

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2213

### Chapter 2213 She Seems Familiar

“A thorough examination suggests that Ms. Avery’s heart transplant was a success. Theoretically, her condition should be very stable. However, her emotional state has been fluctuating a lot lately.

Also, I believe she is suffering from severe depression. All that repeated self-harm and medication has placed a huge amount of stress on her heart, which caused her to go into cardiogenic shock. It’s incredibly difficult to treat such a condition with modern medicine, so I had to rely on traditional medicine to stabilize her.

We’ll still need to treat her with modern medicine, though. Given the severity of her condition, traditional medicine will only get us so far. I can use it to complement her previous treatment methods, but she really needs to stop hurting herself like this.

Her body cannot take any more abuse. You need to first keep her emotions under control so that she will be willing to accept the treatment. We can then counsel her and teach her to value her life,” Francesca explained.

The first lady nodded with tears in her eyes. “Understood. Thank you for the suggestion. You’ve been most helpful.”

“You’re welcome. I’ll be taking my leave now,” Francesca said as she packed her things and got ready to leave.

The first lady quickly grabbed her by the arm and pleaded, “Could you please stay with us for the night? I’m worried that Avery might have another episode in the middle of the night. None of the doctors are able to do anything at the moment.”

“Honestly, it wouldn’t make a huge difference even if I stayed. Having a few doctors around is good enough—”

The first lady cut her off anxiously, “But Avery’s emotional state is highly unstable. What if she has a panic attack or something? Those doctors won’t administer any medication for fear of it affecting her heart. If you stay, you could use those acupuncture needles on her, which is a lot safer since they don’t have any unwanted effects on her heart.”

“That is true...” Francesca gave it some thought and nodded. “All right, I’ll stay for the night. We’ll monitor her condition throughout the night and decide the next course of action after that.”

“Great!” The first lady was overjoyed. “I’ll have someone bring you to the guest room.”

“Thanks.”

“I’ll stay with you, Ms. Felch. I could watch over Ms. Avery and wake you up if anything happens. That way, you’ll be able to get a good night’s sleep,” Monica suggested.

“All right.” Francesca didn’t turn her offer down as she needed sufficient rest to perform well during treatment.

The first lady simply shot Monica a glance before having someone escort Francesca over to the guest room.

She even prepared rooms for Sloan and his subordinates.

After taking a shower, Francesca sat on the bed and read through all of Avery’s medical records.

“Is Ms. Avery’s illness real?” Monica asked curiously while leaning over to have a look at the reports.

Francesca rolled her eyes at her in response. “Of course it is! Why would anyone fake this stuff?”

“Fair enough.”

Ms. Felch would surely be able to tell if Ms. Avery was faking it. Maybe the first lady isn’t up to anything, after all. His Highness is probably just overthinking it.

“Still, I can’t help but feel that something is off about all this. For some reason, Ms. Avery seems rather familiar. I feel like I’ve seen her before...” Francesca murmured while going through Avery’s files.

“You’ve seen her before? Was there some kind of conflict between you two?” Monica asked nervously.

Francesca shook her head. “No, but I do find her looking somewhat familiar. Maybe I haven’t actually seen her in person... I don’t know. I can’t be bothered to think about it right now. I’m going to bed.”

“You go ahead and get some rest. I’ll wake you up if anything happens.”

While tidying up the table, Monica secretly took pictures of Avery’s medical reports before putting them away.

Having performed two treatments in a day, Francesca was very tired and fell asleep within minutes.

Right as Monica turned off the lights and was about to get some sleep, she received a text message from William that read: Is Francesca okay?

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### Chapter 2214 Domestic Abuse

Monica replied: She's fine. We're staying the night in the presidential palace.  
William texted: Make sure to keep her safe. Do everything you can to protect her.

Monica replied: Don't worry; I will. You should get some sleep, Your Highness.  
It's almost two in the morning now. William texted: I couldn't sleep. Let me know when Francesca comes back tomorrow.

Monica replied: Got it. After sending that text, Monica glanced at Francesca with a look of envy in her eyes. His Highness still cares so much about Ms. Felch even though she belongs to Danrique... Perhaps this is what true love looks like...

Monica was just starting to fall asleep when someone knocked on the door and yelled, "It's Ms. Avery! She woke up and is having a fit!"

"Wake up, Ms. Felch!" Monica called out while tapping Francesca on the shoulder. Francesca quickly put on her clothes and rushed over with her medical kit in hand.

Although physically weak, Avery was screaming angrily in a language that Francesca didn't understand. She looked like a dying person chanting some sort of curse. "Calm down, Avery!"

