

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

### Chapter 2291

Francesca was already on a plane when she finally regained consciousness.

After freezing for a moment, she searched for Lincoln as soon as she came back to her senses.

“Mr. Lincoln wanted us to return to S Nation first. He'll be back after avenging Ms. Layla,” said Anthony hesitantly.

Francesca was furious. “Nonsense! How is Mr. Lincoln going to avenge anyone by himself? He's putting himself in danger!”

“But you'll be endangering yourself too if you go with him,” protested Anthony as he looked pitifully at

Francesca. "You're too weak to do anything helpful right now."

"It's still better than letting him go alone." Francesca got so angry that she could explode.

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

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

"Even if you don't care about yourself, you care about the children at the orphanage, don't you? What will they do without you?" Anthony wiped Francesca's tears away. "I sure won't be able to earn enough

money to feed them. Do you want to see them out in the streets? Who's going to protect them if they get bullied? You promised to be their angel forever; you gave them your word that you'd protect and care for them until they became adults.”

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

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

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

highly favorable position.”

“Really?”

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

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

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

“That's impossible.” Francesca shook her head.

“Since the incident with Danrique, the president has

tightened up security at the customs. The airport is filled with military personnel, so there's no way Mr. Lincoln could have bought off a staff member on such short notice. Unless..."

"Unless what?" asked Anthony curiously.

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

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

"They probably work for Danrique." Francesca breathed a sigh of relief. "That means he really has gone back. He sent people to follow you, and when he realized you were taking me back to S Nation, he

secretly kept an eye on us instead of stopping you.”

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

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

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

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## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

### Chapter 2292



Francesca and Anthony counted down every second until six hours finally went by.

As soon as the plane landed, Francesca took Anthony's phone and instinctively dialed Danrique's phone number. However, she froze before she could tap all the numbers.

She was unsure how to talk to the man, so she decided to call Gordon instead.

When the call failed to go through, Francesca got anxious. She quickly tried to call Sean, only to

discover that his phone had been turned off.

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

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

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

With that, she dragged Anthony to the ticket counter.

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

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

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

Francesca hurriedly answered the call. “Hello?”

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

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

“Well...” William hesitated. “The president was shot during a press conference an hour ago. The

perpetrator was caught—it was Mr. Lincoln!”

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

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

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

“What about Mr. Lincoln? Will he be in danger?”

Francesca could not care less about politics because she only wanted to know about Lincoln's situation then.

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

Here, the man sighed before continuing, “I heard L sent Gordon to stop Mr. Lincoln, but Mr. Lincoln was skillful enough to lose Gordon. After Mr. Lincoln blended in at the International Conference Center, it was too late for Gordon to do anything. Mr. Lincoln was too impulsive. L finally got the upper hand, but now it's all ruined.”

“Who wouldn't be? Ms. Layla died,” stated Francesca

somewhat angrily.

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

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

“Okay.”

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

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

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#### Chapter 2293



Sean uttered evasively, “Ms. Felch, don't worry. We will save Mr. Lincoln. You should take care of yourself.”

“Where's Danrique? Let him answer the phone.”

Francesca was anxious. She had been detained in the dungeon for a long time, so she knew well the brutal torment one would suffer in there.

Back then, the first lady didn't dare to lay a finger on

her, but the same couldn't be said for Lincoln.

“Mr. Lindberg is talking to the president on the phone.” Sean covered the speaker with his hand and whispered, “He's gravely injured and is very weak at the moment. He will return your call after he finishes his conversation with the president.”

Hearing that, Francesca couldn't bring herself to probe further. She had no choice but to say, “Okay. I'll wait for him to contact me.”

After pausing briefly, she added, “Sean, Ms. Layla is dead. Mr. Lincoln is the only relative I have left. I cannot allow anything bad to befall him.”

“I know, Ms. Felch,” Sean replied politely.

After hanging up the call, he looked inside through the door to the study room that was left ajar. He couldn't

help but sigh at the sight of Danrique overexerting his frail body to continue talking on the phone with the president.

Just as William had mentioned, the circumstances had been advantageous to them initially.

Danrique had managed to turn the tables. Unfortunately, Lincoln was captured by the president. Not only did that allow the president to garner sympathy, but the president also gained a trump card.

Moreover, Gordon had been shot while rescuing Lincoln and was now lying in the hospital.

The present situation had become unfavorable to them.

