

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2218

Chapter 2218 Suspicion

“Yes, but my stomach is a little upset.” Francesca rubbed her belly. “It feels like I ate something wrong, but I haven’t eaten anything today except for a glass of milk.”

The first lady paled upon her words. “It must be the hunger. You’ve been working so hard today that you didn’t even have time to grab a bite, thus causing an upset stomach...”

“I’ll be fine. I just need to drink more water when I get home,” said Francesca. “I’ll be fine even if I ate something wrong. I’m immune to poison.”

The first lady was stunned. Is she serious? “Ms. Felch!” Monica shouted. “Coming.” Francesca quickly went down the stairs. “Why did you come so late at night?”

“To pick you up.” Monica gave Francesca a once-over and asked in a low voice, “Are you okay?” “I’m fine.” Francesca yawned. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“All right, that’s good to hear. I was worried that you might tire yourself out.” Monica heaved a sigh of relief. “I’ll go get your medical kit.”

“Oh, right.” Francesca had forgotten all about her medical kit. “It’s in the guest room. Please help to get it for me.”

“Okay.” Monica headed toward the guest room and ran into the first lady at the stairs. She quickly bowed her head to greet her. The first lady kept quiet as she walked over to Francesca. “Francesca, let me send you off.”

“Ms. Felch has been staying in this room.” The bodyguard, who was standing by the door, showed Monica the way.

Monica had wanted to snoop around the room for clues but disregarded the thought as she could feel the bodyguard watching her. She left the room as soon as she got the medical kit.

Monica even smiled and nodded at the bodyguard on her way out.

On the way back, Francesca’s stomach was a little upset. “That’s weird. I haven’t eaten anything all day. Why do I have an upset stomach?” she said after carefully examining herself.

“Did you drink anything?” asked Monica.

“A glass of milk. That’s it.”

Francesca found herself a pill and downed it with some mineral water.

“Is it the milk?” Monica asked without missing a beat. “Did anything happen to you after you drank the milk?”

“No. I fell asleep right after.” Francesca shrugged. “I’d be able to tell immediately if something is wrong with the food. But I couldn’t tell if the milk was poisoned since I was so tired. Sleep was the only thing on my mind.”

“You’re too careless.” Monica was a little panicky. “When did you fall asleep? Did anything happen after you fell asleep?”

“What could happen?” Francesca laughed. “I’m immune to poison. They wouldn’t be able to do anything to me even if the milk was poisoned. Moreover, it’s the presidential palace we’re talking about. Who would dare poison me?”

“Um...” Monica was stunned. “You’re immune to poison?”

“Yeah. I’ve been bathing in herbal concoctions ever since I was young. Small doses of poison wouldn’t affect me. I’ll have an upset stomach at most.”

Francesca paused as her words settled in. “Oh, right. Why would I have an upset stomach if there’s nothing wrong with the milk?”

“Could it be that the milk was poisoned?”

Just then, Gordon spoke up.

“Not necessarily.” Francesca analyzed, “I have stomach issues. Sometimes it’s because I haven’t eaten in a long while or I’ve overeaten. We can’t be entirely sure that it’s the milk.”

“But there were no empty glasses when I went in to get your medical kit.” Monica realized a critical point. “They wouldn’t have time to clean the room since you just woke up. The empty glass should still be there. Why is it gone?”

“That is very suspicious,” said Gordon. “They must have gotten rid of it for fear that we might notice that something is off.”

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Chapter 2219 Suspicion Part Two

“Are you sure?” Francesca still found it unbelievable. “Who would dare to do anything like that at the presidential palace? What’s their motive?”

“That’s what we want to find out too,” said Monica. “Ms. Felch, although we have no evidence right now, the circumstance is still very suspicious. We need to be more vigilant and not let our guard down.”

“Yes, it’s better to be careful,” agreed Gordon as he nodded. “However, there’s no need to be overly cautious. Just make sure someone is with you at all times. Everyone knows who you are. I doubt they will dare to try to do anything.”

Francesca did not spare the matter much thought. Monica, on the other hand, was ruminating.

By the time Francesca arrived home, Norah had breakfast ready.

Francesca had a bite before taking a shower and going to bed.

When Monica got back, she went straight to William’s room. He had not slept the entire night and was waiting for her to update him on the situation.

Monica gave him a detailed report.

At the end, William drew his conclusion. “There must be something wrong with the first lady. In the future, you should watch over Francesca more carefully. Don’t let anything happen to her.”

