

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

### Chapter 2261



After sitting on the bed for a while, Francesca finally saw Sam.

It slithered in through the window and skillfully burrowed into her sleeve.

Francesca was delighted. Although she did not suffer much there, it was a boring stay. She was glad to have Sam's company.

She let out a howl to tell Layla that Sam had arrived.

Layla smiled in satisfaction and left with Sloan.

Startled awake by Francesca's howl, the prison guard yelled, "Why are you howling in the middle of the

night?”

Francesca shot him a vicious glare.

The prison guard shuddered and said hastily, “I-I'm sorry.”

Immediately after saying that, he scurried away.

The guards had all heard about how the petite Chanaean young woman had all kinds of capabilities, so they would do anything to avoid crossing her, for even the slightest misstep might spell death for them.

Once the prison guard was gone, Francesca was the only one left in the cell. As she caressed Sam's head, she mumbled, “Ms. Layla knows me best to have sent you here...” As she spoke, a wave of nausea hit her, and she nearly vomited. “The food in prison is horrible. I've been wanting to vomit for the few days

I've been in here.”

The little green snake meekly rubbed its head against her cheek to console her.

In the car, Layla said, “Francesca's alone. She must be bored in there. I'm glad she has Sam to keep her company now.”

“You're right.” Sloan's heart ached. “I wonder how Ms. Felch is now. A prison is an appalling place. I wonder if she can stand it in there. She loves to eat, but I'm sure there isn't anything good in there for her.”

“I just hope Danrique will be back soon.” Layla sighed. “Please let this episode end as quickly as possible.”

Another person who was sighing was Sean, who was abroad. “I hope this ends soon...”

“How is Mr. Lindberg?” Gordon asked in a low voice.

“He's doing much better. He was awake for a while today, and he was calling for Ms. Felch,” Sean said with a frown. “If he knew about Ms. Felch's current situation, I'm sure he would want to get back immediately.”

“Are you planning to hide this from him?” Gordon asked. “What if something happens midway?”

“Mr. Lindberg has a trump card that will allow him to protect Ms. Felch in an emergency,” Sean said. “He's so grievously injured right now. What do you think he can do even if he rushes back to her? He'll only end up stepping right into their trap.”

“Yes, but if anything happens to Ms. Felch, I'm afraid Mr. Lindberg will be tormented by guilt for the rest of his life,” Gordon said, his expression grim.

“Don't worry. The situation is stable now,” Sean reassured. “I would've sent you back first otherwise.”

“Yes. I heard about it too. Prince William was the one who assisted them,” Gordon said. “I was wary about him in the past, but who knew he could lend us a helping hand at a crucial time?”

“Mr. Lindberg and Ms. Felch are like his shield. If he wants to save himself, he will have to make a move,” Sean answered, sneering. “I've underestimated him. I'm surprised he managed to get Gold Group to manipulate public opinions. Impressive.”

“He must have spent quite a sum on this. After all, Gold Group is a money-grubbing being,” Gordon remarked. “Does Prince William have that much money?”

“You're underestimating him. He has earned quite an amount over the years from his business. In fact, a part of it was from working with Mr. Lindberg,” Sean said. “All right, I'll be watching over Mr. Lindberg here. You should find out more about what's on the other side. Also, station the new wave of people Mr. Lindberg trained in Xendale first.”

“Of course.” Gordon headed off to work on that.

As Sean wiped the weak Danrique's face with a wet towel, he sighed again. “You wouldn't have gotten injured if not to protect us. No one in this world can hurt you if you can be a little more ruthless.”

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Upon returning to the castle, Layla started investigating what had happened to Avery. Right then, she knew why William had been looking into her all this time—there was a connection between Avery and Francesca.

If she uncovered the truth behind it all, she would be able to turn the tables.

In the middle of the night, William suddenly shot up, rushed outside, and yelled, “Monica! Monica!”

Monica immediately came running in. “What is it, Your Highness?”

