

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

Chapter 2311

Danrique fell asleep groggily on the couch after taking his medicine.

Worried that he might catch a cold, Norah covered him with a blanket before turning off the lights and retreating quietly.

Though she did not know much, she understood that that night was critical. Mr. Lindberg and the president had come to an agreement: If Sean could bring Mr. Lincoln back, Ms. Felch would be able to come home, and the matter would be resolved.

Norah watched the clock on the wall and counted the seconds in her heart.

One minute passed. Ten minutes. Half an hour. Sean would be at the presidential palace by now and would be picking them up soon.

Danrique suddenly jerked awake while she was lost in her reverie and grabbed his phone to make a call.

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg?”

“Have you picked up Mr. Lincoln?”

“Not yet. He should be arriving at the back door of the presidential palace soon.”

Danrique's expression shifted drastically. “Did they tell you to collect him at the presidential palace?”

“That's right.”

“Mr. Lincoln must be in our hands before the

president returns,” Danrique urged. “If you catch sight of Francesca, stop her immediately.”

“Yes—”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Before Sean could complete his sentence, a series of gunshots sounded nearby.

Spinning around, he saw an emaciated figure falling at the entrance not far away amidst a storm of bullets. At the same time, another fell to her knees in the pool of blood.

“No! Mr. Lincoln!” Francesca's scream pierced the night sky.

As Sean was rooted to the spot, his eyes widened in disbelief. His head rang with the words—It's over.

We're too late.

Danrique's order and his execution had been late, and the president succeeded in his scheme.

Danrique heard the noise on the other end and, in a rage, sent the coffee table over with a kick and hung up. Summoning his men, he dashed outside.

“Be careful with your injury, sir!” Norah cried behind him.

Danrique did not appear to hear her. Without even donning his jacket, he leaped into his car.

Fresh blood stained the white snow at the back door of the presidential palace. The president's expression remained impassive as the two bodies fell before him.

Though his wife, who had shared his bed for decades,

fell at his feet, he did not appear sad in the slightest. He gazed at her quietly and then at Lincoln, who had been shot by a bullet, and his lips curled in a victorious arc.

Even though it looked disadvantageous to trade his wife's life for Lincoln's, the president had, in fact, benefitted a great deal.

As Danrique's maneuver had already incited hatred in the first lady for her husband, it was not his wife that the president had brought back with him but an enemy who constantly wished him dead.

Furthermore, he needed his wife to bear all the charges on his behalf to free himself completely, but she may not be inclined to anymore, given her current hatred for him.

Only by exterminating all evidence can the doubts be

silenced.

However, the president would be branded an ingrate if he ordered his wife's arrest or found pretexts to cause her demise.

With things turning out the way they did, my wife being assassinated by one of Danrique's men...

Not only would he be absolved of any blame, but he would also gain legal grounds to place all the blame on his wife. The damning evidence would be indefensible.

Everything would then fall into place.

In addition, Lincoln's death may prompt a wedge to be driven between Francesca and Danrique. Without her help, Danrique would lose the support of his powerful backers, and his diminished influence would humble

him.

“Mr. President,” reported one of his men quietly,
“Sean and his men are here, and Danrique is on his way over.”

The president gave a grim smile. “Good. We'll bag them all at once.”

“Will Mr. Lindberg refuse to reconcile out of rage?” the man asked uneasily.

“The pact will not be changed because of a single death,” the president said with a cold laugh. “Besides, Danrique has no other choice.”

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Chapter 2312

The president knew very well that his and Danrique's feud would only incur a hefty loss for both sides if it were to continue much longer.

Despite Danrique's dissatisfaction, he would take it lying low for the sake of the bigger picture. What goes around comes around, after all. Having once made a threat to me, it is only fitting that Danrique received one in return. Besides, I owe him a proper thank you for releasing my wife at such an opportune moment and using Lincoln to kill her. It was a great help to me.

The smile on his face widened at the sight of Francesca's anguish. Danrique is going to suffer soon and will have his hands too full to deal with me.

The president maintained that it was more important to stabilize the situation first, so he could find other ways to deal with Danrique later.

After all, Danrique suffered a massive loss due to the incident. Even if I cannot subdue him now, there will be another opportunity.

“Mr. Lindberg is here, Mr. President,” his subordinate whispered into his ear.

The president turned around and saw two vehicles arriving with frantic haste. As soon as the cars ground to a halt, Danrique emerged and dashed toward Francesca, who was kneeling beside Lincoln's body, her body heaving with sobs.

