

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2288

Chapter 2288 The Touching Reunion

Even though it was cold on the mountain, Francesca could still survive because a brown bear had been sleeping beside her to keep her warm while the other animals searched for food for her.

Her body had recovered a lot after she had a few days to rest. Francesca used to vomit every day in the prison, so when that did not happen in the past few days, she could not help but wonder if it was because of the fresh air on the mountain.

As soon as the rain outside stopped and the snow melted, Francesca was ready to leave the mountain. However, just when she was about to exit the cave, she noticed a ray of light in the distance.

Francesca froze like a statue. No regular people would dare climb this mountain since it's undeveloped and always snowing, so the chances of them coming here at night is even more unlikely. Does that mean they're here for me?

Since Francesca was unsure who the other party was, she decided to leave alone to prevent putting the beasts in harm's way again. After all, many of her animal friends had died trying to help her when she summoned them from the underground prison.

Suddenly, Francesca was stunned when she heard a familiar wolf howl coming from the foot of the mountain. That sound...

The first person to come into Francesca's mind was Layla, but then she remembered the woman was already dead. That means it's... "Mr. Lincoln!"

Francesca immediately rushed toward the light, but because of how slippery the path was, her thin clothes, and her weak body, she did not get far before falling.

At that moment, the big brown bear came out of the cave and lowered itself in front of her.

“Thank you.” Francesca directed the beast to Lincoln after getting on its back, and before long, she was shedding tears of joy in Anthony’s arms.

“Francesca!” cried Anthony with tears welling up in his eyes as he wrapped his arms around the woman. “I thought you were already—”

“I’m fine.” Francesca’s eyes, too, turned red. “How did you find this place?”

“Do you still not know me after all these years?” asked Lincoln, who also could not stop smiling. “I knew you guys would be okay.”

Francesca’s heart immediately sank to her stomach when she realized that Lincoln thought Layla had been hiding on the mountain with her. He has no idea that Ms. Layla’s already...

Seeing Francesca’s expression, Lincoln quickly figured something was wrong. “Francesca, w-where is Ms. Layla?”

“Yeah. Where is she?” asked Anthony too.

Francesca simply lowered her head in silence as tears began to flow uncontrollably down her cheeks.

Lincoln’s legs turned weak the second he saw that, and he collapsed to the ground.

“Mr. Lincoln!” exclaimed Anthony, hurrying over to help the man.

“I’m sorry... I’m sorry...” Francesca cried so hard that she started to shiver. “It was my fault. I got Ms. Layla killed. It was all because she wanted to save me...”

Filled with guilt, Francesca could not even bear to look Lincoln in the eye. If I could turn back time, I’d gladly trade my life for Ms. Layla’s and Sloan’s.

“Who was it? Who exactly was it who killed Ms. Layla?” Anthony clenched his fists as if he was ready to avenge Layla.

“You don’t have to do anything.” After wiping her tears away, Francesca took a deep breath. “I will avenge Ms. Layla, so just go back to S Nation and stay out of this.”

“We’re already here. How do you expect us to stand idly by?” Lincoln’s voice was already deep and hoarse. “I promised Ms. Layla that we’d die together. Now that she’s gone, I have to avenge her.”

“Mr. Lincoln... I’m sorry,” apologized Francesca while crying.

“It’s not your fault. The blood is on those murderers’ hands.” Lincoln patted Francesca on the shoulder after getting up. “Ms. Layla wished for you to keep on living. You can’t let her down.”

When Francesca heard that, she felt even more terrible.

“Let’s get out of here first. It’s freezing and dangerous here.”

“Okay.”

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Chapter 2289 Almost There

The three supported each other as they made their way down the mountain. Francesca briefly explained the situation to Anthony when he asked her about it.

On the other hand, Lincoln kept his head lowered and remained quiet. The man did not scold Francesca for what had happened, inquire about the specifics of the situation, or even show grief.

Aside from how he had collapsed to the ground before, Lincoln showed no other reaction. He simply kept his head down in silence as if he was thinking about something.

“I can’t believe how despicable the president and the first lady are! They have a problem with Danrique, so why do they have to involve you? They even got Ms. Layla caught in the storm,” complained Anthony furiously.

“It was my fault.” Francesca remembered what Layla had said to her.

“What happened between you and Danrique was supposed to be just a relationship problem, but things got complicated after it got political. Have you thought about the consequences? If you stay, you’ll have to face problems like this all the time. You’ll be looking over your shoulder every day. Are you okay with that?”

Layla had been able to tell what would happen to Francesca, so she had tried her best to warn the latter. Unfortunately, Francesca did not listen to her.

