

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2258

Chapter 2258 Protect Her

“What a great move!” Layla exclaimed as she smacked her thigh. “First, you had Hazel hold a press conference to explain what happened so that the people would know the truth and where to put their doubts.

Then, you created an accident before Mrs. President can counterattack. After that, you directed the people’s attention to the matter and made them turn on her. Then Hazel came back to the Lindberg residence to hide. That way, she’d be safe.”

“We’re simply giving them a taste of their own medicine.” William curled his lips. “We’ll counterattack in the same way they’ve attacked us.”

“Brilliant thinking, Your Highness.” Hazel was thoroughly impressed by William. “Harrier and Mrs. President would never expect me to be in the Lindberg residence.”

“Indeed,” William affirmed with a smile. “Be at ease and just stay here. It’s safe here.” “That’s right.” Monica nodded fervently. “Even if they know that you’re here, they won’t dare to do anything to you.”

“But...” Layla seemed to be worried. “Let Ms. Atkinson stay at my place,” William said, instantly figuring out what was on Layla’s mind. “It’ll be more convenient for me to discuss with her the next steps of the plan.”

“Yes,” Hazel agreed, realizing what Layla was worried about as well. “Besides, this is Mr. Lindberg’s residence. It won’t be right for me to move in without his permission.”

“Good, good.” Layla nodded. “I’ll have Norah make arrangements for a few maids to take care of you there.” “Thank you,” William replied, smiling. “Ms. Layla,

we'll go over now, then. Please summon us anytime you need anything." "Of course."

After watching them leave, Layla went into the house. Sloan asked, "Ms. Layla, are you worried that Ms. Atkinson would steal the seal?"

"You've gotten smarter," Layla commented, chuckling. "Although I know it's unlikely for her to do that, it's better to be safe than sorry. Francesca entrusted this house to me before she left. I have to keep it safe for her."

Sloan nodded. "But it looks like Prince William and Ms. Atkinson truly want to help us out. Now, everyone is pointing fingers at Mrs. President. It's an advantageous situation for Ms. Felch."

"Precisely," Layla said wistfully. "We have to thank William for this, but somehow, something tells me that he's not a simple man. Perhaps you can think of me as someone petty, but regardless of everything, I have to keep my guard up around him."

"Anything you say," Sloan said obediently.

"By the way, have you contacted Gordon and the others?" Layla asked.

"Not yet. I don't know why, but I can't reach him at all," Sloan muttered despondently. "I've lost contact with the others too. Did something really happen to Mr. Lindberg?"

"Shush! Don't say such unlucky things."

"Of course!" Sloan smacked his mouth in penance. "I wonder how Ms. Felch is now. I was thinking of getting someone familiar to take care of her there, but I found out that the ones who are watching over her are all Mrs. President's men. None of our people could get in there."

“Looks like they’re guarding the place rather strictly.” A pause later, Layla said smugly, “But there will always be loopholes. I’m not good at strategizing, but I’m one of the best in prison breaking.”

“Uh, are you thinking of helping Ms. Felch escape?” Sloan’s eyes lit up. “I’ll prep for that right away!”

“Wait.” Layla stopped him. “She can’t run now. This isn’t a good time. She can’t leave yet, or else they’ll assume that she’s making a run for it because she’s guilty.” “Then...”

“I’m worried about her being bullied,” Layla said. “What about this? Find out where she’s being held, and I’ll send something to her.” “Huh? Will that work?”

“Of course it will.” Layla grinned. “We’ll send Sam in to protect her.” “Okay. I’ll summon Sam immediately.”

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2259

Chapter 2259 He Is Useless

William brought Hazel back to the castle he was staying in. When he heard her talk about the explosion and how the driver and two other bodyguards had escaped safe and sound, he drew his brows together. “What’s the matter?” Hazel queried. “Did we do something wrong?”

“Not exactly,” William responded in a solemn tone. “I just think that you should have been meticulous in the act. Others would assume that your body was destroyed in the explosion if they couldn’t find your body. However, if the driver’s and the subordinates’ bodies couldn’t be found as well, it would be obvious to anyone that this was a trick.”

“So what?” Hazel countered. “I can’t possibly let my men die, right? They’ve been working for me for years, and I can’t bring myself to be that ruthless. Besides, I’ve already had a falling out with Mrs. President. What could she do even if she found out that I was tricking her? It’s not as if they can find me.”

“The lack of bodies means they can persuade the media to think that this was a trick meant to set Mrs. President up,” William pointed out with a frown. “It’s a lousy trick, and one that anyone can see through it.”