Anthony was also distressed.

Danrique went forward to help Francesca up, who

came to life when the desolation in her eyes was suddenly replaced by vengeance. She snatched the gun from Danrique's hip and pointed it at the president. "Go to h*ll!"

Though it was the first lady who had caused Layla's death, and everything looked as if she had orchestrated it, Francesca knew that the president was the mastermind.

That includes having me pick up Mr. Lincoln tonight and for me to see him shot dead with my own eyes. It has all been a ploy against Danrique.

"No, Ms. Felch!" Sean hastened forward to stop her.

At the same time, dozens of guns aimed at Francesca's head, including lasers from sniper rifles in the shadows.

They were at the backdoor of the presidential palace. Aside from the soldiers standing guard, several hidden snipers armed with rifles lay in wait and oversaw the president's safety at all times.

Francesca did not care. She uncocked the gun.

Danrique grabbed the barrel and whispered, "Calm yourself!"

"Let go!" Consumed by rage, all Francesca wanted to do at that moment was to shoot the president, and she did not care if it cost her her life.

"Francesca!" Danrique implored through gritted teeth. "Now's not the time to be stubborn."

"I'm telling you to let go," Francesca yelled, "or I'll shoot you too!"

Danrique did not speak. Instead, he only stared at her with a frown.

Their eyes met. Francesca's were ablaze with a vengeance, whereas Danrique's was filled with guilt and a mix of complicated emotions.

After our time apart, I can't believe we're reunited under such circumstances.

The president said sadly, "Oh, Danrique. There has been a serious misunderstanding on Francesca's part. You should tell her we have reconciled."

His pretense was nothing short of nauseating.

Not just Danrique but even Sean wanted nothing more than to choke the life out of him.

However, all of them knew now was not the time.

“Reconciled?” Francesca gazed at Danrique in disbelief.

Danrique averted his gaze. He grabbed her hand and snatched the gun away, quick as lightning.

“Danrique!” Francesca shrieked, demented, but he rapped her sharply on a spot at the back of her neck. Her vision went dark, and she fell limply into his arms.

Anthony rushed forward in a rage. “What are you doing? Let go of her!”

Danrique glanced at him with such a cold look that the latter became so frightened that he froze in his tracks.

Danrique lifted Francesca in his arms, then turned to address the president. “We'll meet again, Mr. President.”

We still have much time ahead. Just wait and see. This is war, and it's only just begun.

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Chapter 2313



Danrique placed Francesca into the car and said politely to Justin, who had come forward to stop him, “Francesca is my woman, General Jablonski. I will not hurt her.”

“As I was the one who had brought her to Xendale, I am responsible for her safety,” Justin protested firmly.

Danrique's gaze was steely. “She will be safe with me. You are welcome to visit the Lindberg residence if you're not assured.”

“Uh...”

Justin hesitated. He wanted to protect Francesca, not ruin her marriage; she had once declared that Danrique was the man she loved.

At last, he relented. “I will hold you accountable if anything happens to her.”

Danrique did not reply but sank into a bow before bringing Francesca away.

“Francesca...”

Anthony was about to run after her when Sean gestured him toward another car.

Danrique's men departed with Lincoln's remains.

Francesca felt her head splitting open as if it was about to explode when she finally regained consciousness.

Flashes of Layla and Lincoln meeting their end played over and over again in her mind's eye. Each one felt like a knife piercing her.

“Ms. Felch. Ms. Felch!”

Regaining her composure at the cries of concern, Francesca opened her eyes in a daze and was instinctively disconcerted by Norah's kind face looming over hers.

It felt as if time had stood still several months before the tragedies struck.

Norah wiped the beads of sweat off her forehead and asked tenderly, "You've been talking in your sleep. Did you have a nightmare? Don't be scared. Everything is all right now."

Francesca rubbed her eyes. "How long have I been out for?"

Norah helped her up and propped a pillow behind her lower back. "A whole day and night. Mr. Lindberg brought you home last night, and it's currently the second night."

"Where is Danrique?" Francesca asked instinctively.

"Mr. Lindberg is not home yet," Norah replied softly.

"Many things happened today, and Mr. Lindberg has been out since this morning dealing with them."

Francesca clutched her head to recall the events of the night before.

Mr. Lincoln is dead. He had been shot dead before my eyes. Was it a nightmare, or did that really happen?

As realization dawned upon her, she realized it had all happened for real.

