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Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort

Chapter 2298 - 2302

Chapter 2298 A Few Suggestions

That strategy had turned his situation around. Even though those who knew the truth were aware that it was fake, the netizens had unfortunately bought the lie.

More importantly, all the proof and documents of the president's crimes were signed by the first lady. It was also the first lady who did most of the negotiation.

Whether it was from the proof or the law, the president could be deemed completely innocent. The blame would be entirely on the first lady.

With the shift in the situation, the army and the world would continue to support the president. After all, political issues were not to be opposed by the power of a mere businessman.

Danrique was still young. No matter what, he could not be as wicked and shameless as the president, who would betray even his own wife and daughter.

Meanwhile, Riz Corporation had completely pulled away from all collaboration with Danrique.

It was a strict rule in Riz Corporation to not get involved in politics.

The rule had been established and enforced since the time of Cadel Nacht—Darcel's adoptive father—and Darcel had no intention of breaking it.

Without help from Riz Corporation, Danrique had been put in a worse situation against the president.

Within a day, Danrique had found himself at rock bottom.

More troubles seemed to arise before the old problems were resolved.

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Despite all of that, Danrique refused to admit defeat. He was dissatisfied with that ending.

Meanwhile, the president rejoiced upon receiving the news that Riz Corporation had rejected Danrique, thinking that it was his chance. That time around, he wanted more than just reconciliation.

He wanted to crush Danrique and take over Lindberg Corporation. That way, no one would be brave enough to oppose him ever again.

William summed everything up, saying, "Basically, everything is against Danrique right now. This morning, Gordon's subordinate came to me and said they'll send me back to Danontand and asked me to bring Hazel and Mdm. Norah..." He sighed. "From the looks of it, Danrique is planning to go all out and fight to the death with the president."

Francesca remained silent. There is not even a guarantee that Danrique can save himself, much less save Mr. Lincoln. Since he has arranged for William to bring Hazel and Norah away to Danontand, it's not hard to guess that he really is planning to fight to the death.

"Francesca..." William continued cautiously. "I have a few suggestions. Will you be willing to hear them out?"

"Is there anything you cannot tell me?" Francesca snapped out of her thoughts. "What do you want to tell me? Go for it."

"Well, first, I suggest you transfer the orphanage under someone else's name. This person has to be of an extremely high position with equally high morals. At the same time, they need to be trustworthy."

"Are you saying that if something were to happen, the president wouldn't spare the orphanage either?" Francesca began to panic. "But where am I supposed to find someone like that?"

"You've saved a lot of powerful people in the past. Surely you have a list of their names?"

"I do, and they did say that if I ever get into trouble in the future, I can contact them anytime. They say they'll help me as long as I ask... But I haven't contacted them all these years. I didn't even tell them my real name and contact number. If I suddenly contact them now, do you think it'll still work?"

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Francesca was hesitant.

"Just give it a try. I don't think it'll be a problem," William encouraged her. "If it doesn't work out, I can help you find someone else."

"All right. I'll ring them tonight." Francesca decided to give it a try.

"Second," William continued, "tidy up all of your properties. Sell all of those that can be sold and change all of them into money. Then, divide the money and keep them in multiple different accounts and get a card that can be used internationally. That way, no matter where you hide, you won't have to worry about finances at least."

"I'll have to live my life on the run?" Francesca inhaled sharply.

"Hold up..." Anthony, who was listening at the side, could not help but pipe up. "Why can't you just bring Francesca to Danontand? She saved your life."

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Chapter 2299

Chapter 2299 Ledger

"I want to keep Francesca by my side too, but if she's with me, everyone will be in danger," William said truthfully. "You're worried that you'll be in danger, aren't you?" Anthony retorted.

"I'm disabled. There would be no regrets if I died, but there are over a hundred lives that I have to protect. I am responsible for their well-being. Plus, with my ability now, there is absolutely no way I can protect Francesca."

William was honest with his thoughts. There was no use in pretending anymore at a time like that. "But—"

"William's right," Francesca cut off Anthony's protest. "Okay, William. I've remembered the second suggestion. Continue."

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"The third is related to Anthony's question," William stated calmly. "Concerning your safety, I can show you a solution. Once you've done the first two things, head for M Nation immediately."

"M Nation?" Anthony grew restless. "That was where Danrique got hurt, and you're asking her to go to M Nation?"

"Let me finish." William remained calm. "Old Mr. Nacht of the Nacht family is experiencing symptoms of his old ailment and has been looking for a good doctor all over the world. Once you've gone to M Nation, I will get someone to introduce you to Old Mr. Nacht's butler, Spencer. Tell Spencer your identity. Once you've gained his approval, you can treat Old Mr. Nacht. Try to stretch the time of treatment. At least, that way, no one will dare to touch you for some time. If you can gain the trust of Old Mr. Nacht during the time of treatment and become the family doctor of the Nacht family, that'll be even better. That way, your safety can be guaranteed forever."