“I...” Hazel froze. She had not given it much thought.

“Does that mean our efforts have been for naught?” Monica quickly asked.

“Not completely,” William reassured. “They’re already starting to talk about Mrs. President. We could have defeated her with just one strike, but Ms. Atkinson’s

mercy meant that this thing will have to last longer. It's just a battle of manipulating public opinion now to see who will be the victor."

"I'm sorry," Hazel said guiltily. "It could have been a perfect plan, but I ruined it. Still, I can't bring myself to let my men die."

"You're kind, Ms. Atkinson." William looked at her in approval. "It's a good thing."

His gaze made Hazel nervous, and she hastily lowered her head.

At that, Monica's heart lurched.

"Get some rest and don't think about it anymore. Prioritize your recovery," William consoled. "You can leave the rest to me."

"Okay. Thank you." Hazel rose to her feet, still not daring to look at William.

"Send Ms. Atkinson to the guest room," Monica quickly instructed the maid.

"Yes, Ma'am."

Once Hazel was gone, the gentle look on William's face disappeared, and he snapped his brows together again.

"Your Highness, you've spent so much money to bribe Gold Group to let us manipulate the people, but Ms. Atkinson messed it up," Monica said, understanding what William was thinking about. "What a pity."

"I thought someone like her who has been working for Danrique for so long would be someone merciless. But as it turns out, she's indecisive," William commented. "She can't even bear to part with a few of her subordinates. How will she pull off grand plans like this?"

Hearing that, Monica froze. Although she lamented the loss of a flawless plan, she could understand why Hazel did not wish to hurt innocent people. Those people were Hazel's long-term subordinates. No matter what, she would still have feelings for them.

A hint of terror crept onto Monica's face after she heard William's words.

If my sacrifice is necessary for one of his future plans, does that mean he'll...

"We'll have to keep spending money on this, then," William uttered, changing the topic. "Lucky for us, Jesse's the money-grubbing kind. As long as money is on the table, he'll be willing to assist us."

"Mm, Gold Group is the best in Koandria for manipulating public opinion," Monica said. "But you've already used thirty percent of your assets in exchange for his assistance. If you keep spending money on this—"

"I have to keep doing this even if it means spending everything I have," William interrupted. "I have to make sure Francesca is safe."

Monica lowered her head and fell silent. She had been worried that William and Hazel would be interested in each other, but it looked like she had thought too much about the matter. The only person he had in his heart was still Francesca.

"How goes the investigation on the president's daughter?" William asked. "Why isn't there any news about it yet? It's been a long time since I've assigned this task to you."

"Dominic is looking into this for—"

"He's useless," William responded in frustration. "Go to Ms. Layla right now and ask for her help in this investigation. I need to know the answer as soon as possible."

"Understood."

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2260

Chapter 2260 Sam Swallowed The Tracker

When Monica went to look for Layla, she saw that Sloan was about to take Layla out. Layla was throwing a large black backpack into the car, wearing a strange outfit. When she saw Monica, she asked warily, “What are you doing here at this hour?”

“His Highness asked me to look for you.” Monica hurried over to pass her Avery’s documents. After telling her a brief summary of the situation, she added, “I’ve asked my ex-partner to look into this, but he hasn’t been able to yield any results after a long time. His Highness is anxious about it, so he has sent me here to ask for your help.”

“You’re doing this to save Francesca, so this is no trouble. It’s my duty, really,” Layla replied, her tone softening. “You should have told me about this earlier. I’ll look into this now.”

“I thought my partner could find some lead on this...” Monica muttered. “You’re heading out, right? I shall take my leave, then.”

“I’ll look for you all when I have results. I’ll be off now.” With that, Layla got into the car with the documents.

After watching them leave, Monica drove back. Layla read Avery’s documents and mumbled under her breath, “That’s strange. Why does this girl look familiar to me?”

“Are you talking about the president’s daughter?” Sloan asked. “I heard from Gordon that she has been sickly since young, so she has never appeared in public. Have you seen her before?”

“No.” Layla shook her head. “I doubt I’ve seen her before, but there’s something familiar about her.” Once she finished reading all the pages, she stiffened. “Ms. Avery has congenital heart disease?”

“Yes.” Sloan nodded. “Ms. Felch even treated her a while back.”

“Not only does she have heart disease, but she also suffers from mental illness...” Layla continued skimming through the pages. “This is strange. Where have I seen her before?”

