

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

Chapter 2211

After hanging up the phone, Danrique turned toward Sean and said, "Contact Gordon immediately. Ask him where Francesca has been and who she has met up with throughout the past few days."

"Understood," Sean replied as he pulled out his phone and gave Gordon a call.

"Someone is following us, Mr. Lindberg," said the driver while glancing in the rear-view mirror.

Danrique glanced at the rear-view mirror and replied calmly, "Find a way to stop them and capture them alive."

"Yes, sir."

The driver then sped up a little to increase the distance between them and the car behind.

After getting off the phone, Sean told Danrique, “The first lady personally invited Francesca to an art exhibition. Kevin's wife was the one who leaked that information. She must've casually mentioned it while chatting with those other women. I believe this is hardly a cause for a conspiracy.”

Not wanting to distract himself with that, Danrique ordered, “We'll forget about that for the time being. Contact Hazel and find out what the situation is like on her end.”

“I'm on it!”

Francesca was able to have a good night's sleep after making up with Danrique.

After waking up the next morning, she had breakfast and went off to treat William, who was recovering very quickly.

Without the poison getting in the way, Francesca's treatment was very effective and produced great results each day.

William received a video call from Robin right after the treatment for the day was over.

“We've received the medicine that Francesca sent us! Dominic and Lindberg Corporation's men handed them over to us in person. They told us to start taking it today!” Robin exclaimed excitedly.

Feeling pleased with what he had just heard, William turned his phone toward Francesca so that Robin and those in the castle could thank her in person.

Francesca then gave them a detailed explanation of the dosage and things to take note of. She also asked them to monitor their progress daily and report it to William.

Robin wrote it all down before ending the video call.

William thanked Francesca once again for her help. Although he wasn't exactly very expressive about it, the look of genuine gratitude in his eyes said it all.

“Don't mention it!” Francesca said casually and went back to formulating the medication.

Monica, who was helping William apply his medication, felt disappointed when she saw how his gaze never left Francesca.

Francesca came over to treat William throughout the

next few days. Although his wound was healing very quickly with the aid of her treatment, his legs were still disabled.

After conducting some experiments, Francesca found out that the poisoning had affected his legs, making the treatment of his disability even more difficult.

On top of spending lots of time researching new treatment methods every day, Francesca also contacted Anthony and had him mail her some ancient books on medicine.

A week soon went by. Although Danrique had yet to return, he did text Francesca from time to time. Francesca was a little disappointed but decided to continue waiting patiently anyway.

After receiving the books from Anthony, Francesca spent hours reading through them at home every day.

Eventually, she found a treatment method that could work and resumed William's treatment.

One afternoon, Francesca had just completed William's acupuncture treatment and was packing up when Sloan came running over. “Ms. Felch! The first lady is here!”

“What? Why is she here again?” Francesca asked with a frown.

“Ms. Avery is severely ill, and no doctors have been successful at treating her, so the first lady wants you to take a look at her. She seems to be very anxious about Ms. Avery's condition. Gordon told me to inform you about this.”

“Let's go!”

Francesca grabbed her medical kit and got ready to

leave.

“Francesca!” William called out to her all of a sudden.

Francesca paused in her tracks and turned around.

“What is it?”

William glanced at Monica and said, “Take Monica with you. She has acquired some basic medical knowledge, so she might be able to assist you with the treatment.”

“Who will look after you, then?” Francesca asked.

“There are plenty of maids here who can look after His Highness. Besides, His Highness will be going to bed after taking the medication, so there's not much for me to do here anyway.” Monica said.

“All right, then. I'll go first to check on Ms. Avery and

assess the situation. You can come over in a bit,”
Francesca replied and left in a hurry.

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Chapter 2212



Monica then had the other maids step outside and closed the room door before tucking William in.

“Keep a close eye on them and see if they're up to any funny business, but be careful not to expose yourself,” William whispered.

“Yes, Your Highness.” Monica nodded. “What if they are up to something? Do I take action?”