“Yes, I understand,” Monica responded with a nod. “But, there’s something I don’t get. Why would the first lady want to do that? Is she trying to get rid of Ms. Felch

so that Ms. Avery can be with Mr. Lindberg? Surely, someone in her esteemed position should understand that there is no way Mr. Lindberg will marry her mentally unwell daughter. So, why would she still do such a thing?"

"Sometimes, things are more than meets the eye. There can be other reasons as well..." William looked down and pondered before continuing, "That's why I want you to check out the identities of Ms. Avery's ex-husband and lover. We may be able to find something."

"Yes, sir." Monica nodded. "Do you think the president is aware of this matter? If he is, I don't think he would allow it to happen, right?"

"I can't be sure," replied William. "I don't know them well enough to make any accurate assumptions. Let's just take it one thing at a time and act accordingly."

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, at the presidential palace, the first lady was throwing a fit. "It's preposterous! We actually missed such a good opportunity! Furthermore, Monica has brought Gordon along too. That must mean that we have alerted them. It will be difficult to make our move the next time."

"That Monica woman is annoying," said the personal bodyguard of the first lady. "She doesn't work for the Lindberg family, so I don't know why she's involved."

"Does she work for Prince William?" asked the first lady.

"Yes," answered her bodyguard. "According to my investigation, she used to be an FBI agent. In order to save Prince William, she was discharged from her job. She is extremely loyal to Prince William. But, since she works for him, why does she bother with Francesca?"

"Don't be stupid." The first lady sneered, "Danrique is the reason why William was able to make a comeback, and Francesca is the reason why Danrique has come forward to help him. Right now, Francesca is the only one who has William's back."

If anything untoward happens to her, not only will he not be cured, but Danrique also won't give a d*mn about his survival. If that happens, William's cousins will exact their revenge on him. Given his handicapped condition, there is no way he can fight back."

"I got it." The bodyguard quickly nodded. "He's protecting Francesca to safeguard himself!"

"That's right." The first lady sighed before continuing, "Initially, I thought that once Danrique left, we would get the chance to deal with Francesca. I didn't expect Prince William to also be on her side. Although he doesn't have much authority, he's quite scheming nonetheless. With his protection, there's no way we can touch Francesca."

"So, what should we do now?" asked her bodyguard.

"Let me think about it." The first lady looked wistful. "If we want to finish Francesca off, we must do it before Danrique comes back. Once he returns, I will never get another chance."

"Will she be coming to provide treatment for Ms. Avery tomorrow?"

"Even if she does, we can't do anything to her again."

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Chapter 2220 A Surprise Guest

The next few days passed by without any incident. Every morning, Francesca set out to the presidential palace to treat Avery. She would be back by afternoon to give treatment to William.

During each and every visit to the palace, both Gordon and Monica would escort her. Gordon was Danrique's right-hand man and held an esteemed position. Even the first lady was polite to him and took him seriously.

As for Monica, she was like an assistant to Francesca. At the same time, she was also constantly observing their surroundings. Four days had passed. Avery's condition had stabilized completely.

Francesca knew exactly how to treat patients like her. Every time Avery woke up and was about to become hysterical, Francesca would insert a needle in her and put her to sleep once more. The first lady was concerned and asked if that would affect Avery's health.

Francesca answered, "It will affect her to a certain extent. After all, if she keeps sleeping, she won't be able to consume any food. As such, her body will be quite weak. We can only sustain her using the IV drip. Then again, it's better than having her act up, isn't it?" "Uh..."

The first lady did not know how to respond. "Mrs. President, let's go outside for a while." "All right."

Both Francesca and the first lady went to the study room. Francesca went straight to the point. "Ms. Avery's treatment has entered a stable phase. All you have to do now is to engage a professional doctor to take over."

“You don’t wish to continue treating Avery anymore?” asked the first lady. “Is it too taxing for you? By the way, I have never discussed the remuneration with you. Please let me know how much you need. I’ll issue a check right away.”

“Money’s not the issue,” said Francesca. “I don’t think it’s right for me to create a hassle every time I enter the presidential palace. On top of that, Ms. Avery seems to get very agitated every time she sees me. This will affect her condition.”

“Avery is very emotionally unstable right now. She reacts the same way to all the doctors, not just you,” explained the first lady. “But, it must be tiring for you to travel here every day. I will try my best to engage a professional doctor for Avery. In the meantime, can I trouble you to look after her for another couple of days?”

“Sure,” Francesca agreed to her request without hesitation. “If there’s nothing else, I will make a move first.”

“Let me walk you out.”

Gordon was waiting by the door when the women came out. Monica was walking behind them with a medical kit. For the past few days, Monica could not find anything suspicious about the first lady. It seemed that their suspicions had been based on pure speculation.

Did we really get it wrong?

