

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2091

Chapter 2091 Trump Card

"You're right, Grandpa." William's voice sounded weak over the phone. "What's wrong? Are you sick? Your voice sounds different," Federico inquired out of concern. William did not speak as he brewed his emotions.

Robin stood aside and watched as William clenched his fists so tightly that his veins popped out, his eyes bloodshot. He got so anxious that he thought his heart was about to jump out of his throat.

Holding back tears, William swallowed the lump in his throat. After a long moment of silence, he choked out through clenched teeth, "I'm just a cripple whose death will not be missed, but please, Grandpa, protect the eighty-three lives in my house!"

Tears streamed down Robin's face when he heard what William had said. Whether or not William's emotions were genuine or faked, what he said was true. That simple sentence held the weight of twenty years' worth of humiliation and grief he had suffered.

Anyone who knew what had happened would be moved to the core. Half an hour later, Robin and two servants snuck out from the back of the castle. By then, Silas had already been waiting for them along with the other men sent by Federico.

Outside the palace, someone witnessed everything. Just as the person was about to strike, they were stopped by their comrade. "Are you blind? Those people work for His Majesty!"

Inside the castle, William sat by the window, staring at the car as it sped off into the night until it vanished out of sight. A victorious smile soon formed on his lips.

He knew that the first part of his plan had succeeded. With Francesca as his trump card, he would win for sure.

Meanwhile, Francesca returned to her room. The moment she stepped foot inside, she immediately whipped out her phone to see if she had any new missed calls from Danrique.

To her surprise, there was none. There was only one missed call from him before she boarded the plane.

Just as she was contemplating whether or not she should return his call, a few maids came into her room to prepare a milk bath for her.

They also brought her freshly-made dinner. All the dishes on the tray were her favorite. One glance at the food was enough to let her know that William had cooked it for her himself.

Just then, her phone began to vibrate. Francesca rushed forward to pick it up but was a little bit disappointed when she found out it was Anthony on the line.

“Francesca, I’ve sent you a lot of messages. You didn’t reply to any of them. Are you okay?”

“I’ve been busy. I’ve just gotten some time to myself a couple of minutes ago.”

“Good to know you’re fine.” Anthony heaved a sigh of relief. “Is Prince William really sick?”

“Duh.” Francesca tutted, displeased at the question.

“He’s actually sick?” Anthony was surprised. “Okay then, ignore my question. However, I do advise that you give your fiancé a clear explanation. Don’t cause any misunderstandings.”

“Did the sun rise from the West today?” Francesca was taken aback. “Since when are you on Danrique’s side?”

“Even though I despise him, I have to admit that he has always been the one to save you whenever you get into trouble no matter what. Even Chrono and his gang were taken care of by Danrique.”

Anthony dropped his usual carefree manner and told Francesca seriously, “A man’s actions are enough to tell whether or not he’s serious about you. On the contrary, Prince William had only ever caused more trouble for you. Have you forgotten the time that an explosion happened on the cruise ship, causing you to almost die? Not to mention the metal pieces embedded into the back of your brain—”

“That’s not his fault.” Francesca was beginning to feel annoyed by Anthony’s nagging. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up now.”

Anthony sighed. “I knew you wouldn’t listen…”

He hung up the phone in exasperation.

Dismissing the maids, Francesca immediately called Danrique.

The phone rang for a long time, but no one picked up. Just as Francesca was starting to feel puzzled, her call was cut off.

She widened her eyes, dumbfounded by what was going on.

Danrique, that b*stard! How dare he hang up my call?

She immediately dialed his number again. Once again, her call was cut off almost instantly.

Francesca was livid. She stared at her phone in disbelief, furious that Danrique had the gall to hang up on her twice in a row.

Fine! Ignore me all you like! What's the big deal?

Switching her phone to silent mode, she tossed her phone aside and went to the bathroom for the milk bath.

Wrath consumed her mind when she recalled Danrique's attitude. Annoyed, she raised her hand to rub her face. The mild fragrance of the milk bath calmed her nerves slightly. Just then, she noticed the tap on top of the bathtub.

Out of the blue, an idea popped into her head.

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Chapter 2092 Spy

It had only been half an hour since she had found out that the water source had been tampered with. How is it possible that the maids have already prepared a milk bath for me so quickly?

The maids had even prepared a water dispenser by the basin as well as a pail of clean water for her to brush up.

Furthermore, the water sources had all been cut off for the time being. Not only would it be a hassle to clean oneself, but cooking and drinking would be a huge issue as well. Yet, no one in the castle seemed to be panicking. Everything was still running like clockwork.