William narrowed his eyes as he replied, “Even if they are up to something, I doubt they'll harm Francesca in the palace. Either way, keep a close eye on them and act accordingly.”

“Understood.”

Monica was about to help clean his body with a wet towel, but William stopped her and said, “The maid can take care of this. I want you to go meet up with Francesca right away.”

“All right. Rest well, Your Highness. The maids are outside if you need them.”

“Okay.”

After getting changed, Monica hurried over to Danrique Castle to meet up with Francesca.

Francesca had just gotten out of the car when the first lady grabbed her arm and sobbed, “Come quick, Francesca! Avery is having a relapse and is at her limits!”

“Huh? A relapse? What's her condition?” Francesca asked.

“It's a congenital heart disease. She had surgery before and has been doing well. However, she recently started showing signs of a relapse. I'm guessing it has something to do with her mental health issues. Her condition stabilized after the doctor's treatment, but... Last night, she suddenly...” The first lady couldn't bring herself to continue that sentence. “All the other doctors have been unable to help her, so you're my only hope at the moment.”

“I'll have a look at her right away!”

Francesca had always been one to save those in need. Since the president's family was very closely related to Danrique, she couldn't possibly say no to that.

“Sloan, bring me my other medical kit and needle pouch.”

“All right.”

Monica arrived right as Sloan came over with the requested items.

Francesca and Monica then got into the first lady's car.

“Ms. Felch, Gordon is busy with something, so he won't be able to make it in time,” Sloan said.

“That's fine. Just bring a couple of guys with you and come with us,” Francesca replied.

“Got it.” Sloan then piled into a car with a few of his subordinates and followed behind the first lady's car.

Along the way, Francesca asked the first lady for more details regarding Avery's medical history to better understand her condition. She was a little shocked when she found out that Avery once had a heart transplant when she was young.

“Such diseases are usually hereditary. Do you have it yourself, Mrs. President?” Francesca asked.

“I don't, but my mother does. It runs in our family, but not every single one of us gets it,” the first lady replied with tears running down her cheeks.

“Does Ms. Avery have any children?” Francesca

asked.

The first lady sniffled as she answered, “No, she doesn't.”

“Hereditary diseases can be a bit tricky to deal with. Do you have Ms. Avery's medical record? If yes, please send it to me.”

“Yes, I have it.”

It wasn't long before they arrived at the palace. The butler, who had been waiting for them outside the door, yelled anxiously, “Please, come quickly! Ms. Avery is in critical condition!”

The first lady was so shocked that her legs instantly gave out beneath her.

Fortunately, her subordinate was able to catch her in

time and hold her steady.

Francesca rushed over to the treatment room and saw a few doctors standing there with anxious looks on their faces. They all breathed sighs of relief when they saw that Francesca was there to take over for them.

Francesca had already read Avery's medical history on her way over, so she had a rough idea of her condition. She immediately got to work by performing a thorough examination and started the treatment while the first lady waited anxiously outside the door.

A few hours later, Francesca came out and took her surgical mask off as she said, "Her condition is stable for now."

The first lady nearly broke down in tears when she heard that. "Oh, thank goodness! My poor daughter..."

The doctors were all shocked. “You sure are skilled in medicine for someone of your age! What was that treatment method that you used, though? We've never seen anything like it! Could you share it with us—”

“Maybe some other time,” Francesca replied. She then turned toward the first lady and whispered, “Mrs. President, may I have a word with you in private?”

“Sure thing. Come with me,” the first lady replied as she led Francesca to an adjacent room.

After thanking her profusely for saving Avery's life, the first lady asked, “So, how is my daughter doing?”

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Chapter 2213



“A thorough examination suggests that Ms. Avery's heart transplant was a success. Theoretically, her condition should be very stable. However, her emotional state has been fluctuating a lot lately. Also, I believe she is suffering from severe depression. All that repeated self-harm and medication has placed a huge amount of stress on her heart, which caused her to go into cardiogenic shock. It's incredibly difficult to treat such a condition with modern medicine, so I had to rely on traditional medicine to stabilize her. We'll still need to treat her with modern medicine, though. Given the severity of her condition, traditional medicine will only get us so far. I can use it to

complement her previous treatment methods, but she really needs to stop hurting herself like this. Her body cannot take any more abuse. You need to first keep her emotions under control so that she will be willing to accept the treatment. We can then counsel her and teach her to value her life,” Francesca explained.

