

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1572

“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 glisten 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.