The first lady covered Avery's mouth with a handkerchief to stop her from screaming. As neither of the doctors dared inject her with sedatives, all they could do was stand there and wait for Francesca to begin the treatment.

Francesca quickly whipped out her bag of needles and performed acupuncture treatment on Avery.

Avery glared viciously at her like a snake staring down its prey before passing out again. “This won’t do. You need to get a psychiatrist as soon as possible,” Francesca suggested with a frown.

“I already have. Thanks, Francesca. You can go back to sleep now...” the first lady mumbled weakly.

Francesca glanced at her watch and said, “I’m going to head back now and prepare some medication for Ms. Avery. I’ll send it over to you tomorrow, Mrs. President. Make sure to have her take them on time every day. It’ll help keep her calm, which will make the psychiatrist’s job a lot easier.”

“Thank you so much, Francesca. Here, I’ll walk you out.”

“That won’t be necessary...”

Francesca was about to turn her offer down but felt bad when she saw how weary the first lady looked.

“Mrs. President, you shouldn’t worry too much about Ms. Avery’s condition. She can be cured if she receives proper treatment.”

“I sure hope so.” The first lady let out a sigh as she continued, “I wish I could do more to help my daughter.”

“Is the president not home right now?” Francesca asked as she realized she hadn’t seen the president this entire time.

“He’s busy with work and hasn’t been around much recently. In fact, I usually have to take care of things at home since he’s always swamped with work,” the first lady replied with a wry smile.

Francesca nodded. “Oh, I see. You should try to get some rest too. Don’t push yourself too hard. I’ll be on my way now.”

“Again, thanks for your help today. Bye!”

“Bye!”

Francesca and Monica then entered their car and left.

“A woman who wields such great power should have the world at her fingertips. How did her daughter end up like this?” Monica exclaimed with a sigh when she glanced at the first lady’s weary appearance in the rear-view mirror.

“Yeah. I wonder what Ms. Avery went through...” Francesca said.

“Sloan, do you know what happened to her?” Monica asked.

“From what I’ve heard, her life has been terrible after she married her ex-husband in Dartan. They say he was a violent man and often abused her. The president got really mad when he found out. He sent some of his men over to teach that guy a lesson, but...”

Curious beyond measure, Monica urged, “What happened next?”

“I think Ms. Avery was having an affair or something. Her ex-husband managed to get evidence of her affair, which made things a lot more difficult for her and the president. They tried really hard to divorce him, but he stubbornly refused to. Eventually, Mr. Lindberg stepped in and forced the man to release Ms. Avery.”

“What an \*sshole!” Monica exclaimed angrily. “I hate men who abuse their families! That man sure had some guts abusing the president’s daughter! Wait, was it true that Ms. Avery was having an affair?”

Sloan shook his head. “I’m not too sure about that. I heard those from Mr. Harrington’s men. They were the ones the president sent to punish that ex-husband.”

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### Chapter 2215 Utterly Exhausted

“And who’s the ex-husband?” Monica continued asking. “Beats me.” Sloan dared not say more. He cautiously looked at Francesca and said, “Mr. Lindberg doesn’t like us talking behind people’s backs.”

Francesca glanced at Monica for a moment. “All right, I’ll stop asking.” Monica immediately explained, “I’m just a little curious. Who on earth would dare to abuse the president’s daughter? Ugh, evil men lurk everywhere.”

Before shutting his mouth, Sloan added, “The culprit is quite a big shot.” “I guess so. There are always people better than us out there...” Monica muttered. “But this Ms. Avery must have suffered quite a bit. Otherwise, she wouldn’t end up in such a miserable state.”

“Let’s not dive into her personal matters anymore,” Francesca expressed her dismay. “And stop behaving like an FBI agent. You’re no longer with that organization anymore.”

Monica started chuckling. “All right, all right. Forgive me. I shall not ask any further.”

Though she had stopped asking questions, she kept all the information in mind. It was already daybreak by the time they arrived at the castle. Francesca could not sleep, so she went directly to the lab to work on the medicine and ordered her subordinates to deliver it to the presidential palace.

After completing her work, she returned to her room to take a nap.



Meanwhile, Monica went to William's room.

William, who had a sleepless night, asked Monica when he saw her, "Is Francesca all right?"

"Ms. Felch is fine, don't worry. She just got home a while ago." Monica felt disappointed but still put on a smile. "Oh, yes, I have some updates for you, Your Highness..."

"What is it?"

"Apparently, Ms. Avery..."

Monica reported everything she had heard to William. She even told him how Francesca felt Avery looked familiar.