The first lady nodded with tears in her eyes.

“Understood. Thank you for the suggestion. You've been most helpful.”

“You're welcome. I'll be taking my leave now,” Francesca said as she packed her things and got ready to leave.

The first lady quickly grabbed her by the arm and pleaded, “Could you please stay with us for the night? I'm worried that Avery might have another episode in the middle of the night. None of the doctors are able to do anything at the moment.”

“Honestly, it wouldn't make a huge difference even if I stayed. Having a few doctors around is good enough—”

The first lady cut her off anxiously, “But Avery's emotional state is highly unstable. What if she has a panic attack or something? Those doctors won't administer any medication for fear of it affecting her heart. If you stay, you could use those acupuncture needles on her, which is a lot safer since they don't have any unwanted effects on her heart.”

“That is true...” Francesca gave it some thought and nodded. “All right, I'll stay for the night. We'll monitor her condition throughout the night and decide the next course of action after that.”

“Great!” The first lady was overjoyed. “I'll have someone bring you to the guest room.”

“Thanks.”

“I'll stay with you, Ms. Felch. I could watch over Ms. Avery and wake you up if anything happens. That way, you'll be able to get a good night's sleep,” Monica suggested.

“All right.” Francesca didn't turn her offer down as she needed sufficient rest to perform well during treatment.

The first lady simply shot Monica a glance before having someone escort Francesca over to the guest room.

She even prepared rooms for Sloan and his subordinates.

After taking a shower, Francesca sat on the bed and

read through all of Avery's medical records.

“Is Ms. Avery's illness real?” Monica asked curiously while leaning over to have a look at the reports.

Francesca rolled her eyes at her in response. “Of course it is! Why would anyone fake this stuff?”

“Fair enough.”

Ms. Felch would surely be able to tell if Ms. Avery was faking it. Maybe the first lady isn't up to anything, after all. His Highness is probably just overthinking it.

“Still, I can't help but feel that something is off about all this. For some reason, Ms. Avery seems rather familiar. I feel like I've seen her before...” Francesca murmured while going through Avery's files.

“You've seen her before? Was there some kind of

conflict between you two?” Monica asked nervously.

Francesca shook her head. “No, but I do find her looking somewhat familiar. Maybe I haven't actually seen her in person... I don't know. I can't be bothered to think about it right now. I'm going to bed.”

“You go ahead and get some rest. I'll wake you up if anything happens.”

While tidying up the table, Monica secretly took pictures of Avery's medical reports before putting them away.

Having performed two treatments in a day, Francesca was very tired and fell asleep within minutes.

Right as Monica turned off the lights and was about to get some sleep, she received a text message from William that read: Is Francesca okay?

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Monica replied: She's fine. We're staying the night in the presidential palace.

William texted: Make sure to keep her safe. Do everything you can to protect her.

Monica replied: Don't worry; I will. You should get some sleep, Your Highness. It's almost two in the morning now.

William texted: I couldn't sleep. Let me know when

Francesca comes back tomorrow.

Monica replied: Got it.

After sending that text, Monica glanced at Francesca with a look of envy in her eyes.

His Highness still cares so much about Ms. Felch even though she belongs to Danrique... Perhaps this is what true love looks like...

Monica was just starting to fall asleep when someone knocked on the door and yelled, "It's Ms. Avery! She woke up and is having a fit!"

"Wake up, Ms. Felch!" Monica called out while tapping Francesca on the shoulder.

Francesca quickly put on her clothes and rushed over with her medical kit in hand.

Although physically weak, Avery was screaming angrily in a language that Francesca didn't understand.

She looked like a dying person chanting some sort of curse.

“Calm down, Avery!”

