

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2268

### Chapter 2268 Pros And Cons

“Your Highness.” Monica gently patted William’s arm. Only then did he return to his senses and shift his gaze to Layla. “Don’t worry, Ms. Layla. Since Francesca is carrying Mr. Lindberg’s child, those people are more unlikely to harm her.”

“Didn’t you say that they would cut off Francesca’s food supplies? That’s harming her! She’s pregnant and she won’t last long if she doesn’t eat and drink.” Layla sounded somewhat impatient.

“Everything will be fine until Gordon returns. You don’t have to worry too much. Maybe you should go back and get sufficient rest. We’ll discuss the plan when Gordon arrives,” William assured.

“What a shrewd person you are, Your Highness.” With that, Layla left in a fit of anger. “Um... What does she mean?” Monica was at a loss as she watched Layla leave.

Saying nothing, William lowered his head and continued to sip his tea. Sloan chased after Layla and asked in a low voice, “Ms. Layla, what’s wrong with you?”

“Can’t you tell? Once he knew that Danrique was still alive, he just sat aside and did nothing. He’s now standing on the sideline, waiting for Gordon to come up with a plan. This kind of person is not only shrewd but also calculating!”

Sloan was stunned by her words. “Are you sure? I can tell he was quite anxious and had been racking his brain to save Ms. Felch. He even called us over.”

“That’s because he was worried that if something happened to Francesca, no one could cure his leg anymore. He summoned us to think of a way to save Francesca but stopped taking any move after he found out that Danrique was still alive and Gordon was already on his way back here.”

Layla paused before continuing, “He previously helped Hazel to expose Mrs. President and also created an uprising of public opinion. Probably he had spent a hefty sum on that. So once he knows that Danrique will save Francesca, he just sits aside and does nothing. This person is shrewd and scheming. He does things carefully and always weighs the pros and cons of the matter before getting himself involved.”

Layla shook her head and let out a sigh. “Luckily, the person Francesca falls in love with is not him. Otherwise, it would drive me crazy.”

“Don’t be mad, Ms. Layla,” Sloan comforted. “He has helped us a lot this time. We can’t blame him for not giving his best. After all, life has not been easy for him. He has many responsibilities and needs to leave himself a backup plan. Besides, Ms. Felch is Mr. Lindberg’s woman. Mr. Lindberg is supposed to be the person to save her. It’s fine if he holds back after knowing that Mr. Lindberg is still alive and as long as Ms. Felch can return safely.”

“You’re so kind. Francesca went all out to save him before, and Danrique had done a lot for him too. How can he be so particular, so mean?”

“Well, you can’t put it that way. Mr. Lindberg has indeed spent a lot to help him, but it didn’t affect Mr. Lindberg much as he has a large fortune. On the other hand, he, too, didn’t hesitate when saving Ms. Felch. I heard from Monica that he had given the Gold family thirty percent of his family fortune.”

“That’s nothing. Francesca risked her life to save him,” Layla said scornfully.

“That’s true.” Sloan’s expression darkened. “Mr. Lindberg might have been forced to help him, but it was different for Ms. Felch. She helped him because she valued

their friendship. If it were me, I would give Ms. Felch my life, not to mention those little possessions.”

“That’s correct.” Layla looked at Sloan approvingly. “Businessmen help each other out of interest, but Francesca hopes for nothing in return when helping him. Any person with a conscience will give their everything to help, but he’s still thinking so far ahead. This is—”

“Perhaps he’s more confident in Mr. Lindberg than himself. Don’t be mad, Ms. Layla. Let’s go back first. He’s right. You should get sufficient rest and wait for Gordon’s arrival to discuss the plan.”

## Chapter 2269 Starving

Layla was about to fall asleep when she heard the roar of the car engine outside. She quickly got out of bed and walked to the window to check. Upon realizing it was Gordon's convoy, she immediately changed her clothes and went downstairs.

The moment Sloan and the others saw Gordon return, they thought Danrique was back as well and went out to greet them excitedly.

However, they could see only Gordon and a group of men alighted from the car. Seeing no sign of Danrique in the vehicle, Sloan and the others promptly asked about the former's condition. "Don't worry. Mr. Lindberg is still alive," Gordon simply gave a short reply.

"This is great!" Everyone immediately heaved a sigh of relief, thinking they would still have hope as long as Danrique was still alive.

"Let's talk inside." With that, Gordon hurriedly went inside and saw Layla approaching him. After greeting her, he went to Sloan and asked about the actual situation.

Sloan told him everything that had happened during that period of time. Layla, too, added a few things. Only then she asked, "Why didn't Danrique come back? Is he injured? Does he know about Francesca's pregnancy?"