Sean's subordinate hurried over and uttered in a hushed tone, "Mr. Lindberg's wound is bleeding."

Sean hastily returned to the study room.

“Aren't you tired of spouting so much nonsense with your indirect manner of speech?”

Danrique leaned against the backseat as he talked on the phone. Despite his enfeebled state, he still carried himself in the same authoritative manner.

Sean noticed blood coming out of the wound on Danrique's shoulder. He reckoned it was because Danrique had punched the tabletop when he grew agitated earlier.

Sean immediately took out the medical kit to stop his bleeding.

However, he didn't dare to approach when he saw Danrique furrow his brow.

“Just be straightforward with your request.”

Danrique had lost his patience to beat about the bush with the president. This cunning man merely took a shot below his collarbone. The bullet didn't even come close to his heart, yet he announced to the public that he was in critical condition and was undergoing emergency medical treatment.

The president had stirred the citizens into thinking he was distressed with the news about his wife and daughter being kidnapped and his gunshot wound.

He had seized that opportunity to declare to the public how Danrique, the greedy and ruthless man, had been trying to secure the presidency for himself by causing so much trouble.

Danrique thought the president couldn't be more

hypocritical and shameless.

“Danrique, to be honest, there isn't a second person as talented as you in Erihal. Losing you will not only be a loss to the nation but also to me. Why is there a need for us to fight against one another? Why don't we restore the harmony between us? You'll continue to manage Lindberg Corporation while I resume my position as president. Isn't this a wonderful outcome for both of us?” the president chirped, obviously hoping for a reconciliation.

He was well aware that holding Lincoln hostage was insufficient to force Danrique to yield, but there might be a chance for them to make peace.

“You brought about so much trouble, yet you're asking for a settlement now?” Danrique sneered. “Why should I agree with this?”

“I know you're feeling resentful, so I'm open to considering all the conditions you have in mind. Everything can be discussed as long as we can put this conflict behind us.” The president spoke in a friendly tone.

He knew Danrique still had the high ground even though he had seized Lincoln.

Lincoln's life wasn't a bargaining chip worthy of convincing Danrique to give up the battle.

After all, he and his wife had previously gone overboard with their actions.

A vengeful person like Danrique would never let them off the hook so easily.

“I don't mind a reconciliation, but you'll need to admit your crimes publicly, issue an apology, and step down

as the president to face legal punishments. Otherwise, you can forget it!” Danrique uttered unceremoniously.

“Danrique, are you not giving me any room for negotiation?” The president's face darkened instantaneously. “I've investigated Mr. Lincoln's identity and figured out he's your fiancée's godfather. Now that her godmother is dead, do you think your adorable fiancée will ever forgive you if something bad happens to Mr. Lincoln as well?”

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Chapter 2294



“I don't care about her forgiveness. Killing you is more important to me!” Danrique countered mercilessly.

“You—” Lincoln was rendered speechless. “It seems that you don't even care if Mr. Lincoln lives or dies.”

“Why should I care if someone unrelated to me dies? I can't believe you think I will compromise for his sake. What a joke!”

“You—” After being momentarily stumped, the president swiftly continued to provoke him, “Danrique, you are indeed cold-blooded!”

Danrique replied disdainfully, “Thank you for the compliment. Still, I am nothing compared to you in terms of being hard-hearted. Mr. Lincoln is just someone with no relation to me. On the other hand, you are even capable of disregarding your wife's and daughter's lives. You are the true epitome of

ruthlessness.”

“Capturing them won't do you any good since they don't know a thing,” the president said indifferently.

Danrique seized that opportunity to make a suggestion. “Let me give you a chance. I'll let go of your wife and daughter in exchange for Mr. Lincoln. This should be a very worthwhile deal for you.”

Danrique had spoken so much earlier for the sole reason of achieving that goal.

“It looks like you still care after all.” The president smiled. “Two people in exchange for one is indeed a good deal. However, I refuse!”

“You—”

“I understand now.” The president sounded smug.

“You still care about Francesca. You're willing to give up marrying my daughter to become the president's son-in-law and collaborating with me through this arranged marriage because of her. In that case, you will continue to give up more things for her sake. You're such a loyal young man. This is so touching. Consider my offer well. As long as you're willing to reconcile, I'll let go of Mr. Lincoln at once!”

