

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2034

Chapter 2034 A Good Person

After another pause, William continued, “At first, Monica wanted to contact you, but I know the kind of person you are—you won’t accept my arrangements—so I asked her to approach you in a different way. And... she ended up with a strange plan to fool you.”

“I got it,” Francesca replied with a soft laugh. “I never thought that you’d understand me so well—that you know I’d run back to S Nation after hearing me lose my temper. You knew that I wouldn’t like someone tailing me around, so you got Monica to protect me in a different way.”

As she spoke, she could not help but think, If only that dummy Danrique knows me this well too. Sadly... it seems like he never knows what’s going on in my head. He only knows how to treat me aggressively.

Seemingly knowing what Francesca was worried about, William added, “By the way, I don’t think Dr. Felch’s condition is severe. I was on the mountain for a few days and saw his apprentice and a young lady brewing herbal concoctions every day. However, they spoke light-heartedly, so I guess that it’s only a common cold. Otherwise, they would have been panicking.”

“That’s good to know.”

Francesca sighed in relief. It was then she realized she had accidentally let slip her relationship with her master earlier.

Fortunately, it was William, so there was no harm in letting him know.

“Do you still have anything difficult to resolve?” William continued asking.

“Who’s the one after you? Do you need me to intervene in this?”

“It’s fine. I can deal with this myself,” Francesca answered, not wanting to trouble William. “Let me have a look at your legs.”

With that, she crouched down to check his condition. The moment she caught sight of them, she drastically paled. “Why are they like this?”

“What’s wrong?” Robin was on his way back with two glasses of fruit tea when he heard her. Instantly, he panicked and asked, “What’s wrong with His Highness’ legs?”

“You’re right in that it’s much worse than before.” Francesca checked William’s back with a grave look. “His lumbar region isn’t the only thing affected. There’s something wrong with his vertebra too.”

“What?” Robin blurted out. “Dr. Felch, please save His Highness! Please!”

“Something’s not right.” Francesca furrowed her brows. “You were poisoned back then, and when I treated you for that, your legs were in much better condition. Moreover, your lumbar region and vertebrae were only slightly strained from the constant pressure, but now...”

Francesca trailed off, seemingly lost in her thoughts.

“Francesca, why don’t you speak your mind?” William urged. “Could it be that I’ve been poisoned again?”

“For now, I don’t see any signs of poisoning,” Francesca told him. “However, you’ll still need to do a test. What about this? Head to the hospital to do a full-body check-up with blood tests tomorrow. Then, come to me with the results.”

“Of course, of course. I’ll work on it once we’re back.” Robin nodded fervently.

“You mustn’t let anyone know about this,” Francesca reminded.

“I understand.” Robin was a smart man, and he knew exactly what Francesca was trying to tell him.

“I have to go back now. Lacy’s quite ill, and I have to check on her,” she said as she fixed her worried gaze on William. “It’s best that you do your checkup earlier tomorrow. Once you’re done, call me. We’ll meet here again.”

“Okay.” William smiled and bobbed his head. “See you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow.”

Francesca watched him for a little longer before turning to leave.

As Robin watched Francesca leave, he could not help but ask, “Your Highness, why won’t you tell Ms. Felch the truth? Someone’s out to hurt you, and we’ve already done a checkup.”

“If she finds out about it herself, she’ll be even more concerned.” William’s gaze never left Francesca. “If you ask for the name of a good person, that name would be Francesca Felch.”

Chapter 2035 The Light Of Hope

“The only one who can save you now is Dr. Felch. However, I highly doubt you’ll have a chance with her, Your Highness. Please don’t let your emotions cloud your judgment,” Robin warned with a sigh.

“Is it because of Mr. Lindberg?” William retorted, clearly refusing to call it quits. “I know I can’t compete with him now, but if I fully recover someday and inherit the throne, things will be different...”

“If you became king, you’d have even less say in your marriage,” Robin reminded. “You’d be expected to marry a woman who can help secure your throne.”

William suddenly recalled Danrique’s words and felt his heart burn with hope. “Mr. Lindberg was right. Only when we’ve hit rock bottom will we do whatever it takes to reach the peak. After all, we want to be our authentic selves!”

“W-Well—”

“If I have to stay in the dark for the rest of my life, then so be it,” William interrupted. “But if I ever get the chance to be king and stand on top of the world, I’ll definitely marry the woman I love!”

The prince was full of hope, which was the one thing that had helped him through the longest, darkest days of his life and kept him going.

As such, Robin couldn’t bear to persuade him otherwise, nor did he want to dash his hopes.

Before Francesca entered William's life, he had come close to resigning himself to his fate. Her appearance, however, quickly became his beacon of light. No matter how much effort it might take to win her over, William knew it'd all be worth it.

