

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1330

After Ben and Zachary stepped into the car, Ben urged the driver, "Drive now."

"Got it."

The moment the car sped off, Ben let out a sigh of relief. He then muttered, "Lupine was staring at us when we were going down the stairs earlier. That was frightening."

"That's all in you?"

Zachary was calm, for he was sure that Charlotte had not figured anything out yet; he was confident in his acting skills.

"Ms. Lindberg didn't figure anything out, did she?" Ben asked. "She actually invited you to her room tonight. Was she suspecting that something was up? Was she trying to sound you out?"

"Why can't she be trying to patch things up with me?" Zachary retorted.

"Um..." Ben fell silent.

"I guess she's suspicious." Zachary stopped messing with Ben as he resumed his solemn demeanor. "I'll have to avoid her these few days. Tell Marino to be wary of the words that leave his mouth."

"Understood." Ben nodded. In a softer voice, he said, "Your phone has been ringing since earlier. I think Ms. Gold is calling you."

"Ignore her," Zachary said, thinking about what Charlotte had said earlier. "Nancy is a good girl. I shouldn't be leading her on."

Those words only made Ben even more anxious. He tentatively reassured, "Bruce is doing everything to find Francesco. I'm sure we'll find him soon."

"What's coming will come, and we'll meet it when it does. It's inevitable."

Zachary sighed, no longer anxious at the thought.

"Have your vision not recovered yet?" Ben asked worriedly. "Why don't we stop by the hospital for a checkup? The episode came so suddenly, and it's lasting quite a while."

"I won't die from it." Zachary closed his eyes. "Arrange a meeting with Mr. Williams and Mr. Spencer tomorrow. Oh, and Johann too."

"Mr. Nacht."

"Skip the nonsense." Zachary was tired. "Just work on it."

"Yes, Sir," Ben answered, not daring to say more than that. However, he had a grim look on his face.

Zachary's current condition was far from good. He had been experiencing dizziness and blurry vision in his earlier episodes, but a while ago, he had lost his vision.

Moreover, he had not regained his vision even after an hour.

Ben did not know if any worse symptoms would rear their ugly heads after this.

Nevertheless, Zachary refused to go to the hospital, and they were unable to find Francesco. In other words, their hands were tied.

Back at home, Ben helped Zachary out of the car. Once his feet were on the ground, Zachary blinked and realized some of his vision was back. At that, he mumbled, "It's fine once I'm home. Can't be that the air at Northridge is toxic, right?"

"Maybe you've been working too hard lately. You should rest more," Ben softly suggested. "I'll help you in."

"There's no need." Zachary pushed Ben aside. Squinting, he then slowly made his way into the house.

He had to get used to life in the darkness as quickly as possible. After all, if he were to have a full-blown episode, his vision would be first to suffer. He would then plunge into a world of darkness.

Before he was six feet under, he had to get used to that life. At the very least, he had to make sure that Charlotte did not spot anything wrong with him and that the children would not worry.

Now that some of his vision returned, he could see the vague outlines of things in front of him.

That was how Zachary made his way back into the house as he avoided the obstacles in front of him. Step by step, he entered the building, went up the stairs, and into his room.

The entire time, his subordinates quietly stood by the side, fearing that any noises they made would disrupt his judgment.

Even Ben was holding his breath as he stuck by Zachary's side.

He only let that breath out when Zachary entered his bedroom, unscathed.

However, in the next second, Zachary's knee crashed into the cellaret, and a loud noise echoed in the room.

“Mr. Nacht!” Ben dashed over to lend Zachary a helping hand. “Are you all right?”

“I'm fine.”

Zachary's eyes were narrowed, but the room remained dark. It was then he realized that no matter how well-trained he was, and how keen his senses were, it was difficult for him to move freely around in a world of darkness.

It seems like I really need some time to get used to this.