Mr. Lincoln is really dead. The president had released him and told him that he and Danrique had reconciled. Enraged, Mr. Lincoln became consumed by the thought of killing the president and his wife to avenge Ms. Layla. As soon as he was uncuffed, he grabbed the guard's gun and fired at the president's car without stopping. However, he had only killed the first lady as the president was in another vehicle.

“Let me in! Francesca!” Anthony's voice sounded

outside.

Francesca quickly had Norah open the door, who placed a jacket on Francesca's shoulders before letting him in.

“Let's go, Francesca,” Anthony said upon dashing in.
“Let's get out of here.”

“What happened?” Francesca gazed at him, bewildered.

“Danrique reconciled with the president,” Anthony spat. “The two of them held a press conference this afternoon to explain to the reporters that everything that had happened was a misunderstanding and banned all news regarding the matter. Look, we can't find anything about it.”

As he spoke, Anthony handed her his phone.

Francesca received his phone and conducted an online search. True enough, all news regarding the first lady, her, Avery and Chrono, and the first lady's scandal had been wiped clean.

Not a trace of evidence could be found as if it had never happened.

Francesca gaped at the phone, then gazed up at the clock on the wall. The date and time were correct.

Ms. Layla and Mr. Lincoln's deaths were real, and so were Sloan's, Morty's, and Zolt's. Everything was real.

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The cold wind howled as the snow fell incessantly.

Clad in thin clothes, Francesca marched forward, barefoot.

All she wanted to do was to leave this place as if it was the lair of the beast, and she would be eaten alive if she stayed.

Anthony followed behind, anxiously making calls to have somebody pick them up.

We may lose our lives if we march in this icy land with the cold wind billowing for much longer.

“Ms. Felch!” Sean hurried after them in a panic and hastened to explain, “Mr. Lindberg was forced to do it!

The present situation is—”

Francesca could not comprehend. “Forced to do it? So many people have died because of him. Instead of avenging them, he has so easily reconciled with the president. Was he being forced into it?”

“Uh—”

“I couldn't blame him for the things that had happened in his absence back then, but now that he's back, his priority was not to rescue Mr. Lincoln but to reconcile with the president instead. Even though the president had brutally killed Mr. Lincoln before my eyes, he still chose to reconcile.”

Francesca became incensed the more she spoke. “In his eyes, his prestige is more important than anything, including all of our lives.”

“It's not like this, Ms. Felch—”

“I wanted to kill the president and avenge Mr. Lincoln last night. Why did he stop me?” Francesca yelled in a rage. “Is it because he would have no one to reconcile with if I killed that b*stard?”

“No, Ms. Felch,” Sean asserted at once. “You could not have killed the president in that situation because there were guns and infrared lasers all pointed at you. If you were to fire, you would have been the first one to fall. Mr. Lindberg only did that to protect you.”

Francesca was livid. “I don't need his protection. Ms. Layla and Mr. Lincoln are dead. What good am I alive for? I only live to avenge them!”

“But—”

Francesca had had enough. “Not another word. Tell

him that he and I are done from now on. It's best that he never shows his face again, or I may not be able to stop myself from killing him.”

“Ms. Felch...”

Sean was about to say something, but Francesca had already turned around and left.

Her silhouette looked desolate against the wintry scene, yet determined.

Sean sighed. Being familiar with Francesca's temper, he knew nothing he said would make a difference if she chose not to listen.

Mr. Lindberg did not explain himself or ask her to stay. He must be giving her time to cool down. She's so angry right now that she may not listen to a word.

Upon his return to the villa, Sean ordered the men who had served alongside Sloan to give Francesca a ride and had Norah bring her some clothes.

After making the arrangements, he went to the study room to speak with Danrique.

The study room remained in the darkness as the lights had not been turned on.

Danrique sat alone on the couch and drank quietly.

It was gloomy within. He did not often drink and only did when he was in a bad mood.

Sean began gingerly, “Ms. Felch is gone, Mr. Lindberg. I told Connor and Mdm. Norah to send her off.”

Danrique grunted without saying a word.

“She's very angry now and may not listen to reason. Give her a few days, and she might feel better then,” Sean said gently. “What say we pick her up after a couple of days?”

“I'm afraid it would be more than a few days, knowing her temper,” Danrique sighed helplessly. “I would have been angry too if I were in her shoes.”

Danrique understood how Francesca felt. It would be impossible not to hold a grudge after watching somebody close to her die. Not only had he not avenged them for her, but he had also allied himself with the enemy.

