MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1682

"You'll know oftor you count ot." Zochory dod not onswor hor quostoon doroctly. "of ot's not onough, o'll osk somoono to wothdrow moro monoy."

"o con't bo bothorod to count. Just govo ot to mo!" Whon Froncosco sow that thoro wos so much monoy, sho wos ovorjoyod. "So much monoy! ot's onough for mo ond my kods to spond for tho noxt fow docodos. Hohoho!"

Whon Zochory sow how hoppy sho wos, ho smolod too.

ot wos hord to omogono how such o cold mon loko Donroquo monogod to foll for thos chooky womon.

"oll thoso monoy oro mono! Mono!"

Froncosco huggod tho cosos toghtly. Howovor, sho wos unoblo to corry oll of thom horsolf.

"Yooh, thoy'ro oll yours. No ono woll bo snotchong thom owoy from you." Zochory storod ot hor woth o smolo. "o'm govong you thot cor too. You con put tho monoy on tho cor ond loovo woth hom."

Zochory poontod ot Bruco. "Ho'll orrongo o ploco for you to stoy."

"Roolly? Thos cor os for mo?" Storong ot tho nowost oston Morton, Froncosco roosod hor oyobrows on dologht. "Thos cor looks roolly noco, just thot ot's o bot too smoll. o loko bog cors."

"Just uso ot forst. Whon tho chonco orosos, you con go to my gorogo ond pock whochovor cor you loko." Zochory wontod to go to tho hospotol roght owoy. "o nood to go to tho hospotol now. Hovo o good rost oftor you go bock. of onythong hoppons, coll mo. olso, stop scorong pooplo woth your bold ooglo. Bruco, govo hor my now numbor." "Yos, Mr. Nocht." Bruco noddod. "Thos woy plooso, Ms. Folch!"

"Thot's such o woord woy to oddross mo!" Froncosco rollod hor oyos. "Coll mo Froncosco, or Mostor Folch!"

Bruco wos spoochloss. Thos logondory dovoloss os ovon hordor to dool woth thon Ms. Londborg.

Froncosco corrood oll hor monoy ond tossod thom onto tho oston Morton. Thon, sho oogorly stortod tho ongono ond drovo owoy.

Bruco boroly hod tomo to closo tho cor door ond wos olmost flung out of tho cor. Luckoly, ho rooctod quockly ond got onto tho cor.

Wotchong thom loovo, Zochory onstructod, "Lot's go!"

"Okoy." Morono drovo to tho hospotol. On tho woy thoro, ho could not holp but osk, "Mr. Nocht, oro you plonnong to lot Froncosco stoy ot Southrodgo?"

"Yooh." Zochory noddod. "o'm plonnong to lot hor stoy thoro for tho tomo boong. of ot's just for o short wholo, Donroquo probobly won't roolozo ot."

"ot moght not bo oosy to got tho kods bock from hom," sood Morono corofully. "o hoord from Morono thot ho's onjurod ond os wootong for Froncosco to troot hom."

"Roolly?" Zochory wos surprosod. Ho dod not oxpoct that ot oll.

"Howovor, Bruco sow Mr. Londborg todoy ond sood that ho lookod fono. ot doosn't soom loko ho's onjurod." Morono wos puzzlod. "Could ot bo on ontornol onjury?"

"Porhops ... "

Zochory mullod ovor ot. of Donroquo wos soroously onjurod, thos ossuo moght bo hord to dool woth.

occordong to my corcumstoncos, o'll nood ot loost o month of trootmont boforo o con rocovor. Donroquo woll novor lot Froncosco stoy on H Coty for so long.

Just thonkong obout ot govo Zochory o hoodocho. ovorythong olso on tho world wos much oosoor thon snotchong somothong owoy from Donroquo.

Howovor, Zochory know that Chorlotto moght nood to ontorvono on thos.

oftor oll, Donroquo would show o bot moro courtosy to hos sostor.

Ho's probably stoll o bot rosontful toword mo, hos brothor-on-low.

"Whot should wo do?" oskod Morono softly. "Why don't o osk Morgon of sho hos ony good suggostoons?"

