

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1724

"I don't exactly know what condition you have; I only know you have one. Anyhow, you should get it treated before it gets worse," advised Zachary.

"It's already been taken care of," blurted Francesca.

With both her eyebrows raised, Charlotte was surprised to hear that. "Really? That was fast."

"It's not that big of a deal, really," replied Francesca as she looked somewhat embarrassingly at her husband.

"Then you guys should have no problem figuring out the next step. And you don't have to worry about me. Danrique was right; I'm fine. I'll go get treated in Erihal as soon as I'm done dealing with the matters on hand."

"But... But I don't want to go back to Erihal," objected Francesca anxiously.

"I'm going to leave that discussion to you and your husband because I want no part of it. Just let me know where you'll be, and I'll go find you." Zachary wanted to stay out of trouble.

With that, Zachary was ready to leave the couple alone, so Charlotte helped push his wheelchair.

"Hold it right there, Zachary!" commanded Francesca before rushing over to stop the man. "Have you forgotten what you promised me? You said that if I helped you, you'd stop that rogue from taking me away."

Danrique and Charlotte immediately shifted their attention to Zachary when they heard those words.

"Oh, right! Almost forgot about that," responded Zachary, slapping his forehead.

"You j*rk!" cursed Francesca.

The man then turned his wheelchair around to face Danrique. "You know, nothing good ever comes out of—"

"I don't care. I do whatever I want," interrupted Danrique, refusing to hear what Zachary had to say.

Unsure of how to proceed, Zachary turned to his wife for help. "Wifey, do you think you can—"

"Why did you make that promise in the first place anyway? What's important is that they get back together as a family. Why did you have to get involved?"

"You're absolutely right, Wifey!" agreed Zachary while nodding fervently.

Francesca was utterly baffled when she saw the man's reaction. "What? I thought you said you could handle it?"

"I meant to say that I could handle it if it were up to me. But as you can see, that's not the case. My wife has the final say."

"Are you serious?" Francesca got so upset that she was about to explode.

"That's enough. It's time to go home." Danrique was done putting up with the nonsense.

"No! Even if you were to drag me back there, I'll just find some way to escape."

"I'll break both your legs! Let's see how you escape by then," seethed Danrique.

“Oh, yeah? I'd still have my arms. I'll poison you while you're asleep so that you come begging me for mercy!”

Narrowing her eyes at her husband, Francesca tried to look as fierce as possible to show that she meant business.

“Do you seriously think I can't handle you?”

Enraged, Danrique was about to reach out his hands to grab his wife when the girls came running to their mother.

“Mommy! Mommy!”

Francesca immediately took the opportunity to cry for help. “Alpha, Beta, Gamma, you have to save me from Daddy! He's bullying me!”

Hence, the girls rushed to attack their father by biting his legs. “Bad Daddy!”

Rubbing his forehead, Danrique felt completely helpless against the children.

“What do you say we learn how to swim, girls?” Charlotte tried to pry the three off Danrique.

“Why don't you take Francesca with you too?” suggested Zachary. “I'd like to talk with Danrique alone.”

Charlotte then looked at Danrique, who did not seem to be against the idea since he let go of Francesca.

Before long, Charlotte, along with Francesca and the three kids, were gone.

When the pavilion was finally quiet again, Zachary decided to get straight to the point. "Obviously, you two couldn't figure a way to work things out peacefully, and you can't seem to have her listen to you. So why not consider this?"