Something's amiss. Francesca found it odd, but she was unwilling to suspect William.

Perhaps it's because they have been so used to being targeted that they have a backup plan for everything. That way, they will most likely be more at ease...

At that thought, Francesca could not help but feel bad for them. She quickly got rid of the lingering suspicions.

Once she had freshened up, she returned to the bedroom and pick her phone up. Still no calls nor messages from Danrique.

From the looks of it, he truly was angry.

Francesca was speechless. Too tired to explain the situation to him, she decided to just go to bed with the phone still on silent.

The seemingly peaceful night was far from so.

In the middle of the night, a sudden bolt of thunder jolted Francesca awake. Narrowing her eyes, she gazed out the window. Bolts of thunder followed flashes of lightning as the howling wind caused the trees to sway from side to side. The rustling leaves on the quivering branches looked like a monster in the dark.

Despite the chaos outside the window, she was not in the least afraid. She simply covered her ears, rolled over, and continued to sleep.

When she fell asleep once again, she did not wake up till the next morning.

All of a sudden, somebody called out from outside the door, "Ms. Felch, Ms. Felch..."

Irritated that she was awakened from her slumber, Francesca hugged her pillow as she mumbled lazily, "What is it?"

"The results are out..." the man behind the door answered meekly.

Francesca's eyes immediately snapped open as she hurried out of bed. "Give me a moment."

She rushed into the bathroom to freshen up as quickly as possible and changed. Pulling her hair up into a ponytail, she opened the door. "What's the situation?"

"No one went to the main water tank, but someone sneaked into the storeroom to get rid of the evidence. We have already caught the person."

"Lead the way."

Francesca followed the subordinate into the basement.

William and a few of his trusted advisors were conducting an interrogation. A young boy was kneeling on the ground with both his hands tied up. His mouth was sealed by a piece of tape as he lowered his head, his body trembling in fear.

"Didn't you say everyone here has been working here for a long time, and the only young ones are your bodyguards?" Francesca observed the boy carefully. "Who's this?"

“Ms. Felch, this is Marc. He’s Mr. Murray’s—the gardener’s—nephew. Because Mr. Murray is sick, he has been taking over his uncle’s job and has been in the castle for three months now. He looks quite honest. No one would have thought that he would be bribed…” one of the subordinates answered.

“Mmmph!”

When Marc heard that, he widened his eyes and shook his head nonstop. However, with his mouth taped, he could not get a single word out.

Doubt crept into Francesca’s heart as she looked at the boy’s clear eyes. She found it hard to believe that he was the spy. With a step forward, she ripped the tape off of his mouth. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

The boy quickly explained himself but spoke in an unusual tongue. A foreign language echoed in the room. Francesca could not understand a single word. Without a choice, she turned to William. “What did he say?”

William shook his head as well before turning to look at one of his subordinates.

“He’s still denying it. He said that he had been tricked. That was why he had helped transport the essential oils into the castle,” one of the subordinates explained.

“He only transported the essential oils? Then who was the informant?” Francesca asked.

“Him as well,” the subordinate answered immediately.

“That doesn’t seem right.” Francesca was perplexed. “He doesn’t even know how to speak the language of Danontand nor the languages of the neighboring countries. How could he have been the informant?”

“It’s true that he can’t speak nor write the language very well. That’s why he took photos on his phone and conveyed the information via messages.”

The subordinate took out an old phone that had been smashed and handed it to Francesca. “Here. This is his phone.”

Francesca had never been tech-savvy. She could use the newest gadgets that most people were using, but the phone she had been handed was an old model. Its functions were also fully in the language of Danontand. Thus, she could not make heads or tails out of it.

The subordinate opened the phone’s gallery and showed her the photos. There were a lot of photos of the ins and outs of the castle, including a photo that showed Francesca arriving at the castle.

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Chapter 2093 Hypocrite

Even though the evidence seemed solid, Francesca still felt something amiss.

However, that was not something she should interfere with. Therefore, she could only suggest to William, "William, you should investigate further. Don't blame an innocent person."

"Don't worry." William nodded his head before he commanded, "Lock him up for now. We'll deal with him after we found out the truth."

"Yes, Your Highness." One of the subordinates immediately dragged Marc away.

A maid wheeled William out of the basement as well while Francesca followed beside him, thoughts running wild in her mind.

After taking a few steps, she turned around to look at Marc, who was still sobbing and wailing as though he was trying to explain.

As she took note of the scene, she could not help but tell William, "Look at the way he's crying. He seems genuine. I don't think he's the spy."