“Get me the laptop. Quick!”

William got up, grabbed the laptop anxiously, and search through the news while holding his phone. Just before he dialed a number, he ordered, “Get Ms. Layla in here. Hazel, too.”

“Understood.”

Monica immediately did as told.

Layla was still awake. When Norah told her that William had summoned her, she knew that something was up. Hurriedly, she put on a coat and dragged Sloan with her as they drove over.

Meanwhile, Hazel did not get much sleep either. After the maid came to knock on the door, she quickly showered before changing and going to the study room.

At that moment, William was already sitting on the



sofa with his phone in his hands. The laptop was balanced on his thighs, and there was a grim look on his face. When he saw them, he asked, "Is there any way for us to save Francesca first?"

"What's wrong?" Hazel asked in shock. "Why are you asking all of a sudden?"

"Could it be that..." Layla's face turned pale. "Are they going to make a move on Francesca?"

"Mrs. President's hands are tied right now. That's the only choice they have." William frowned. "They'll make a move on Francesca and use her wounds as leverage to force Danrique to show himself. They'll also try to throw us into chaos."

"Damn it." Layla was fuming. "We should have gotten her out of there sooner."

“Just calm down for now,” Hazel said in a rational manner. “This is all just speculation on your part. Maybe you're just overthinking it. We haven't gotten any news, right? Why don't we ask first, then make a decision?”

“Go ask around about it,” William told Sloan.

“All right.” Sloan quickly went to inquire about the situation.

“Get ready. We're going to save Francesca,” William declared. He looked surprisingly serious and anxious. “We can't let anything happen to her.”

“Okay.” Layla instantly went to get ready.

“Calm down,” Hazel hurriedly said. “If we break in to rescue her at a time like this, then all our previous efforts will be in vain. Think about it. What are we

going to do after we save her? Will she be able to escape from Xendale, or even from Erihal? Besides—”

“We don't have the luxury to think about that right now,” William cut her off frantically. “If they find out that Francesca has special abilities, they'll do horrible things to her.”

“That's right!” Layla was all the more flustered.

“Luckily, I sent Sam in to protect her last night. I also put a tracking device on it. We can use that to find Francesca.”

“Good job. Gather everyone and tell them to get their weapons. We're going to save her.”

“Your Highness...” Monica wanted to advise against it, but when she saw his gloomy gaze, she held her tongue.

“You guys are crazy.” Hazel was at a loss for words. “We haven't gotten any news yet. This is all just speculation. It's just a gut feeling, but you're already sure that something's happened to her. You're even planning to break in and get her out. You guys are being too impulsive.”

She had just finished speaking when Sloan burst in. “Ms. Layla, Your Highness... Your guess was right, Your Highness. Mrs. President and Mr. Harrington have just made their way to jail. There's even a doctor with them...”

“What is she trying to do?” Layla sprung to her feet. “If that old hag dares to lay a finger on Francesca, I'm going to make her pay!” As she spoke, she charged outside furiously. “Get everyone. We're going to save Francesca!”

“Got it!” Sloan immediately went to gather the people.

William had calmed down right then. He reminded Sloan, “Try calling Gordon first.”

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Sloan instantly gave Gordon a call. This time, it went through.

He told him about the current situation and also mentioned William's guess that the first lady had gone to jail with a doctor. They feared she was planning to poison Francesca.

Upon hearing that, Gordon was enraged. “How preposterous. Do they really think that Mr. Lindberg is dead?”

“What do you mean? Is Mr. Lindberg still alive?” Sloan asked emotionally.

“Obviously,” Gordon thundered. “Go and stop them first. I'll discuss this with Sean to see what we can do. Don't let word get out that Mr. Lindberg is still alive. Don't tell anyone that you contacted me, either.”

“Understood,” Sloan replied. “But Ms. Layla, Prince William, and Ms. Atkinson have probably known...”

