

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2029

Chapter 2029 A Scene

Anthony instantly brought the bodyguards to look for Francesca. It was then he realized the gravity of the situation. “Don’t hang up. Put on your Bluetooth earpiece and stay on the call. I’ll come right away.”

As expected of an ex-special forces agent, Layla was exceptionally efficient. Furthermore, Anthony was just someone who studied economics and business management. Although he had picked up some things from Layla and Lincoln, he was not talented in that field. Therefore, he would have a much slower reaction time.

At that moment, he was overwhelmed by guilt—he hated himself for not noticing the oddness earlier. If anything were to happen to Francesca, he would despise himself for the rest of his life.

In the meantime, Francesca, Lacy, and the Jetroinian assassin disguised as a doctor stepped out of the elevator, about to head to the parking lot at the back.

Right then, an excited voice traveled into their ears. “Francesca! We meet again!”

At the same time, a young woman in a floral dress stood in Francesca’s way.

When Francesca lifted her head, she realized it was Monica, the young woman she met on the plane who was premaritally pregnant.

When Monica saw Francesca, she exclaimed, “Francesca, I’ve purchased a maternity checkup package deal at this hospital with the money you’ve given to me! Thank you!”

However, the assassin was staring intently at Francesca. She was giving Francesca looks that signaled her to cut the conversation short and stop wasting time.

“No problems.” Francesca pried away Monica’s hands before coldly saying, “I have something to attend to, so let’s chat another time.”

With that, she began pushing the hospital bed again.

“Um...” When Monica spotted Lacy on the bed, she abruptly cried out, “This child isn’t yours, right?”

Francesca rolled her eyes, speechless.

“Oh my god, I thought you were from a rich family to have been so generous. I never knew that your life was this tough too...” Monica choked out. “No. I can’t take your money!”

At that, she took out a stack of cash from her bag and shoved it into Francesca’s hands.

“It’s fine,” Francesca dismissed.

She did not want to get the other woman involved, but Monica refused to let her go.

The two of them kept pushing and pulling each other, and the assassin was about to go mad from impatience. Hence, she shoved Monica aside and began towing Francesca away.

Yet, Monica fell to the ground and began shouting in agony as she held her stomach. “Ow, that hurts so much! You’re a doctor! How can you shove a pregnant woman? I’m going to sue you!”

Her shouts attracted the attention of the people around them.

Almost immediately, a group of patients and their family members surrounded them and stopped them in their tracks.

Francesca tried to walk over to help Monica up, but the assassin grabbed her hand again and warned in a quiet voice, “Don’t you dare try anything.”

Thus, Francesca had no choice but to keep pushing the hospital bed to leave.

At the same time, the assassin said to the crowd around them, “Coming through. Coming through.”

“My stomach hurts! It hurts!” Monica continued crying out. In fact, she even clambered to her feet to grab the bed to stop Francesca and the assassin from leaving.

“How dare you leave after knocking me over? Don’t you dare leave!”

“Cut it out!” Francesca quietly said, not wanting to get Monica involved.

“You were the ones who pushed me to the floor, yet not only do you not want to bear responsibility for this, but you’re even asking me to cut it out? I’ve only been pregnant for three months! My pregnancy isn’t stable yet! It hurts really bad right now, and you have to take responsibility for this!”

Monica continued to yell as she grabbed the bed rails with one hand and Francesca with the other.

“You—”

Just as Francesca was about to say something, the assassin suddenly spoke. “All right, I’ll take responsibility for this. My money’s in my car, so come with me. I’ll compensate you.”

Francesca turned pale upon hearing that. The assassin’s trying to trick Monica over to kill her!

“Do you think I’m an idiot?” Monica shouted. “You’re trying to trick me to a quiet corner so that you can beat me up before fleeing. This is a hospital, and you’re a doctor here! Let’s settle everything here!”

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Chapter 2030 Who Is It

By then, the assassin had lost all patience. She sneered and said, “Fine, I’ll settle it now.” With that, she pulled Monica over and pressed a gun against her body.

Surprisingly, Monica seemed fearless. As a matter of fact, she even screeched, “What is this? Is that a gun? Help! Help me! Someone’s trying to kill me!” Everyone around them was astounded.

Enraged, the assassin cocked her gun to kill Monica, but Monica counterattacked with a high kick. The assassin stumbled back from the kick, and she gasped. “You’re in this line of work too!”

“You’re smart!” Monica cried out as she swung a fist at her. Simultaneously, she said to Francesca, “Leave now!” “Thank you!” Francesca uttered before wheeling Lacy toward the elevator.

“Stop right there!”

The assassin tried to shoot Francesca, but Monica forced the assassin to confront her instead.

However, as Francesca had injured the assassin’s hand with the scalpel earlier, and Monica had kicked her as well, her hand was too weak to fire an accurate shot.