"You're too kind, Ms. Felch. How many people in this world will admit that they've done something bad? Everyone will claim to be innocent," one of William's subordinates chimed in.

"Don't worry, Francesca. I'll ask Robin to investigate further." On the other hand, William appeared to be a lot more open-minded. "Speaking of Robin, where is he? Why hasn't he gotten here yet? Someone go and get him, please."

"Yes, Your Highness." A man immediately hurried off to find Robin.

William and Francesca chatted lightly as they made their way to the dining room. Just as they sat down, a subordinate rushed toward them to report, "Your Highness, Mr. Robin is missing! There's a letter on his desk."

"What?" William immediately accepted the letter and began reading. His face paled instantly in shock. "Robin has taken actions on his own without consulting me."

"What happened?" Francesca inquired curiously.

"He had gone to the palace in the middle of the night to report the findings last night to His Majesty..." William's face turned solemn. "I must have been too kind to him! How dare he do something so reckless?"

Francesca said with annoyance, "I don't think he made a mistake. It has already gotten to this point. Are you still going to sit around and do nothing? At this rate, all eighty or more people in this castle will die along with you!"

"I know that, but..." William frowned. A troubled look appeared on his face. "I don't want to drag you into this..."

Francesca blinked as she caught on fast.

Indeed, she was the one who had discovered the problem. Even if Robin avoided mentioning her name when reporting the incident, Federico would still obtain the information through interrogation.

If Robin were to convince the king by credentials, her identity would be revealed.

"Even though I don't want my identity to be revealed, I'm willing to allow that if it means giving you justice," Francesca stated nonchalantly. "Besides, His Majesty will not publicize such private matters."

"Indeed, the public would not know about it, but my relatives will." William's frown deepened as his voice was filled with worry. "I'm afraid that they will harm you. You staying under my roof right now might protect you from harm for the time being, but they might take revenge on you after all of this. Just like last time. They did not even hesitate to bomb the cruise ship just to prevent you from healing my legs."

"Well, I'm still alive, aren't I?" Francesca wasn't the least bit concerned. "It's not the first time I have enemies. What's one more?"

"Francesca..."

"Things have already come to this point, so stop hesitating. We'll cross the bridge when we get there," Francesca comforted William. "Someone is targeting you. You can't keep tolerating them. I know you're gentle and kind, but you need to protect yourself and the people around you!"

"You're right..." William was touched and grateful at the same time. "Thank you, Francesca!"

"We're friends, aren't we? You've been kind to me too." Francesca flashed him a smile. "All right, that's enough. Let's have breakfast. I'm starving!"

All of a sudden, William asked, "Francesca, does Danrique know that you're here?"

"He probably does. Don't mind him. Once I've settled the issue here, I'll explain everything to him," replied Francesca casually.

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Chapter 2094 Shot

Guilt laced William's face as he apologized, "I'm extremely sorry, Francesca... You two seem to always fight because of me."

"That has nothing to do with you. He's just petty." Francesca huffed out of irritation. "The two of us are just friends and nothing else. Plus, I'm taking care of you because I'm treating you as a patient with no ulterior motives. Yet, he still doesn't trust me."

A hint of disappointment flashed across William's eyes as he heard what Francesca had said. He was right to think that Francesca had no feelings for him but only viewed him as a patient and a friend.

However, his lips quickly curled upward into a smile. He turned to look at Francesca. "I suppose his emotions just got the best of him. He cares a lot about you, so sometimes, he overreacts."

Francesca did not respond but merely ate her breakfast. "Francesca..." William looked at her with mixed emotions in his eyes. A hesitant look appeared on his face.

"What is it?" Francesca could tell something was bothering him. "Nothing. Enjoy your breakfast! The shrimp dumplings are not bad today. Give it a taste." William quickly changed the subject.

Francesca was on edge. "Just spit it out. You're a grown adult, so act like one."

"I just wanted to say that... if you're involved in this incident, there is a possibility that Danrique will be involved too." William looked concerned. "It'll be the end if he's dragged into this as well."

"What? How would he be involved?" Francesca was lost.

"Once Robin reports that you have detected poison in my castle, His Majesty's first reaction will be to investigate your background. Even though your identity would be a good credential, it might not be enough to get rid of his bias toward my relatives, unless..."

"Unless they find out I'm Danrique's fiancée?" Francesca finally understood.

William felt regretful. "I'm worried that Robin would reveal that detail. I had hesitated to report it to His Majesty because I was afraid that it would get you and Danrique involved. I shouldn't have invited you here." He sighed.