With that, the president hung up the call. The corner of his lips curled into a wicked smile. At that moment, he understood Lincoln's value as a trump card.

“Was the phone conversation earlier recorded?”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Trim out the few sentences Danrique said just now, and think of a way to send the modified recording to Francesca.”

“Understood!”

“The audacity!” Danrique hurled the phone in anger.

Sean quickly comforted him, “Calm down, Mr. Lindberg. Your wound has ruptured. Let me help you apply the medication. You need to stop moving.”

“Go away!” Danrique was livid. “That fool, Gordon, has repeatedly failed me in carrying out his duty. Tell him to come here immediately to receive his punishment!”

“Gordon was shot. He's at the hospital right now,” Sean answered in a low voice.

Danrique was instantaneously stunned. After the president was shot, the situation spiraled out of control. He had ordered Gordon to bring Lincoln back

at once, yet the latter had still been taken away by the president's men.

Overwhelmed by rage, Danrique had bellowed and begun thinking of ways to handle the predicament. He didn't know Gordon had also suffered a gunshot wound while trying to rescue Lincoln.

“Is he all right?” Danrique asked in a hurry.

“He's not in any mortal danger, but his internal organ is damaged.” Sean's voice sounded a little hoarse.

“We're short-staffed at that moment, so I've asked Lupine to bring two men with her to come back and help out.”

Danrique did not respond. No matter how formidable he might be, he still wasn't a match for the president's armed forces.

If this impasse drags on, I'll continue losing my subordinates and end up short-handed. Sooner or later, I will be at a disadvantage.

“Mr. Lindberg, let me treat your wound first.” Sean carefully tended to Danrique's injury as he consoled, “The president is playing mind games with you right now. Even if he disregards his wife and daughter's survival, he'll need to be wary of his wife divulging his secrets. You did the right thing by pretending not to care about Mr. Lincoln just now. If the president fails to hold out against the pressure ultimately, he will use Mr. Lincoln to trade for his wife and daughter.”

“Yes. This is a time to test out which of us is more heartless.”

Sean said thoughtfully, “Actually, I can't shake off the feeling that Mr. Lincoln deliberately let himself get caught.”

“What do you mean by that?” Danrique promptly asked.

“Gordon's subordinates who went with him earlier mentioned they could've saved Mr. Lincoln initially, but he shoved them away. Then, he picked up a gun again and rushed toward the president. That was why he got caught.”

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Chapter 2295

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A conflicted expression crossed Danrique's face.

He had heard Francesca mention that although Lincoln and Layla liked to fight like cat and dog, they had actually gone through life-and-death situations together since they were young. They had shared weal and woe and had been very close.

After Layla's passing, Lincoln had no will to live either.

At the time, he probably already knew that the president didn't get killed by that gunshot and was worried he would not get another chance after he left. Hence, he was willing to rush over and fire another shot even though it meant risking his life.

“Perhaps he had already considered all the possibilities before going and had no intention of making it out alive,” Sean speculated.

Danrique frowned. “I guess so.”

“Actually, things couldn't be simpler. I've discovered that Mr. Lincoln is locked up in the same dungeon where Ms. Felch was previously imprisoned. I can bribe the guard responsible for keeping watch. Then we can talk to Mr. Lincoln over the phone and find out just what's going on,” Sean suggested.

Hearing that, Danrique fell silent.

“You think it's a bad idea?” Sean asked softly.

“There's no need to ask. Since Mr. Lincoln dared to rush into the International Conference Center to assassinate the president, he must've prepared himself to meet his end. Perhaps it's just as you said. He had no intention of living...”

Danrique looked grave as he continued, “However, whether or not he wants to live is one matter. As for whether I rescue him or not, that's an entirely different

matter.”

“That's true.”

Realization dawned on Sean. Danrique did not only care about Lincoln's fate but also Francesca's feelings.

After all, the whole situation stemmed from Danrique, and he was already overwhelmed with guilt for involving Layla. If something happened to Lincoln, Francesca would probably never forgive him.

“Oh, I nearly forgot,” Sean said, slapping his palm against his forehead. “Ms. Felch called just now to ask about Mr. Lincoln's condition. I told her you were on the phone and would get back to her later.”

With that, he had someone go and get a new phone, then inserted Danrique's SIM card into it.

Danrique had smashed his phone earlier.

He stared at the new phone and motioned for the subordinate to take it away.