How would she not hate me? Even I hate myself.

Having never bowed to anything, he found himself finally submitting to reality.

He hated this version of himself.

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Chapter 2315



“You're not to blame. Judging by the current situation, there's nothing else you can do,” Sean uttered.

“Furthermore, we're only compromising for the time being. It's never too late for revenge. We can always go after the president when the dust settles.”

“Yes.” Danrique nodded. “In order to achieve great things, one must stay calm.”

“However, this is going to let Ms. Felch down...” Sean heaved a sigh and added, “She's going to get overwhelmed by stress and guilt.”

“She's going to be fine after some time.”

Danrique said those words casually as if it wasn't a big deal. Time is going to wash away the anger and hatred she's feeling. I'll just look for her again by then. I think our relationship is stronger than that.

“But...”

Sean was hesitant to speak. He still hadn't told Danrique about Francesca's pregnancy. Prior to that, Sean thought the situation they were in was dire. He was worried that Danrique would act recklessly after finding out about the pregnancy. If that were to happen, Danrique could put his own life at risk.

That very day, Sean planned to let Danrique and Francesca talk things out before telling Danrique about it. However, before he could do that, Francesca got pissed off and stormed off.

Danrique had a lot on his mind, so he didn't notice Sean's hesitance.

After a moment of hesitation, Sean decided to wait it out. Now, Mr. Lindberg and the president had just agreed. They're still wary of each other, and everything's still hung in the balance. If something big were to happen, it's going to be troublesome. Perhaps I should just wait a while longer. It's better if I were to tell him about it once everything quiets down.

The wait lasted for a month.

By then, Danrique's relationship with the president had finally returned to its initial friendly state.

As expected, the president blamed his wife for all the crimes and cleared himself of all the wrongdoings. In the end, he only admitted to one charge of negligence. For that, he held a press conference and publicly apologized to the public.

Besides that, he also explained the statements made prior. He announced that the first lady was the person who stirred things up. Hence, he told everyone that he and Danrique had reconciled. Besides, they were going to work together to strengthen Erihal.

After that, the president personally visited Lindberg Corporation and urged Harrier and Kevin to help Danrique manage Lindberg Corporation.

After he had done all that, peace seemed to have finally been restored.

Soon, the damaging statements died down. The president and Danrique worked together to get rid of all statements made before. That included the statements regarding Francesca.

Ultimately, none of those statements could be found on the internet anymore.

Indeed, no matter how shocking the news articles were, people were bound to forget about them after some time. One month later, no one was talking about the Chanaean doctor anymore.

It was as if nothing had ever happened before.

Meanwhile, in the courtyard of a villa in Valmora, Francesca was lying on an armchair, squinting her eyes, and lazily basking in the sun.

One month prior, Francesca brought Lincoln's and

Layla's ashes along when she followed Justin to Valmora.

Throughout this period, she seemed peaceful, but she was utterly devastated.

She wanted to kill the president and avenge Lincoln and Layla. However, she knew she didn't have the power to do so. Now that everything is back to normal in Erihal, I won't even have a chance to get close to the president.

Justin advised her to let go of the hatred and recuperate before taking revenge in the future.

As a matter of fact, Justin understood Danrique's point of view. At times, power really comes with responsibility. A lot of people are relying on him. He even needs to be responsible for Lindberg Corporation. Since her life was at stake, he couldn't

possibly take the risk.

Justin told her all about it before, but Francesca wouldn't listen.

In the depths of her mind, perhaps she was just disappointed in Danrique instead of feeling hatred toward him. At the same time, she just wanted to stay away from him and all the conflicts. Having been through so much, I finally understand what Ms. Layla and Master reminded me about. A lot of people and situations may seem harmless, but they might create problems that I can't solve. Hence, the smartest thing to do is to stay away from those people and situations.

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Chapter 2316

Seeing that everything had changed, Francesca finally calmed herself down and started assessing her relationship with Danrique. She was also assessing their future together. Perhaps staying apart and not seeing each other is the best outcome for both of us.

“Francesca...”

Suddenly, Anthony's voice rang out. Francesca turned toward him and asked, “Is it done?”

“Yes.” Anthony nodded. “The orphanage is now General Jablonski's. Besides, it has nothing to do with Lindberg Corporation's foundation anymore. It'll be an independent body.”

“Okay. That's great.” Francesca smiled. When I was the legal representative of the orphanage, I had too many responsibilities. That was why others were always using it to threaten me.