"Indeed, Mr. Lindberg is seriously injured. He was still unconscious when I left. I've already told Sean about Ms. Felch's pregnancy. He will probably inform Mr. Lindberg about it," Gordon said in a low voice.

“So, he has been unconscious all this while. No wonder...” Realization dawned on Layla. “He would have returned long ago if he knew such a serious matter happened.”

“They had been attacked half a month ago. Mr. Lindberg could have escaped safely, but he was worried about Sean and the others and went back to save them. That was how he got injured.”

Gordon briefly recounted what had happened back then and said, “Now that Mr. Lindberg is seriously injured and can’t be here with us, I’ll think of a way to rescue Ms. Felch.”

Layla immediately bobbed her head in agreement. “That’s right. We should rescue her first. When will you make a move? I’m going with you.”

“No, you should stay at home. Don’t worry. I’ll keep you updated,” Gordon said respectfully. Then, he gathered some documents and hastily departed with his subordinates.

Befuddled, Layla turned to Sloan and asked, “Isn’t he going to save Francesca? Why does he only bring a few people with him?”

“Gordon said we can’t do it in a harsh way but to go through the proper procedure. I think he’s meeting the people from the Ministry of Law,” Sloan replied, frowning.

“The whole Erihal is in the hands of the president. What’s the point of looking for people from the Ministry of Law? I thought he was going to break in to rescue Francesca. Tell me. How much longer do we have to wait?” Layla was anxious.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Layla. Gordon knows what he is doing. He should have discussed this with Sean. Since the two of them are representing Mr. Lindberg and Gordon is handling this matter personally now, he should be able to rescue Ms. Felch,” Sloan reassured.

Although Layla said nothing further after that, the disquiet still lingered in her heart. I'm sure things aren't that simple. Whether Gordon is looking for the Ministry of Law, the police, or even the military department, everything will still have to go through the president. No one dares to say a thing if the president wants to give Danrique and Francesca a hard time. But Sloan is right. Being Danrique's right-hand man, Gordon should be able to stabilize the situation for the moment. Or perhaps he is preparing for Danrique's return. Who knows? We can only be patient and wait now.

In the prison, Francesca, feeling lightheaded from starving, lay in bed and didn't feel like moving. When she sensed Sam roaming in her sleeve, seemingly frustrated, she uttered weakly, "Sam, go and find yourself some food."

Sam then came out from her sleeve and slithered along the plank bed. Soon, it returned with a tiny mouse and placed it next to Francesca.

Francesca took a glance at it and shut her eyes again. "Thank you. You'd better keep it for yourself."

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2270

### Chapter 2270 Leaving For Xendale

Sam tried to console her by rubbing its head against her cheek. Just then, the sound of footsteps rang out from outside. Francesca slowly opened her eyes and turned her head to look outside.

It was the first lady flanked by a group of henchmen. She glared at Francesca coldly and said, “It doesn’t seem like a big deal even though we’ve cut off your food supplies for two days.”

Not giving her a hoot, Francesca shut her eyes and continued to sleep. “Take a video and send it to Mr. Lindberg. Show him how his fiancée is suffering now,” the first lady ordered.

“Yes, Mrs. President.” One of the subordinates began to record a video of Francesca with his phone.

Francesca didn’t retaliate and let them do as they pleased.

Before the first lady left, she purposely told Francesca. “You know what? Gordon is back, but not Danrique. Isn’t that clear that you’re nothing in his heart?”

Francesca did not utter a word. Mrs. President is trying to sow discord between Danrique and me. However, Gordon’s return is implying that Danrique is still alive.

The thought of that made her feel much more relieved.

Another two days had gone by, and Gordon had not returned.

Layla interrogated Sloan about what Gordon had been busy with. Unfortunately, Sloan knew nothing.

Both of them began to panic. Layla wished she could break into the prison and rescue Francesca.

Sloan, on the other hand, couldn't reach Gordon and told Layla he would join her in rescuing Francesca if there was still no reply from Gordon that night.

Four days had passed, and Francesca was pregnant. Her life could be in danger if they didn't rescue her as soon as possible.

In M Nation, Sean was talking to Gordon over the phone.

His expression turned grim upon learning about the situation in Xendale. "It seems the president had long expected this and had everything arranged."

"Yes. Mr. Lindberg's network in the country dare not make a move now," said Gordon.

"It's understandable. No one dares to make a move rashly without seeing Mr. Lindberg in person." Sean frowned as he spoke.

"What should we do? I heard that Mrs. President has cut off Ms. Felch's food supplies. She's pregnant and has not eaten for four days. We're doomed if anything happens to her."

