

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1693

Chapter 1693 Negotiation

After getting up the mountain, they quietly went back to Southridge.

Zachary began his treatment while Bruce, Marino, and others accompanied him. They were anxious when Francesco pierced his body with needles and released some blood.

Everyone only saw Zachary when he returned with his recovered body, but none of them knew the amount of suffering he had endured.

The torture was inhumane. It wasn't something anyone could endure. It was as if he walked through into gates of hell and dragged his scarred and bloodstained body out, one step at a time.

The treatment lasted for an hour and a half. Although Zachary was sweating from the pain, he didn't make a sound. He remained calm and courageous.

Francesco treated him casually with ease, as though her patient wasn't a living being but a lifeless object.

Her hand movements were skilled and a little aggressive, not knowing how to be gentle.

Bruce got anxious as he watched. He couldn't hold it in any longer and said, "Dr. Felch, please be gentle. Please be gentler!"

When he said it the first time, Francesco frowned. After hearing it for the second time, she got angry and said, "You're so noisy. Get out!"

Bruce was startled. He didn't dare to let out another sound.

Marino hurriedly limped out and hid behind the door to peek.

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At half past seven, the treatment finally ended.

Francesco dragged the unconscious Zachary to immerse him in a tub of medicine. Then, she dusted her hands and went out. Before leaving, she told Bruce, "After half an hour, get him out of the tub and wipe him dry. Then he may leave."

"Okay. Understood."

Bruce hurriedly nodded. He was terrified of Francesco, afraid that he might get on her nerves again.

Francesco leaped out the window and ate an apple on the hammock.

She never played with electronics, nor did she watch TV. Her only hobbies were sleeping, eating, and talking to small animals.

At this moment, many birds flew over to her side to eat the apple core she had discarded.

At the same time, she had a great time chatting with the birds.

Soon, an hour passed.

Zachary seemed to have had a vague dream. When he woke up, he couldn't remember any of it. All he saw when he opened his eyes were the busy figures of Bruce and Marino.

"What time is it?"

Zachary's voice was frail and hoarse. At that time, his body felt numb and weak.

After such extensive treatment, he no longer felt any pain. However, he felt like he wasn't in his own body.

"It's half-past eight, Mr. Zachary." Bruce's eyes were pooling with tears. His heart ached after watching him being tortured. "Have some rest. I'll change your clothes."

“Okay.” Then, Zachary closed his eyes and instructed, “Put me in that black suit. I have to look grand in front of Danrique.”

“As you wish.” Bruce was devastated that Zachary was still thinking about work at this time. However, he could only obey his wishes.

“I’ll sleep for half an hour. Remember to wake me up.”

Zachary was exhausted and his mind was blank.

“Don’t worry. You can sleep at ease.”

Bruce changed Zachary’s clothes, covered him in a blanket, and stood by him.

“How long will Mr. Zachary’s treatment last? This is really tormenting,” Marino asked anxiously.

“What will happen to the treatment if Danrique took Francesco away?”

“That’s why we have to negotiate tonight,” Bruce frowned and said, “We must let Francesco complete Zachary’s treatment before she leaves no matter what.”

“Right...” Marino nodded repeatedly.

After half an hour, Bruce was reluctant to wake up Zachary. He wanted to let him sleep for ten more minutes. However, Zachary woke up by himself and said with his squinted eyes, “What time is it?”

“It’s nine o’clock, Mr. Zachary.” Bruce gently responded.

Zachary always had a good sense of time and wanted to be punctual. “Help me up. Today’s negotiation is very important. We cannot be late.”

“Right away.” Bruce helped Zachary up and helped him to his wheelchair with Marino. He helped him put on his coat and pushed the wheelchair out.

“Where’s Francesco?” Zachary turned his head toward the courtyard.

"She was in the courtyard just now, but she's gone already." Marino turned his head and glanced at the courtyard. "Maybe she went to play in the forest."

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Chapter 1694 Meeting Danrique

"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.

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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!”