She had since taken William's advice and transferred the orphanage to Justin. From then on, she was free from obligations and ties. That way, no one could use anything against her.

At the same time, Francesca and Anthony had also stopped using their phone numbers and bank accounts. They transferred all the money in the accounts to the orphanage, leaving only a small part of the money in a new account provided by Justin.

Just like that, they cut off all their contacts, and no one could locate Francesca again.

“I've already found a place,” Anthony uttered in a

deep voice.

“Okay.” Francesca nodded before turning toward Justin and said, “General Jablonski, we've bothered you for long enough. We shall leave now.”

“What's the plan for the future?” Justin asked worriedly.

“Ms. Layla and Mr. Lincoln liked Phoenix City a lot when they were still around. I would like to bring them there.” Francesca looked at the clouds in the sky and said in a sad tone, “I got Anthony to buy a loft there. We plan to stay there.”

Not only did she want to bury Layla and Lincoln there, but she also wanted to take the opportunity to compose herself. I was too reckless, willful, arrogant, and foolish. Besides, I'm still not capable enough. I need to change.

“Okay. Feel free to look for me if you ever need anything. I'll always be here,” Justin said.

“Thank you.”

Francesca and Anthony left Valmora the next day. They went back to H City before catching a flight to Phoenix City.

The location Anthony found was a small town on the mountainside located on the west side of Phoenix City. The town wasn't well-developed, but one could lead a comfortable life there. As for the loft that they were going to stay in, it was built a year prior. The previous owners were academic professors who had returned home from the city they worked in.

The couple was going to emigrate abroad with their children, so they had no choice but to sell off the loft.

The loft had a Chanaean design, and the furniture and decorations also had a retro Chanaean style. There were all sorts of plants in the courtyard, and the place looked elegant and artistic.

When Francesca stepped into the courtyard, she felt an indescribable sense of comfort. Anthony really knows me well. He has found a place I like.

The two then found a cemetery behind the mountain and buried Lincoln and Layla there. They also planted an osmanthus tree next to their graves because that was the scent Layla liked.

Once everything was done and dusted, Francesca and Anthony settled down there. They would visit Lincoln's and Layla's graves every day to chat with them as if they had never left.

It was as though they were still living as a happy family.

Anthony would accompany Francesca to the prenatal checkups. They also hired a woman, Kimberley Parker, from the town to take care of Francesca and deal with daily tasks.

When they stayed there, a lot of people thought Francesca and Anthony were a married couple.

They were living their peaceful and harmonious lives, and a few months passed in the blink of an eye.

Francesca's tummy grew larger by the day. She would take her own pulse every day and come up with herbal concoctions for herself to make sure she could safely give birth to her three children.

Indeed, she was pregnant with triplets.

Since that was the case, risks had just gone even higher for her because her body wasn't even suitable for pregnancy in the first place.

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Chapter 2317



Based on Francesca's physical condition, it was tough enough for her to be pregnant with a child, let alone three. Therefore, the risk had increased by three folds.

When Francesca went for her prenatal checkup, the doctor advised her to go for a multi-fetal pregnancy

reduction. In other words, she would have to abort two of the fetuses and only give birth to one. Although that was the safer option, she rejected the doctor's recommendation. These are all my babies, so I can't give up on any of them. I'm also a doctor. I believe I can protect my own children.

With that in mind, she started improving her medical skill. She would keep her health in check every day and make prenatal preparations.

Anthony was worried, so he registered for a medical card at Kindness Hospital in H City and made arrangements for a private jet. He thought if something were to happen to Francesca during labor, they could board the private jet and fly to H City.

However, he was afraid that she would scold him. Hence, he made those arrangements behind her back.

Meanwhile, Francesca's mood had been stable. She was reading ancient medical journals and preparing herbal concoctions every day. She had even gotten a new set of tools to deliver the children on her own.

Seeing that, Kimberley freaked out. She went home and told her husband that Francesca and Anthony could be wanted criminals because Francesca didn't dare to give birth in a hospital.

Fortunately, Francesca and Anthony treated Kimberley well, so Kimberley never thought about reporting them to the authorities, albeit living in fear every day.

In the blink of an eye, Francesca was seven months pregnant. Her appetite was great, and she would eat two plates of grilled pork, a plate of braised pork, and a pot of fish stew every day. Besides, she was eating

plenty of fruits and vegetables as well.

Consequently, her initial skinny cheeks gradually turned rosy and plump. In fact, she looked rather lovable.

