

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1692

"I see." The thought didn't occur to Bruce.

"It appears that Danrique really cares about Francesco." Zachary widened his lips into a smile. "Perhaps, something good might come out of this."

"Erm..." Bruce attempted to say something but held his tongue in fear.

"What is it?" Zachary raised his eyebrow curiously.

"Ahem..." Bruce cleared his throat and meekly remarked, "Given how bad-tempered that witch is, marrying her is the equivalent of bringing a timebomb home. In the event he gets on her nerves, there will never be peace at home. Therefore, I wonder if Mr. Lindberg has thought this through?"

"No wonder Ben and Marino have girlfriends, while you don't." Zachary rolled his eyes at Bruce. "Considering the way you think, there's no way any girl will fall for you."

"Uhh..." Bruce was still clueless.

"Someone like Mr. Lindberg loves a difficult challenge. Hence, any ordinary girl doesn't pique his interest at all," Zachary explained. "Only Francesca is capable of capturing his heart."

"Fine. Love is truly something beyond my comprehension." Bruce found it hard to understand. "It just feels like you're going around in search of pain."

Zachary burst into laughter upon hearing Bruce's response. "The way you put it does seem to make sense."

After all, couples who care a lot about each other would always end up torturing one another in conflict. In fact, life would be more peaceful without such passion. However, isn't that the sign of having met one's true love?

Suddenly, an Aston Martin sped past them from the opposing direction on their way up the hill.

Bruce recognized Francesca in it at once. Just when he was about to say something, the car screeched to a halt and backed up toward them.

As both cars wound down their windows, Zachary turned his head to look out the window. At the same time, Francesca stuck her head out and scowled. "Have you finally remembered to come? And here I was, thinking that you were dead."

"Dr. Felch, considering all the effort you have put in to revive me, I won't allow myself to die that easily." Zachary looked at her with a vibrant smile. "I was just delayed by work. Besides, didn't I make it here before sundown?"

"I'm glad you still know what's good for you!" Francesca glared at him. After that, she stretched her neck to check inside Zachary's car. "Where are my children?"

"Have you forgotten how difficult it is to get them back from Danrique?" Zachary sounded frustrated on purpose. "Besides, didn't I tell you that I needed some time?"

"How long?" Having a memory equivalent to that of a goldfish, Francesca had forgotten Zachary's words from two days ago.

"Since we haven't started today's treatment, let's go back up and get it done. After that, I'm going to meet with Danrique." Zachary glanced at his watch. "I have an appointment with him at ten."

"All right!" Francesca was overjoyed by the answer. "Follow me then."

With that, the Aston Martin swung around and sped back up the hill.

Even though Marino tried his best to follow her, he simply couldn't keep up.

"Slow down, Mr. Nacht is still injured, remember?" Feeling irritated, Bruce admonished him, "We're not in a race."

"Got it." Marino slowed down into a steady drive. Nevertheless, he couldn't resist lamenting, "I didn't expect Francesco to be such an amazing driver. In fact, she's more skillful than Morgan and me!"

"Isn't that obvious?" Zachary sneered. "Her skills are on par with Danrique, who was the one who trained Morgan."

"I see." Marino was shocked. "I heard from Morgan that Mr. Lindberg has mad driving skills even though he seldom drives. If Francesco is really as good as him, I'm definitely ashamed of my own skills."

"That witch possesses many other outstanding talents. It's just that she's a little off in her head." Zachary had gotten to understand Francesco better. "Well, God is fair. No one is truly perfect."

"She's already someone exceptional," Bruce exclaimed. "There aren't many guys in this world that can stand up to her."

"Mmm-hmm. It's best not to get on her nerves. Even Mr. Lindberg's men are afraid of her."