

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1341

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1341

Ben pouted aggrievedly, not daring to utter a word.

“Don’t take it out on him,” Zachary said calmly. “The truth is I’ve been struck with an incurable disease, and I don’t know how much longer I’ll live. That’s why I drafted this will—just in case anything happens.”

“What?” Flabbergasted, Spencer fell into a daze and snapped back to reality after a long while. “What incurable disease? Are you joking around, Mr. Zachary? D-D-Don’t do this to a geezer like me. I won’t be able to take it at this age.”

“I’m not joking,” Zachary answered coolly. “Do you remember Cynthia Blackwood?”

“You’re talking about Taylor Blackwood’s eldest daughter, right? Yes, I do remember her. But why are you bringing her up now?” Spencer replied anxiously.

“After I exposed her tricks in front of Grandpa back then, she threw some poison at Charlotte, but I took the bullet instead.”

Zachary recounted the previous incident calmly and sighed.

“She shot me a vicious look before being taken away by the cops, signing that I would join her soon. I thought nothing of it at first, and it was only later that I realized what she had meant. I never expected the poison to be so deadly that I’d fall sick from it just by getting some in my eyes.”

“How could this have happened? That horrible woman!” Spencer shook with rage. “Have you talked to Dr. Felch? He’s an expert in toxins, isn’t he? If he could cure both Charlotte and Ellie, surely he’d be able to help you too—”

“It’s too late,” Zachary cut him off. “Dr. Felch has passed away.”

Spencer froze in astonishment. “He’s gone? When did that happen?”

"Just a few days ago. Charlotte and I sent him off after taking care of everything necessary," Zachary answered flatly. "That's why there's no one who can cure me anymore."

"How is that possible..." Spencer refused to accept the truth. "No, there has to be another way."

"There's a guy called Francesco, who used to be Dr. Felch's apprentice. We've been searching for him all this while, but we haven't got a clue about his whereabouts," Ben chimed in.

"Don't ever give up as long as there's hope," insisted Spencer. "I know Francesco. He's a close friend of Danrique Lindberg. You'll be able to find him if you find Danrique."

"We've been looking for him too, but he's also currently missing," Ben responded softly.

"How useless could you be? You can't even locate a guy!" Spencer was so infuriated that he hit Ben with his crutch. "I trained both you and Bruce, and this is all you're capable of?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Spencer."

Ben looked down in shame.

Indeed, he felt extremely remorseful after being reprimanded by Spencer, and he despised himself for not being able to find Francesco.

All their problems would have been solved long ago otherwise.

Spencer glared at Ben before turning to Zachary. "By the way, were you receiving treatment during your two-month disappearance? Did Dr. Felch not come up with any way to cure you?"

"Dr. Felch had followed Ms. Lindberg to Erihal at that time, so we had another medical team assist us—" Ben blurted out.

"Shut your mouth!" Zachary cut him off with a glare. "You've grown some guts, haven't you? How dare you interrupt me while I'm talking to Mr. Spencer?"

"I'm terribly sorry." Ben hastily backed away, afraid to say anything more.

"You should've gotten Dr. Felch to help you back then! Why didn't you?" Spencer demanded frantically. "Does Charlotte know you've been poisoned?"

"She doesn't." Zachary hastened to explain, "Ellie was also poisoned back then and needed Dr. Felch. There's no way I'd have gotten him to treat me instead of them."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1342

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1342

"But you could've all received treatment together! They shouldn't have gone to Erihal. The three of you should have stayed behind so that none of you would miss out on Dr. Felch's treatment!"

"Dr. Felch was old; he wouldn't have been able to manage. He collapsed right after treating Charlotte and Ellie. If he had to treat me too, none of us would have made it."

"But—"

"That's enough, Mr. Spencer," Zachary interjected. "It's too late now. There's no point bringing up the past."

"All right." Spencer lowered his head, choosing not to say any more despite feeling slightly resentful toward Charlotte.

The older man refused to believe that the doctor would be unable to cure one more person and secretly blamed Charlotte for Zachary's current predicament.

"I called you over because I want to leave the Nacht family in your hands," Zachary said gravely. "Ben and Bruce have stayed by my side for many years, but they still have a long way to go compared to you. You have the ability to take the helm here. The only problem is that you may seem less convincing because of your identity, so I'll find a way to change that."

"I understand." Spencer no longer opposed to his decision. "I'll do everything in my power to carry out your will and protect the Nacht family for as long as I live."

"That's what I like to hear." Zachary felt especially relieved. "Take care of your health, and please do not fall until the kids have grown," he exhorted.

"Okay." Spencer nodded, his eyes reddening slightly.