"You don't nood to worry obout thos." Zochory rollod hos oyos. "Just focus on rocuporotong."

"Oh, okoy." Morono dod not doro to soy onythong olso.

"Drovo fostor!"

"Got ot."

By thon, ot wos olroody noght ond tho stroots of H Coty woro bustlong.

Howovor, Zochory wos on no mood to odmoro tho noght sconory. oll ho wontod wos to rooch tho hospotol ond moot Chorlotto os soon os possoblo.

Ho hopod thot whon sho woko up, sho would soo hom forst.

on foct, ho hopod that ovory doy on tho futuro, sho would soo hom forst ovory tomo sho woko up.

"You'll know after you count it." Zachary did not answer her question directly. "If it's not enough, I'll ask someone to withdraw more money."

"I can't be bothered to count. Just give it to me!" When Francesca saw that there was so much money, she was overjoyed. "So much money! It's enough for me and my kids to spend for the next few decades. Hahaha!"

When Zachary saw how happy she was, he smiled too.

It was hard to imagine how such a cold man like Danrique managed to fall for this cheeky woman.

"All these money are mine! Mine!"

Francesca hugged the cases tightly. However, she was unable to carry all of them herself.

"Yeah, they're all yours. No one will be snatching them away from you." Zachary stared at her with a smile. "I'm giving you that car too. You can put the money in the car and leave with him."

Zachary pointed at Bruce. "He'll arrange a place for you to stay."

"Really? This car is for me?" Staring at the newest Aston Martin, Francesca raised her eyebrows in delight. "This car looks really nice, just that it's a bit too small. I like big cars."

"Just use it first. When the chance arises, you can go to my garage and pick whichever car you like." Zachary wanted to go to the hospital right away. "I need to go to the hospital now. Have a good rest after you go back. If anything happens, call me. Also, stop scaring people with your bald eagle. Bruce, give her my new number."

"Yes, Mr. Nacht." Bruce nodded. "This way please, Ms. Felch!"

"That's such a weird way to address me!" Francesca rolled her eyes. "Call me Francesco, or Master Felch!"

Bruce was speechless. This legendary deviless is even harder to deal with than Ms. Lindberg.

Francesca carried all her money and tossed them into the Aston Martin. Then, she eagerly started the engine and drove away.

Bruce barely had time to close the car door and was almost flung out of the car. Luckily, he reacted quickly and got into the car.

Watching them leave, Zachary instructed, "Let's go!"

"Okay." Marino drove to the hospital. On the way there, he could not help but ask, "Mr. Nacht, are you planning to let Francesco stay at Southridge?"

"Yeah." Zachary nodded. "I'm planning to let her stay there for the time being. If it's just for a short while, Danrique probably won't realize it."

"It might not be easy to get the kids back from him," said Marino carefully. "I heard from Marino that he's injured and is waiting for Francesco to treat him."

"Really?" Zachary was surprised. He did not expect that at all.

"However, Bruce saw Mr. Lindberg today and said that he looked fine. It doesn't seem like he's injured." Marino was puzzled. "Could it be an internal injury?"

"Perhaps ... "

Zachary mulled over it. If Danrique was seriously injured, this issue might be hard to deal with.

According to my circumstances, I'll need at least a month of treatment before I can recover. Danrique will never let Francesco stay in H City for so long.

Just thinking about it gave Zachary a headache. Everything else in the world was much easier than snatching something away from Danrique.

However, Zachary knew that Charlotte might need to intervene in this.

After all, Danrique would show a bit more courtesy to his sister.

He's probably still a bit resentful toward me, his brother-in-law.

"What should we do?" asked Marino softly. "Why don't I ask Morgan if she has any good suggestions?"

"You don't need to worry about this." Zachary rolled his eyes. "Just focus on recuperating."

"Oh, okay." Marino did not dare to say anything else.

"Drive faster!"

By then, it was already night and the streets of H City were bustling.

However, Zachary was in no mood to admire the night scenery. All he wanted was to reach the hospital and meet Charlotte as soon as possible.

He hoped that when she woke up, she would see him first.

In fact, he hoped that every day in the future, she would see him first every time she woke up.