He then proceeded to recount William's plan and told him about why Hazel was in hiding at the Lindberg residence.

Gordon didn't say much. He only warned him to keep it a secret, then hung up to go look for Sean so that they could discuss saving Francesca.

Sloan gave William and Layla a simple elaboration on the situation. William asked, "So, you managed to contact Gordon? That's good, then."

It was then that Layla realized that he was not as anxious as before. She belatedly realized that he might have done all that with the intent of finding out whether Danrique was alive or not.

If that were the case, William would invest everything into saving Francesca. If not, he might have some reservations.

At the thought of that, Layla couldn't help but sigh to herself. He's such a crafty man.

“What do we do now? Are we going to save her or not?” Sloan asked.

Layla simply looked at William without saying a word.

“Get things ready first. We'll make a move when we hear from Gordon.” William pondered for a moment.

“Why did Mrs. President go to prison with a doctor at a time like this?”

“Exactly.” Layla found it odd as well. “If she wanted to make a move on Francesca, she could have just used one of the prison guards or brought a subordinate of hers. Why did it have to be a doctor?”

“Ms. Felch can't be sick, right?” Sloan asked anxiously.

“If that's the case, then they can just get the medical staff in prison to deal with it,” Layla argued. “There's



no way that vicious woman would be so kind to bring a doctor to see Francesca. Did she bring a doctor there to threaten Danrique by cutting Francesca's limbs off?"

"Don't scare me like that, Ms. Layla." Sloan was so terrified that the blood had drained out of his face. "If that's how it is, then we should hurry up and do something. Let's save her."

William remained silent. He seemed to be contemplating something.

"Everything has been prepared, Your Highness. Shall we leave now?" Monica asked, observing William's expression.

Everyone looked at him, awaiting his reply.

Hazel didn't get it. He had been so anxious earlier, but

right then, he was totally calm.

After a long while, William finally spoke. “I don't think we need to do so. I believe we're about to receive some shocking news soon...”

“Shocking news?”

In the prison, the first lady was leaning against the bars as she stared at Francesca icily.

Francesca was sound asleep. She did not know that there were people surrounding her.

For the past few days, she had been throwing up everything that she ate. She didn't have an appetite at all, but she was incredibly fatigued. Even in an environment like that, she could fall asleep in no time and she could sleep very soundly.

“Are you sure she's pregnant?” the first lady murmured to the female prison guard beside her.

“I've been observing her for a few days. Ever since she came here, she's been vomiting every morning. Whatever she eats, she vomits. On top of that, she's always tired,” the guard whispered. “The female prisoners who exhibited the same symptoms were always pregnant.”

“Give her a checkup,” the first lady ordered the doctor next to her.

“Okay.” The doctor brought his assistants in to draw some of Francesca's blood.

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Abruptly, Francesca's eyes shot open. She flipped over and sat up in a hurry. "What are you doing?"

The assistants were startled. The doctor explained, "Don't worry. We're not going to hurt you. We just want to do a blood test."

"A blood test? For what?" Before Francesca could go on, a few prison guards came in to hold her down.

Sam, who was coiled around Francesca's arm, was about to bite them. However, Francesca stopped it.

It wasn't the right time for Sam to show itself.

"We're doing a test to see if you're pregnant," the first

lady stated coldly.

“Pregnant?” Francesca was dazed. “Are you kidding me?”

“You throw up every day, and you're constantly tired. Those are symptoms of pregnancy,” the guard said feebly. “Mrs. President brought a doctor to give you a check-up. You should be thanking her.”

“Exactly.” The first lady sneered. “If you're pregnant with Danrique's child, I have to tell him the good news.”

Mixed feelings surged in Francesca's heart. When the first lady said that, she suddenly remembered that her period had been late by a month. Besides that, her behavior had been abnormal as of late.

Could I really be...

Francesca hurriedly took her pulse, and her expression changed drastically.

As a traditional medicine practitioner, she was well aware of what her pulse meant. Even then, she could not believe that she was pregnant at a time like that.