For a moment, Francesca fell silent and frowned. "It's no big deal if I'm involved in this situation. After all, I'm a doctor and am here to give you a check-up. Detecting poison can be considered part of my job as well. There wouldn't be much difference even if my identity is revealed. However, it's not the best scenario if Danrique is involved. He's in a difficult position in Erihal. Dangers surround him at every turn. Even though he is capable and calm, I've never done anything for him, and I do not wish to bring him more burden just because I'm his fiancée."

"I understand." William nodded profusely. "I'm worried too. Let's just hope Robin did not mention anything about him."

Francesca's expression turned solemn. "I hope so too. But even if he does, it's understandable. After all, this case had affected more than eighty people. Or perhaps, he only mentions Danrique to protect me."

William nodded in agreement. "Perhaps. If he doesn't say that you're Danrique's fiancée, His Majesty might actually interrogate you. My relatives would probably harm you the first chance they got as well. However, these are all just my speculations. Robin might not mention anything. In fact, he might not even be able to see His Majesty."

"What? Why?" She was taken aback. Her expression changed drastically as realization dawned on her. "Are you saying that your cousins might target Robin?"

"That's what I'm worried about." William's eyebrows knitted together. "In the letter, he said that he had left at four in the morning. It's already eight, and there's still no news from him. I've even called Silas but no one picked up. I'm really worried that—"

Just then, the noise of a car engine traveled from outside. Soon, someone rushed in and reported, "Your Highness, Mr. Robin is back."

"Quick! Bring me there!"

Francesca tagged along beside William. When they reached the entrance, they saw a few men carrying Robin out of a car.

Robin had been shot in the abdomen. Fresh blood covered his entire body as his face was pale. His breath was so weak that it was barely palpable.

Francesca immediately rushed forward to stop his bleeding and ordered people to carry him to the clinic.

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After more than an hour's worth of emergency rescue, Robin was no longer in danger. Francesca took off her gloves and commanded the medical staff, "Keep an eye on him. Call me immediately if there are any changes."

"Yes, Dr. Felch." When she stepped out of the clinic, she immediately came face to face with a solemn William. Furious, she complained, "Those people are outrageous! How dare they hurt someone in the open? And in broad daylight?"

William lowered his head in silence. "Was the driver of the car one of your employees?" asked Francesca. "Silas'. Not mine." William's deep voice sounded as he parted his lips. "They were attacked on the way back."

"Does that mean Robin managed to get to the palace and report everything to His Majesty?" inquired Francesca.

"Mm-hmm." William nodded. "When you were saving Robin, the driver had reported the situation to me. Robin left the palace after sunrise. On the way back, he was shot. Good thing the driver's driving skills were impeccable, if not..."

He paused and let out another deep sigh as guilt weighed on his chest. "I'm so useless. As a prince, I can't even protect the people around me."

"Since they are this ruthless, you should stop playing nice!" Francesca was indignant. "Those people are positively abominable!"

William once again fell silent. A solemn look was written all over his face.

"William, did you hear what I said?" Francesca was beginning to feel exasperated. "Those people have already bullied you to this extent. Can you grow a backbone?"

"Francesca..." William finally raised his head and spoke softly. "Go pack your things. I'll ask someone to send you to the airport."

"What?" Francesca was beyond confused.

"I can't get you involved." William took a deep breath. "You're right, they've gone too far. If I still don't retaliate, all eighty or more people in this castle will suffer. I can't sit by and do nothing anymore. I must fight back. But before that, I need to send you away—"

"What are you talking about?" Francesca was speechless. "Robin is still unconscious from his injuries. The poison in all of you has yet to be eliminated. The treatment for your legs hasn't even commenced yet. How can I leave at a time like this?"

"But—"

“Shut up!” Francesca immediately cut William off, displeased. “Can you stop nagging? I’m already here, and I’m already in the middle of this mess. You’re planning to send me away now? Those people would have already known my identity. They will also know that I’m the one who found out that the water sources have been poisoned. Do you think they’ll let me off the hook? They would most likely still go after me and my life. I might as well take them on here and now.”

“It’s all my fault. I dragged you into this.” William was extremely guilty. “If I knew this would happen, I wouldn’t have let you come here.”

“Stop talking nonsense,” Francesca snapped. “The priority right now is to settle the matter.”

“You’re right.” William nodded. “I have already sent a text to His Majesty. He should contact me once he’s done with his work. But, Francesca, are you sure you don’t want to leave? I don’t want you to be involved in all the confrontation.”

Francesca sneered. “I’m not afraid to be involved. In fact, I can’t wait to meet those people. I want to see who are the people brave enough to act so atrociously.”