"Is the Nacht family so powerful that even the president of Erihal wouldn't dare to mess with them?" Francesca was clueless when it came to power in business.

"As powerful as the Lindberg family is in the north, that's how powerful the Nacht family is in the south. Originally, the Nacht family and the Lindberg family were equal. However, Lindberg Corporation has been unstable due to a lot of danger while the Nacht family has always been sturdy. Both these families are ranked highly globally. No one will dare to mess with them."

"All right. I got it now." Francesca took into account all the suggestions.

"Francesca, I'm sorry that I can't protect you," said William with great remorse. "But the Nacht family will be a better and safer option in comparison. If you stay by my side, not just the president of Erihal will be after you, but my grandpa will send you to Xendale at any time to escape any complications."

"I understand. But would it be safe for Hazel and Mdm. Norah to go with you?"

"After what happened last time, my grandpa and my cousins were criticized by the public, which has negatively impacted their reputation. For the time being, they won't dare act rashly. Moreover, I've never intended to steal anything from them. With their own benefit undisturbed, they have no reason to cause unnecessary conflicts." William smiled bitterly. "Perhaps I can't live such a luxurious life as I did before, but at least safety and stability won't be an issue."

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"Okay, then." Francesca felt a tinge of sadness. "Your legs are actually almost cured. Just make sure you rest and recuperate. If there's still a chance for us to see each other in the future, I'll continue your treatment. You can still be cured completely."

"No rush. My condition is stable right now. Slow recovery doesn't sound like a bad idea either." William gave another bitter chuckle. "At least they won't feel threatened when they see me without any defense."

Francesca no longer knew what else to say. She could never understand why life is always unfair to good people.

"All right, Francesca, I have to go now. Think about what I've said and make your decision as soon as possible."

"Okay. Thank you, William!"

After hanging up the call, Francesca turned to Anthony. "Anthony, bring out my ledger."

"Ledger?" Anthony blinked for a couple of seconds before regaining his senses. "I'll go get it right away."

Francesca had a thick ledger recording the details of all the patients she had previously treated. Among her many patients were some with very powerful and rich backgrounds.

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Chapter 2300

Chapter 2300 Support

Besides their medical conditions, the records included their contact number. Those people had all suffered from terrible diseases, and Francesca had poured out her soul to treat them, pulling them from the jaws of death. All of them had vowed to help Francesca if she ever needed help in the future. All she needed to do was to call them.

It was finally time to ask them for help. Anthony took out a huge ledger from the safe and handed it to Francesca. Francesca flipped through the data of over thirty people. In

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the end, she chose a patient who had left the most impression on her and dialed his number.

The phone rang for quite some time before the call connected. "Hello?" a raspy voice answered on the other end in fluent Ustranasion. "Hello. This is Francesco..."

"Francesco, the miracle doctor?" The person on the other end of the line instantly perked up. It was as though a tired man had regained all of his energy. "Is this really you?"

The man was Justin Jablonski, a well-respected old general. Even though he had retired, he still held a high position and had great power in Valmora.

Unmarried and without children, he had a lot of old wounds on his body from his days of the war when he was younger. Because of that, he was in constant agony. During the winter two years ago, he had been so tormented by the pain that he had wanted to shoot himself and end his life. It was only because his subordinates discovered him on time and prevented him from doing so that he was still alive.

When the president of Valmora found out what had happened, he allocated a high budget to search for a good doctor. Through recommendations from people, he found Francesca, who had spent two months treating him, saving him from the torture of his pain. Up till then, he was still taking the medications Francesca had prescribed him.

In that two months, Francesca and Justin had become great friends. The old general had given her a bullet pendant and said that she could come to him if she ever needed help in the future. He had promised that he would give it his all to help her.

"It's me, General Jablonski. I need your help. Are you willing to help me?"

"Of course! What do you want me to do? Feel free to state your request."

Francesca told Justin about the orphanage. She told him that she wanted to transfer ownership of the orphanage under his name so that if anything were to happen to her, Justin could protect the orphanage as well as the children there.

Justin agreed to it without any hesitation. He then followed up with a question. "I'm old, and I don't really like to go online, but there was this one day I saw some news regarding Erihal in the newspaper. The silhouette of the person in the photo looked incredibly like you, and she was also a Chanaean doctor. I got my men to go online and look up everything related to the news. Upon close inspection, the person still looked like you. I wanted to contact you, but I didn't have the means to, and I was worried that I'd be

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disturbing you, so I've been waiting for you to contact me. You know this. I always turn my phone off whenever I sleep in the past."