In the meantime, Francesca tried to push Lacy into the elevator, but the people from the earlier crowd were running everywhere like headless chickens. They had filled up the elevator, and Francesca could not enter with the bed at all.

All she could do was anxiously try to get to the other elevators.

Meanwhile, Monica was still fighting against the assassin. Although she seemed like a skilled combatant, the assassin had a gun. Not long after, she was shot in the shoulder.

“Monica!”

Francesca wanted to run over to help Monica, but she could not leave Lacy alone.

Once the assassin shot Monica and forced her to move back, she trained her gun on Francesca. “Die, b*tch!”

With that said, she pulled the trigger.

Right as the bullet was slicing through the air toward Francesca, someone lunged over to shield her.

“Argh!” came Anthony’s cry of agony.

Francesca snapped back to her senses and yelled, “Anthony!”

While the assassin was registering the sudden turn of events, Monica pounced toward her to fight her again.

The four bodyguards that Anthony had brought with him jumped into action. One went to help Anthony, another to guard Francesca, and the remaining two left to deal with the assassin.

At that moment, police sirens sounded outside. The police had arrived.

The assassin was forced to go up against three people, and she could not lay a finger on Francesca at all. Thus, she had no choice but to flee through the back door.

Francesca hurried over to Anthony anxiously. It was then she realized he was only hurt in his arm—it was not a fatal wound.

Nevertheless, it was Anthony's first time getting shot. His face was pale, and he kept yelping in pain.

Francesca instantly asked some people to help him and Monica to a doctor while she escorted Lacy back with two bodyguards.

Soon, Layla arrived with her men. When she found out that Francesca and Layla were fine—that only Anthony was hurt—she heaved a sigh of relief.

In the end, the case closed with the deaths of four nurses and police intervention. The hospital also no longer allowed Francesca to treat Lacy there anymore.

Therefore, Francesca had no choice but to take Lacy, Anthony, and Monica home.

To be honest, Francesca had a clinic at home; it was just that she did not have a better range of medical equipment and medicine than at the hospital.

Thus, Layla sent her men to purchase more medical equipment and medicine while Francesca prepared to operate on Lacy the next day.

That night, Francesca took out the bullets for Monica and Anthony before treating their wounds.

“Thank you!” It seemed like Monica was used to it, for she never made a sound the entire time even though she had been shot in the shoulder. On the other hand, Anthony kept yelling.

“I should leave now.” Monica stood up.

“Who sent you here?” Francesca asked without beating around the bush.

“Francesca, what are you talking about? I'm just a pregnant lady who happened to meet you,” Monica said with a smile.

“You’re not pregnant,” Francesca interrupted. “I took your pulse when I gave you the money on the plane. I’ve known since then.”

“But you still... pretended to fall for it?” Monica whispered in shock.

“I thought you were someone Danrique sent to protect me from the shadows, so I went along with it. But now that I think about it, you clearly aren’t,” Francesca deduced confidently. “His subordinates are the same as him—straightforward. They’d never beat around the bush like what you’re doing now.”

Chapter 2031 Protect Yourself

“You’re intelligent, Ms. Felch.” Monica chuckled. “His Highness was right.”
“You’re one of William’s men?”

Francesca was astonished. It had been a long time since she contacted William. The last time she saw him was when she was up against Frank at Xendale. She never thought that William would have sent someone to protect her from the shadows.

“Somewhat,” Monica replied. “I’m actually an Interpol officer, but I’m under Prince William’s instructions to protect you. His Highness said that you might be upset if you knew about my identity, so I thought of a different way to approach you instead. I thought I’d fooled you, but it seems like you’ve known that I was lying since the start.”

“Regardless of everything, thank you.” Francesca was truly grateful for her assistance. “My gratitude is to William too.”

“I think you should thank him yourself,” Monica said with a smile. “His Highness has been waiting for you the whole time.”

“William’s in S Nation?” Francesca gasped.

“Yes. He came at the same time, but he took a different private jet.” Monica lowered her head respectfully. “He should be contacting you at a later time. I’ll be taking my leave now. Goodbye.”

Monica left.

As Anthony stared at her retreating figure, he muttered, “I would’ve never guessed that she’s an Interpol officer by her young looks.”

“She’s much more impressive than you.” Layla smacked Anthony’s head and berated, “You don’t even know how to guard someone. What can you even do?”

“Ms. Layla, why are you still chiding me when I’m already hurt?” Anthony mumbled miserably as he pouted.

“If not for the fact that you’re hurt, I would’ve beaten you up!” Layla shot him a glare. “You’re so infuriating. If not for Ms. Monica this time, the consequences would have been unimaginable!”

Anthony grinned and leaned against Layla as he sang, “Yes, yes. Everything’s my fault. I’ll become the personification of a headache and never leave her alone ever again.”