William hastily said, “This has nothing to do with you. Don’t get involved in this. You’re just a doctor. Just carry out your responsibilities to the fullest. Don’t worry about other things.”

Just as he finished his sentence, a subordinate came in with a phone in his hand. “Your Highness, His Majesty is calling.”

William immediately took the phone and wheeled himself to the window. “Grandpa... Yes. Robin has returned...”

William was cautious as he spoke on the phone. His tone sounded timid when he conversed with Federico, and he didn’t even dare to tell Federico about the fact that Robin was almost killed.

Francesca was getting increasingly frustrated as she took it all in. He’s such a coward!

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2096

Chapter 2096 The Price

“He’s asking to see me?” Francesca was slightly bewildered. “Does he want to interrogate me?”

“Of course not,” William responded instantly. “He knows your identity and did not suspect you at all. He just wanted to know more about the situation in detail.”

"Then ask him to come here himself," Francesca answered without thinking. "Come here and see the water sources for himself. Take a look at the people in the castle for himself. He can even bring his own medical team to examine."

"Uh... But..." William widened his eyes.

"You don't dare to tell him that? Allow me." She snatched the phone away from his hand and began speaking to Federico on the other end. "Your Majesty, I suppose you've heard everything I just said?"

On the other end of the line, Federico remained silent for a few seconds before replying, "You really do live up to your name, Francesca. Such a character!"

"I'm merely speaking the truth," Francesca replied casually. "There's no point for me to go to the palace. If you believe in me, there's no need for me to go there. If you don't believe in me, then what's the point if I go? Why don't you send your team here to see for yourselves?"

"Francesca..." William warned.

"Do you know who you're talking to?"

Federico seemed friendly, but his tone was stern. Apparently, Francesca's attitude had offended him, and he began exerting his authority.

"I talk to everybody like this." Francesca was unfazed. "Everyone's human. Besides, I'm not one of your citizens. My respect toward you is because you're the grandfather of my friend, William."

Francesca's words made the atmosphere even more tense.

When Federico fell silent, William quickly began, "Francesca..."

"What? I'm not wrong."

"Good. Very good." Federico suddenly burst into laughter. "Someone as stubborn and straightforward as you is unlikely to lie. I'll go visit."

"All right. We'll be waiting for your visit," responded Francesca.

She then tossed the phone to William.

William almost failed to catch the phone. His face paled as he grabbed the phone before quickly apologizing to Federico, "I'm so sorry, Grandpa. Francesca has always been straightforward. I apologize on her behalf if she had offended you."

“She’s a lot like Danrique,” Federico commented. “No wonder they’re a couple!”

When William heard that, he paused for a while before saying, “Yes...”

Federico said meaningfully, “It’s a good thing to befriend Danrique. I’ll be busy these two days. I’ll visit after that.”

“Sure. You’re always welcomed.” Once the call ended, William raised his head to look at Francesca, his eyes shining with gratitude. “Thank you, Francesca!”

“Why are you thanking me?” Francesca was looking at her phone. She still didn’t receive a call or a text from Danrique. Looks like he really is mad and is giving me the cold shoulder.

“If you hadn’t asked His Majesty to come over, I would have never been brave enough to request such a thing...” William could not help but laugh self-deprecatingly. “He had always been so high and mighty. It’s quite hard to convince him to do things. I can’t believe that he agreed to this so easily.”

“Isn’t that a good thing?” asked Francesca. “You should put your foot down if it’s necessary. Otherwise, you’re always going to be bullied.”

“You’re absolutely right.” William concurred with a nod.

“Oh yeah, did Robin tell His Majesty everything that has happened here? Does His Majesty believe him?”

His face turned solemn. “Yep. But His Majesty did not tackle the topic head-on. He just mentioned that he wants to meet you. I think he’s still considering.”

“Considering what?” Francesca was confused. “Considering whether or not he was telling the truth?”

“No.” William smiled bitterly as he shook his head. “I think he believes that it’s true. He’s considering the price that has to be paid for dealing with this issue, and whether or not it’s worth paying.”

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2097

Chapter 2097 Lost Contact

Francesca did not understand, nor did she want to understand. “I don’t get it. This is a headache. You royals and your complicated family feud.” “Yeah, that’s why I’m jealous of you. You can be carefree; you can always be yourself.”

That sentence came from the bottom of William's heart. If he had the choice, he would rather be someone like Francesca, who was genuine.

Unfortunately, one could not choose who they were born as. Francesca was busy scribbling down the prescription of medications and had not paid attention to what William was saying.

"Ask someone to buy these medications in large quantities from pharmacies." Francesca handed the prescriptions to William. "By the time His Majesty arrived to examine the situation, I would start the treatment for everyone in the castle."

