

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1663

After the countless repetitions of sit-ups, Zachary's entire back had turned red and sweaty. Nonetheless, he showed no signs of stopping.

“Didn't you already succeed? Why are you still training?” Francesca yawned and rubbed her eyes tiredly.

“The corporate war is a battle of stamina. Collapsing after a short while means that I'm admitting defeat. Even if I'm confined to a wheelchair, I need to maintain an elegant sitting posture,” Zachary replied while gritting his teeth.

Zachary's steely determination left Francesca impressed. “You remind me of my husband.”

“Huh?” A look of surprise flitted across Zachary's face. “Danrique? How are we similar?”

“In the past, he suffered a grave injury to his leg. As a result, he nearly lost his ability to stand. Yet, he refused to give up and trained endlessly to regain his mobility. Earlier, you sounded just like him...” Francesca lamented softly.

“Do you miss him?” Zachary chuckled.

“Have you lost your mind? I don't!” Francesca's face turned bright red. “Stop spouting nonsense, or I'll beat you up!”

The corners of Zachary's mouth twitched, but he remained silent.

Francesca glared at him as she moved to prepare breakfast. “It's still early; you can sleep for a bit more. Remember to take your medication after breakfast, all right?”

"It's getting late." Zachary glanced at the owl-shaped clock hung on the wall. "I still need two hours to get myself cleaned up."

"Cleaned up?" Francesca echoed in confusion.

"I can't exactly go to work like this, right?" Zachary gestured at himself as he spoke.

His beard and hair were disheveled. Furthermore, dirt coated his entire body from head to toe. Overall, Zachary resembled a beggar rather than a businessman.

"What are you going to do? You want me to buy some clothes for you?" The coldness in Francesca's voice revealed how displeased she was.

"Let's head to Southridge at twelve."

"Okay."

All of a sudden, their conversation was interrupted by Zachary's phone. Upon noticing that Raina had called him, he quickly took the call. "Hello?"

"Mr. Nacht, everything has been arranged according to plan. Should I head over to pick you up?" Raina asked.

"There's no need for that. We will head there ourselves. Make sure to keep our arrival a secret."

"Does this include Ms. Lindberg's arrival as well?"

"Yes," Zachary confirmed.

“Okay, I got it.”

After the call, Zachary returned to his exercises. Burning with curiosity, Francesca asked, “Why aren't you contacting your wife? Aren't you afraid that she might get worried?”

“I'm planning to surprise her,” Zachary replied in a serious tone.

His reply earned him a scoff from Francesca. “You men are so melodramatic.”

Zachary merely ignored Francesca as he continued to keep an eye on the clock. Since it's already nine, Nancy and Chris must already be at the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Just as he'd expected, Charlotte received a news link from Lucy. While masquerading as Zachary, Chris officiated his marriage with Nancy at the Civil Affairs Bureau and publicized it to the media.

In the picture, Nancy looked stunning. Her exquisite makeup made her appear much more graceful and highlighted her brilliant smile. On the other hand, it was the first time anyone saw Chris with a hat perched on his head. Nonetheless, he still appeared incredibly dashing.

The picture-perfect couple even kissed, painting a loving image of their marriage to the public.

Despite knowing that the man was Chris, the picture still made Charlotte feel uneasy. Quickly, she exited the link and closed the image.

A short moment later, Lucy sent her another link regarding the company's shares. Apparently, the Gold family has been pushing for Rodney to hasten the share exchange process. It meant that Charlotte and Jesse's respective shares would be presented to the board of directors this afternoon.

A crease formed between Charlotte's brows. If I fail to find a countermeasure by three this afternoon, Nacht Group will fall under Jesse's ownership.

All of a sudden, a large truck hurtled toward their car.

Hastily, Emma yanked the steering wheel aside to swerve clear of the truck. However, the truck responded suit and continued to accelerate toward them.