More importantly, he finally found a goal to strive toward, a purpose to live for, and the motivation to carry on.

Meanwhile, Francesca had returned home, but she couldn't stop thinking about William's condition. She was fairly certain that someone had harmed the prince, and even though the signs of poisoning weren't visible yet, she knew a thorough checkup the next day would definitely confirm her suspicions.

She had previously heard Robin talk about how sinister and scheming the royal family was, and she'd never forget William's paleness and melancholy expression when she first met him.

In fact, the first time he smiled was when Francesca took him out for some much-needed sun. They had rescued an injured bird, and as he watched the bird spread its wings to fly away, a smile finally crept across his face.

He had even mentioned how much he wished he could fly free like the birds in the sky.

From that moment on, Francesca decided she'd do everything in her power to heal the prince's legs.

Alas, she later became so bogged down in other matters that she hadn't had a chance to research a cure. William's leg condition, on the other hand, continued to worsen, which made Francesca even more guilt-ridden.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. "Francesca, Mr. Lincoln is back!"

"I'll be right down," Francesca replied before putting on a jacket and rushing downstairs.

Lincoln was busy all year round and was only home for a few days each month. Every time he was back, he would, without fail, gather everyone for a meeting.

As it turned out, Lincoln and Layla used to be special forces agents. Upon their retirement, they roamed the world and stayed unmarried and childless for the rest of their lives.

Later, they met Francesca and Anthony by chance, and after having gone through a life-and-death situation together, they quickly became a family forged in fire.

It wasn't long before the four of them founded the Lovely Care orphanage, but due to their limited funds, they had no choice but to entrust the orphanage to a foundation.

Unfortunately, that was also the main reason for Lincoln to call a meeting that night. "The foundation is rotten to the core!" he grumbled. "Almost everyone in upper management was embezzling money, which includes the funds that Francesca had transferred previously. I rushed there last night to detain those scumbags and forced them to sign the release form for Lovely Care orphanage. Thankfully, I also managed to get them to return the money they stole from Francesca. Now that that's over, we'll either have to find a new foundation for the orphanage or start one ourselves. However, if we go with the latter, the funds required will undoubtedly be an astronomical sum..."

With that, the three of them promptly turned to look at Francesca. It had always been her dream to build an orphanage, and since she was also the main financial backer, it was only natural for her to be the decision maker.

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Chapter 2036 Be Yourself

“How much would it take to set up a foundation?” Francesca asked bluntly.

She had never been good with the concept of money, and account keeping always gave her massive headaches. Because of that, she’d never beat around the bush when discussing finance-related matters.

“Um, about that...” Anthony mumbled before handing the calculator to her. Francesca stared at the string of numbers and began counting the number of digits. Oh, my goodness, there are at least ten digits. Argh! My head hurts just from looking at it.

“Okay, that’s enough. I’m getting cross-eyed from all the numbers,” she grumbled. “How much more do we need?”

“A lot,” Lincoln replied. “The truth is, our current financial strength is far from enough to start our own foundation. I’ve also been looking around to see if we can find a more suitable and reliable foundation.”

“Indeed. There’s no need to pile so much pressure on ourselves. It’d be easier to find another foundation,” Layla uttered. “Besides, we don’t have to rush this. The money we recovered is enough to tide us over for a while.”

“How long would that be, though?” Francesca asked anxiously.

Since she didn’t have an answer to that, Layla quickly turned to Anthony.

“Twenty-five days,” the latter replied as he showed them the bill.

“Sell my jewelry. I heard it’s worth a hundred million,” Francesca said nonchalantly. “Once I’ve completed Lacy’s operation, I’ll begin treatment on William’s legs. I think I’ll be able to earn quite a bit from him.”

Upon hearing that, Layla furrowed her brows. “But didn’t you say that Prince William’s condition is very tricky? Furthermore, his safety will affect the power struggle within Danontand’s royal family. It’s best not to get yourself involved in that.”

“That’s right,” Lincoln chimed in. “Dragging politics into this will only complicate things further. Turn it down if you can. We don’t need the prince’s money.”

When Francesca heard that, she suddenly recalled how her master had also avoided treating William. Understanding dawned on her.

He, too, had told her before not to save any political figures or to get involved in their matters.

At the time, she couldn’t quite understand why. To her, they were all humans, so why shouldn’t she save them?

Alas, her master didn’t explain further and only told her to do as he said.

Francesca hadn’t dwelled on it then, but now that she had given it some thought, she finally understood her master’s well-intentioned advice.