Upon hearing that, William went through all of Avery's information again. He then ordered, "Go and find out more about Avery's ex-husband and who she cheated on him with. Lay low, and make sure you stay under the radar."

"I'll see to it, Your Highness." Monica immediately called Dominic and told him to begin the investigation.

She could not participate in the investigation directly since she had been relieved of her duties, but Dominic could still get the job done. However, due to Avery's unique identity, the president had done a good job keeping things under wrap. Thus, they needed more time to find out more information.

After ending the call, Monica helped William clean up and change clothes. Coincidentally, Francesca had arrived to treat William.

Despite not having enough sleep last night, she was determined to complete all her tasks today.

“You should go home and take a good rest. I can skip the treatment for a day,” William expressed his concern when he noticed how ashen-faced she looked.

Yet, Francesca insisted on completing the treatment before leaving. “At least I managed to catch a two-hour nap. Monica didn’t even sleep at all.”

Instead of turning his attention to Monica, William still fixed his eyes on Francesca.

Monica could not help but feel dejected.

After leaving William’s place, Francesca decided to go home and hit the sack.

All of a sudden, the car from the presidential palace arrived again. A representative told her that Avery had experienced a relapse again. All the psychiatrists and the other specialists had no idea what to do, so the first lady came to seek Francesca’s help.

Francesca could not turn down the request as the first lady had begged her to treat Avery.

Left with no choice, she picked up her medical kit and departed to the presidential palace with a few subordinates.

Avery’s illness seemed to relapse from time to time. Her doctors were either incapable of treating her or merely wanted to wash their hands of the case, so they advised the first lady to get Francesca’s help.

At this point, Francesca had to take over the task as she could no longer distance herself from the people in the presidential palace.

After spending the rest of the day treating Avery, Francesca felt dizzy and nearly fainted after stepping out of the emergency room. Fortunately, Avery’s condition had become stable.

The first lady immediately got up and held her arms. She then instructed her subordinates to bring Francesca to the guest room.

Francesca, who had not eaten or drunk anything the whole day, was so exhausted that she did not feel like eating anything. After washing her face and gulping a glass of milk, she instantly fell into a deep slumber.

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2216

### Chapter 2216 Time To Strike

Francesca slept so well that she did not realize someone had opened the door and entered the room quietly. “Did she finish the milk?”

“Yes, Mam. She finished it.” “You can leave now.”

“All right, Mam.” After glancing at the empty glass on the table and the sleeping Francesca, a cold glint flashed across the first lady’s eyes.

She gestured for her two female bodyguards to enter the room and approach Francesca. All of a sudden, Francesca’s phone rang. She shivered for a second before sitting up and answering the call. “Danrique?”

Her eyes were at half-mast as she talked over the phone. Raising her head, Francesca then noticed the first lady and her two bodyguards standing by the bed. Stunned by their presence in the guest room, she asked, “W-What are you doing here?”

“I...” The first lady hesitated but responded quickly, “I came to check on you because I noticed you were completely worn out.”

“I’m fine. I feel tired and just want to sleep.” Francesca yawned while rubbing her eyes.

“Oh, okay. I’m sorry. I’ll leave you alone now.” The first lady and her two bodyguards immediately retreated. They also took the empty glass with them when leaving the room.

Francesca then fell flat on the bed while hugging a bolster. She continued talking to Danrique over the phone, “Hey, I’m dead tired. I’ll call you later, okay? I’m at the presidential palace. Avery is very ill, so they invited me to treat her...”

After leaving the room, the first lady called the maid over and confronted her. “You said she finished the milk, but how come she’s still awake? Did she drink it?”

“Yes, she did, Mam. I saw her drinking it with my own eyes,” the maid uttered in a trembling voice. “I swear I’m telling the truth!”

“Could it be the milk’s problem?” the first lady questioned the bodyguards beside her. “Did you drug the drink?”

“Yes, I did,” the bodyguard assured her. “It’s a powerful drug that would make her sleep like a log. She wouldn’t even wake up had we cut her with a knife...”

“We drugged the milk, and she drank it. But how is it nothing happened to her?” The first lady was fuming. “All of you owe me an explanation!”

“I really have no idea...” the maid answered anxiously. “I did watch her finish the milk...”

“There’s still some left here. I’ll drink it.” The bodyguard gulped the remaining milk in the glass. In mere seconds, she wrapped her arms around her head, collapsed to the ground, and fell asleep.

The people around her were dumbfounded upon seeing that. She did not even move when the first lady kicked her.

Another bodyguard deduced, “Obviously, the milk has been drugged. I supposed she didn’t drink the milk.”