The first lady covered Avery's mouth with a handkerchief to stop her from screaming.

As neither of the doctors dared inject her with sedatives, all they could do was stand there and wait for Francesca to begin the treatment.

Francesca quickly whipped out her bag of needles and performed acupuncture treatment on Avery.

Avery glared viciously at her like a snake staring down its prey before passing out again.

“This won't do. You need to get a psychiatrist as soon as possible,” Francesca suggested with a frown.

“I already have. Thanks, Francesca. You can go back to sleep now...” the first lady mumbled weakly.

Francesca glanced at her watch and said, “I'm going to head back now and prepare some medication for Ms. Avery. I'll send it over to you tomorrow, Mrs. President. Make sure to have her take them on time every day. It'll help keep her calm, which will make the psychiatrist's job a lot easier.”

“Thank you so much, Francesca. Here, I'll walk you out.”

“That won't be necessary...”

Francesca was about to turn her offer down but felt bad when she saw how weary the first lady looked.

“Mrs. President, you shouldn't worry too much about Ms. Avery's condition. She can be cured if she receives proper treatment.”

“I sure hope so.” The first lady let out a sigh as she continued, “I wish I could do more to help my daughter.”

“Is the president not home right now?” Francesca asked as she realized she hadn't seen the president this entire time.

“He's busy with work and hasn't been around much recently. In fact, I usually have to take care of things at home since he's always swamped with work,” the first lady replied with a wry smile.

Francesca nodded. “Oh, I see. You should try to get some rest too. Don't push yourself too hard. I'll be on my way now.”

“Again, thanks for your help today. Bye!”

“Bye!”

Francesca and Monica then entered their car and left.

“A woman who wields such great power should have the world at her fingertips. How did her daughter end up like this?” Monica exclaimed with a sigh when she glanced at the first lady's weary appearance in the rear-view mirror.

“Yeah. I wonder what Ms. Avery went through...”
Francesca said.

“Sloan, do you know what happened to her?” Monica asked.

“From what I've heard, her life has been terrible after she married her ex-husband in Dartan. They say he was a violent man and often abused her. The president got really mad when he found out. He sent some of his men over to teach that guy a lesson, but...”

Curious beyond measure, Monica urged, “What happened next?”

“I think Ms. Avery was having an affair or something. Her ex-husband managed to get evidence of her affair, which made things a lot more difficult for her and the president. They tried really hard to divorce him, but he stubbornly refused to. Eventually, Mr. Lindberg stepped in and forced the man to release Ms. Avery.”

“What an *sshole!” Monica exclaimed angrily. “I hate men who abuse their families! That man sure had some guts abusing the president's daughter! Wait, was it true that Ms. Avery was having an affair?”

Sloan shook his head. “I'm not too sure about that. I heard those from Mr. Harrington's men. They were the ones the president sent to punish that ex-husband.”

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Chapter 2215



“And who's the ex-husband?” Monica continued asking.

“Beats me.” Sloan dared not say more. He cautiously looked at Francesca and said, “Mr. Lindberg doesn't like us talking behind people's backs.”

Francesca glanced at Monica for a moment.

“All right, I'll stop asking.” Monica immediately explained, “I'm just a little curious. Who on earth would dare to abuse the president's daughter? Ugh, evil men lurk everywhere.”

Before shutting his mouth, Sloan added, “The culprit is quite a big shot.”

“I guess so. There are always people better than us out there...” Monica muttered. “But this Ms. Avery must have suffered quite a bit. Otherwise, she

wouldn't end up in such a miserable state.”

“Let's not dive into her personal matters anymore,” Francesca expressed her dismay. “And stop behaving like an FBI agent. You're no longer with that organization anymore.”

Monica started chuckling. “All right, all right. Forgive me. I shall not ask any further.”

Though she had stopped asking questions, she kept all the information in mind.

It was already daybreak by the time they arrived at the castle. Francesca could not sleep, so she went directly to the lab to work on the medicine and ordered her subordinates to deliver it to the presidential palace.