Anthony felt relieved when he saw how well Francesca was doing. He then told Kimberley to buy more groceries so that she could cook more food for Francesca.

One day, Anthony drove to the city to buy some daily necessities. Suddenly, he noticed there was a group of people asking about Francesca. He hid in an obscure spot and sized the group up. Aren't those people from the Lindberg family?

Frightened, he quickly drove back toward the mountain.

When he was on his way back, his phone rang. Kimberley was on the phone, and she sounded nervous and emotional when she said, “Anthony, something bad happened, and your wife is going into labor! Come back!”

“I'm already on my way back. What happened to her?” Anthony asked anxiously.

“At around noon, she said she was thirsty, so she was eating half a watermelon on the armchair. At that time, I was doing the laundry. Before I finished doing the laundry, I heard her screaming. She said she was feeling pain in her tummy, and she told me to call you. Oh, no! Her water broke! This is bad!”

As Kimberley was talking, Francesca's screams could be heard through the phone.

Anthony freaked out, and he instantly drove faster.

When he was halfway up the mountain, he saw a few black cars that were heavily modified tailing him. The Lindberg family must've sent out those cars.

Right then, he started to panic. If I go back now, I'll be bringing all of them back with me. If I don't go back, Francesca will be in trouble!

As he was thinking about what to do next, Kimberley's voice rang out from the phone once more. "Oh gosh! Fran!"

"What is it? What happened?" Anthony asked.

The call was still ongoing, and Anthony was driving and conversing with them at the same time.

"Fran fell down!" Kimberley was holding Francesca up when she urged, "Anthony, come back! Quick! I can't

do this on my own.”

“I want to be home as soon as I can, but there are people following me from behind.” Anthony was overwhelmed by anxiety.

“Who?” Francesca asked weakly.

“I think they're from the Lindberg family,” Anthony answered. “What should I do, Francesca? If I go back now, I'll lead them there. If I don't go back—”

“Don't come back,” replied Francesca with absolute resolution. “Lead them away...”

“But—”

“Just do as I say.”

“Okay.”

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Chapter 2318



Anthony was aware of Francesca's temper. Once she has made her decision, no one can convince her otherwise. Furthermore, she's a doctor, so she should be able to take care of herself. In fact, I can't do much even if I were to go back now. If I end up leading the men from the Lindberg family back, I'm going to cause her trouble. She's going to end her own life if the men from the Lindberg family take her children away from her.

Anthony floored the accelerator and quickly drove in

the opposite direction. True enough, those cars chased after him.

At the same time, in the loft halfway up the mountain, Francesca's face had gone pale, and she was sweating bullets. Still, she endured the pain and performed acupuncture on herself to ease her pain. Meanwhile, she told Kimberley, "Bring my medical kit to me."

"Medical kit? Where?" Kimberley panicked.

"At the side! Inside the cabinet!" Francesca gritted her teeth to endure the pain. "Quick!"

"Okay... Okay..." Kimberley anxiously passed her the medical kit.

"Open the purple bottle... Feed me the medication..." Francesca's voice was getting weaker and weaker. At

that point, she was trembling all over and having cold sweats.

Prior to that, she had already prepared all the medications needed and stored them in the medical kit. She kept the medical kit in a cabinet right next to her bed so that she could reach it in case of an emergency.

To be on the safe side, she even used different bottles for different medications. That way, Kimberley would be able to help, even if Anthony wasn't around.

“Purple... Purple...”

Kimberley found the medication in a purple bottle and fed it to Francesca.

After drinking the medication, Francesca grabbed the scalpel.

“Oh my goodness! What are you doing? Are you going to operate on yourself? You're scaring me!” Kimberley was so frightened that she had turned pale.

“Mdm. Parker, please sanitize your hands and put on the surgical gloves. Once I've cut myself open, I need you to help me carry my children out...” Francesca uttered.

“I... I-I...”

“Don't be scared. I've taught you this before...”

Having drank the medication in the purple bottle, Francesca no longer felt the pain. She lifted the scalpel and started performing a c-section on herself.

Although Kimberley was trembling in fear, she was still following Francesca's orders.

“Please put my pillow up so that I can see my own tummy,” Francesca said.

“Oh... Okay...”

Right then, deafening roars of thunder reverberated in the air, and it started raining heavily.

Kimberley shivered in fear and went to close the windows. By the time she was done, she had turned around to see Francesca had already cut her own tummy open.

Seeing that, she quickly went up to Francesca and took the babies out.