Once again, everyone turned their attention to the maid. The panicked maid burst into tears. “I swear I saw her gulping the milk. I’m telling the truth...”

“Guards,” the first lady exclaimed in anger, “drag her out of here!”

“Yes, Mam!” The bodyguard pulled the maid away.

Just when the maid was about to defend herself, the bodyguard immediately covered her mouth with her hand.

A vortex of anger swirled inside the first lady. She roared, “I had a chance, yet it slipped right through my fingertips! It’s all over now...”

“Stay calm, Mam. We can do it again since she’s here all alone,” the bodyguard consoled her.

“Are you out of your mind?” the first lady bellowed. “Didn’t you hear she was on the phone with Danrique? Danrique now knows she’s at our place. Should anything bad happen to her, he’ll come and settle scores with me.”

“But before this, she—”

The first lady cut in. “Before this, no one knew when she was leaving, and I could have shirked the responsibility by faking a car crash. But I can’t do anything to her now. We have no choice but to wait.”

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### Chapter 2217 Pick Her Up

The more the first lady thought about it, the angrier she became. “Avery was on the road to recovery. All the other doctors had to do was follow the treatment method Francesca prescribed. We should have taken this chance to whisk her to the middle of nowhere and take care of her and her subordinates by creating a freak accident. We could have blown up their bodies to get rid of all the evidence, and Danrique would never find out. But we blew it all up.”

“Calm down, Mrs. President. Our chance will come...” her bodyguard assured.

“Damn it. That b\*tch must have been slacking off! I’m certain that woman hasn’t drunk the milk,” the first lady said. “Do you think she’s aware that something’s off? Do you think we’ve given ourselves away?”

“I don’t think so.” The bodyguard felt uneasy. “Do you want me to check it out?”

“Go stand by her door and keep an eye on her. Report to me immediately if anything happens,” the first lady instructed.

“Yes, Mam.” The bodyguard got to it right away.

The first lady entered Avery’s ward. Her heart ached as she stared at her daughter, who was fast asleep on the hospital bed. She reached out and caressed Avery’s face. “Don’t worry, Avery, I’ll avenge you,” she choked out.

Late that night, Monica and Gordon arrived at the presidential palace to pick Francesca up.

Gordon kept his composure, whereas Monica was frantically asking about Francesca’s whereabouts.

“Francesca is treating Avery. She’s fast asleep in the guest room after working all day. What’s with the attitude? Why are you acting as if I’m going to harm her?” The first lady was displeased.

“I...” Monica paused as she recalled William’s warning. She quickly put on a smile. “Ms. Felch hasn’t been feeling well the past few days, plus she hasn’t slept since last night, and her phone has been switched off. I’m just worried about her health. Please don’t mind me, Mrs. President.”

“Francesca has worked hard. Let her sleep here tonight. I’ll get someone to send her home tomorrow,” said the first lady. “You guys should leave.”

“Uh...”

“Mrs. President.” Right then, Gordon spoke up. “Mr. Lindberg instructed me to take good care of Ms. Felch before he left. I haven’t been home for the past two days because I’ve been busy attending to other matters. I’ll have some explaining to do if he asks about Ms. Felch since her cell has been turned off. So please, can you get Ms. Felch? We’ll be waiting here. Sorry for the trouble.”

“You guys are acting like I’m going to hurt Francesca.” The first lady was getting annoyed. “Francesca is Avery’s savior and Danrique’s fiancée. How could I do something so stupid?”

“I’m sorry.” Gordon bowed his head in apology.

“Forget it. I’ll go get her.”

The first lady went upstairs to get Francesca. Upon seeing her, the bodyguard reported lowly, “Ms. Felch has been asleep all this while.”

The first lady laughed in disdain. “Looks like I’ve been overthinking things. She didn’t notice a thing. Otherwise, how could she be sleeping so soundly?”

“Yes.” The bodyguard nodded.



“Knock on the door and wake her up.”

“Okay.”

Francesca was annoyed as she was woken up by the knock on the door. “Who is it?”

“Apologies, Francesca, for waking you up,” said the first lady. “Gordon and your assistant, Monica, are here to pick you up. They’re downstairs waiting for you.”

It wasn’t till then that Francesca remembered she was sleeping at the presidential palace. She sat up quickly. “One moment, please. I’ll be right out once I wash up.”

“Okay. No rush.”

The first lady waited outside the door.

Soon, Francesca opened the door after she had washed up and changed into a fresh set of clothes. While yawning, she said, “I was sleeping so soundly.”

“I told them to let you retire here for the night and come for you tomorrow, but they refused.” The first lady smiled. “You’ve worked hard. Are you feeling okay?”