"Okay." William passed the prescription to the subordinate beside him and advised, "Keep it low-key. Don't let anyone find out."

"Yes, Your Highness." With that, the subordinate headed off.

"You sure are miserable for a prince..." Francesca could not help but sigh. "You have to sneak around even just to buy medications. If you still don't fight back, you wouldn't be able to stay in Danontand much longer."

"I know." William heaved a deep sigh. "I can drop everything here and leave, but what will happen to them? Their census and archive are all in the palace. Their whole lives would be spent here. They used to work for my parents, and then they started working for me. They have spent a great deal of their lives within these castle walls. If I leave, they'll have no one else."

Francesca encouraged, "It's good that you can come to that conclusion. We all have our roles and responsibilities in this world. Because of our responsibilities, we have to muster up the courage. We cannot let others bully us."

He nodded firmly. "You're right. After this incident, I finally understand this principle. I won't let you down again."

"All the best!" Francesca patted his shoulder. "Let's go to your room. I'll take a look at your legs."

"Okay."

Francesca inspected William's legs and started giving him medication and acupuncture. After a series of treatments, she broke the silence. "Good thing the problem is discovered on time, so there's still a chance of healing. However, because of this issue, the treatment is going to take longer than what we initially planned."

"I'm fine with that. After all, I've been crippled for twenty years. I'm just worried that it'll affect you. You've already spent so much time here, causing you to be separated from Danrique. If this continues, he might get angry..."

“Then let him be,” Francesca retorted stubbornly. “If he likes getting mad, I can’t do anything about it.”

“But—”

“Done.” Francesca interrupted him and changed the subject. “For the next few days, let your legs rest and stock up on the medications. You have more than eighty people in your castle. We’ll need a large supply of antidotes. Not to mention that I’m not very familiar with the medications in your country, so I would need to run some tests first. All that will take time, so it will help if you can prepare everything as soon as possible. At the same time, it would be helpful if you can get me some crude medicine from Zarain, just in case.”

William nodded. “Noted. I will personally supervise the whole process. Don’t worry, Francesca.”

“Okay. I’ll go rest in my room. Call me if there’s anything.”

Francesca quickly left. In reality, her phone was running low on battery. She wanted to return to her room so that she could charge her phone and call Danrique.

She had never been one to cave regarding relationships. However, she had been dragged into William’s mess, and it was very likely that Danrique would be too.

She believed that she had the responsibility to explain to him what was going on.

After taking a sip of water, she charged her phone and began to dial Danrique’s number.

However, no one picked up even after a long while.

Francesca found it odd. According to the time zone differences, it should only be nine in the evening in Xendale. Danrique should still be working at that time. Why isn’t he picking up the call?

Even if he was mad at her when she had called him twice the night before, his anger should have dissipated by now. I’ve already taken the initiative to call him. Why is he still not picking up?

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2098

Chapter 2098 Awake

Now that she thought about it, they had not contacted one another for two days. They did not speak to each other since the night before she arrived at Danontand until that moment.

Francesca took the initiative to call him, but he did not pick up the phone. She did not know if he was mad at her or if there were other reasons. Anyway, she felt ill at ease.

After contemplating briefly, she dialed Sean's number. The call finally connected after a long while. "Ms. Felch!" "Where's Danrique?"

Francesca heard the sound of music and the voices of people engaged in conversations. It seemed to her Danrique was not busy, nor was he angry at her. He appeared to be enjoying his life.

"There's a banquet tonight. Mr. Lindberg is speaking to Mr. President and..." Sean gazed at Danrique, who was chatting with the president and the president's daughter, and chose his words wisely to avoid raising an unnecessary conflict. "And a few of his old acquaintances."

"Ask him to return my call when he's done with his work."

Despite feeling slightly jittery, Francesca understood Danrique's need to socialize at times. "All right, Ms. Felch. I'll be sure to relay your message to Mr. Lindberg."

Francesca went to prepare the medications after hanging up the call. Everyone inside the castle had been poisoned except for her, not to mention the casualties. As a doctor, she had to carry out her responsibilities.

William stayed beside Robin inside the clinic the entire time. His subordinates and maids were touched by his thoughtfulness. One of them could not help but say, "Your Highness, you're so kind to us. You're risking your life to weather this predicament with us!"

"You all stayed loyal to me and did not abandon me. Naturally, I have to be responsible and see to your survival. Don't worry. I will not allow anyone to be harmed as long as I'm here," William uttered earnestly.

"Your Highness..." A few female maids started crying because William's compassion moved them.