“Ms. Layla, let’s think about this later on and look for Ms. Felch first,” Sloan reminded. “Are you sure Sam will be able to find Ms. Felch? What if it doesn’t find her and even bites innocent people on its way there? Won’t that make things—”

“Don’t worry. I have a telepathic connection with Francesca. If she knows that I’m here, she’ll summon Sam.”

“Really?”

“Of course. Not only is Sam going there to protect Francesca, but it’s also scouting the path for us. If anything urgent pops up later, we can use this path to rescue Francesca.”

“Okay.”

Soon, the two of them came to a hill near the prison.

Sloan stopped the car in the forest before pointing at the stone tower a short distance away. “Ms. Felch is imprisoned there, but I’m not sure which cell she’s in.”

“Are you sure she’s there?” Layla asked.

“Of course. Although Mr. Lindberg is currently missing, he is still a well-known, powerful man. It was easy to retrieve information from others.”

“Okay.”

Layla looked up and let out a wolf’s howl.

Sloan was stunned to his core, for Layla’s imitation was almost perfect.

The guards on duty were alerted, and they began glancing around warily, thinking that there were wolves.

Meanwhile, Francesca, who had just fallen asleep, woke with a start. She clambered out of the bed to look out the window. She knew Layla was there.

That was because Layla’s wolf’s howl was not actually an imitation of a real wolf’s howl. There was a hidden message in it.

Layla continued to howl a few more times before asking Sloan to release Sam.

Quickly, Sam slithered in the direction of the prison.

Francesca, who had received Layla’s message, knew that Sam was on its way, so she made a low whistle to summon Sam to her side.

After watching Sam go, Layla asked Sloan, “Did you put the tracker on Sam?”

“I did,” Sloan answered timidly. “But Sam swallowed the tracker. Will it poop it out?”

“You had one job!” Layla huffed and glared at him.

“There was nothing I could do about that. Sam didn’t want to listen to me, and I didn’t dare to hurt it,” Sloan muttered aggrievedly.

“Forget it. It’s good enough that it swallowed it.”

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Chapter 2261 More Ruthless

After sitting on the bed for a while, Francesca finally saw Sam. It slithered in through the window and skillfully burrowed into her sleeve.

Francesca was delighted. Although she did not suffer much there, it was a boring stay. She was glad to have Sam's company. She let out a howl to tell Layla that Sam had arrived.

Layla smiled in satisfaction and left with Sloan. Startled awake by Francesca's howl, the prison guard yelled, "Why are you howling in the middle of the night?"

Francesca shot him a vicious glare. The prison guard shuddered and said hastily, "I-I'm sorry." Immediately after saying that, he scurried away.

The guards had all heard about how the petite Chanaean young woman had all kinds of capabilities, so they would do anything to avoid crossing her, for even the slightest misstep might spell death for them.

Once the prison guard was gone, Francesca was the only one left in the cell. As she caressed Sam's head, she mumbled, "Ms. Layla knows me best to have sent you here..." As she spoke, a wave of nausea hit her, and she nearly vomited. "The food in prison is horrible. I've been wanting to vomit for the few days I've been in here."

The little green snake meekly rubbed its head against her cheek to console her. In the car, Layla said, "Francesca's alone. She must be bored in there. I'm glad she has Sam to keep her company now."

“You’re right.” Sloan’s heart ached. “I wonder how Ms. Felch is now. A prison is an appalling place. I wonder if she can stand it in there. She loves to eat, but I’m sure there isn’t anything good in there for her.”

“I just hope Danrique will be back soon.” Layla sighed. “Please let this episode end as quickly as possible.” Another person who was sighing was Sean, who was abroad. “I hope this ends soon...”

“How is Mr. Lindberg?” Gordon asked in a low voice.

“He’s doing much better. He was awake for a while today, and he was calling for Ms. Felch,” Sean said with a frown. “If he knew about Ms. Felch’s current situation, I’m sure he would want to get back immediately.”

“Are you planning to hide this from him?” Gordon asked. “What if something happens midway?”

“Mr. Lindberg has a trump card that will allow him to protect Ms. Felch in an emergency,” Sean said. “He’s so grievously injured right now. What do you think he can do even if he rushes back to her? He’ll only end up stepping right into their trap.”

“Yes, but if anything happens to Ms. Felch, I’m afraid Mr. Lindberg will be tormented by guilt for the rest of his life,” Gordon said, his expression grim.

“Don’t worry. The situation is stable now,” Sean reassured. “I would’ve sent you back first otherwise.”

“Yes. I heard about it too. Prince William was the one who assisted them,” Gordon said. “I was wary about him in the past, but who knew he could lend us a helping hand at a crucial time?”

