

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1645

"Of course I want it." As if struck by a sudden thought, Francesca added, "By the way, how am I going to get paid if you end up dead? Charlotte does not look too safe in her current predicament. I don't think she would be able to pay me and take care of herself simultaneously. Even if I went to her, what will happen if I get caught by Danrique?"

"That is why you must treat me to get paid," Zachary said at once. "The prescription is written on greaseproof paper. All you need to do to reveal what's written on it is to wipe it down with some iodine."

"Oh, right." Francesca picked up the prescription for a closer look. "An additional ten million for that service!"

Zachary's eyes widened in shock. "Rob a bank, why don't you?"

"Don't be ridiculous." Francesca rolled her eyes. "It's double the work for half the payout."

Zachary was struck dumb. I am actually her cash cow.

"It's a lot of work, you know," Francesca whined. "I specialize in herbal concoctions. The medicine you require forces me to descend the mountain and into the hospitals. And there is the risk of running into Danrique and his men. They might capture me and take me away."

Zachary shut his eyes with defeat. "Ten million it is. Just get it done."

With a triumphant smile, she nipped his thumb and pressed a bloody thumbprint onto her checkbook.

Zachary gazed forlornly at the patch on his thumb. "At this rate, the entire Nacht fortune will be yours by the end of the week."

Francesca grinned broadly. "Rightfully earned, if I may say so myself."

After she had packed her bags and descended the mountain, Zachary was left alone once again in the wooden hut. He gazed at his own frozen body in despair.

After much persuasion, he had gotten Francesca to help him with his computer for a short while that afternoon before she complained of tiredness and refused to aid him any further. With his own immobility, he was afraid that he would not be able to accomplish much, given the rate of his progress.

If it had been a higher-end phone, Zachary would have been able to carry out the necessary functions with voice command. However, Francesca had gotten him the cheapest model she could find.

He was stunned when she first presented it before him. Having asked her why she did not pay more for a better model, she reasoned that there was no need for a phone with multiple features since they already had a computer.

Zachary stared morosely at the outdated phone, which was just out of reach.

I'll only be able to use it when I regain the function in my fingers.

Francesca drove her broken-down van down the mountain and chose the first private clinic she saw. Having procured the medical supplies, Francesca was preparing to leave when she saw a familiar silhouette.

"Does this clinic have the necessary equipment?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Nacht. This clinic belongs to a good friend of mine. Besides, Mr. Gold wouldn't notice such a small establishment. We'll just be taking a blood sample, and then we'll be out of here."

"You're right."

Chris pulled down his mask and gazed about cautiously. Evidently satisfied that he was not being followed, he strode in with unnatural haste.

He did not notice a girl with a slight frame watching him from the bend of the corridor.

“He looks like just the guy I picked up,” Francesca murmured to herself.

She recalled that Zachary once mentioned that there was a high possibility of somebody impersonating him to collude with someone named Mr. Gold to steal his family's wealth.

He must be that lookalike!

At the thought of Alpha's injury sustained from the kidnapping carried out by the men before her, Francesca's eyes glinted with cold malice.