“Shoo.” Layla kicked him. “Settle the compensation matters with the hospital. I want to have a talk with Francesca.”

“I’m hurt, but you’re still asking me to go?” Anthony began to complain, but when he saw the vicious look in Layla’s eyes, he quickly changed his mind. “Yes, I’ll go. I’ll go right away!”

Once Anthony was gone, the clinic fell silent.

Layla sat down beside Francesca and patted the back of her hand as she consoled, “Don’t feel guilty about this. This has nothing to do with you.”

Layla knew Francesca best. Even though the younger woman seemed carefree, she had a soft, kind heart.

Therefore, Francesca would surely be plagued with guilt and self-blame for how the nurses died because of her.

“Sometimes, I wonder if being kind is wrong.”

Francesca had been doing a lot of thinking lately. If she had not been a busybody back then and insisted on waiting with Candice, the little girl would not have given her candies. Perhaps she would not have died then.

If Candice did not die, Chrono would not have killed thirteen medical staff, and his partner would not have killed the four nurses.

Matthias, Anthony, and Monica would not have been hurt.

Her nosiness was the origin of the entire thing.

“There are many things in this world that cannot be explained with words. Everything’s destined to be,” Layla lamented.

Francesca did not speak, but she warned herself in her mind, Francesca Felch. You mustn’t stick your nose into anybody’s business from now on. You mustn’t!

That was the principle she lived by for the next four years. Only when she met a man called Zachary Nacht four years later did she finally go against it.

“Francesca, after everything that’s happened... Do you want to reconsider my suggestion?” Layla asked in a solemn tone.

“You’re a skilled doctor, and you’re a fantastic driver. However, these won’t protect you and the people you want to protect. You can combine your medical knowledge with biology and chemistry to develop both medicine and poison. They’re not to hurt others; they’re to protect you. Lincoln and I are getting older. One day, we won’t be able to protect you anymore, so you have to learn to protect yourself.”

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Chapter 2032 Meeting William Again

This time, Francesca listened to Layla's words. Truthfully, she had been mulling over her decision ever since Chrono attacked her at H City.

Francesca was petite and physically weak. Although she was fit and could go up against several ordinary people, it would be challenging for her to hold her ground against professionals like Chrono.

She had the ability to summon beasts, but beasts were not present in the many places she frequented. In other words, she would not be able to use her ability in many situations.

Hence, it was imperative for her to change herself. While she was ruminating about that, her phone rang. After glancing at the caller ID, she quickly picked up the call. "William!"

"Francesca, when will you be free? Can we meet?" William's voice was still as gentle and pleasant to the ears as always.

As Francesca looked through the glass door to gaze at Lacy, who was in the opposite ward, she squeezed out, "It isn't convenient for me to stray far from Lacy with her current condition. What about this? Come to me. I'll send you the address."

"All right."

After ending the call, Francesca sent the address to William.

However, Layla was worried. "Is this Prince William someone reliable? It's best that no one knows about our location."

“Layla, William’s my good friend, and he’s a good man. He’s very nice to me, so everything’s going to be fine. To be safe, I’ve actually sent him the address of a café two kilometers away from here. If anything happens at home, I’ll be able to rush back,” Francesca said as she packed away her things. “I’m going up for a shower first. I’m covered in blood and grime.”

“All right, go on.” Layla helped her up. “I’ll get someone to go with you later.”

“It’s fine. I can go by myself. My car keys are in the room, right?”

“They’re in your drawer.”

“Okay. Thanks, Ms. Layla. Please watch over Lacy for me and call me if anything happens.”

“Sure.”

Francesca then went back to her room and took a quick shower. After changing into a set of casual clothes, she put on her cap, took her car keys, and hurried to meet William.

Just as Francesca left, Anthony came down the stairs and asked Layla, “Layla, where’s Francesca going?”

“Out to settle some things. She won’t be far.” Then, Layla glared at him. “Aren’t you supposed to be going to the hospital? Why are you still here?”

“I’ve just uploaded some information to Mr. Lincoln. I’ll be leaving now.”

Frowning, he added, “Is Francesca really fine leaving by herself? Ms. Layla, why didn’t you send someone to go with her?”

“She has my weapon in the car, and she has gone out to meet someone she knows. Furthermore, she’s not meeting the guy far from us, and I have access to all the surveillance cameras on her way there, Layla explained. Then, her tone turned frigid as she questioned, “Do I need you to tell me what I should do?”

“Of course not, of course not. Sorry,” Anthony quickly apologized before leaving with his bodyguards.

In the meantime, Francesca sped down the path in an old pickup. Soon, she reached Café Grape.

The reason the shop was named that was that the owner had a dog named Grape.