The doctor had already come with medical staff to hold her down and draw her blood.

“I'm making you get a check-up for your own good,” the first lady said haughtily. “Just stay still and cooperate with us. It'll be bad if we have to use force and end up hurting you.”

“Okay.” Francesca decided there was no point in resisting. She turned to the doctor and said, “You want to draw my blood, right? I'll do it myself.”

The doctor glanced at the first lady, who nodded in response.

He handed the equipment over to Francesca, who then drew a vial of her own blood. “Go ahead and do the test. Let me know when the results are out.”

“I'll wait here for the results with you,” the first lady uttered as she took a seat on the chair outside.

The doctor and his assistants left with the blood sample.

The prison guard served the first lady some tea. The first lady made a gesture, then the guard made a pot of tea for Francesca as well and even gave her some exquisite snacks.

“The food here is absolutely horrible. It should have been changed a long time ago.”

Francesca didn't hold back. She drank the piping hot tea and began eating the snacks.

“Aren't you afraid that they're poisonous?” the first lady asked while staring at her icily.

“What is there to be afraid of?” Francesca was totally unbothered. “If you poison me, you won't have any leverage over Danrique.”

“You're smart.” The first lady didn't deny it. “Since you're that smart, why don't you take a guess why I captured you?”

“To deal with Danrique, is it not?”

“That is one of the reasons.” The first lady shot her an eerie look. “Everything you're going through right now is to repay your past sins.”



Francesca was stunned. “I don't remember having done anything bad. What sins could I have committed?”

“So, you've forgotten.” There was a hint of hatred in the first lady's voice.

Francesca was totally confused. What did I forget? She tried to remember. Indeed, she had done nothing unforgivable before, nor had she made any enemies.

The only exceptions would be Hazel and—

It was then that a figure flashed across Francesca's mind. Chrono!

“Are you talking about Chrono?” She stared at the first lady in shock.

The first lady's gaze flickered.

“Is Chrono your illegitimate child?” Francesca made a bold guess.

“As if!” The first lady was so full of rage that her face went purple. “What nonsense are you spouting, you brat?”

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Seeing how angry the first lady was, Francesca immediately dropped the issue. “Looks like I made a

wrong guess. If you're not talking about Chrono, then I honestly have no idea who else there could be.”

“Speak any more nonsense, and I'll rip off your mouth,” the first lady threatened. She was livid, feeling as if she had suffered the humiliation of a lifetime.

“Go ahead and try. Let's see who'll be the one ripping someone's mouth off.” Francesca wasn't intimidated at all.

“You...” The first lady trembled with rage.

“Calm down, Mrs. President,” the female bodyguard murmured, holding a phone. “We received a call from home saying that Ms. Avery is awake. She's throwing a tantrum right now...”

“Get them to hurry with the test results,” the first lady

ordered.

“Understood.” The bodyguard hurriedly went to urge them.

“How unfortunate.” The first lady was frustrated. “If not because Danrique's whereabouts were unknown, I would have gotten rid of you.”

Francesca didn't pay her any mind and continued eating.

“How can you be eating at a time like this? Aren't you worried about what you're going to do if you're pregnant?”

“What are you talking about?” Francesca responded nonchalantly. “If I'm pregnant, I'll have to go out and take care of the baby.”

“Can you go out?” The first lady smirked. “You'll just end up dying here.”

“I look forward to it.” Francesca wasn't scared at all.

“You're so full of yourself.” The first lady found it ridiculous. “This place is impenetrable. Nobody can save you, and you won't be able to escape, either.”

“The air quality here is pretty bad. I think you should cut the crap.” Francesca couldn't be bothered.

“You...” It was impossible for the first lady to win against her in an argument. All she could do was suppress her fury and continue to wait.

A while later, the doctor finally came in with the results. “The results are out, Mrs. President.”

“Let me have a look.” She took the report, and her

expression changed drastically. “Indeed...”