In the meantime, after Anthony lured those people away, he abandoned the car in the mountains. He then ran along the path under the heavy rain.

The moment he arrived in the courtyard, he heard the sound of babies crying.

He was stunned, and his mind went black as he stared at the room. Has Francesca given birth?

A long while later, Anthony regained his senses and ran into the loft.

At that moment, Francesca was already unconscious. Kimberley was carrying three babies in her arms and smiling gleefully. When she saw Anthony, she said, “Anthony! Fran has given birth to three daughters! They're so pretty!”

“That's awesome!” Anthony was incredibly excited. “Are the kids healthy? Let me have a look...”

“They are. However, they're too little, and I don't know

how to take care of them. I think it's better to send them to the hospital. By the way, you should quickly check on Fran. She didn't stitch herself up. I don't know how to do that," Kimberley urged.

Anthony immediately went to check on Francesca. Apparently, she lost a lot of blood, and her life was in danger. As waves of shock came crashing from within him, Anthony's expression changed dramatically. He then called for an ambulance right away.

Francesca woke up in a daze when she was on the way to the hospital. When she heard the siren ringing in her ears and saw the medical staff, she felt as though angels had saved her. I've overestimated my tolerance for pain. I thought I would be able to stitch myself back up and take medications after performing the c-section.

Only then did she realize that she was nothing but an

ordinary human. I'm made of flesh and blood, and death is an inevitable fact of life.

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[MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL](#)

Chapter 2319



On the mountain, Mylo and his men ended up locating the abandoned car instead of Anthony.

Right then, he knew Anthony and Francesca were nearby. When he was about to send his men out for a search, he received a call from Sean.

Mylo reported everything to Sean in detail. A few minutes later, Sean answered, "Stop the search.

Retreat!”

“What?” Mylo was stunned. “Mr. Lindberg jumped through hoops and loops to locate Francesca, and we're on the verge of finding them. If we give up now, wouldn't everything be in vain?”

“I told you to retreat!” Sean ordered.

“Okay.” Mylo didn't dare to say anything else. He and his men abandoned the search.

After hanging up the phone, Sean reported, “Mr. Lindberg, Mylo and his men are retreating.”

“Okay.” Danrique nodded.

“But... Why?” Sean asked cautiously. “We're on the verge of finding Ms. Felch.”

“Would Anthony be smart enough to abandon his car and flee? She must've told him to do that. Since she's so determined not to see me, why should I force it to happen?” Although Danrique looked calm, the sadness in his eyes was unmissable.

“Perhaps she's still angry.” Sean heaved a sigh and added, “However, the problems are only going to get more serious if you guys don't meet up. No matter what, you need to talk it out.”

Danrique kept silent and stared at a table filled with the things she had left behind.

“So... Should we let Mylo and his men stay there or—”

“Tell them to come back,” Danrique ordered. “Don't bother her anymore!”

“Noted!” Sean then relayed the order to Mylo.

Danrique continued flipping through his documents. Over the past six months, he had been focusing solely on his work. It was as if that was the only way he could keep his frustrations off of his mind.

Sean knew Danrique wanted to stabilize his own position as soon as possible so that no one could threaten him again. Once Danrique had achieved that, he would bring Francesca home.

In just six months, Lindberg Corporation was back on track.

Due to what happened the last time around, Danrique eventually got rid of Harrier and Kevin. Those two men had shares in the company, and they would be paid dividends at the end of the year. However, they were no longer involved in the operations of the company.

Besides, ever since Lindberg Corporation was stabilized, Hazel had returned from Danontand to help Danrique manage Lindberg Corporation. Naturally, her position in the company was very high.

Moreover, the president had stopped creating trouble over the past six months. Instead, he was performing his role as the president very well. Whenever he was to mention Danrique and Lindberg Corporation, he had nothing but praise.

Even though everything seemed peaceful, Danrique knew it was just the calm before the storm. Although I miss Francesca, I can't bring her back by force. Maybe I should wait until things are more stable.

When Mylo and his men were on their way down from the mountaintop, one of Mylo's subordinates told Mylo that a loft nearby had lights on. They thought

Francesca was most probably there.

Upon hearing that, Mylo gave it some thought. We better not betray Mr. Lindberg's orders. With that in mind, he decided not to be bothered by that and brought his men away.

By the time they arrived at the foot of the mountain, the sky was already dark.

On their journey to the airport, Mylo noticed tire tracks along the way. Could it be that Ms. Felch had already left the mountain so that she could avoid us?