Once Francesca got into the car, she waved goodbye to the first lady.

Monica was seated next to Francesca as she studied the first lady. The latter had a warm smile on her face and did not look like an evil person. Was I mistaken?

As the car drove away slowly, Gordon asked, “Ms. Felch, do you intend to carry on with the treatment?”

“No. I have already spoken to the first lady and told her to engage a professional doctor to take over,” replied Francesca. “She’s making arrangements for it now. But, before the new doctor gets here, I’ll still have to take care of her.”

“How difficult can it be for the presidential palace to find a doctor? Why can’t they just summon the best doctor from the national hospital?” said Monica.

“I’m sure she knows what to do.” Francesca did not seem to mind too much.

“Gordon, when is Danrique coming back? He has been away for quite a while now, hasn’t he?”

“He should be back soon,” answered Gordon. “There’s an important conference tomorrow afternoon, so he should be back by then. The president will be back tomorrow as well to host the conference.”

“Oh, I see,” Francesca acknowledged briefly before leaning back in her seat as she checked her phone.

“There’s something else,” Gordon continued. “We are expecting a guest today.”

“A guest? Who’s that?” Francesca was curious. “Do I know the person?”

“Of course, you know this person. You’ll find out very soon.” Gordon was being very secretive.

“I can’t believe you are keeping me in suspense.” His response made Francesca even more curious.

Very soon, they arrived at the manor, and Francesca could see another vehicle from afar. Just as she was wondering who the person was, two medical staff carried someone out of the car.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2221

Chapter 2221 Price To Pay

Overwhelming joy filled Francesca's heart as she saw the face of the figure. Without hesitation, she pushed the car door open to jump out. "Hey, Ms. Felch. The car hasn't stopped yet—"

The subordinate quickly pulled the car to a stop as he spoke. Unbothered, Francesca got out of the car in a flash. "Ms. Layla!" she cried out.

Layla heard the familiar voice the moment she was out of the car. As she turned around, she immediately caught sight of Francesca running toward her. In the next second, Francesca flung herself into Layla's embrace.

"There, there!" Layla wrapped Francesca tightly in her arms. "Oh gosh!" Francesca was on the brink of tears. "We finally meet again! I was so worried!"

Having been caught between life and death, the two of them were immensely emotional to be able to see each other again.

"You're right. It's good to be able to see you again." Layla stroked Francesca's hair affectionately with a motherly love in her eyes. "Your hair's gotten longer. You look like a girl now."

"Pfft!" Francesca laughed sheepishly. "I've always been a girl."

"Looks like your fake persona is gone, haha!" Layla laughed as she caressed Francesca's cheeks. "You seem to have grown a little chubby."

"You're joking, right? I've been hustling day and night lately, yet I've somehow gained weight?"

Francesca quickly checked her reflection.

“Ms. Felch, let’s enter the house first.” Just then, Gordon walked over and greeted them. “It’s quite windy out, and Ms. Layla’s wounds are not completely healed yet. She needs to rest.”

“Wounds?” Francesca immediately began to inspect Layla’s body. “Ms. Layla, how are you feeling? Where have you gotten injured?”

“I’m feeling much better.” Layla grabbed Francesca’s hands, stopping the latter from continuing the physical examination. “Let’s head inside first.”

“Okay.” Francesca nodded and helped Layla into the building.

Just then, Monica came forward to greet Layla. Smiling, Layla nodded at the former in response. Francesca talked to Monica for a while and urged the latter to return to William to take care of him.

With that, Monica hurried away.

Layla turned to look at Monica as they parted ways. “Is that Monica the FBI agent that saved you in S Nation the other time?” she asked.

“Yep. That’s her.” Francesca nodded. “You remember?”

“She works for Prince William, I suppose?” Layla asked again.

“Mm-hmm...” Francesca began to explain briefly the relationship between William and Monica as well as the recent happenings. “William has been staying here to recuperate. I go over every day to give him treatment,” she concluded.

“Who would have thought...” Layla trailed off, deep in thought.

“Who would have thought what?” Francesca asked.

“Who would have thought that Danrique would have such high principles?” Layla commented wistfully. “His feelings for you have far exceeded my expectations.”

Francesca could not help but let out a gentle laugh. “I was talking to you about William. How did you come up with that conclusion?”

“You can tell from this incident,” Layla began to explain. “If Danrique didn’t love you this much, he would have never gotten himself involved with the royal family of Danontand, and he would definitely not spend so much effort saving Prince William. Do you know how big of a price he has to pay?”

When Francesca heard that, her smile faded as anxiety rose in her chest. “Price?”