“She's four weeks pregnant,” the doctor announced.

“Seriously?” Francesca quickly asked. “Am I really pregnant? Don't lie to me.”

“Have a look yourself.” The doctor handed the report over to her.

Upon seeing the report, Francesca was dumbstruck.

She had never imagined that she would get pregnant at a time like that.

“Is it Danrique's child?” the first lady questioned.

Francesca came back to her senses. “Isn't it obvious?”

“Good, then.” The first lady sneered. “You alone aren't enough to make him show himself. But now that you're carrying a baby in your womb—”

“Obviously, the baby is not his,” Francesca added.

The first lady was dumbfounded. “What did you just say?”

“I said the child isn't Danrique's. Don't bother thinking about trying to threaten him with it.”

“How could that be? If it's not his, then whose could it be?”

“Don't worry about that.” Francesca didn't want Danrique to know that she was pregnant. If he had yet to show up, that meant something serious had happened. She didn't want to make things harder for him right then.

“Do you really think I'll believe you? Don't worry. Danrique will come to save you very soon.” Then, the first lady ordered, “Don't give her anything to eat from now on. All she can have is water.”

“Understood.” The guard lowered her head in obedience.

“Good luck taking care of your baby.” The first lady gave her a cold stare and turned to leave. “When she's on the verge of death from starvation, take a video and send it to me. I'll let Mr. Lindberg have a look to relieve his pain!”

“Understood.”

Francesca watched as the first lady left and gritted her teeth in anger.



A few guards came in to take the tea and snacks away without leaving anything for her.

She leaned against the bed and stroked Sam, wondering when she could get out of there.

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## Chapter 2266



In the castle, Sloan soon received a message: Francesca was pregnant.

He held the phone in his hand and gasped in shock.

“What is it? What did they say?” Layla asked

anxiously.

“They said Ms. Felch is pregnant.” Sloan's face was filled with disbelief.

“What?” Layla was dumbfounded. She did not expect Francesca to be pregnant at such a critical moment at all.

“Uh...” Hazel, too, was shocked. She hurriedly unlocked her tablet and checked the news.

“Forget about it.” William appeared rather calm as if he had already expected it. “The news is not announced to the public. They purposely inform the Lindbergs so that Sloan will convey it to Mr. Lindberg.”

“What do you think they're doing? Are they trying to force Mr. Lindberg to show himself using this way?”

Monica asked in confusion.

“There's indeed no such news online.” Hazel stared at the tablet with a grim expression.

“Then what should we do? Is it true that Ms. Felch is pregnant? Or is it just a lie to deceive Mr. Lindberg?” asked Sloan, utterly stunned.

Just then, another text message came in. Upon realizing it was Francesca's medical report, he hurriedly passed the phone to Layla.

“Looks like it's true. Oh, no! Will they do anything to Francesca?”

“Not for the moment, I guess. But they will surely take action,” said William.

“What action?” Sloan asked promptly.

“They'll cut her food supplies,” William predicted. “It's the easiest way to overwhelm her without having to do anything,”

“What should we do now? Ms. Felch is pregnant. I'm afraid she can't hold much longer,” Monica said anxiously.

“I'll give Gordon a call.” Sloan was about to make the call when Gordon's call came in. The latter said that he had already boarded a private jet back to Xendale.

Sloan immediately told him that Francesca was pregnant.

Stunned by the news, Gordon quickly notified Sean.

On the other end of the line, Sean, holding the phone in his hand, froze after hearing the news. That was

when Danrique's voice rang out from the room.

“Where's Sean? Get him here.”

“Right away, Mr. Lindberg.”

The subordinate went to find Sean.

Sean swiftly hung up the phone and hurried to the room. “Mr. Lindberg, you're awake.”

“Get a private jet ready. We're going back to H City.”

Danrique was injured in the explosion and had been in a coma for half a month. Once he regained consciousness, the first thing he said was that he wanted to return to Xendale.

