

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1713

Nancy lost all hope after hearing that. When she came to the restaurant earlier, she thought Zachary would at least compensate for her loss, but after he gave her that warning, she knew that her life was worth less than a strand of Charlotte's hair."

He wouldn't care even if she was defiled by Chris, nor would he care if she had AIDS. All he cared about was Charlotte. He only cares about her.

"I know you won't listen to anything I have to say." Zachary slowed down and advised, "As your friend, I advise you to calm down and get checked. Once the results are out, face it calmly and handle it with finesse." Zachary gesticulated, and Bruce pushed him out.

Nancy remained in her seat and saw him off quietly, but the flames of hatred flared within her eyes. She thought it was unfair that Zachary didn't care about her. What does Charlotte have that I don't? Why does everyone love her? Why can she monopolize Zachary? I did nothing wrong, but this is what I get? This isn't so fair!

This is so unfair!

Zachary came back to his car, but he was still frowning. He knew that someone like Nancy would never accept this truth. AIDS had an incubation period that could go on for months. The results weren't out yet, so nobody knew if Chris were infected, and by extension, Nancy as well. However, it was that lack of confirmation that could drive people insane.

Nancy's mind and soul would be tortured, and she could do extreme things under that kind of pressure.

"Mr. Nacht, should we get someone to keep an eye on Peter?" Bruce asked quietly.

"Yes." Zachary nodded. "Send someone to protect him."

"I understand, sir." Bruce quickly made the arrangements.

Zachary looked up at the overcast sky, and he had a solemn look on his face. He hoped Nancy would take his advice and handle the matter calmly, but he wasn't sure if she would. All he could do was advise. Some things had to be done alone, and it was her choice whether she wanted to lock herself up in a cage.

Zachary looked at the time. It was sometime past four, so he was about to return to the company to continue with work, but then an unidentified number gave him a call.

He took it curiously, and a cheeky voice said, "It's ya girl!"

"Dr. Felch?" Zachary recognized her voice immediately.

"It's time for your session. Don't drag it on, or you'll kill yourself. My tools and meds are on the mountain, so meet up with me there. I'll treat you there, and we'll go to that b\*stard's house tonight."

"What did you call him?"

"Oh, sorry. It's Danrique." Francesca switched her attitude immediately.

"So you want me to travel to Southridge?" Zachary was curious. Danrique could have asked his guys to take Francesca's stuff over. Why did she tell me to meet up with her at Southridge? And she said I'd be dead if I dragged this on.

I mean, I can't drag it on for too long, but a couple of hours should be fine, so why does Francesca sound like she's in a hurry?

"Yeah, yeah. You're going to die if you keep this up. Get to Southridge right now. You have to get treated before sunset, or your wife's going to be a 'widow' soon."

“Um, okay. I see,” Zachary answered reflexively.

“Hurry up and see you at Southridge. Oh, at half-past five.” Francesca hung up right after that.

Zachary told Marino to head toward Southridge. Charlotte texted him while he was on his way. She said that she had prepared the gifts. 'So when are we going to go to Danrique's place?'

Zachary was about to text her back, then realization struck him.