“He’s just a businessman. Why should a king show him that much respect?” Layla threw a question back at Francesca. “If it weren’t for money?”

“Are you saying that Danrique has given a lot of money to Federico?” Francesca pressed on. “But he said he didn’t give any money. Could it be a form of investment instead?”

“Money is a small issue, and investment is not a fixed amount.” Layla smiled. “If I guessed correctly, he must have given the king shares of Lindberg Corporation.”

“What? Shares?” The shock made Francesca’s heart lurch. “You’re kidding me, right?”

As clueless as she was, even Francesca knew what holding the shares of a company implied. The three great families had been fighting for those shares to the point where blood was spilled.

Having Lindberg Corporation shares equaled sitting at home and waiting for money to flow passively into one’s pocket.

And it would be a tremendous amount.

That truly was a hefty price to pay.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2222

Chapter 2222 Debt

“He never told me this...” Francesca uttered anxiously. “Ms. Layla, how much of the shares do you think he gave Federico?”

“Not enough to threaten his position in the company, but not too little either. He wouldn’t get any say in the matter if it were too little.” Layla made some calculations in her head. “My guess is five percent.”

“Uh...” Francesca had no concept of how much that was. “I don’t understand. Is that a lot?”

“Duh.” Ms. Layla rolled her eyes at Francesca. “The three great families each have ten percent at most. You tell me. Is that a lot?”

When Francesca heard that, she was rendered speechless as her eyes widened in disbelief. That is a huge portion!

“Danontand’s five percent hold of the share could easily be half of the country’s income.” Ms. Layla frowned as she continued. “That’s such a huge benefit. It’s no wonder the king treated you with the utmost respect!”

When she heard that, Francesca felt her heart starting to bleed.

“You’re a sharp one, Ms. Layla!” Gordon could not help but praise Layla when he heard her analysis. “Mr. Lindberg truly has paid a huge price, but it’s all right. He once told us that as long as Ms. Felch returns home safely, nothing else matters.”

It was only then Francesca realized the sacrifices Danrique had made for her. She had been completely oblivious before that.

“Danrique has outdone himself,” Layla told Gordon. “And yet this child has been completely clueless. Oh right. Thank you for saving me this time.”

“We’re all family. It comes without saying,” replied Gordon respectfully. “As for Mr. Lincoln, we’re still trying to come up with a plan. We’ll notify you the second we receive any news.”

“Thank you,” Layla thanked him profusely.

“Good evening, Ms. Layla, your room is ready.” Norah nodded at Layla politely. “Ms. Felch, dinner is ready as well. Would you like to dine in the dining room or in your room?”

“Bring it to my room half an hour from now. I’ll accompany Ms. Layla to her room first.”

“All right.”

Francesca helped Layla to her room and began inspecting the latter’s wounds. She discovered that Layla had been shot and was suffering from multiple external injuries. After receiving treatment, her wounds were beginning to recover, but they hadn’t fully healed.

Francesca wanted to prescribe Layla medication as soon as she saw the injuries, but Layla stopped her. “Francesca, don’t go off to work yet. Sit down and have a chat with me.”

“Okay.” Francesca poured Layla a cup of water before asking, “Ms. Layla, what happened? Why would Mr. Lincoln be taken away by the people of Riz Corporation?”

“It’s a long story.” Layla sighed lightly as she attempted to make the conversation as light-hearted as possible. “Whatever it is, we owe Danrique a huge favor this time!”

“If anyone is indebted to him, it’s me.” Francesca comforted the woman. “He’s doing all of this for me. You don’t have to feel responsible for any of this.”

“Well, that’s not wrong, but...” Layla furrowed her brows as her expression turned grim. “You might not be familiar with the business world, but you have to know this. Riz Corporation is immensely powerful. Everyone would tread cautiously when it comes to them. Danrique’s position in the business world has only just stabilized. At a time like this, he really should not have made Riz Corporation his rival. He must have known this, and yet for you, he still crossed Riz Corporation. His subordinate, Gordon, has been trying everything to make a deal with Riz Corporation to save Mr. Lincoln. I know how difficult that is...”

After a brief pause, she continued, “Money or shares might have worked for Federico, but Riz Corporation will not accept those as an exchange. Danrique truly is putting in a lot of effort to help us.”

When she said that, Layla let out a small sigh. “I shouldn’t be telling you all this, Francesca. You dating him should be a simple process. You shouldn’t have involved so many troubles in your relationship, causing so much strain on yourself and each other. I’m really worried that it’ll affect you—”

“What are you talking about, Ms. Layla?” Francesca interrupted. “You and Mr. Lincoln are my families. Your problems are my problems too. What do you mean by affecting our relationship?”