

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1571

Chapter 1571 Right Here At The Ridges

That show of strength really had its desired effect as those paparazzi were left pallid and gasping in relief. Rakan Hill's a perilous place with dangerous roads and a frequent haunt of street racers. Out of considerations of safety, it might be better to not come back here again.

While they were engaged in discussion, the roaring of beasts reverberated from within the wilderness, and several eagles started to circle in the air as well. That spooked them enough to jump into their cars and scoot off.

"Bunch of sickening cowards," Lupine cursed as she drove.

Charlotte stared at the skies beyond the windows at those soaring eagles. "Did you hear that just now?"

"Could be some wild animals," replied Lupine, seemingly unbothered. "You'll get that here sometimes. They probably came out in protest after being alarmed by these people."

Quietly lost in thought, Charlotte merely teared up a little.

A while later, she picked up the phone and called Gordon to ask about his progress on Zachary.

"We were working on some leads yesterday, but nothing came of them." Gordon sounded a little disappointed when he spoke. "Goddammit. I've never felt this defeated in years."

"I really have to hand it to this Francesco. With so many people tracking her, she could still manage to vanish without a trace with an unconscious man in tow. Now I can see why Sean has been telling me that she's a monster and the one person in this world apart from Mr. Lindberg that you don't want to mess with!"

"Uh..." Rarely had Charlotte heard Gordon having so much to say in one sitting, and also communicate with this much emotion. Even more unexpected, was for him to encounter someone who had impressed him for the very first time.

"Several of my men had been knocked out by her gas and hasn't come to yet," Gordon continued to cuss away. "Of course, the Gold family are doing comparatively worse off on their end as nobody they sent after Francesco managed to get back in one piece. I think they might have been scared off, seeing how they seemed to have reined it in a little today."

"Where are you now?" Charlotte asked.

"Following the leads from before had brought me to Baykeep. Right now, I'm combing through an abandoned warehouse," Gordon replied. "How are you doing over on your end, Ms. Lindberg? Are you short of manpower? Shall I send some people over?"

"It won't be necessary. All of you should stop looking," Charlotte declared. "Send your wounded personnel for treatment, and have the rest meet me back at Northridge."

"Huh? Are we forgoing the search?" Gordon sounded a little surprised. "Although the Gold family has eased it off today, that doesn't mean that they've given up on finding Mr. Nacht. He and Francesco could still be in danger should they get to them first."

"I know what I'm doing," came Charlotte's bland reply. "You guys must be worn out having been at it for the past two days. Wrap things up and reconvene with me back here."

"All right." Seeing that Charlotte had her mind made up, Gordon desisted from pressing further and went on to make the necessary arrangements.

"Why have you suddenly decided to discontinue the search, Ms. Lindberg?" Lupine asked.

"I suspect that Francesco is right here at the ridges." Charlotte narrowed her eyes and gazed at the wild eagles fading further and further into the horizon. "Perhaps, she's holed up somewhere inconspicuous and secretly administering treatment to Zachary..."

"Huh?" Lupine stared with eyes gawking. "What led you to such a conclusion? There isn't—"

"Aside from Danrique, she's the only one who can summon beasts." Charlotte's lips curled into a smile. "I suppose she must have been annoyed by those journalists, and that's why she sent out those animals to chase them off the ridges."

"I see," replied the enlightened Lupine.

Elsewhere, over at the backyard loft.

Francesco scanned the skies and whistled at those eagles that promptly flew off and away from Southridge.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1572

Chapter 1572 Rubbing It Into Danrique

"Blasted things. Why are you coming here to snoop all over the place when I'm so comfortably hidden? What if you were to give my position away?"

After ascertaining that those journalists had left the ridges, Francesco relaxed and leaned back lazily into the backrest. She then closed her eyes to soak in the sun before she yawned.

"This is just a taster. Next time you show up, I'll set the snakes on you."

A little green serpent slithered off Zachary and wrapped itself around Francesco's arm before it tightened itself around her wrist like a pristine jade bangle.

"I'm hungry. Go make me something to eat."

When Francesco looked askance at the little reptile around her wrist, she was so languid that she did not even want to lift her fingers. "Bah. If only you can really adopt a human form and help me with the cooking."

She paused and glared grudgingly at Zachary, who was laid out upon the wooden bed. "It's all your fault, Fugly. You're such a dead weight that I still need to babysit you every single day! Not even Dummy got to enjoy this level of service from me before, so you owe me. I'd say, it wouldn't be too much to ask for even if I were to demand half of your estate for saving your sorry behind!"

Following that, she hurled a handful of peanuts she had within reach at Zachary. "Hey, did you hear me? Remember to show some proper gratitude in the future, yeah?"

Under the wooden bed was a smoking bundle of herbs that shrouded Zachary within a dense blanket of scents. The needles that were embedded all over his head gave off a subtle glister that flickered through the mist.

After the ordeal he underwent in the past two weeks, he had become visibly sloven and sallow, and his appearance was rather slatternly and also somewhat unsightly. His hand then twitched in a subtle way, as though responsive to Francesco's words...

"Looks like the message got through," Francesco chuckled with glee. "One can never have too much money. Hehe. Once I've got lots of them, I'm going to go bury that jerk Danrique with it!"

Francesco was over the moon at the prospect of being able to receive half of Zachary's fortune and use it to embarrass Danrique.

She finally decided to ditch her laziness and get up to prepare sustenance.

A sooty pot bubbled as it dangled over the fire into which she casually tossed in a few large femurs.

Then, she picked up a badly chipped chopping knife and diced up a few carrots which were dropped into the pot as well. That was enough exertion for her as she slumped back into the recliner and yawned. "This is so tiring! How I wish there was someone around to serve me!"

She slowly but surely became overcome by drowsiness and was about to nod off.

Meanwhile, Charlotte's car had arrived at the intersection point of Northridge and Southridge. "Shall we go have a look?" Lupine asked.

"Perhaps it might be better not to," Charlotte said as her eyes fixated upon Southridge, feeling a little tensed up inside. "I keep having the feeling that this might be where she could be hidden if that was her intent. After all, the most dangerous place may very well be the safest!"

"Why shouldn't we go seek her out?" Lupine asked, quizzically.

"There must be a reason why she did not try to look us up," Charlotte said while she worked to keep her own emotions in check. "Perhaps she prefers solitude and doesn't like to deal with strangers. She might prefer to isolate herself and administer treatment at her own leisure than to go back and forth with me. Or perhaps, she isn't sure about Zachary's prognosis and chose to keep things under wraps because she was afraid that I'd be disappointed if she couldn't address his ailment. Regardless, I shan't disturb her if she doesn't want me to."

"You may be right." Lupine nodded. "In that case, shall we leave and check back in again to try and sound things out later tonight?"

"Yes. Let's head off before she discovers us," Charlotte urged.

"All right."

The car then ventured onward in the direction of Northridge.

Charlotte was profoundly moved and comforted in the knowledge that Francesco could be attending to Zachary in the ridges.

That would be unexpectedly fortuitous if that were true. So long as he survives, everything we have gone through would be worthwhile.