“Mr. Lindberg and Ms. Felch are like his shield. If he wants to save himself, he will have to make a move,” Sean answered, sneering. “I’ve underestimated him.”

I'm surprised he managed to get Gold Group to manipulate public opinions. Impressive."

"He must have spent quite a sum on this. After all, Gold Group is a money-grubbing being," Gordon remarked. "Does Prince William have that much money?"

"You're underestimating him. He has earned quite an amount over the years from his business. In fact, a part of it was from working with Mr. Lindberg," Sean said. "All right, I'll be watching over Mr. Lindberg here. You should find out more about what's on the other side. Also, station the new wave of people Mr. Lindberg trained in Xendale first."

"Of course." Gordon headed off to work on that.

As Sean wiped the weak Danrique's face with a wet towel, he sighed again. "You wouldn't have gotten injured if not to protect us. No one in this world can hurt you if you can be a little more ruthless."

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2262

Chapter 2262 Make A Move

Upon returning to the castle, Layla started investigating what had happened to Avery. Right then, she knew why William had been looking into her all this time—there was a connection between Avery and Francesca.

If she uncovered the truth behind it all, she would be able to turn the tables. In the middle of the night, William suddenly shot up, rushed outside, and yelled, “Monica! Monica!”

Monica immediately came running in. “What is it, Your Highness?” “Get me the laptop. Quick!”

William got up, grabbed the laptop anxiously, and search through the news while holding his phone. Just before he dialed a number, he ordered, “Get Ms. Layla in here. Hazel, too.”

“Understood.” Monica immediately did as told. Layla was still awake. When Norah told her that William had summoned her, she knew that something was up. Hurriedly, she put on a coat and dragged Sloan with her as they drove over.

Meanwhile, Hazel did not get much sleep either. After the maid came to knock on the door, she quickly showered before changing and going to the study room.

At that moment, William was already sitting on the sofa with his phone in his hands. The laptop was balanced on his thighs, and there was a grim look on his face. When he saw them, he asked, “Is there any way for us to save Francesca first?”

“What’s wrong?” Hazel asked in shock. “Why are you asking all of a sudden?”

“Could it be that...” Layla’s face turned pale. “Are they going to make a move on Francesca?”

“Mrs. President’s hands are tied right now. That’s the only choice they have.” William frowned. “They’ll make a move on Francesca and use her wounds as leverage to force Danrique to show himself. They’ll also try to throw us into chaos.”

“Damn it.” Layla was fuming. “We should have gotten her out of there sooner.”

“Just calm down for now,” Hazel said in a rational manner. “This is all just speculation on your part. Maybe you’re just overthinking it. We haven’t gotten any news, right? Why don’t we ask first, then make a decision?”

“Go ask around about it,” William told Sloan. “All right.” Sloan quickly went to inquire about the situation.

“Get ready. We’re going to save Francesca,” William declared. He looked surprisingly serious and anxious. “We can’t let anything happen to her.” “Okay.” Layla instantly went to get ready.

“Calm down,” Hazel hurriedly said. “If we break in to rescue her at a time like this, then all our previous efforts will be in vain. Think about it. What are we going to do after we save her? Will she be able to escape from Xendale, or even from Erihal? Besides—”

“We don’t have the luxury to think about that right now,” William cut her off frantically. “If they find out that Francesca has special abilities, they’ll do horrible things to her.”

“That’s right!” Layla was all the more flustered. “Luckily, I sent Sam in to protect her last night. I also put a tracking device on it. We can use that to find Francesca.”

“Good job. Gather everyone and tell them to get their weapons. We’re going to save her.” “Your Highness...” Monica wanted to advise against it, but when she saw his gloomy gaze, she held her tongue.

“You guys are crazy.” Hazel was at a loss for words. “We haven’t gotten any news yet. This is all just speculation. It’s just a gut feeling, but you’re already sure that something’s happened to her. You’re even planning to break in and get her out. You guys are being too impulsive.”

She had just finished speaking when Sloan burst in. “Ms. Layla, Your Highness... Your guess was right, Your Highness. Mrs. President and Mr. Harrington have just made their way to jail. There’s even a doctor with them...”

“What is she trying to do?” Layla sprung to her feet. “If that old hag dares to lay a finger on Francesca, I’m going to make her pay!” As she spoke, she charged outside furiously. “Get everyone. We’re going to save Francesca!”

“Got it!” Sloan immediately went to gather the people. William had calmed down right then. He reminded Sloan, “Try calling Gordon first.”