“Ms. Felch, you’re here!” the owner greeted Francesca.

Francesca often came to buy bread and coffee. Both she and Layla were lazy people who did not bother preparing food for themselves. Therefore, if Lincoln and Anthony were not at home, no one would cook, and the two women would head out to buy food.

The coffee at the café was nothing special, but their toast was to die for.

“Hey, Mister.”

Francesca could not remember his name, so she always just called him “Mister.” Twirling her car keys, she then stepped into the establishment. Just as she sat down, two luxury cars drove over.

The owner placed a glass of ice coffee in front of Francesca and gave her a few breadsticks. At the same time, he arched a brow and asked, “Those cars aren’t here for you, are they?”

“Maybe they are.” Francesca took a sip of the black coffee before nearly choking on its bitterness. “Your coffee is as tough to drink as usual, huh?”

Right then, Robin wheeled William into the café. Four towering bodyguards followed them in, and a few more guarded the door.

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Chapter 2033 His Efforts

“It seems like they’re really here for you.” The café owner turned to greet them, “Hi, what would you like to drink?” “A few cups of coffee will be fine. Please stay outside for a while.”

Robin handed a wad of cash to the owner. The owner glanced at the cash but did not move to take it. Instead, he turned to look at Francesca. Francesca nodded.

It was then he took the money and put on his denim cap. Whistling as he walked out, he added, “There are canned drinks on the countertop. Help yourself to them.”

“Thank you,” Robin said before closing the door. Then, he bowed to Francesca. “Greetings, Ms. Felch.” “It’s been a while, Robin.” Though Francesca greeted him as well, her eyes were fixed on William.

It had only been a little over a month, but William seemed ghastly pale. It was as if he had gone through a severe bout of illness, for he had lost much weight. In fact, even his eyes seemed sunken. “William, you...”

“The condition of His Highness’ legs has worsened,” Robin grimly explained. “I don’t know if it’s because he was in the cold at Xendale or not, but after he went back, his legs began aching and swelling. Even his lumbar region is having issues now—”

“Robin!” William cut him off. “You’re talking too much.”

“Understood.” Robin hastily hung his head and fell silent.

William then looked at Francesca and smiled at her. “Francesca, have you done your surgery?”

“I have.” Francesca took off her cap to reveal her bald head. “Look!”

A chuckle burst out of William. His spirit lifted every time he saw her, and he would find himself relaxing. The gloomy clouds that had hung over his head for the past few days dissipated in an instant.

“I’ll get some drinks.”

Robin then pushed William to the side of the table before heading to the counter to get some beverages. What he was trying to do was to give the two some privacy.

“William, have you consulted anyone about your legs?” Francesca asked, concerned about it.

“I have. They’re a famous traditional medicine practitioner too, and they’ve done acupuncture for me. However, it doesn’t seem to have much effect.” A bitter smile crept upon William’s lips. Nevertheless, he changed the topic and asked, “This isn’t important; what’s important is you. Monica has told me about what happened today. Who attacked you? Was she from Erihal?”

“No. It’s more of a personal grudge; it has nothing to do with Erihal,” Francesca corrected. “I’m glad to have Monica’s help this time. I thought Danrique sent her at first. I didn’t expect her to be working for you instead.”

“I was worried about you and scared that something might happen to you. I don’t have any capable women bodyguards by my side, so I hired Monica. She can hold herself well in a fight and is quite reliable. I hope she was of help to you.”

William continued to gaze gently at her.

“But how did you know that I was flying from H City to S Nation at that time?”

Francesca was curious. Under Danrique’s protection, her whereabouts should have been kept confidential. Yet, Monica and William had known where she was.

“I went to H City after Frank’s case. I’ve been looking for Dr. Felch too, for I wanted to consult him about my legs. However, I later found out that Gordon had invited him elsewhere. I’m guessing that they must have gotten Dr. Felch to operate on you. Hence, I decided to wait patiently at H City, thinking that I’d be able to consult Dr. Felch after your operation. However, not long after Dr. Felch returned to the mountain, he fell ill. Thus, I had no choice but to return to H City first...”

“What? My master’s ill?” Francesca urgently asked. “What’s going on?”

“I’m not sure about the details, but his apprentice said that he fell ill and told me not to disturb him. That’s why the only thing I could do was leave my contact details and lead my men back down the mountain. I then went back to H City, thinking of visiting you, but I was afraid that Mr. Lindberg would be upset. So, I could only call Gordon and ask him about your condition. I think I heard you throw things in an angry outburst, so I guessed that you’d be angrily running back to S Nation soon. I was worried that something might happen to you, so I asked Monica to keep a close eye on you and to protect you from the shadows.”

A pause later, William added, “Monica’s an Interpol officer. It was easy for her to get the details of your departure from the country after a brief talk with the people at the airport.