At this time, I genuinely have no idea how I should face her.

Meanwhile, Francesca had been waiting for Danrique's call after returning home with no luck.

She was on pins and needles. She took Anthony's phone and was thinking of calling Danrique when a message from Erihal suddenly came in.

She checked the message curiously, only to find it was an audio recording.

“Danrique, are you not giving me any room for

negotiation? I've investigated Mr. Lincoln's identity and figured out he's your fiancée's godfather. Now that her godmother is dead, do you think your adorable fiancée will ever forgive you if something bad happens to Mr. Lincoln as well?"

"I don't care about her forgiveness. Killing you is more important to me!"

"It seems that you don't even care if Mr. Lincoln lives or dies."

"Why should I care if someone unrelated to me dies? I can't believe you think I will compromise for his sake. What a joke!"

"Danrique, you are indeed cold-blooded!"

Those words struck Francesca like a bolt of lightning. She had fully expected that Danrique would do

everything to save Lincoln and was even eagerly waiting for his call.

I certainly never thought it'd end up like this. What does a person's life mean to him? And what do I mean to him? Does nothing matter to him apart from his power and status?

Anthony was also enraged after hearing the recording. “How deplorable of Danrique! How could he say such things? Is he really not going to rescue Mr. Lincoln?”

Francesca did not respond. She gripped the phone while trying her hardest to compose herself.

Suddenly, Anthony thought of a crucial question. “Wait a minute. Who sent the message? Danrique and the president should be the only ones who know about the conversation between them.”

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#### Chapter 2296



The question jolted Francesca. Then, she muttered under her breath, “There's no way Danrique would've sent it. It must be the president's doing.”

“He actually knows my number and even knows that you're with me?” Anthony was stunned.

“The second you and Mr. Lincoln stepped into Xendale, you had no way of escaping his radar.” Suddenly, something seemed to click in Francesca's mind. “He's probably also aware I returned to S

Nation with you. In that case, does that mean he has long known that Mr. Lincoln wanted to find him and seek revenge? Could he have deliberately set up that press conference to lure Mr. Lincoln into his trap?"

That made Anthony's hair stand on end. "That's so scary. Everything about the political world is terrifying. It feels as though others are monitoring my every move. There's a motive behind everything those people do and say."

Francesca cradled her head in her hands. "Indeed. I must remain calm and composed. I have to. I can no longer pay heed to anyone's provocations at this time."

She was thoroughly racked with guilt. Back then, I was too trusting of the president's wife, thus allowing others to take advantage of it. I was framed and thrown into jail, dragging Ms. Layla and Sloan into the

mess and causing their deaths. One should learn from one's mistakes. I can't act so rashly again.

“Yes, you're absolutely right,” Anthony said while nodding emphatically. “Ms. Layla and Mr. Lincoln approved of Danrique's character, which means he's not a bad person. It's just that the situation he's in and his status will attract danger to those around him.”

“I suppose so,” Francesca murmured, struggling to gather herself.

Just as her thoughts were running wild, William called again. Francesca told him about the recording and discussed rescuing Lincoln.

Upon hearing that, William immediately said, “It has to be a plot by the president. You mustn't fall for it. Recordings can be edited, and it's easy to take things out of context. Besides, even if Danrique did say

those things, it could be a form of strategy. After all, one can't falter when negotiating with one's rival. He can't possibly beg for the president to release him, right?"

"What you say does make sense," Francesca replied, digesting his words. "But what do we do now? Is there any other way to rescue Mr. Lincoln?"

"I'm afraid not. The only way is to wait," William responded.

Francesca grew anxious. "How long do we need to wait? Ms. Layla is dead because of me. I can't let anything happen to Mr. Lincoln. Forget it. I'll come up with a rescue plan on my own."

"Don't do anything reckless. Now is not the time to be rash," William quickly advised. "Ms. Layla and Sloan were too impulsive, which led to their tragic end. Had

they calmed down and waited for a while, Gordon would've brought people to rescue you. Since Gordon and the others are familiar with the layout and traps of the underground prison, it's possible to avoid any mishaps. I know you won't like to hear this, but I still have to say it. You may possess many incredible skills, but you're still no match for the military. The current situation is unfavorable for Danrique. The president has gained the upper hand. If the president wins this battle and Danrique loses, not only will Mr. Lincoln be in danger, but also you, Anthony, and even the orphans. I'm not trying to be a scaremonger. All this isn't an exaggeration. You have to understand that the moment something happens to Danrique, the president will wipe out everyone who has anything to do with him. He'll spare no one, including Mdm. Norah and the other servants. If that happens, the Lindbergs' blood will spill like a river, and neither you nor your family and friends will have any chance of surviving."

