

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1741

Chapter 1741 Reunited

Francesca was over the moon after receiving Charlotte's payment. She even greeted Hayley and Sam with a smile when they arrived that afternoon.

Hayley and Sam were overjoyed when they met the legendary Francesco. Their eyes shone with admiration when they met her.

Francesca was very friendly with them. After all, they were all Dr. Felch's apprentices even though they had never met before. She treated them as if they were her siblings.

Francesca taught them everything and even asked Bruce to act as a patient. She explained every single detail of the acupuncture treatment to them.

Hayley jotted everything down in her notebook while Sam did a hands-on practice.

After that, Francesca taught them how to prepare Zachary's medication. She taught them everything in great detail but only said it once since it was all very simple to her.

She would rebuke Sam whenever he asked further questions. "Dr. Felch would never go into so much detail when he taught me. I learned everything just by watching him..."

After hearing that, Sam immediately shut his mouth and dared not ask any more questions.

Francesca's attitude softened when she saw Sam quivering and Hayley lowering her head meekly. "I'll repeat. Listen carefully and remember everything I say!"

"Yes, Francesca!"

Just like that, it took Francesca one day to teach Hayley and Sam everything. She retired to her room to pack her bags that night and left for Erihal in a private jet the next morning.

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Charlotte sent her off at the airport and gave her three presents for her three kids.

Francesca opened the box and saw three jade pendants. Her eye lit up. "This must worth a lot too."

"I don't know how much it is worth, but it's the thought that counts. Robbie, Jamie, and Ellie also have one each. I've also prepared gifts for Alpha, Beta, and Gamma. I hope to see all six of them grow up to be healthy and happy."

Charlotte was extremely sincere.

"Thank you, Charlotte..." Francesca wrapped her arms around Charlotte. "I finally know why that bast*rd husband of mine treats you so well."

Francesca wasn't very good at conveying her thoughts, but she considered Charlotte a warm and thoughtful girl. She was popular among her friends because she treated everyone with sincerity.

"Francesca, you're going to spend more than ten hours on the private jet to fly from H City to Erihal. You can use this time to figure out what you want to do with your life from here on..."

Charlotte patted the back of her hand and reminded her gently.

"Yeah..." Francesca had been giving it some thought as well. She had always wanted freedom. However, she felt as if something was missing now that Danrique no longer cared for her nor pursue her.

She felt as if freedom meant nothing to her without her kids by her side.

However, she wouldn't be able to take it if she had to return to her old life of being imprisoned in Danrique's castle.

She felt conflicted.

Nonetheless, she learned some valuable lessons after spending some time with Charlotte and Zachary. Communication and tolerance were key in maintaining a healthy relationship.

I should compromise and be more considerate towards Danrique. This might be the only way for us to live together.

“A lot of love is not being reciprocated in this world. You are blessed to meet someone you love and loves you in return. However, it can be hard to get along with one another from time to time. After all, no one is born for you alone. You need to get in tune with one another, build tolerance with one another, and show some empathy. That’s the only way to make this relationship last. It might be a long and grueling journey, but it will be worth it in the end.”

Charlotte advised earnestly.

Francesca didn’t have a very good grasp of her advice. Nonetheless, she decided she would talk to Danrique once she gets back home.

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chapter 1742

Chapter 1742 Silly Wife

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."

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"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?