in the nick of time. "Mr. Nacht, are you fine?"

Zachary supported himself against the table. Massaging his swollen temples, he instructed in a callous tone, "I-I'm fine! Just leave me alone for a few minutes!"

"Let's go!" Ben repeated Zachary's instructions and beckoned the legal team and Lucy to make their way out of Zachary's office.

Ben was afraid something bad might happen to Zachary. "Are you fine? Why don't you take a short break? I'll go get you a glass of water!"

He brought Zachary to the couch and returned to with a glass of water.

Zachary tried to retrieve the glass of water, but he ended up dropping it due to his blurred vision. He tried rubbing his eyes to get rid of it, but Ben's silhouette was the only thing he could see.

"I'm sure you're just exhausted after staying awake for almost a week. It's time for you to have a break and put everything aside," Ben urged as he continued cleaning up the mess.

Zachary closed his eyes and took a short break for a few minutes. Once he opened his eyes, he found out he could see just fine again. Thus, he thought he must be exhausted.

Ben suggested when he saw Zachary's pale and haggard face, "You can't keep this up. It's time to call it a day and carry on with the session with the legal team tomorrow."

"Send me to Storm Hotel! I don't want to be home because there are even more things that require my attention!"

"Yes!"

Ben announced Zachary wouldn't be available for the upcoming eight hours. He knew it was about time for Zachary to have a sleep after staying awake for such a long time.

Lucy asked, "Is everything fine with Mr. Nacht? Has he fallen ill or something?"

"He's just exhausted after being awake for almost a week. As urgent as the issues awaiting him might be, it's time for him to take a break."

Prior to their departure, Ben instructed Lucy, "I'll take him to the hotel and leave the rest to you! We'll talk again in the morning!"

"Alright, just leave the rest to me!" Lucy nodded and assured Ben she had everything under control.

As soon as Ben brought Zachary away using the emergency exit, they made their way to the hotel.

On his way to the hotel, he found out there were a few journalists going after them. Irked, Ben instructed Marino to shrug the journalists off.

The moment they reached the hotel, they found out there were journalists awaiting them as well. It turned out they had been waiting for Zachary ever since they last encountered him there.

In the end, Ben suggested, "Mr. Nacht, it's not safe for us to make our way to Storm Hotel. Shall we return to Southridge?"

Zachary, who was about to fall asleep, responded with a nod since he was barely conscious.

Afraid of rousing the man from his sleep, Ben instructed Marino to send Zachary to Southridge as soon as possible.

The residency at Southridge had undergone a major renovation ever since they found out Cynthia's vicious deeds.

No one was around ever since the day Henry passed on. Spencer and the children were at Henry's Garden Villa. Thus, there were only a few maids around at Southridge.