Not responding, Sean looked toward the room with a complicated look.

"Hey, say something. If there's nothing much we can do, I'll just break in and rescue Ms. Felch." Gordon was all worked up.

"My initial plan was to put it off for a few days and return to Xendale when Mr. Lindberg's condition improved. But his fever isn't going down for the past few days. Even if I have an idea now, I dare not make any decisions."



Sean glanced at the room before continuing in a low voice, “The doctor had given him an injection just now. He should be awake soon. I’ll ask him about it when he’s awake.”

“What else do you want to ask him? We can’t waste any more time. Mr. Lindberg will be mad if anything happens to Ms. Felch. I’ll go and rescue her and leave the rest for later.”

“Calm down—” Sean was about to speak when Gordon hung up the phone.

When he was about to call Gordon back, an anxious voice rang out behind him. “Sean, Mr. Lindberg is awake.”

He quickly rushed into the room. Apparently, Danrique didn’t get any better after a few days of treatment. His face was pale, and his body was still weak. He narrowed his eyes at Sean and ordered with a raspy voice, “We’re leaving for Xendale!”

“But Mr. Lindberg—”

“Arrange it now!” Although Danrique had been in a coma, he seemed to sense Francesca and knew something had happened to her.

He was too weak to say anything else besides requesting to leave for Xendale. As long as I’m back, she will be fine.

Sean couldn’t help but worry when he saw Danrique’s feeble look. However, there was nothing he could do to rescue Francesca.

He knew how important she was to Danrique. If anything were to happen to her, Danrique would definitely feel guilty for the rest of his life.

Thinking of that, he ordered, “Get a private jet ready. We’re going back to Xendale.”

“Yes.”

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2271

### Chapter 2271 Pros And Cons

Time passed by slowly as everyone anticipated the arrival of Danrique. His appearance seemed like the only way to ensure that an ice-sealed Xendale would be awakened.

Meanwhile, Francesca was extremely weak after going through our rough days. She lay on the bed daily, only drinking water to survive.

Sam brought her worms, rats and other food options. Yet, Francesca couldn't swallow anything at all.

On this day, she heard a familiar howling outside. It was then she knew Layla had arrived.

Francesca wanted to howl in return, but she had difficulty doing so as her throat was dry and hoarse. Left with no choice, she asked Sam to look for Layla, for she was worried that Layla would come to her rescue impulsively.

Mrs. President has set up traps everywhere here. If Layla rushes in, she will definitely fall into her trap. Unless Mrs. President releases me on her own accord, there's no way someone can rescue me.

Layla was feeling anxious in the forest not far away, as there was no response from Francesca after a long moment. She stressed, "Something must have happened to Francesca. I need to go rescue her now."

Sloan immediately trailed behind her. "I'm going with you!"

“Sloan, Gordon is not here yet. Why don’t we wait and ask for his opinion?” His subordinate advised, “I don’t think a small group of us has the ability to save Francesca by rushing in without any preparation.”

Sloan pushed his subordinate away as he followed behind Layla. “No. We can’t just sit back and do nothing!”

Without a choice, all the subordinates followed suit on their quest to save Francesca.

The group sneaked into the prison through the side door. As Layla was an agile woman, she had no problem doing so.

Sloan quickly followed her. His watch vibrated when he was about to climb through the window. Noticing that it was a call from Gordon, Sloan wanted to pick up when the signal cut off.

A jail like the one they were heading into would cut off all communication signals, so there was no way for Sloan to talk to Gordon now. Sloan decided to put this matter behind him first. For now, the most important thing was to save Francesca.

The group climbed through the wall successfully under Layla’s lead. Then, they followed the GPS on Sam’s body to the cell holding Francesca.

Even with the GPS guidance, the jail was massive and had many winding roads, so the group needed time to figure out where Francesca was held at.

Conversely, Gordon was rushing over to their meetup point with his subordinates. As Sloan’s communication signal was cut off, no one picked up Gordon’s call.

He then tried to call Sloan’s subordinates, but the result was the same. He couldn’t get hold of them too. It dawned on him that the group had already gone ahead and broken into the jail.

Mylo was worried. “Gordon, will anything happen to them? Sloan had only two subordinates with him. Together with Layla, there are only four of them. They are prey walking into a trap right now!”

“That brat is too reckless.” Gordon furrowed his brows. “We have no choice now. We got to save them.”

“Noted.”

In the castle, Monica heard that Sloan and Layla were on their way to save Francesca. She quickly rushed to William to report this matter to him, asking agitatedly, “Your Highness, should we lend them a helping hand?”