Francesca's heart swelled with emotions when she heard that. "Did you keep your phone on while sleeping just because you were waiting for my phone call?"

"Of course!" Justin smiled. "Not only did you save my life, but you are also a great friend of mine. Tell me, are you the Chanaean doctor in the news?"

"Yes..." Francesca trailed off, unable to explain the entire situation.

"Callan that b*stard! How dare he bullies my savior!" Justin was enraged. "I'll kill him!"

"Uh..." Francesca was taken aback. "Are you not even going to ask for the truth?"

"What's there to ask? No matter what the truth is, they're still the ones in the wrong. Our Francesco, the miracle doctor, is so kind and so good. How could you be wrong? Even if you are at fault, it's because they left you no choice," Justin thundered in full confidence. "Don't worry about the orphanage. I'll get someone to see to it immediately. You don't have to be afraid either. Even if the sky falls, you'll have me to protect you. Whichever b*stard dares to bully you, I'll rip off their heads and use them as soccer balls!"

Francesca snorted in laughter upon hearing Justin's remark. Grateful tears began pooling in her eyes.

"Don't laugh. I'm being serious. Don't think that I'm old. I still have a bit of power in me," Justin said in a serious tone. "Where are you now? Are you safe? I'll send someone to pick you up immediately."

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2301

Chapter 2301 Support 2

"I'm in S Nation, General Jablonski, but I'd like to get back to Xendale..."

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"That's not a problem. I'll accompany you to Xendale." Justin sounded ever so righteous. "With me around, those b*stards wouldn't dare to lay a finger on you!"

"Thank you so much, General Jablonski!" Words could not express how grateful Francesca felt. "But that place is Erihal's territory. Wouldn't I be causing you trouble?"

"Don't worry. That's not going to happen. By the way, when you gave me treatment the last time, do you remember also curing an autoimmune disease of a child of my old acquaintance?"

"Yes, I do. It was that six-year-old boy with silver hair."

"Yes, they were visiting me that day. That boy had a very unusual disease, and because of that, he had been traveling all over the world to seek help from numerous doctors, yet no one could treat him. That's why the entire family is thankful to you for healing the boy. My friend called me today to ask about you. He's also watched the news and suspected that the person was you. Both he and his son are really concerned about you. I think you can give him a call. He's the duke of E Nation, so he might be able to lend you a hand."

"But don't you think I'd only be making a huge scene?"

Deep down, Francesca felt rather uneasy, for she had never asked anyone for a favor before. If it was not for the sake of the orphanage, she would rather not implicate the patients.

"Do you want to save lives?" was Justin's only query.

"Of course," Francesca candidly responded.

"Then just do it without hesitation. Also, I have a question for you, but I need you to answer me truthfully so that I can make the right call."

"Sure. Go on."

"What's your relationship with Danrique Lindberg?"

Francesca took a moment to ponder before stating earnestly, "He's the man I love!"

"All right, I understand now." Justin bobbed his head. "That means we'll stand with Danrique to fight against the president!"

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"Yes," Francesca said. The second she let that slip out of her mouth, she asked in surprise, "You can even do this?"

"I suppose I could be of some help one way or another. Plus, there's always strength in numbers, but only if you can get yourself more backers."

"Got it. Thank you for pointing it out, General Jablonski!" Francesca was overwhelmed by emotion as she spoke.

"Go now. I'll be right over at S Nation to pick you up."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Francesca began to contact each and every person on the list in the ledger.

"Hello? Francesco speaking. I need some help!"

"That miracle doctor, Francesco? Is it really you? Oh, my savior, what have you gotten yourself into? How much money do you need? Just say the word, and I'll wire it to you at once."

"Uh..." That left Francesca at a loss for words. How on earth did my public persona end up like this? I can't believe that I've become a materialistic money-grabber in everyone's eyes.

"No, I don't need money. What I need are the people's views and support!"

"Uh... Don't tell me you're that Chanaean female physician who's also the fiancée of Erihal's greatest warrior, Danrique Lindberg, in the recent rumor?"

"That's me!"

"Goodness gracious! I knew it! All right. Tell me what you'd like me to do."

"I need you to go with me to Xendale in Erihal."

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

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"No problem. I'll make the arrangement straightaway."

"You have my thanks. I'll see you there."

"Okay, but will I be able to reach you at this number?"

"Yes. Let's keep in touch."

Once Francesca ended the call, she moved on to dial the next number on the list.

