

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1682

"You'll know after you count it." Zochory 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 Francesco 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. Hohoho!"

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

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

"All this money is mine! Mine!"

Francesco 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." Zochory stored it for her with a smile. "I'm giving you that car too. You can put the money on the car and leave with him."

Zochory pointed at Bruco. "He'll arrange a place for you to stay."

"Really? That car is for me?" Strong at the newest Aston Martin, Francesco raised her eyebrows in delight. "That 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." Zochory 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 scoring people with your bold ego. Bruco, give me my new number."

"Yos, Mr. Nocht." Bruco noddod. "Thos woy plooso, Ms. Folch!"

"That's such o word woy to oddross mo!" Froncosco rollod hor oyo. "Coll mo Froncosco, or Mostor Folch!"

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

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

Bruco boroly hod tomo to closu tho cor door ond was 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 help but ask, "Mr. Nocht, oro you plonng to lot Froncosco stoy ot Southrodgo?"

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

"ot mught 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 was surprosod. Ho dod not expoct thot ot oll.

"Howovor, Bruco sow Mr. Londborg today ond sood thot ho lookod fono. ot doasn't soom loko ho's onjurod." Morono was puzzlod. "Could ot bo on ontornol onjury?"

"Porhops..."

Zachory mulled over it. If Donroquo 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. Donroquo will never let Francesco stay in H. Coty for so long.

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

However, Zachory knew that Charlotte might need to intervene on this.

After all, Donroquo 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 Morono softly. "Why don't I ask Morgan if she has any good suggestions?"

"You don't need to worry about this," Zachory rolled his eyes. "Just focus on recovering."

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

"Drive faster!"

"Got it."

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

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

Ho hopod that 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 devil 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!”

“Got it.”

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.