Even though Layla had known what she did would be dangerous, she still stuck by Francesca’s side to help clean up her mess without hesitation.

In the end, she even sacrificed herself to protect her.

“All you have to do is to be the innocent child you are. I’ll protect you!”

Francesca remembered Layla saying that to her. She was right. I was so innocent... Countless people tried to warn me, but I didn’t listen to them. I have no one but myself to blame for what happened.

“What do you plan to do next, Francesca?” asked Lincoln, finally breaking his silence.

Francesca was at a loss for words, as she was unsure how to answer the question.

Back then, Francesca had been angry with Danrique for secretly taking Hazel to M Nation. However, after Layla’s explanation, Francesca realized the man only did that for her sake, so she decided to trust him.

From an emotional point of view, Francesca loved Danrique and hoped to spend the rest of her life with him. On top of that, she was pregnant with their child.

From the rational point of view, though, she never wanted to go back because no matter how much they loved each other, the reality remained cruel. Even though Danrique had returned safely, his war with the president had just begun.

Francesca knew she would have to endure many trials and tribulations if she were to stay with him. He’s like a time bomb, ready to explode at any moment.

She did not fear death, but she was worried about the well-being of those around her. I’ve already lost Ms. Layla; I can’t lose Mr. Lincoln, Anthony, the children at the orphanage, or my unborn baby too! That’s why...

“I’ll return to S Nation after I’ve avenged Ms. Layla.” Francesca quickly made up her mind.

“Good,” responded Anthony, bobbing his head. “You should’ve gone back to S Nation long ago. Don’t come to this place ever again.”

“Are you sure? If you return to S Nation, that means you’ll be giving up on your relationship with Danrique,” said Lincoln in all seriousness.

“I’m sure,” answered Francesca with a confident nod. “I prefer living my life without a care in the world and not to be entangled in this nest of intrigue.”

“Okay.” Lincoln nodded in relief. “You’re right to think like that. You’re young; you still have a long way to go. Danrique may be good to you, but it’s dangerous to stay by his side.”

“That’s right,” Anthony chimed in. “We’ll go back to S Nation after avenging Ms. Layla and never come to this damn place again. Right, Mr. Lincoln?”

“Yes.” Lincoln nodded before looking into the distance. “We’re almost there. The car is just parked beside the road ahead.”

Since there was no road suitable for cars to go up the mountain, Lincoln and Anthony had to climb on foot.

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Chapter 2290 Stop Him

The three continued to walk for a while until they finally saw the car. After Anthony helped Francesca into the vehicle, Lincoln drove them all down the mountain.

By then, dawn was about to break as the morning sun slowly rose on the horizon and shone upon their path. Leaning back in her seat, Francesca stared blankly out the car window and at the beautiful scenery outside, thinking about nothing but the death of Layla and Sloan.

Francesca had never done anything she turned out to regret before then. But at that moment, she realized she had to live the rest of her life with guilt and regret.

After all, there was nothing she could do to change the fact that her actions had cost the lives of four people. Anthony took off his jacket and put it on Francesca before wrapping his arms around her. That was his way of comforting the woman.

Perhaps she was too tired because she fell asleep in Anthony's embrace. Lincoln stepped on the accelerator to speed up the car, and soon they were down the mountain and zooming on a wide road.

"Where are we heading to, Mr. Lincoln?" asked Anthony, sensing that something was off. "This seems to be the direction to—"

"To the airport," interrupted Lincoln in a deep voice. "You take Francesca back to S Nation."

"What about you?" Anthony asked hastily.

"I'm staying to avenge Ms. Layla," replied Lincoln very calmly.

Anthony panicked. “Huh? How can you do that by yourself? I—”

Woken up by the man’s somewhat loud reaction, Francesca slowly opened her eyes.

However, just when Francesca was about to speak, Lincoln swiftly struck her neck with the back of his hand and caused her to fall unconsciously back into Anthony’s arms.

Anthony was dumbfounded after witnessing what Lincoln had done. “What are you doing, Mr. Lincoln? Why did you knock Francesca out?”

“How else would you leave on a plane with her?” asked Lincoln rhetorically before throwing Anthony a black duffel bag. “Get her changed.”

“Oh, right.” Anthony quickly did as told after returning to his senses.

Even though Anthony was simple-minded, he knew he should leave with Francesca then.

Lincoln drove so fast that they arrived at the airport in a short time.

After dressing up Francesca to look like a patient, Anthony placed her in a wheelchair and wheeled her to a counter to get their tickets.

