

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1742

Charlotte returned home after seeing Francesca off to find Zachary sipping on his coffee with an open newspaper in his hands.

Flaring up instinctively, she stomped toward him. "Why did you lie to Francesca, Zachary?"

He folded the newspaper and smiled pleasantly at her in response. "You're home, Wifey. Have some breakfast."

Charlotte wrenched his ear. "Answer me."

"I will after you make yourself comfortable." Zachary coaxed her patiently despite the pain. "Have you seen her ledger?"

"I did." Charlotte maintained her frosty glare. "Though what she did was over the line, you were the one to have agreed to it with your thumbprint. Don't make promises you can't keep!"

"I was so ill that I did not even know what I was agreeing to," he protested indignantly. "All I remember was my thumb being nipped for blood whenever she charged me for something. You can imagine how much I've been taken advantage of."

"When I regained consciousness," he added fearfully, "she threatened to have her wolves devour me if I did not agree to her exorbitant sum."

Charlotte's anger abated momentarily. "That does sound like her. She's definitely capable of something like that."

As if suddenly recalling that she was in the middle of chastising him, her brow hardened again. "Be that as it may, you owe her your life. If you didn't find the terms agreeable, you should have discussed them with her instead of manipulating her with the five million!"

"I did no such thing," Zachary replied calmly. "As all of the resources of Nacht Group are currently under your name, I'm left with only ten million or so by Rodney's estimate. Her fee alone is exactly half that amount."

"You!" Charlotte blurted, too angry to speak. "You businessmen are all the same! Cunning and deceitful!"

Zachary burst out laughing as he gave her an affectionate squeeze. "I don't really intend on defaulting, you know. I was only teasing you."

Charlotte waved her hand resignedly. "There's no need for that anymore. I'd just given her the three hundred million I have on hand on top of a bunch of jewelry which amounts to a billion and a half, give or take. Since she considers herself well compensated for her troubles, I think we'll call the matter resolved."

"What?" Zachary exclaimed as his eyes widened with shock. "Why didn't you tell me before handing over that kind of money?"

Charlotte rolled her eyes. "What else could I do? You were the one to have promised something before running away when things began to look bad. As your wife, it is my duty, unpleasant as it is, to take on your debt. Besides, it is to my future sister-in-law you owe money. I'm trying to welcome her to the family, not drive her away from it!"

"Give her money instead of the jewelry I bought you!" Zachary protested. "They carry sentimental value. I would have just paid her if I knew you were going to do something like this. I was going to, anyway."

"I can't be asking her to hand everything back, can I? I made up for the balance with the jewelry. At least it's still within the family!"

Zachary did not say more on the matter as awful as he felt about it.

If I knew that was going to happen, I would have paid Francesca the money in the first place. Charlotte wouldn't have had to appease her by giving away all her sentimental jewelry if I did.

“Never do something like this again,” said Charlotte severely. “Especially to Danrique and Francesca. I always have to be the one to clean up your mess!”

“I’ll try not to,” replied Zachary meekly, succumbing to his wife’s irate glare.

As big of an expense it had incurred to orchestrate, he considered it a win to have Francesca return to Danrique’s side since it also meant that Zachary had won five percent of Lindberg Corporation’s shares.

If my silly wife finds out about it, is she going to give it all back?