"Your Highness, Mr. Robin is awake!" one of the subordinates exclaimed.

"That's great." William immediately pushed his wheelchair forward.

"Your Highness, should we call Ms. Felch over?"

"That's not needed. Francesca has been busy the whole day, so let her get some rest. Since Robin has woken up, that means he's fine."

"Yes." The subordinates fell silent and retreated aside.

A maid hurriedly prepared a bucket of warm water to wipe Robin's body while a medical staff fed him some water.

After some time, Robin gradually came to his senses. He opened his eyes and looked weakly at William.

"I'm glad that you're fine." William patted the back of Robin's hand in gratification.

Robin opened his mouth and spoke in a hoarse and diminished voice. "Your Highness. I finally lived up to your expectation—"

William interjected Robin, "You've worked hard." Then, he said to his subordinates and maids, "You all can leave now."

"Yes." They backed out of the room afterward.

William and Robin were left inside the room alone.

William picked up a hot towel and wiped Robin's hand. He then leaned forward and said in an undertone, "Robin, rest well and speak less."

Robin was slightly taken aback before nodding slightly to indicate he understood William's intention.

"Go ahead and sleep. I'll stay here to keep you company." William sat beside Robin and smiled at the latter. "Get well soon. Your presence is necessary to keep this vast castle running."

"Thank you, Your Highness..."

Robin was touched.

William sat beside Robin quietly. As the latter fell asleep, the tenderness in William's eyes gradually dissipated too.

He was well aware that someone in a weakened state would have a fuzzy mind, so they would not be able to think properly before saying anything. Therefore, he must not allow Robin to let slip any information at that moment.

Francesca is so smart. What if she senses something is off after listening to Robin's words?

Knock! Knock!

At that instant, someone knocked on the door. Without waiting for William's response, Francesca pushed the door open and entered. "I heard Robin is awake? I'm here to check on him."

"He woke up a few moments ago but dozed off again." William beamed at her. "You should rest properly after working the whole day."

"I need to carry out my duties as a doctor." She stepped forward to examine Robin. "His condition is stable. He should be able to regain consciousness tomorrow morning."

"That's great."

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2099

Chapter 2099 Break Up

"That's great." William let out a long sigh. "Robin risked his life to meet His Majesty for my sake. If something bad happens to him, I'll never forgive myself." "He's fine. Stop blaming yourself." Francesca patted his shoulder. "Go and rest earlier. Now—"

The phone in her pocket vibrated before she could finish the rest of her sentence. She quickly answered the call and walked away. "Hello. Do you finally remember me? I thought you were dead."

Listening to the tone of her voice, William immediately figured out the identity of the person on the other end of the call. When he saw Francesca walking away in a hurry, the lights in his eyes dimmed.

Francesca hastened upstairs while holding the phone, growling, "Why didn't you pick up the phone when I called you earlier?"

Danrique asked, "Why are you calling me when you already went all the way to Danontand to take care of another man? I told you to come to Xendale, but you were reluctant. The next moment, you traveled to Danontand. I do wonder who is actually your boyfriend?"

"I came to Danontand to treat a disease. This is my professional obligation—"

"All right, then. I'm sick too. I want you to come over at once to treat my illness," Danrique interrupted her.

"What happened to you?" she hastily asked.

"What do you think?" Danrique's tone softened a little after sensing that she still cared about him.

Only then did Francesca realize he was deliberately teasing her. “You’re crazy. Why are you pretending to be sick when you’re fine? William is really ill at the moment—”

Danrique was at the limit of his patience. “William, William, William. All you care about is William!”

“No. That’s not—”

“Just be with him if you like him so much. Goodbye!” Danrique did not wish to listen to any more of her explanations.

“What do you mean, Danrique?” Francesca snapped at once.

“You don’t understand what I’m saying? You have your medical-related goals to realize, children at the orphanage to take care of, and so many other male friends. Since I mean nothing to you, we should just break up.”

“What did you say?” She thought she had misheard him.

“Am I not making myself clear?” Danrique repeated his words and enunciated, “I said we should break up! I wish you all the happiness in the world, Francesca. Goodbye!”

“D*mn you—”

The call ended just as she was about to speak.

Silence ensued after the beeping sound ended.

Francesca held her phone and stood rooted to the spot in a daze.

What’s going on? Are my ears playing tricks on me, or did I remember wrongly? Did Danrique say he wants to break up with me? No. This is impossible. From the beginning, he has been pursuing me, scheming to marry me, and trying his best to stay by my side. No matter the tantrum I threw or how unreasonable I behaved, he had always tolerated me. But now... he’s breaking up with me?