Lincoln had already prepared air tickets for them, so he simply watched as Anthony went through all the necessary processes before wheeling Francesca through a security checkpoint.

Usually, the security personnel would have to check on an unconscious passenger, but since Lincoln had already bought off the officer on shift then, Anthony went through the checkpoint with Francesca with no problem.

As Anthony continued to wheel Francesca forward, he turned to look at Lincoln, who waved at them before leaving with sheer determination in his eyes.

After getting back into his car, Lincoln made a phone call. “Did you find anything?”

“Yes. The president will be holding a press conference at the International Conference Center at nine o’clock tonight!”

“Good. Thank you!”

Lincoln then hung up and drove directly to the International Conference Center.

Glancing at the rearview mirror, Lincoln saw that the cars tailing him had gone. He knew they belonged to the Lindbergs. I guess Danrique has a conscience after all since he didn’t stop Francesca from leaving. He probably knows it’s best that she leaves Erihal too.

At the Lindberg residence, Danrique received a phone call from Gordon.

“Mr. Lindberg, Anthony has successfully passed the security checkpoint with Ms. Felch. Our people are secretly keeping an eye on them,” reported Gordon.

“Good. Have them follow the two to S Nation,” ordered Danrique.

“Understood. It’ll be done,” Gordon promised. “By the way, Mr. Lincoln drove to the International Conference Center. He’s probably planning to assassinate the president.”

“T-The president only decided to go out into the public because he wants to set up a trap. Mr. Lincoln will be throwing away his life for nothing if he does anything reckless now,” stated Sean nervously.

“Stop him,” Danrique commanded, to which Gordon immediately responded, “Yes, Sir.”

“Ms. Layla’s death has already caused Ms. Felch enough heartache. I can’t imagine how broken she’d be if something were to happen to Mr. Lincoln too,” said Sean

worriedly. “I heard from Riz Corporation that Mr. Lincoln is well-trained in combat and reconnaissance, so I’m not sure if Gordon can stop him.”

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Chapter 2291 Hope For The Best

Francesca was already on a plane when she finally regained consciousness. After freezing for a moment, she searched for Lincoln as soon as she came back to her senses.

“Mr. Lincoln wanted us to return to S Nation first. He’ll be back after avenging Ms. Layla,” said Anthony hesitantly. Francesca was furious. “Nonsense! How is Mr. Lincoln going to avenge anyone by himself? He’s putting himself in danger!”

“But you’ll be endangering yourself too if you go with him,” protested Anthony as he looked pitifully at Francesca. “You’re too weak to do anything helpful right now.” “It’s still better than letting him go alone.” Francesca got so angry that she could explode.

“Ms. Layla traded her life for yours. If anything happened to you, she would have died for nothing.” At that moment, Anthony was more serious than he had ever been. “Mr. Lincoln is only doing this for your own good. You should listen to him.”

Tears began to roll down Francesca’s cheeks when she heard those words. The usually cheerful woman suddenly became a crybaby.

“Even if you don’t care about yourself, you care about the children at the orphanage, don’t you? What will they do without you?” Anthony wiped Francesca’s tears away. “I sure won’t be able to earn enough money to feed them. Do you want to see them out in the streets? Who’s going to protect them if they get bullied? You promised to be their angel forever; you gave them your word that you’d protect and care for them until they became adults.”

“But I can’t let Mr. Lincoln endanger himself. I just can’t do it.” Francesca shook her head while tears began to pool in her eyes once again. “Ms. Layla has already died for me. I won’t be able to forgive myself if anything happens to Mr. Lincoln.”

When Anthony heard that, he fell silent. Mr. Lincoln has taken care of us like a father over the years. He and Ms. Layla were like family to me, so I don’t want to see him in any kind of danger either.

Suddenly, Anthony remembered something. “Right, when we were searching for you, Mr. Lincoln received news that Danrique could be back in Xendale and in a highly favorable position.”

“Really?”

Francesca was immediately filled with hope when she heard Anthony. She checked the time and realized they were still six hours away from S Nation. Mr. Lincoln would’ve made his move before we reached our destination, and I won’t be able to do anything by then. Wait a second...

Having thought of something, Francesca inquired, “How did you get me through the security checkpoint after I was knocked unconscious?”

“Mr. Lincoln bought off one of the staff members to let us through,” whispered Anthony into Francesca’s ear.

“That’s impossible.” Francesca shook her head. “Since the incident with Danrique, the president has tightened up security at the customs. The airport is filled with military personnel, so there’s no way Mr. Lincoln could have bought off a staff member on such short notice. Unless...”

“Unless what?” asked Anthony curiously.