Meanwhile, Anthony was constantly on his guard the entire time because he was afraid that the people from the Lindberg family would catch them. He was always looking out the windows worriedly. He only breathed a sigh of relief late that night. It's already so late, and we still haven't seen anyone unusual

approaching us. We should be in the clear now.

Francesca's wound was taken care of, but she was still unconscious. At the same time, the nurses were taking care of her kids.

While Kimberley had gone out to buy food and necessities, Anthony was watching over Francesca in the ward.

At that moment, everything seemed perfect. Like a happy family, they were there to welcome the newborn babies.

At around seven the next morning, Francesca woke up in a daze and heard a nurse asking, "Please name the children soon. We need to register them and assign wristbands to them so that we won't make any mistakes."

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[MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL](#)

Chapter 2320



“Let's wait till the kids' mother is awake. She'll name them.” Anthony laughed and said, “I don't get to decide.”

“You're the babies' father, no? What do you mean you don't get to decide? It seems like you're scared of your wife! Haha!” one of the nurses teased.

“I'm not scared. I just love her.” Anthony scratched his head sheepishly.

“How sweet of you! There aren't a lot of sweet guys left these days.” The nurses were having fun teasing Anthony. It's rare to see such a handsome man in our tiny city.

“Haha!” Anthony was happy upon getting praised.

“Hey! The mother is awake!” A nurse noticed Francesca was awake, and she quickly went to Francesca to check on her. “How are you feeling? Does your wound still hurt?”

“I feel pain all over the body...” Francesca took a deep breath and asked, “Anthony, where's my medical kit?”

“I have it with me!” Anthony passed her the medical kit and said, “I know which one is the painkiller, but seeing that you were still unconscious, I didn't dare to feed you any.”

“I can take some now...” Francesca had more faith in her own medication.

“What medication is that? Are you supposed to take it?” A few nurses approached Francesca curiously and asked, “Don't you think you should ask the doctor first?”

“She's a doctor.” Anthony grabbed the painkiller and fed it to Francesca.

Francesca was slightly more energetic after taking medicine and said she was hungry.

The nurse told her to wait and that she could only eat in the afternoon.

Therefore, Francesca had to endure hunger.

Anthony's heart ached, so he fed her some water.

However, she couldn't drink too much water either.

The nurse proceeded to ask Francesca to name the kids. Francesca was still in a daze, and she just wanted to sleep. Hence, she merely blurted, “The girls...”

“What?” The nurse didn't know what Francesca was talking about.

“Alpha, Beta, and Gamma. I'll give them proper names later...” Francesca was dozing off, and her mind was flooded with the scene of her being in the ambulance.

“That's a good idea! Those names are so easy to remember!” At that point, Anthony would be happy with whatever names Francesca could come up with.

Although the nurses thought the names were ridiculous, they respected the wishes of the parents.

Kimberley returned with food and necessities, and she was relieved when she saw that Francesca and the babies were all fine. She then left the goods there and rushed home to make soup for Francesca.

Francesca slept throughout the day and woke up energized the next day. She had some food before she went to see her babies.

Those three little ones were all very weak, so they were kept in incubators. The youngest one, Gamma, was the frailest, and she was having all sorts of health problems.

The doctor ran tests on the babies and asked Francesca and Anthony if they wanted to let the hospital treat the infants.

Although Francesca had incredible medical skills, she

thought it would be wiser to let the hospital treat the babies. After all, they were too young. However, the medical equipment in the small city was limited. She wanted the kids to receive treatment as soon as possible, so she immediately discussed with Anthony taking the children to H City for medical treatment.

Fortunately, Anthony had everything prepared beforehand. He immediately arranged a private jet for their trip to H City. They were also bringing Kimberley along.

When the hospital staff saw a luxury car coming to pick them up and heard that Anthony was arranging a private jet, they assumed that those two were low-key big shots. Inevitably, they were all gossiping among themselves.

Francesca didn't want to attract any more attention, so she quickly brought the babies out of there.

For the next two months, they were all staying at Kindness Hospital in H City. The hospital belonged to Raina, and it was mainly a women's and children's hospital. In fact, it was a famous hospital in the country.

Besides, the security of the hospital was top-notch, and the privacy of patients was also prioritized.

Anthony used a false identity to register the medical card there so that he could bring Francesca and Kimberley into the hospital.

For two months, Francesca was in confinement, and the babies received treatment. All in all, everything went well.

Two months later, Francesca made a full recovery, and Gamma's condition stabilized.

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