Francesca’s hands shook in agitation. She anxiously dialed Danrique’s phone number, but no one picked up after the phone rang for some time.

She called again, and this time, the call was cut off.

Francesca noticed the line was busy when she attempted to contact him again.

Evidently, he had blocked her number.

She was dumbfounded as her mind became utterly chaotic.

Why is this happening? No matter my outburst or conniption in the past, Danrique has never mentioned breaking up with me, regardless of how angry he might be. But this time... I did not do anything wrong, right? I came to Danontand to give treatment to these patients, so why is he so furious? Also, I wanted to discuss this matter with him that day, but he went to meet Hazel without informing me, so I did not talk to him about this because I was displeased. It is not as if I committed a terrible sin. I don't understand why he is breaking up with me.

Pandemonium reigned in Francesca's mind as she slumped into the couch with her hand still wrapped around her phone.

She had always been arrogant and confident, but at that moment, she was devastated and at a complete loss following the unexpected turns of events.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2100

Chapter 2100 Provoke

That night, Francesca lay on the bed, repeatedly tossing and turning in her bed, unable to fall asleep. She could not fathom Danrique's sudden request to break up with her.

He had always accepted and tolerated me whenever I did as I pleased in the past, so why can't he put up with me now? Is he falling for someone else, or did he misunderstand my relationship with William?

Francesca's thoughts were a tangled mess. She wanted to clarify that matter with Danrique, but her calls would not connect. In the end, she tried sending him a message: "B*stard, you better explain further. What did I do wrong? Why are you breaking up with me?"

However, after typing that message, she changed her mind. Thus, she immediately deleted and amended the last part of the text: "Fine. If a breakup is what you want, then so be it. I hope you'll be happy!"

She sent the message afterward but regretted it instantaneously.

Francesca hurriedly tapped on her screen to recall the message, but that function was unavailable for short message service.

She covered her forehead in frustration, despising herself for putting on a tough front.

However, it was too late for her to take back her words or say anything to justify her statement now.

Discomfort churned within Francesca's chest as she was at a complete loss. If Layla had been there, Francesca could have discussed that matter with her, but now, there was no one around to talk to her.

Francesca was losing her composure in the face of a problem she was utterly inexperienced in handling.

At that moment, her phone rang. Assuming that it was Danrique calling, Francesca hurriedly picked up the call. "Hello!"

"Ms. Felch, it's me, Monica."

"Oh. It's you." Francesca was slightly disappointed.

"I heard you're in Danontand. Coincidentally, I'm in the country too. Please let me know if you need my assistance."

"Okay. Thank you," Francesca replied halfheartedly.

"What happened to you? Why do you sound a little upset? Am I interrupting you?" Monica asked concernedly.

"No..." Francesca yearned to express her feelings and doubts at that moment, so she could not help but ask, "Monica, I have a question for you."

"Please, go on," Monica swiftly responded.

"If a man suddenly suggested breaking up with a woman. What could be the reason?"

"Is there any conflict between the two people, or perhaps a misunderstanding?"

"There is a minor conflict, but not something very significant. There's also a slight misunderstanding, but that man would not listen to the girl's explanation. He demanded a breakup without communicating with her properly. And now, the girl is baffled."

"If that man suddenly wanted a breakup, perhaps he already has another option."

Francesca panicked after hearing that. "What? Do you mean he's seeing another woman?"

"If there is no major conflict between the couple, that may be a probable reason. Why else would he request for a breakup?" Monica questioned Francesca.

Francesca was immediately reminded of Hazel upon listening to those words. She recalled the previous ambiguous interaction between Danrique and Hazel, not to mention how he had never explained that matter to her.

Anger surged within Francesca at once as she felt she was being cheated.

Monica uttered tactfully, "This is just my speculation. I suppose only the people concerned would know what has actually happened. Why are you asking this all of a sudden, Ms. Felch? Are you referring to yourself—"

"No. I saw this scene from a television show." Francesca quickly switched the topic of conversation. "It's getting late, Monica. You should rest earlier."

"All right. Goodnight."

Francesca remained furious after hanging up the phone. She wanted to contact Danrique and demand an explanation from him, but her pride would not allow her to do so.

She texted him earlier and he did not reply either.

Perhaps he has already decided to ignore me and draw the line between us so that he can be together with Hazel.

Francesca's wrath intensified as she dwelled further on that matter. She wanted to fly to Xendale immediately, seize Danrique, and interrogate him before tearing him apart.

But I can't leave now... Hold on.

Francesca thought of a possibility. Is Danrique deliberately provoking me so that I will go to Xendale to look for him?