Just like that, she made thirteen calls in a row. The people she contacted were all international bigwigs from around the globe, and the conversations they had were basically the same. All of them agreed to join Francesca in Xendale.

Having been talking over the phone for over an hour, Francesca could not help but feel exhausted. She looked up at Anthony and ordered, "Book me an air ticket."

Anthony had yet to regain his composure from the astonishing moment a minute ago. He took quite a while to fully register what was going on before nodding hastily. "I'll do that right now."

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Chapter 2302

Chapter 2302 Homecoming

Just as Anthony took a few steps, he recalled something. "This can't be right. Didn't General Jablonski mention that he'll be fetching us tomorrow to Xendale?"

"Ah, yes! Forget the air ticket, then. We'll travel light." "Okay." With that said, Anthony bolted off to make the necessary preparations.

Francesca, in turn, jotted down all thirteen sets of contact numbers before closing the ledger and placing it into the safe. Following that, she returned to her room to wash up.

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Out of the blue, Layla's words rang in her mind. "No matter how capable we are, Francesca, there's always a limit to what we can do by ourselves. You have to pick up more skills to protect yourself."

Those words had never made sense to Francesca in the past. She had always frowned upon social butterflies, for she reckoned that she would never ever have to deign to beg others.

Yet, right then, she gradually saw the light. She knew that she had to become stronger, by hook or by crook, because only then would she be able to protect her loved ones.

Back when Ms. Layla was put to death, I couldn't even do anything to fight back. But now, I know I can't stay like this anymore. I must go all out to save Mr. Lincoln's life, and I'll be Danrique's strongest pillar of support!

Meanwhile, Danrique was awakened by a loud rumble. As he opened his eyes, he kept calling out to Sean.

A few minutes later, Sean finally rushed in. Instead of turning on the light, he said in a hushed tone, "Mr. Lindberg, we've been spotted by the helicopter from the military."

Danrique gritted his teeth in fury. "Not bad for a silly old bugger. He even dispatched the military to track me down so brazenly."

"Should we retreat, Mr. Lindberg?" asked Sean softly. "I'm worried he might send someone here for an assassination."

As soon as he said that, an explosion rang out from outside.

Sean's visage did a one-eighty at that. He dashed toward the window and glanced out to check, only to find that the courtyard walls had tumbled. Worse still, dozens of military jeeps were forcing their way inside.

Considering the immense formation, the president must really want Danrique dead.

During the interim, some of Danrique's subordinates had already charged forward to hinder the enemies while the others stayed behind at the villa as backups.

"Fall back!"

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Rising to his feet, Danrique put on his jacket and grabbed his rifle before spearheading the retreat with Sean and the rest under the cover of his subordinates. In actuality, Danrique had planned beforehand and planted a time bomb somewhere in the villa. Right when all of them got out of the villa, the bomb was detonated.

A deafening sound reverberated through the air.

More than half of the president's henchmen were annihilated, and many of them were seriously wounded, leaving their remaining unharmed allies vulnerable.

Stepping away from the fiery flames and smoking ground, Danrique looked nothing less than a devil from six feet under.

At that point in time, it was about five in the morning. The once quiet and serene atmosphere of the villa had since been disrupted by explosions and gunshots. Even the birds and other wildlife in the forest ran for their lives.

As the convoy of the Lindberg family slowly set off, the subordinates all kept their guard up, fearing that there might be an ambush along the way.

It was then that Sean summoned Gordon over the phone and requested reinforcements.

Everyone had their hands full except for Danrique. Only he looked as calm as a millpond, staring out the window.

While they were going down the hill, brilliant rays appeared in the distant sky. It was as though the morning sun was cheering for them.

Just then, Sean gingerly put forward an inquiry. "Where are we going now, Mr. Lindberg?"

"Home," replied Danrique with absolute resolution.

"Huh?" Sean thought his ears were playing tricks on him. The president has already come at us in broad daylight, and yet, here we are, heading home at a time like this? We'll only be getting ourselves killed!

"With honor," added Danrique.

He looked ahead, his gaze reflecting his firm resolve.

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"Understood." Sean dared not probe further. Immediately, he informed the drivers to bring them home.

Those bodyguards had been wandering outside under Danrique's lead for more than a month. They were all overjoyed to know that they could finally be reunited with their families.

No matter what lay ahead of their journey, they were willing to follow Danrique to death.

It did not take long before Gordon arrived with his men to gather with Danrique's group.

With that, the entire convoy made a beeline for Lindberg Castle. Danrique made a phone call, and soon enough, quite a few drones came flying in their direction, recording the party's return and broadcasting the video.

The title was simple, reading: Mr. Lindberg's homecoming!

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