

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1694

“We'll leave now. Let's not wait for her.”

Zachary was still exhausted and weak. He wasn't in his optimal condition.

“Yes.” Bruce helped him up to the car and covered him with a blanket. “Mr. Zachary, you have some rest. It'll be a while before we get there.”

“Okay.” Zachary nodded and lay on his back with his eyes closed.

When Marino got in the car, he instructed the subordinates in the two cars behind them, “Mr. Zachary needs some rest. I will be driving slowly. After we got down the mountain, one of you will drive in front.”

“Yes,”

They drove down the mountain steadily.

Bruce looked at the GPS, estimated the route and time of arrival, and whispered to Marino. “Gently pick up some speed after we got down the mountain. Otherwise, we'll be late.”

“Okay.” Marino nodded and glanced at the rearview mirror to check if the two cars followed behind. However, he noticed a few mysterious birds circling above their convoy.

They seemed to have followed them a long way.

Marino chose to ignore it. He assumed those were Francesco's birds which were only following them because they got familiar with Zachary after his long treatment and would disappear after they left the mountain.

Sure enough, as soon as the car left the mountain, the birds disappeared.

Marino didn't think much into it. He sped up and drove toward their destination.

Zachary was asleep for the entire journey and slowly woke up when the car was about to arrive at the Lindberg residence.

Initially, Bruce wanted to wake Zachary up, but he had already woken up. After all, those years of living in intense stress had made him sensitive to his surroundings.

“Are we there?”

Zachary squinted and looked at the guards standing vigilantly outside.

Although people always compared the Lindberg family with the Nacht family, both families were vastly different.

The founding of the Lindberg family began with Old Lady Lindberg, who was also Charlotte's great-grandmother. She was once a prominent general of Erihal. After leaving the army, she began to develop their first family business, which was dealing with firearms.

In other words, the Lindberg family made their fortune in the firearm business. With the changes of the times, they switched their business model to become a legit business. However, the Lindberg family members had adopted a ruthless nature.

They managed both their companies and families under the military system.

Even the villa where they temporarily lived was built like a castle, protected by Erihal guards in camouflage with stern looks and penetrating gazes.

Anyone who was generally unfamiliar with the Lindberg family would be frightened.

Such as Marino, who tightened his hands on the steering wheel.

“Calm down.” Zachary noticed Marino's anxiousness. “Even if Danrique found out about you and Morgan, he won't do anything to you. He'll be occupied by other important stuff. He's a busy man after all.”

“Yes... yes.” Marino responded twice. He tensed his body and took a deep breath to adjust his mental state.

“What a loser.” Bruce smacked him on the back of his head. “Why bother going after a woman if you're such a coward? Why are you so afraid?”

Marino didn't dare to speak. He looked aggrieved.

“That's enough.” Zachary became more and more lenient. He would have punched him long ago before, but he could understand Marino's concern.

Marino wasn't afraid of Danrique. He feared that he would be separated from Morgan.

After going through so much, his relationship with Morgan became thicker than blood. He couldn't bear the thought of losing her.

As a blinding beam of light shone from the front of the car, Marino slowed down and stopped.

A group of people walked over in an orderly manner. They had weapons in their hand as a precaution.

Bruce frowned and was about to lose his temper. However, Zachary made a gesture to stop him. Hence, he could only hold back his anger and get down of the car to state their purpose.

“My name is Bruce. Mr. Zachary has made an appointment to meet Mr. Lindberg at ten o'clock!”