“It would end badly if we help them now,” Hazel explained rationally, “I know Mrs. President. She must have set traps everywhere in the jail when she leaked the news to the public to lure Mr. Lindberg’s people to her.”

“But we can’t let them die just like that!” Monica looked at William anxiously as she awaited his response.

Even though she was selfish, especially with matters concerning William’s safety, Monica still wanted to help the group out under such circumstances. After all, Francesca had gone all out to help them when they were at their lowest points.

Hazel peered at William too. She, too, wanted to know what his decision was.

After a while, William finally said, “There’s nothing we can do even if we show up now...”

Monica didn’t dare to speak as mixed emotions swirled within her.

I thought William liked Francesca. Isn’t he willing to do anything for her? Why...

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2272

### Chapter 2272 It Is A Trap

William's fingers rapped against the wheelchair's armrest. He lowered his eyes. It was as if he was contemplating something as he said, "Nothing will happen to Francesca."

Monica had no idea what was going on in his mind. Even though she was worried, there was nothing she could do. With that, she retreated to the side silently.

Hazel gazed at William. She couldn't help but remark, "You are good at maintaining your composure..." William didn't respond. It seemed like Hazel's words had fallen on deaf ears.

"You're meant to succeed." Hazel smiled as admiration filled her eyes. "However, maybe I can read this as a sign that you don't like Francesca as much as you portray yourself to be. There must be some kind of misunderstanding during your previous display of affection."

"She is going to be fine," William stated abruptly. His eyes were still lowered as if he had just said that to himself.

Hazel took that as the cue for her to leave him alone. She leaned against the sofa and continued scrolling through her phone. I'm waiting to see how things will turn out. Will Francesca leave the jail unharmed?

Layla and Sloan managed to find Francesca's jail cell. When Layla saw the fragile-looking Francesca lying on the bed, she called out, "Francesca!"

"Ms. Felch!" Tears filled an agitated Sloan's eyes.

Francesca thought her mind was playing tricks on her. She froze when she turned her head and saw Layla and Sloan. “You guys...”

“Let me rescue you from here, Ms. Felch!” Sloan aimed his gun at the cell’s lock before firing a few shots.

“Leave!” Francesca shouted.

The moment her words ended, countless lasers were aimed at Sloan and the rest.

Stunned by the turn of events, Layla turned around to see a few dozen fully armed soldiers rushing in with guns to surround them.

Even though they had already expected the outcome, Sloan and the rest were still frustrated to be apprehended so early in their rescue mission.

A subordinate thundered, “We are from the Lindberg family. Who dares to...”

A shot was fired at his head before he could finish his sentence.

The subordinate fell to the ground without any signs of struggle as life squeezed out of him in a second.

Horried, Sloan screamed, “Zolt!”

“How could you...” Another subordinate gaped in disbelief. The Lindberg family was untouchable previously. No one dared to offend them. But now, it seemed like the Lindberg family was the target.

“How dare you guys trespass into the jail? Do you guys have a death wish?” The leading military officer roared.

“Don’t you guys do anything rashly!” Francesca supported her weak body as she walked over to the jail bar. She continued anxiously, “They have nothing to do with this. Do not harm these innocent people!”

“We won’t lay a hand on you, Ms. Felch. But it’s a whole different matter for these people.” The military officer mocked before pointing his gun at another subordinate of Sloan’s.

“Stop!” Francesca and Sloan’s voices rang out at the same time. However, the military officer did not pause his action. He pulled the trigger straight away.

“Morty!” A perturbed Sloan wanted to rush over and fight with the military officer.

Dozens of guns immediately aimed at his head.

Layla quickly shielded Sloan behind her. She scolded, “Danrique will be here soon. Do you guys still want to act so disorderly? Are you guys tired of living?”

“Let’s talk further when he is here.” The military officer waved his hand in command as his soldier prepared to fire at Layla and Sloan. Francesca yelled, “I would never let you guys off the hook if you guys hurt them!”

Bang!

The loud sound of gunfire disrupted Francesca’s words. Sloan fell to the ground as the shot hit him in his knees. Blood began oozing out of his wound.

Francesca widened her eyes in disbelief.

I knew Mrs. President had already set up traps here, and it’s dangerous for anyone to trespass into this place. Little did I expect these people to be so bold. How dare they kill the Lindberg family’s men in front of me?

“Sloan...” Layla immediately tried to get Sloan up from the ground, but the guns were aimed at her now.

“Layla...” Francesca panicked. She grabbed the jail bar and grumbled, “Don’t you guys do anything to her. I swear I will kill you guys if you do so!”

Bang!