“Think back on how you got into trouble on that yacht in M Nation,” Anthony sternly reminded. “That group of people wanted to kill you so you wouldn’t have a chance to treat Prince William. They knew that as long as the prince remained uncured, he wouldn’t be able to fight for the throne.”

“Oh, you’ve finally wised up,” Layla teased as she pulled Anthony’s ear, only to have the latter respond with a goofy grin.

After pondering for a while, Francesca finally spoke up. “I understand the concerns, but William’s my friend. I met him earlier, and it was clear that his condition has worsened. It has gotten to the point where his lumbar region and spine are affected too. Not only do those in the royal family want him out of the race for the throne, but they also want him dead! If I stood by and did nothing in his hour of need, I’d be going against my principles and a doctor’s oath!”

As soon as they heard that, Lincoln and Layla exchanged silent glances. They, too, used to be young and impulsive and would always go to the ends of the world for their friends.

Their reckless actions ended up costing them a lot, but despite that, they never regretted a single thing.

After all, that was the power of youth!

Besides, Francesca was only twenty-one years old. She needed to experience life for herself, be it good or bad, and feel the array of emotions that lay in store for her.

They could pave the way for her and steer her away from making wrong turns, but they couldn’t pull her along right to the end. If they did, life would be meaningless!

Seeing as how neither Lincoln nor Layla said a word, Anthony knew better than to raise his objections. “All right. Go ahead and do whatever you want. If anything happens, we’ll shoulder the responsibility with you.”

In a rare turn of events, Layla turned to him and praised, “Well done, kid. You sure are quick-witted today.”

“Yes, and you even stole my line,” Lincoln added as he tousled Anthony’s hair affectionately.

“Thank you,” Francesca replied, feeling all warm and fuzzy inside.

She had a family protecting her and navigating her through life's challenges, so what was there to be afraid of?

Thanks to them, she had the courage to be herself!

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Chapter 2037 Toys

Not long after, Lincoln brought up yet another question. “By the way, Francesca, do you remember what Layla said about developing poison and hidden weapons for self-defense? Since we’re still healthy and agile, we can help you with it. Otherwise, you won’t be able to protect yourself if you run into any dangers again.”

In the past, Francesca had always stuck to her master’s teachings of not making poison, but with how things were going, she knew it was time for a change.

I was told not to leave the mountain or learn modern medicine, yet I did them anyway. I’ve also already gone against my master’s advice by treating a royal family member, so what difference would it make if I violated another one of his rules?

Having made up her mind, Francesca replied, “Okay. I’ll start preparing for it after Lacy’s operation.”

“Good,” Lincoln said, nodding in relief as he grabbed a leather bag from the shelf and handed it to her. “Here’s your most treasured possession. I found it for you.”

“You found it?”

Elated, Francesca tore into the leather bag and found herself staring at a large knife.

As it turned out, the knife was the only item she had taken with her from Mount Phoenix.

There was also the word “Fran” engraved on the blade, which, interestingly enough, was how her name came about.

When Francesca was younger and went up the mountain alone to pick herbs, her master had given her the knife for self-defense. That way, if she ran into wild animals, she’d be able to protect herself.

However, since Francesca was capable of summoning beasts, she hardly saw the need to use the knife as a weapon. Instead, she realized she could use it to chop down trees and thorns in her way and even smash rocks with it!

Kids who grew up in the mountains didn’t have the privilege of having toys, so to her, the knife was her only plaything.

She loved it so much that she brought it wherever she went.

Unfortunately, when Francesca moved a few months ago, the kids at the orphanage took her knife away to play with, and she couldn’t find it despite searching high and low. She had already given up on it, but who knew Lincoln would get it back for her?

“Happy now?” Layla asked as she gazed fondly at Francesca. “You’ve finally gotten your toy back.”

“Haha! I’m overjoyed!” the latter exclaimed. “Seeing it is like seeing my master again!”

As a matter of fact, she’d always recall her master’s words of encouragement every time she saw the knife. “Francesca, you’re a blessed and gifted child, and there’s nothing that can stump you. Give your best! I’ll always be protecting and rooting for you!”

Therefore, whenever she ran into difficulties, she’d picture her master near her, which gave her the strength to keep going.

A while later, Lincoln clapped his hands, signaling the end of their meeting. “All right. That’ll be it for today. Run along and have a good rest.”

Since Layla still had accounts to settle with Lincoln, Anthony left with Francesca to collect her jewelry. He’d sell them the next day and use the money to fund the orphanages for the time being.

As the two of them made their way up the stairs, Anthony suddenly asked, “Say, has Danrique called you?”

“I blocked his number,” Francesca snapped back.

Danrique had also blocked her number previously, and that memory only made her boil with rage.

