

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2079

The next few days were the usual busy, fulfilling, and peaceful days.

Ever since Chrono died, Francesca was no longer under threat. Gordon brought Sloan and the rest over to the orphanage and stood guard there. They returned to Xendale on the day the orphanage reopened.

The children in the orphanage had recovered from the trauma after over a month-long of counseling. Life at the orphanage had returned to normal.

Francesca would visit the children every day. Relieved to see the bright smiles on their faces, Francesca started her research on William's new treatment plan. She also began developing new concealed weapons and psychedelics at home.

Ms. Layla had emphasized the importance of concealed weapons and drugs numerous times, but I had a lot of deterrents back then, so I didn't focus on that. However, after Chrono's incident, I realized the importance of it. Even though I have self-defense skills and can deal with a few people, I'm still at a disadvantage when dealing with professional assassins.

Beast summoning requires preconditions, so I can't use it anytime I want. If I don't have any other skills, it'll be difficult for me to protect the children at the orphanage. I discovered the spontaneous combustion powder by accident when I was trying to stop Anthony's bleeding. It surprisingly came in handy at a crucial moment. Without it, the consequences would've been deadly. Ever since that incident, I finally realized the importance of concealed weapons and drugs. Luckily, making weaponry and drugs is a cakewalk for me. I already have a lot of inventions, but I don't have the chance to test them out yet.

Anthony was sipping on his soup when a loud blast came from the backyard. He jolted upright, reached for his crutch frantically, and staggered as quickly as he could to the explosion site. "Oh, Francesca!"

"Ms. Felch!" Kerrie urgently raced to the backyard too.

Dark billowing clouds of smoke seeped through every crack of the laboratory. There was even a fire burning in a corner. Anthony opened the door and wanted to enter, but the raging blaze stopped him at the threshold.

Panic filled him as he hurriedly asked Kerrie to call the fire department.

At that moment, a petite figure walked out of the laboratory with soot stains all over her face. Only her clear, bright eyes were clear of the stain. The hair on her head stood up and pointed in every direction.

“The strength of this Marshmallow Bomb is truly amazing. Luckily, I wore the protective vest I designed.”

Anthony was stunned by the whole incident. “What the heck?”

“Ms. Felch, are you working on a new experiment?” Kerrie, on the other hand, immediately knew what Francesca was doing. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine.” Francesca let out a sigh. “Please prepare a bath for me. I need one.”

“Sure. I’ll prepare it now.” Kerrie left to carry out the order.

“Don’t enter. There are toxins in there.” Francesca shut the door to the laboratory.

“You’re contradicting yourself.” Comprehension dawned on Anthony. “You tested the weapons you designed against the protective vest you made. Which is stronger?”

“The protective vest.” Francesca patted the dust and soot off the protective vest she wore. “No weapon can pierce through it, and fire can’t burn it too.”

“I think that bomb is quite powerful as well. It caused such a huge explosion.” Anthony trailed after her. “Teach me how to make it when you have the time. I can protect myself the next time I get into danger.”

“Let me test it out first.” Francesca waved her hand. “Improper usage of these will cause serious consequences.”

“You have to be careful then.” Anthony looked at her with concern.

Francesca went upstairs for a bath. She took more than an hour to clean herself up. Standing in front of the full-length mirror, she checked herself out and noticed her bangs had curled up from the extreme heat from the blast.

She shaved her head for her surgery before. Now that her hair had grown, albeit still short, she looked refreshing and more feminine than when she was bald.

She checked herself in the mirror one last time and planned to have dinner before reading up on some medical books and pharmacopeia to come up with a new treatment plan for William. When she had just reclined on the sofa, Danrique video called her.

Francesca picked up the call instantly. “Hey, meanie.”

“Don't you have a nicer nickname for me?”

Danrique looked gentlemanly and elegant with silver-rimmed glasses on his nose. He set down the documents in his hands on the desk and focused on his conversation with Francesca while sipping on some coffee.

“This nickname suits you well.” Francesca giggled. “You've finished your work early today, huh?”