“Did you notice anyone following you when you go up or down the mountain?” Francesca continued with her questions.

“Mr. Lincoln did mention that we were being followed,” replied Anthony, recalling the past. “I asked him what we should do, but he said our stalkers meant no harm. He told me not to worry and said nothing else.”

“They probably work for Danrique.” Francesca breathed a sigh of relief. “That means he really has gone back. He sent people to follow you, and when he realized you were taking me back to S Nation, he secretly kept an eye on us instead of stopping you.”

Sweeping her gaze across the passengers on the plane, Francesca guessed that the Lindbergs’ people were among them, which meant Danrique agreed she should return to S Nation and that he knew Lincoln was planning to assassinate the president. Danrique will probably stop or protect Mr. Lincoln.

“It’s possible that you’re right.” Everything started to make sense to Anthony then. “Don’t worry. I don’t think Danrique will let anything happen to Mr. Lincoln. We’ll try to contact Mr. Lincoln when we get off the plane.”

“Okay.” Even though Francesca had mixed feelings about the situation, she had no choice but to hope for the best.

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Chapter 2292 Apprehended

Francesca and Anthony counted down every second until six hours finally went by. As soon as the plane landed, Francesca took Anthony's phone and instinctively dialed Danrique's phone number. However, she froze before she could tap all the numbers.

She was unsure how to talk to the man, so she decided to call Gordon instead. When the call failed to go through, Francesca got anxious. She quickly tried to call Sean, only to discover that his phone had been turned off.

Feeling helpless, Francesca eventually resorted to calling Danrique but was gripped with anxiety when his line turned out to be busy.

"Let's go home first, Francesca," suggested Anthony as he tried to pull her into a car.

However, Francesca refused to do so. "I'm not going home. We have to get air tickets now to go back to Xendale. We must find Mr. Lincoln."

With that, she dragged Anthony to the ticket counter.

"Are you out of your mind?" Anthony immediately stopped Francesca. "We finally got out of Xendale, and you want to go back? Do you have any idea how many people want to kill you? What makes you think you'll survive if you return to that place?"

"We can't just send Mr. Lincoln to his death!" exclaimed Francesca anxiously. "I already have four deaths on me. I don't intend to add another one."

"Francesca..." Just when Anthony was about to say something, his phone rang.

Francesca hurriedly answered the call. “Hello?”

“It’s me, Francesca,” greeted William from the other end of the line in a surprised tone. “I thought I’d try calling Anthony, but I didn’t actually expect you to be with him. Are you safe?”

“I’m very safe,” replied Francesca. “William, how’s the situation in Xendale?”

“Well...” William hesitated. “The president was shot during a press conference an hour ago. The perpetrator was caught—it was Mr. Lincoln!”

“What?” Francesca’s eyes widened, for she was fully convinced that Danrique would have stopped Lincoln. I didn’t think this would happen!

“So the president’s dead?” Anthony directed his question to the device.

“It was announced that the president had been severely injured and that he was receiving emergency treatment. But from what I can see in the video on the news, his injury isn’t lethal,” replied William in all seriousness. “I think the president and his team are taking the opportunity to get the public to sympathize with him. Public opinion has been very unfavorable to the president recently. L was sure it wouldn’t be long before he got what he wanted. Unfortunately, after what Mr. Lincoln did today, I’m afraid the tide is turning.”

“What about Mr. Lincoln? Will he be in danger?” Francesca could not care less about politics because she only wanted to know about Lincoln’s situation then.

“Not for now, at least,” answered William. “The first thing the president’s people will do is identify Mr. Lincoln. Once they realize he’s your kin, they’ll trade him for L.”

Here, the man sighed before continuing, “I heard L sent Gordon to stop Mr. Lincoln, but Mr. Lincoln was skillful enough to lose Gordon. After Mr. Lincoln blended in at the International Conference Center, it was too late for Gordon to do

anything. Mr. Lincoln was too impulsive. L finally got the upper hand, but now it's all ruined."

"Who wouldn't be? Ms. Layla died," stated Francesca somewhat angrily.

"Sorry, Francesca. That's not what I meant," William quickly apologized. "I just thought L would be upset about what happened. With his plan ruined, it'll be difficult for him to deal with the president now."

As William was explaining, Sean called. "I'm hanging up now, William. Sean is calling," informed Francesca hastily.

"Okay."

The moment Francesca answered Sean's call, she questioned, "Sean, how's Mr. Lincoln?"

"Ms. Felch, Mr. Lincoln has been apprehended for attempting to assassinate the president. Mr. Lindberg is figuring out what to do now."