After completing her work, she returned to her room

to take a nap.

Meanwhile, Monica went to William's room.

William, who had a sleepless night, asked Monica when he saw her, “Is Francesca all right?”

“Ms. Felch is fine, don't worry. She just got home a while ago.” Monica felt disappointed but still put on a smile. “Oh, yes, I have some updates for you, Your Highness...”

“What is it?”

“Apparently, Ms. Avery...”

Monica reported everything she had heard to William. She even told him how Francesca felt Avery looked familiar.

Upon hearing that, William went through all of Avery's information again. He then ordered, "Go and find out more about Avery's ex-husband and who she cheated on him with. Lay low, and make sure you stay under the radar."

"I'll see to it, Your Highness." Monica immediately called Dominic and told him to begin the investigation.

She could not participate in the investigation directly since she had been relieved of her duties, but Dominic could still get the job done. However, due to Avery's unique identity, the president had done a good job keeping things under wrap. Thus, they needed more time to find out more information.

After ending the call, Monica helped William clean up and change clothes. Coincidentally, Francesca had arrived to treat William.

Despite not having enough sleep last night, she was determined to complete all her tasks today.

“You should go home and take a good rest. I can skip the treatment for a day,” William expressed his concern when he noticed how ashen-faced she looked.

Yet, Francesca insisted on completing the treatment before leaving. “At least I managed to catch a two-hour nap. Monica didn't even sleep at all.”

Instead of turning his attention to Monica, William still fixed his eyes on Francesca.

Monica could not help but feel dejected.

After leaving William's place, Francesca decided to go home and hit the sack.

All of a sudden, the car from the presidential palace arrived again. A representative told her that Avery had experienced a relapse again. All the psychiatrists and the other specialists had no idea what to do, so the first lady came to seek Francesca's help.

Francesca could not turn down the request as the first lady had begged her to treat Avery.

Left with no choice, she picked up her medical kit and departed to the presidential palace with a few subordinates.

Avery's illness seemed to relapse from time to time. Her doctors were either incapable of treating her or merely wanted to wash their hands of the case, so they advised the first lady to get Francesca's help.

At this point, Francesca had to take over the task as she could no longer distance herself from the people

in the presidential palace.

After spending the rest of the day treating Avery, Francesca felt dizzy and nearly fainted after stepping out of the emergency room. Fortunately, Avery's condition had become stable.

The first lady immediately got up and held her arms. She then instructed her subordinates to bring Francesca to the guest room.

Francesca, who had not eaten or drunk anything the whole day, was so exhausted that she did not feel like eating anything. After washing her face and gulping a glass of milk, she instantly fell into a deep slumber.

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Chapter 2216

Francesca slept so well that she did not realize someone had opened the door and entered the room quietly.

“Did she finish the milk?”

“Yes, Mam. She finished it.”

“You can leave now.”

“All right, Mam.”

After glancing at the empty glass on the table and the sleeping Francesca, a cold glint flashed across the first lady's eyes.

She gestured for her two female bodyguards to enter the room and approach Francesca.

All of a sudden, Francesca's phone rang. She shivered for a second before sitting up and answering the call. "Danrique?"

Her eyes were at half-mast as she talked over the phone. Raising her head, Francesca then noticed the first lady and her two bodyguards standing by the bed. Stunned by their presence in the guest room, she asked, "W-What are you doing here?"

"I..." The first lady hesitated but responded quickly, "I came to check on you because I noticed you were completely worn out."

"I'm fine. I feel tired and just want to sleep." Francesca yawned while rubbing her eyes.

“Oh, okay. I'm sorry. I'll leave you alone now.” The first lady and her two bodyguards immediately retreated. They also took the empty glass with them when leaving the room.

Francesca then fell flat on the bed while hugging a bolster. She continued talking to Danrique over the phone, “Hey, I'm dead tired. I'll call you later, okay? I'm at the presidential palace. Avery is very ill, so they invited me to treat her...”

After leaving the room, the first lady called the maid over and confronted her. “You said she finished the milk, but how come she's still awake? Did she drink it?”