"You can leave now. I'll be meeting Johann soon." The corner of Zachary's lips quirked into a smile. "Take good care of yourself. I'll talk to you again when I've made all the necessary arrangements."

"Got it." Spencer gazed at the younger man before him. He wanted to say something more but ultimately stopped himself.

"See Mr. Spencer off," Zachary instructed Ben.

"Yes, Sir." With that, Ben wheeled Spencer away.

"Bring me for a stroll at the courtyard since Johann has yet to arrive. Mr. Henry used to love sitting in there." Spencer could not help but lament as he stared at the familiar-looking garden.

"Sure, but it's raining now. Give me a moment while I get someone to pass us an umbrella."

Moments later, Ben wheeled Spencer into the garden while holding a large, black umbrella.

The garden was well maintained by the gardener and looked exceptionally beautiful, but Spencer simply did not have the heart to enjoy the view. "Tell me the truth. Is Mr. Zachary's illness that serious?" he asked solemnly.

"It's been about three months since we discovered the problem. Before this, he would experience blurred vision and dizziness from time to time, but last night, he completely lost his sense of sight for a few hours. According to the doctor, it's because the poison has reached the brain and affected his sensory nerves."

After elaborating, Ben added sorrowfully, "We held onto the last sliver of hope when we went to see Dr. Felch. He was already barely hanging on back then, but he never forgot about Mr. Zachary's illness and even went on to write a prescription during his last moments. Unfortunately, he couldn't make it. However, before taking his last breath, Dr. Felch told us that his apprentice, Francesco, would be able to understand the unfinished prescription and cure Mr. Zachary. That's why we've been doing whatever we can to find Francesco, but there's still no news on his whereabouts."

"I'll think of something too." A frown creased Spencer's forehead. "We can't give up as long as we have a chance, no matter how slim it is."

"That's right." Ben nodded. "We've never given up and have been trying our best to find a cure."

“Mr. Zachary is all the family has now. If he were to collapse, it would be the end of the Nacht household’s century-long legacy...”

Spencer’s eyes watered as he spoke. “I promised Mr. Henry to watch over Mr. Zachary. How am I going to face Mr. Henry if anything were to happen to his grandson?”

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1343**

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1343

Ben looked down despondently, unsure of what else to say.

Suddenly, the roaring sounds of a car engine could be heard from outside. Ben glanced behind and quickly recollected himself. “Mr. Sterk’s here. I’ll escort you to your vehicle now.”

Spencer nodded. “It’s fine. You may go ahead. I’ll get my men to help me.”

Since Henry’s passing, all the bodyguards and maids responsible for serving him were ordered to take care of Spencer.

However, Spencer had half of them sent over to Zachary, leaving only a few employees by his side.

He believed that an old servant like him did not require the care of so many people.

Even so, Zachary respected him greatly and ensured that he was given the same amount of care Henry used to receive.

At present, Ben left Spencer in Kyle’s hands, watched them leave, and then went to receive Johann.

When Johann got out of the car and caught sight of Spencer’s car, he grew unsettled. Tugging at Ben’s sleeve, he asked in a low voice, “Why did Mr. Nacht call me over? Did something big happen?”

All these years, Zachary would meet him at the company or anywhere else outside, regardless of how grave the issue was.

Given that it was his first time being invited to the Nacht residence, he could not help but fear the worst.

"You'll find out when you meet him," Ben answered respectfully. "This way, please."

Hanna had brought over a fresh pot of tea by the time Johann arrived at the study with Ben.

Zachary sat cross-legged on the couch, gazing at the document in his hand. Upon hearing the sounds of footsteps, he looked up and smiled. "Welcome, Mr. Sterk."

"What's the occasion today, Mr. Nacht? Why did you suddenly call me over to your home?"

Johann felt sick with apprehension.

"Have a seat." Zachary gestured toward the couch.

As Johann sat across from him, Hanna placed the teapot at the coffee table before leaving the room.

Johann was about to pick up the teapot when he noticed the document on the table, and it intensified the restlessness gnawing at him.

"This is for you." Zachary handed the document over to him. "Have a look at it."

Johann's hands that were reaching out to pour himself a cup of tea froze at once. After putting his reading glasses on, he read through the document. "What is this, Mr. Nacht? What are you doing, drafting a will at such a young age and asking me to take over your position as the head of Divine Corporation?" he exclaimed in shock.

"Go through it carefully." Zachary reminded him with a smile. "It says that you'll be taking my place if anything happens to me. As for the headquarters in M Nation, Spencer will remain in charge, whereas you will assist him."

"What on earth is going on?" Johann was in a frenzy of anxiety. "Nacht Group has been growing steadily, and you're at the height of your career! Why did you draw up a will all of a sudden?"

"I'm doing it just in case." Zachary had no intention of telling him the truth. "Life is full of surprises. No one knows what might happen tomorrow, right?"

