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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1463

Chapter 1463 A Mysterious Figure

"Good..." Zachary's voice trailed off as he nodded weakly. Gradually, he drifted into a deep sleep.

Ben pulled the covers around him and stood at the side silently.

His heart ached at the sight of Zachary's wretched condition. Sharing the same sentiments as Bruce, he resented himself for being useless. If he could, he wished to endure the excruciating pain and sorrow on behalf of Zachary.

Ring! Ring! His phone rang abruptly, snapping him out of his thoughts.

It was a call from Charlotte, and he answered it hastily. "Ms. Lindberg."

"What's the matter? Why did Bruce come over with a large group of men to guard my place? Did Zachary instruct him to do so?" Charlotte questioned.

Ben replied softly, "It was an instruction from Mr. Nacht a while ago. He's already asleep."

"I'm fine here, so he doesn't have to instruct Bruce to do so. In fact, I'm worried about him over there..." Somehow, she started to feel a prickle of restlessness.

Sensing her anxiety, he tried to reassure her by explaining, "Ms. Lindberg, don't worry. There are still quite a few of us here. Since this is an instruction from Mr. Nacht, we dare not go against him. After the incident two years ago, he's traumatized and is worried that something will happen to you."

"Nothing will happen to me." Charlotte sounded sorrowful.

"He'll only feel at ease if your safety is assured. Please just go along with him." Ben's voice was a bit deep.

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With that, she had no choice but to give in. "All right. Make sure you keep an eye on him. Just leave the matters to Marino and the others."

"Yes, Ms. Lindberg. Please rest well."

Before hanging up, Charlotte reminded him again. "You have to stay by his side at all times. Don't let anything happen to him."

"Ms. Lindberg, I know what to do."

After ending the call, Ben lay on the sofa while keeping an eye on Zachary.

Exhausted from being occupied the past few days, he gradually dozed off.

That night, Marino was in charge of security in Southridge.

Because most of them were transferred to Northridge, only sixteen bodyguards were left in Southridge. However, some were relieved from duty, so only eight men were stationed to stand guard.

Under normal circumstances, it would have been enough since Northridge and Southridge had been peaceful throughout the years.

Even so, Marino reminded everyone not to let their guards down while standing guard. Nothing untoward was allowed to occur before the wedding ceremony.

Therefore, all the bodyguards were on alert.

Soon, it was three after midnight. The entire place was as silent as the grave.

Connor, one of the bodyguards, was on patrol in the garden. When he spotted a figure flashing across one side of the swimming pool, he darted forward and yelled, "Stop right there!"

As the figure stopped in its tracks, Connor could make out the silhouette that appeared exceptionally tall under the dim light. Ah! It's Mr. Nacht!

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He stammered apologetically, "M-Mr. Nacht? I'm sorry for yelling at you. I couldn't see clearly just now, and I thought that—"

"Leave me alone!" An authoritative voice cut him off.

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Connor retreated hastily with his head lowered.

However, the figure did not leave at once but sneaked into the kitchen through the back door.

No sooner had Connor taken a few steps than he started to sense something was awry. Instinctively, he turned to look in the direction where the figure showed up moments ago, then the balcony of the master bedroom. "Mr. Nacht is already asleep, isn't he? How did he show up here?" he mumbled to himself.

Right at that instant, Marino, who was also on patrol, made his way toward him. "Connor, what're you doing?"

Connor moved forward hastily. "Marino, guess what happened just now! I happened to see a figure move agilely from one side of the swimming pool. Thinking that it might be an intruder, I went after him at once. But then it turned out to be Mr. Nacht!"

Marino reprimanded, "Have you gone nuts? Mr. Nacht had gone to bed hours ago. How is it possible for him to appear in the garden?"

"I know it sounds absurd, but I'm certain that I saw him a while ago!" Connor emphasized.

"You must be seeing things!" Marino replied and was about to walk away. Suddenly, he halted in his tracks as a thought occurred to him. "Could it be that someone impersonated Mr. Nacht to sneak into this place? Did you get to see his face?"

Connor shook his head. "No, I only saw his silhouette. But it has to be Mr. Nacht! If that person turns out to be an impostor, I've got to hand it to him. He looked so much like Mr. Nacht!"

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