“Yes, she did, Mam. I saw her drinking it with my own eyes,” the maid uttered in a trembling voice. “I swear I'm telling the truth!”

“Could it be the milk's problem?” the first lady questioned the bodyguards beside her. “Did you drug the drink?”

“Yes, I did,” the bodyguard assured her. “It's a powerful drug that would make her sleep like a log. She wouldn't even wake up had we cut her with a knife...”

“We drugged the milk, and she drank it. But how is it nothing happened to her?” The first lady was fuming. “All of you owe me an explanation!”

“I really have no idea...” the maid answered anxiously. “I did watch her finish the milk...”

“There's still some left here. I'll drink it.” The bodyguard gulped the remaining milk in the glass. In mere seconds, she wrapped her arms around her head, collapsed to the ground, and fell asleep.

The people around her were dumbfounded upon seeing that. She did not even move when the first lady kicked her.

Another bodyguard deduced, “Obviously, the milk has been drugged. I supposed she didn't drink the milk.”

Once again, everyone turned their attention to the maid. The panicked maid burst into tears. “I swear I saw her gulping the milk. I'm telling the truth...”

“Guards,” the first lady exclaimed in anger, “drag her out of here!”

“Yes, Mam!” The bodyguard pulled the maid away.

Just when the maid was about to defend herself, the bodyguard immediately covered her mouth with her hand.

A vortex of anger swirled inside the first lady. She roared, “I had a chance, yet it slipped right through my fingertips! It's all over now...”

“Stay calm, Mam. We can do it again since she's here all alone,” the bodyguard consoled her.

“Are you out of your mind?” the first lady bellowed.

“Didn't you hear she was on the phone with Danrique? Danrique now knows she's at our place. Should anything bad happen to her, he'll come and settle scores with me.”

“But before this, she—”

The first lady cut in. “Before this, no one knew when she was leaving, and I could have shirked the responsibility by faking a car crash. But I can't do anything to her now. We have no choice but to wait.”

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Chapter 2217



The more the first lady thought about it, the angrier she became. “Avery was on the road to recovery. All the other doctors had to do was follow the treatment method Francesca prescribed. We should have taken this chance to whisk her to the middle of nowhere and take care of her and her subordinates by creating a freak accident. We could have blown up their bodies to get rid of all the evidence, and Danrique would never find out. But we blew it all up.”

“Calm down, Mrs. President. Our chance will come...”

her bodyguard assured.

“Darn it. That b*tch must have been slacking off! I'm certain that woman hasn't drunk the milk,” the first lady said. “Do you think she's aware that something's off? Do you think we've given ourselves away?”

“I don't think so.” The bodyguard felt uneasy. “Do you want me to check it out?”

“Go stand by her door and keep an eye on her. Report to me immediately if anything happens,” the first lady instructed.

“Yes, Mam.” The bodyguard got to it right away.

The first lady entered Avery's ward. Her heart ached as she stared at her daughter, who was fast asleep on the hospital bed. She reached out and caressed Avery's face. “Don't worry, Avery, I'll avenge you,” she

choked out.

Late that night, Monica and Gordon arrived at the presidential palace to pick Francesca up.

Gordon kept his composure, whereas Monica was frantically asking about Francesca's whereabouts.

“Francesca is treating Avery. She's fast asleep in the guest room after working all day. What's with the attitude? Why are you acting as if I'm going to harm her?” The first lady was displeased.

“I...” Monica paused as she recalled William's warning. She quickly put on a smile. “Ms. Felch hasn't been feeling well the past few days, plus she hasn't slept since last night, and her phone has been switched off. I'm just worried about her health. Please don't mind me, Mrs. President.”

“Francesca has worked hard. Let her sleep here tonight. I'll get someone to send her home tomorrow,” said the first lady. “You guys should leave.”

“Uh...”

