

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1685

### Chapter 1685 Slave To Money

"Since when did my wife suddenly become so smart?" Zachary was filled with surprise.

He had planned to let her sleep and discuss it when she awoke the next day.

I can't believe she managed to guess it all.

"It appears that I do understand Danrique." Charlotte smiled wryly. "Just when I thought the worst is over, we are now faced with new difficulties."

"Actually, it isn't that complex." Zachary's lips widened. "It might turn out to be a blessing in disguise."

"What?" Charlotte was confused. "What do you mean?"

"When you look at them, don't they remind you of us?" Zachary threw the question back at her. "Thinking back, both of us were at each other throats, with neither willing to back down."

"Mmm-hmm, it does seem that way." Charlotte nodded. "But, this sister-in-law of mine seems to be a lot more troublesome."

"Even though she appears to be troublesome, she might in essence not be."

"What do you mean?"

"She's someone simple and easily fulfilled. All we need to do is think of it from a different perspective."

"What are you trying to say? I don't understand you at all." Charlotte grew anxious. "Danrique has helped me this time and even rescued Robbie. You had better not go against him."

"He's my brother-in-law. Why would I want to challenge him? On the contrary, I want to get on his good side."

"Huh..." Charlotte was completely baffled.

"Just listen to me..."

While both of them were hatching a plan, Francesca, who had arrived at Southridge, settled into a guest room Bruce had prepared.

Even though the exterior still looked like a residual burnt frame, the guest rooms on the second floor had been restored to their original state.

Furthermore, the kitchen was also repaired and could already be used.

Bruce gave Francesca a tour of the house and instructed her on all she needed to know for her daily necessities.

"The fridge has been filled with all kinds of food and should be enough to last you a week. If you're short of it, I'll send more in two days' time. Also, everything in the rooms, including the clothes, was specifically bought for you. The room has a TV and a computer connected to the internet. However, you have to be careful not to be noticed when you go online. One more thing—"

"Enough. Stop being so naggy," Francesca interrupted Bruce impatiently and waved him away. "Go away now!"

"All right then." Without another word, Bruce handed her a new phone. "This contains Mr. Nacht, Ms. Lindberg, and my number. If there's anything—"

Before he could finish, Bruce held his tongue when he saw the frown on Francesca's face. "Fine. I'm leaving now."

With that, Bruce hurriedly left for Northridge.

After checking the surroundings to make sure the coast was clear, Francesca quickly carried the money from the car into her room. After dropping them onto the ground, she threw them into the air and burst into laughter.

"I'm rich! I'm rich! Hehe!"

Just as she counted the money, she repeatedly lost count, and there was no way she could count them all.

Finally, she decided to give up counting and stuffed the money back into the boxes. Subsequently, she attempted to hide them all over the room.

However, after examining the room, she realized there was nowhere she could hide the money except underneath the bed.

After that, she blew a whistle into the air to summon the bald eagle. When it arrived, it perched itself by the window and waited for her instructions.

"Keep an eye on the money, and don't let anyone steal them. Do you understand?" Francesca ordered the eagle as she pointed to the money.

The eagle cooed in acknowledgment.

Just when Francesca wanted to slip out of the window, it occurred to her that a single eagle wasn't enough to guard the money. She let out a strange and melodious cry at the forest outside. In the blink of an eye, more than ten snakes appeared.

"Keep an eye on the money. I'm going out to find my van."