"But—"

“Read the document carefully and tell me what you think,” Zachary cut him off. “If you have any objections, I’ll get my lawyer to amend it. If you accept the terms, then it’s all settled.”

“I...”

Seized by fear, Johann could not sit still. He had a clear feeling that something must have happened to Zachary, but he also knew that there was no point in inquiring. If the latter wanted to tell him the truth, he would have done so.

He and Spencer were different. Spencer had lived with the Nachts all his life and was a close acquaintance of Zachary despite being a servant, whereas Johann’s relationship with Zachary was solely professional.

Thus, Johann was aware that there were some things Spencer could know, but not him.

“All right. I’ll go through it.”

Casting his doubts aside, he proceeded to take a proper look at the document.

As he did so, a subordinate brought the said lawyer into the room, who greeted him and Zachary before taking note of anything Johann wanted to amend in the will.

Zachary drank his tea, patiently waiting for Johann.

A while later, Johann spoke grimly. “I’ve gone through everything. I don’t have an issue with anything mentioned in the document; it’s just that the terms seem to favor me a little too much. I’ve only been around for ten years, but you’re planning on giving me ten percent of the company’s shares. You don’t have to, honestly. I’d do my best to safeguard Divine Corporation even without these shares.”

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1344**

[/ Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1344

Johann took out a pen and crossed out the clause related to his receipt of the shares. “Please remove this clause, or I won’t accept your terms,” he declared earnestly.

“Safeguarding Divine Corporation is no easy feat,” Zachary responded seriously. “The company’s operating steadily with me around now, so it’d be easy for you to take my place. But this will only come into effect when I’m gone, and that’s also when Nacht Group will be thrown into unrest. You’ll face great challenges ahead, and your life might even be in danger. That’s why giving you ten percent of the shares really isn’t that big of a deal.”

“But does giving me these shares mean I won’t have to deal with all the challenges coming my way?” Johann asked in return. “Whatever happens will eventually happen, and no amount of shares you give me is going to change that. My two daughters have gotten married and are currently living abroad. They’re doing well and don’t need my money anymore, so I wouldn’t know what to do with the shares anyway. In fact, more people might have their eyes on me because of these shares, which would only put my life in greater danger. Let an old man like me live for a few years longer, will you?”

Zachary wavered slightly upon hearing that. He could not really find a way to insist, given the way Johann was rejecting the shares.

Divine Corporation had powered through trials and tribulations of all sorts for the past years. While some people had grown to be part of the company, others had left—all except for Johann. Even though the two men were constantly getting into squabbles with each other, Johann was always around when it came to the crunch.

“Thank you.”

That was the only way Zachary could express his gratitude.

“No, I should thank you for contributing so much to modern technology,” Johann remarked. “Ordinary people like me have no way of popularizing tech products through commerce, but you used your own abilities and market power to allow an old man like me to do my part.”

“It’s all thanks to our combined effort.” Zachary smiled. “If you don’t want the shares, tell me what you want. I’ll do whatever I can to fulfill your request.”

“There’s nothing I want at the moment, but I won’t hold back when I’ve thought of something.” Johann stood up. “Well, if that’s all, I’ll be leaving now. We have a new product to test, and I have to be there.”

“Go ahead.” Zachary nodded and turned to Ben. “See Mr. Sterk off.”

“Yes, Sir. This way, Mr. Sterk.”

As Johann got up and walked toward the door, he suddenly remembered something and turned to Zachary. "By the way, Mr. Nacht, I'd like to meet Robbie in private if that's okay with you. I think he's very gifted, and I'd love to discuss some tech-related matters with him."

"Actually, he's home right now. I'll leave it to you, Ben."

Zachary was more than happy to let Johann meet Robbie. After all, having him guide the boy personally was nothing but good news.

"Yes, Sir." Ben immediately led Johann to Robbie.

Meanwhile, the lawyer, Rodney Williams, showed Zachary an updated electronic version of the will. "Have a look at it, Mr. Nacht. Is there anything else that requires amending?"

Zachary glanced at the screen. "Leave it as it is for now. Also, I want you to draw up a supplementary agreement that no one else apart from you and me should know about."

"Understood."

"This will be the contents of the agreement: In the event of my death, all of my properties shall be divided equally between Charlotte Lindberg and my three children."

Rodney jotted down everything Zachary had described.

Meanwhile, Robbie was in the midst of working on his latest invention when Johann showed up. The boy immediately stood up to greet the man, and the two began to converse.

With Hanna watching over the child, Ben headed downstairs to return to Zachary.

Suddenly, a subordinate came rushing up to him. "Ben, someone named Ms. Gold is here, and she's requesting to meet Mr. Nacht."