Francesca gulped, shocked by his dark words.

I did think about what would happen if Danrique lost, but I definitely didn't anticipate that things would become so bad and cruel.


William's warning made her realize that she had been too naïve.

“On the surface, it appears as though both sides are merely engaging in a tussle over public opinion and power. In truth, it's war!”

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William turned serious. “War is brutal and cruel. The ones who lose not only risk their own life but the lives of their family and loved ones. Why else do you think Donald made peace with you at the most crucial moment? It's because he was well aware of this principle!”

After a brief pause, he continued, “I know Ms. Layla's death is devastating to you, but you have to understand that one person's death is insignificant in the big picture. Otherwise, more people will die...”

“So what you're saying is”—Francesca finally understood—“Danrique should sacrifice Mr. Lincoln for the greater good?”

“I'm sorry. I know you must be incredibly upset with what I've just said, but that's how reality works.”

William's tone became gentle. “At a time like this, you

can't do anything else anymore. The best thing that you can do is to stay in S Nation to recuperate and wait for more news.”

“I understand.”

Not knowing what else to say, Francesca could only lower her head dejectedly.

“Francesca, you must listen to me this time. Do not be rash. Otherwise, you could really make things worse,” William reminded. “I won't disturb you any longer. Good night and rest well!”

Francesca's grip tightened around the phone in her hand. She was feeling so lost.

“Francesca, what Prince William said makes sense,” Anthony said softly. “Stop thinking too much about it. You should be focusing on resting and recovering.”

“Okay.”

Without saying another word, Francesca headed into her room with her phone in her hand.

As she passed by Layla and Lincoln's room, the memory of the three of them being a loving family flooded back into her mind. She felt a pang of sadness in her heart. If I hadn't met Danrique, if we hadn't ended up together, maybe all of this wouldn't have happened. Ms. Layla and Mr. Lincoln might still be here...

Danrique could feel his ears burning then. He wondered if Francesca was cursing him.

But as he thought about it, he was willing to be cursed by her if it meant that she would feel better after doing so.

Lounging on the sofa, he turned his gaze toward the snow outside as he yearned for Francesca.

He had no idea how long the war would last or when it would end.

All he knew was that he missed her deeply and wanted to see her as soon as possible.

Time passed quickly as the couple continued to yearn for each other.

Seven days flew by in the blink of an eye.

Francesca had already recovered. Every day, she would check her phone, waiting for Danrique to call. But to her disappointment, he never did.

On the other hand, William would call her every day,

comforting her and updating her about the situation.

As of then, Danrique and the president were at a standstill, waiting for the other to break from the tension.

Dirt on the president was still spiraling around, but for the past few days, the discussion and rumors seemed to have settled temporarily ever since the president got shot.

People started to share the stories about all the past charities that the president was involved in on the internet, painting him as a good person.

Coupled with the photos of him getting shot and fighting for his life in the hospital, the president had gained a huge surge of sympathy from the public.

Either way, Lincoln's shot had become a turning point

for the president.

Moreover, the president's council members were intelligent. The first lady had openly admitted her wrongdoings. Combined with the fact that Francesca had immense support from the Chanaean doctors, the first lady was deemed guilty. There was no way for her to clear her name.

The council members had hired ghostwriters to initiate a rumor saying that the first lady's actions were all her own and that the president had nothing to do with it.

They even pushed the president's guilt of bribery onto the first lady. In other words, the president was cleared of any guilt. All of the detestable actions were committed by the first lady, and they had nothing to do with the president.

The president had also published a video online

saying that he had been so focused on work for the past few years as a good president that he had neglected his wife and daughter, causing his wife to go astray and commit so many wrongdoings as well as his daughter's mental illness.

In the video, he was visibly pained and ridden with regret.

At the same time, he showed the world that he was a good and selfless president, sacrificing his family for the sake of his country and responsibility.

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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.

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?”

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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### MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

#### Chapter 2299



“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.”

“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.”

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

#### Chapter 2300

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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 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 Ustranasian.

“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 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.”

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