He hadn't been back for a long time. Even though he asked nothing, he knew things in Xendale had probably changed.

“Mr. Lindberg...” Sean looked at him with a conflicted look. “We can't go back now.”

“What happened?” Danrique asked.

Upon contemplation, Sean briefly explained, “The president and his wife are currently in control of the situation. Gerard is dead, and both Harrier and Kevin have betrayed us. It's dangerous to go back now.”

“Where's Francesca?”

Danrique did not care about those matters, or perhaps everything was within his expectation. He was only concerned about Francesca's safety at that moment, knowing that she would become everyone's target after something happened to him.

“Ms. Felch...” Sean dared not hide anything from him,

but he wondered how he should deliver the news.

“Speak!” Danrique growled.

“Ms. Felch has been arrested. She is accused of murdering Gerard. The police and the military department personally came to the castle to arrest her,” Sean said softly.

He did not tell Danrique that Francesca was pregnant.

“Francesca was probably worried that she would get me involved if she escaped; that was why she chose to surrender.” Danrique clutched his chest and wheezed, “Otherwise, with her temper and ability, she could have fled.”

“Yes. That was what Sloan said too.” Sean nodded.

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“Prepare a private jet. We're going back now.”  
Danrique tried to get up from the bed as he spoke.

Seeing that, Sean hurriedly supported him and advised anxiously, “Mr. Lindberg, you'll fall into their trap if you go back now. The president and his wife are trying to force you to show yourself. You can't be rash. Gordon has already brought some people over with him. He will definitely save Ms. Felch.”

“Even if he does save her, I still need to go back and stabilize the situation. Otherwise, things will only get worse.”



“But with your current condition, it will be perilous to go back now. Gordon can control the situation for a while. It's not too late to go back after you've recovered from your injury. Aren't you the one who taught me that a little impatience spoils great plans? Ms. Felch is enduring the humiliation for the greater good. You must remain calm and steadfast at a time like this.”

Those words managed to convince Danrique to stay.

Indeed, I'm now seriously injured. I won't be able to deal with everything in this state. Perhaps I should slow down and wait for my wound to get better first. Those people won't dare to do anything to Francesca as long as I don't show up.

With that thought in mind, Danrique gradually calmed himself down.

In Xendale, Francesca had not eaten anything besides drinking water for a whole day.

She began to miss the awful food back then. Even though it made her stomach churn, at least it could still fill her stomach, and she would not need to starve.

It was only the first day, yet she already couldn't take it. Looking down at her flat belly, she wondered how long she would have to suffer.

It's so strange yet wonderful. I still can't feel anything, but Danrique's baby is already growing inside...

Francesca was born with a congenital abnormality. Her master had told her that she had a hole in her heart, and her life force seemed tenacious but had a short cycle.

Even if she took good care of herself, she might not live longer than thirty years old.

Childbirth was even riskier for her, and her pregnancy might end earlier than expected.

That was why she had never craved to get into a relationship, not to mention getting married and having children, until she met Danrique.

She lost all her rationality. She began not to think about the consequences of her actions and only cherished the present. Even a few years would be enough to make her life worthwhile.

However, she never thought that she would be pregnant with his child at that time.

In other words, she only had little time left to be with

Danrique.

She had never been afraid of death, but now, she suddenly became afraid.

Every second had become precious to her. Without Danrique by her side, every passing moment was a waste.

At that moment, she only wanted to leave the damnable place, see him, and spend her last days with him.

However, she knew she couldn't risk barging out and getting him into trouble.

She had to wait for the right time.

At the Lindberg residence, Layla asked anxiously, "How long do we have to wait? It's been confirmed

that Francesca is pregnant. We should go and save her now. What if that old hag hurts her?”

“Gordon told us not to be rash and wait for his return. They're already on a private jet and will reach Xendale in seven hours,” Sloan replied grimly.