Her initial plan had been to turn off her phone and cut off all contact with him, but knowing that Anthony and the others might need to reach her any time, she decided against it and blocked his number instead.

When Danrique tried calling her on Sean’s phone, she blocked Sean’s number too.

From then on, she rejected calls from all unknown numbers, which explained why her phone had been so silent recently.

Anthony cleared his throat as he hesitated to speak up.

“What do you want to say?” Francesca muttered.

“They called me and asked if you were safe. Once I gave a simple reply, they hung up...”

“Who called you? Was it Danrique?”

Anthony narrowed his eyes. “No. It was his subordinate. He sounded a little sinister, and even though he didn’t say much, I felt like he was threatening me.”

Upon hearing that, Francesca immediately knew who the mystery caller was. “It was Sean, wasn’t it?”

“Yes! That’s him!” Anthony replied. “He told me his name as soon as I picked up the call. What an arrogant prick.”

“Ignore him.”

Despite those words, Francesca had to admit she felt rather upset. Why hasn’t Danrique called to explain himself? He doesn’t care about me at all, does he?

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Chapter 2038 Ungrateful Wretch

“Yes, just ignore him,” Anthony chimed in. “That Danrique isn’t sincere at all. He hasn’t even bothered to call you to apologize, so don’t go easy on him and forgive him so soon.”

“I know,” Francesca muttered before tossing her bag of jewelry to him. “Now, get lost!” “D*mn... Can’t you be a little gentler?”

“Scram!” “Okay! Okay!” After Anthony had left, Francesca lay on the couch to play with her phone. However, when she saw the list of blocked numbers, she began to ask herself if she should finally unblock Danrique.

Monica was right about teaching him a lesson. Otherwise, he’d never make a clean break with Hazel. Then again, if I don’t unblock his number, how could he call to clarify things to me? Well, I suppose I should do it. That’ll give him a chance to explain himself and beg for forgiveness!

With that, Francesca immediately unblocked both Danrique’s and Sean’s numbers.

Before she went for her shower, though, she intentionally put her phone on silent and tossed it aside.

Even if he calls, I won’t answer it. I want that a*shole to feel anxious and panicky. Yep! That’s it!

It didn’t take long before Francesca finished her shower. Upon coming out of the bathroom, her gaze fell straight on the phone’s black screen as she wondered if anyone had called.

I’m sure he must have called, but who cares? He can continue panicking!

The next second, she sat in front of the dressing table and began applying medication to herself.

However, even as she did, she couldn't help but notice that her phone was dead silent.

He must have gotten mad when I didn't pick up his calls earlier. Fine, I think I've punished him enough. Let's see what he has to say now.

Francesca promptly got up to retrieve her phone, but when she unlocked it, she realized she hadn't gotten a single call.

Needless to say, she was stunned.

My goodness! Does Danrique not know I've unblocked him? Or does he think he's still blocked, so he didn't bother to call? Oh no, how should I let him know?

Just then, the phone suddenly rang. Francesca's anxiety quickly melted away as she stared excitedly at the screen. Alas, her happiness was short-lived when she saw it was Sean calling her.

Argh! Why isn't it Danrique? Then again, he might be using Sean's phone to test me.

At the thought of that, Francesca gulped and recomposed herself before taking the call. "Hello."

"Oh, thank heavens! I finally got through to you, Ms. Felch," Sean exclaimed. "Are you all right? Where are you now?"

"I'm very well," Francesca said coldly. "As for my whereabouts, I don't think there's a need to let you know."

"W-Well..." Sean stammered before looking at Danrique timidly.

Even though the latter's eyes were flaming with rage, he managed to restrain himself and made a gesture.

"Don't be mad, Ms. Felch. The incident from before was just a misunderstanding. Mr. Lindberg—"

"No need to explain to me. I don't feel like hearing it," Francesca interrupted. "Is there anything else? Otherwise, I'll hang up now."

"Please don't be like that, Ms. Felch. Mr. Lindberg is very worried about you—"

Unfortunately, before Sean could finish his words, Francesca had already hung up the phone.

What a useless man! Can't he explain things himself instead of getting his subordinate to do so? He isn't sincere at all!

Meanwhile, Danrique was just as furious as she was. "I've had enough of that ungrateful wretch and her foul temper! Since she loves being angry, I'll let her be! Don't call her again. I don't care anymore!"

"Calm down, Mr. Lindberg..."

"Also, why did you sound so timid earlier?" Danrique scolded. "You said I was worried about her and made it sound like I was begging her! I didn't do anything wrong, for goodness' sake!"

"Y-Yes, but—"

"What's the point of keeping you around if you don't even know how to speak up? Get out of my sight!"