“Seven hours? Francesca could've died by then.” Layla wished she could just rush out to save Francesca when she heard that.

“Ms. Layla, calm down. His Highness will eventually figure out a way,” Monica tried to assure her.

“Have you figured it out?” Layla looked at William.

Since Sloan contacted Gordon, William had been dilly-dallying. He had been sipping his tea quietly, seemingly thinking about something.

Hazel, on the other hand, was delighted after ascertaining that Danrique was safe. She returned to her room to rest, not caring about Francesca's life.

Perhaps she wished for Francesca's death.

Only Layla and Sloan were concerned about Francesca at present.

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“Your Highness.” Monica gently patted William's arm. Only then did he return to his senses and shift his gaze to Layla. “Don't worry, Ms. Layla. Since

Francesca is carrying Mr. Lindberg's child, those people are more unlikely to harm her.”

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

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

“What a shrewd person you are, Your Highness.” With that, Layla left in a fit of anger.

“Um... What does she mean?” Monica was at a loss as she watched Layla leave.

Saying nothing, William lowered his head and

continued to sip his tea.

Sloan chased after Layla and asked in a low voice, “Ms. Layla, what's wrong with you?”

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

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

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



was already on his way back here.”

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

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

“Don't be mad, Ms. Layla,” Sloan comforted. “He has helped us a lot this time. We can't blame him for not giving his best. After all, life has not been easy for him. He has many responsibilities and needs to leave

himself a backup plan. Besides, Ms. Felch is Mr. Lindberg's woman. Mr. Lindberg is supposed to be the person to save her. It's fine if he holds back after knowing that Mr. Lindberg is still alive and as long as Ms. Felch can return safely.”

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

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

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

“That's true.” Sloan's expression darkened. “Mr. Lindberg might have been forced to help him, but it was different for Ms. Felch. She helped him because she valued their friendship. If it were me, I would give Ms. Felch my life, not to mention those little possessions.”

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

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

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### MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

#### Chapter 2269



Layla was about to fall asleep when she heard the roar of the car engine outside. She quickly got out of bed and walked to the window to check.

Upon realizing it was Gordon's convoy, she immediately changed her clothes and went downstairs.

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

However, they could see only Gordon and a group of

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

"This is great!"

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

"Let's talk inside."

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

Sloan told him everything that had happened during that period of time.

Layla, too, added a few things. Only then she asked, “Why didn't Danrique come back? Is he injured? Does he know about Francesca's pregnancy?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Gordon said we can't do it in a harsh way but to go through the proper procedure. I think he's meeting the

people from the Ministry of Law,” Sloan replied, frowning.

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

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

Although Layla said nothing further after that, the disquiet still lingered in her heart. I'm sure things aren't that simple. Whether Gordon is looking for the Ministry of Law, the police, or even the military department, everything will still have to go through the



president. No one dares to say a thing if the president wants to give Danrique and Francesca a hard time. But Sloan is right. Being Danrique's right-hand man, Gordon should be able to stabilize the situation for the moment. Or perhaps he is preparing for Danrique's return. Who knows? We can only be patient and wait now.

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

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

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

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### [MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL](#)

#### Chapter 2270



Sam tried to console her by rubbing its head against her cheek.

Just then, the sound of footsteps rang out from outside. Francesca slowly opened her eyes and turned her head to look outside.

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

Not giving her a hoot, Francesca shut her eyes and continued to sleep.

“Take a video and send it to Mr. Lindberg. Show him how his fiancée is suffering now,” the first lady ordered.

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

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

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

Francesca did not utter a word. Mrs. President is

trying to sow discord between Danrique and me. However, Gordon's return is implying that Danrique is still alive.

The thought of that made her feel much more relieved.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What should we do? I heard that Mrs. President has cut off Ms. Felch's food supplies. She's pregnant and

has not eaten for four days. We're doomed if anything happens to her.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But Mr. Lindberg—”

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

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

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

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

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



“Yes.”

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