“Mrs. President.” Right then, Gordon spoke up. “Mr. Lindberg instructed me to take good care of Ms. Felch before he left. I haven't been home for the past two days because I've been busy attending to other matters. I'll have some explaining to do if he asks about Ms. Felch since her cell has been turned off. So please, can you get Ms. Felch? We'll be waiting here. Sorry for the trouble.”

“You guys are acting like I'm going to hurt Francesca.” The first lady was getting annoyed. “Francesca is Avery's savior and Danrique's fiancée. How could I do something so stupid?”

“I'm sorry.” Gordon bowed his head in apology.

“Forget it. I'll go get her.”

The first lady went upstairs to get Francesca. Upon seeing her, the bodyguard reported lowly, “Ms. Felch has been asleep all this while.”

The first lady laughed in disdain. “Looks like I've been overthinking things. She didn't notice a thing. Otherwise, how could she be sleeping so soundly?”

“Yes.” The bodyguard nodded.

“Knock on the door and wake her up.”

“Okay.”

Francesca was annoyed as she was woken up by the knock on the door. “Who is it?”

“Apologies, Francesca, for waking you up,” said the first lady. “Gordon and your assistant, Monica, are here to pick you up. They're downstairs waiting for you.”

It wasn't till then that Francesca remembered she was sleeping at the presidential palace. She sat up quickly. “One moment, please. I'll be right out once I wash up.”

“Okay. No rush.”

The first lady waited outside the door.

Soon, Francesca opened the door after she had washed up and changed into a fresh set of clothes. While yawning, she said, “I was sleeping so soundly.”

“I told them to let you retire here for the night and

come for you tomorrow, but they refused.” The first lady smiled. “You've worked hard. Are you feeling okay?”

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“Yes, but my stomach is a little upset.” Francesca rubbed her belly. “It feels like I ate something wrong, but I haven't eaten anything today except for a glass of milk.”

The first lady paled upon her words. “It must be the hunger. You've been working so hard today that you didn't even have time to grab a bite, thus causing an

upset stomach...”

“I’ll be fine. I just need to drink more water when I get home,” said Francesca. “I’ll be fine even if I ate something wrong. I’m immune to poison.”

The first lady was stunned. Is she serious?

“Ms. Felch!” Monica shouted.

“Coming.” Francesca quickly went down the stairs.

“Why did you come so late at night?”

“To pick you up.” Monica gave Francesca a once-over and asked in a low voice, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” Francesca yawned. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“All right, that’s good to hear. I was worried that you might tire yourself out.” Monica heaved a sigh of

relief. "I'll go get your medical kit."

"Oh, right." Francesca had forgotten all about her medical kit. "It's in the guest room. Please help to get it for me."

"Okay." Monica headed toward the guest room and ran into the first lady at the stairs. She quickly bowed her head to greet her. The first lady kept quiet as she walked over to Francesca. "Francesca, let me send you off."

"Ms. Felch has been staying in this room." The bodyguard, who was standing by the door, showed Monica the way.

Monica had wanted to snoop around the room for clues but disregarded the thought as she could feel the bodyguard watching her. She left the room as soon as she got the medical kit.

Monica even smiled and nodded at the bodyguard on her way out.

On the way back, Francesca's stomach was a little upset. "That's weird. I haven't eaten anything all day. Why do I have an upset stomach?" she said after carefully examining herself.

"Did you drink anything?" asked Monica.

"A glass of milk. That's it."

Francesca found herself a pill and downed it with some mineral water.

"Is it the milk?" Monica asked without missing a beat. "Did anything happen to you after you drank the milk?"

“No. I fell asleep right after.” Francesca shrugged. “I’d be able to tell immediately if something is wrong with the food. But I couldn’t tell if the milk was poisoned since I was so tired. Sleep was the only thing on my mind.”

“You’re too careless.” Monica was a little panicky. “When did you fall asleep? Did anything happen after you fell asleep?”

“What could happen?” Francesca laughed. “I’m immune to poison. They wouldn’t be able to do anything to me even if the milk was poisoned. Moreover, it’s the presidential palace we’re talking about. Who would dare poison me?”

“Um...” Monica was stunned. “You’re immune to poison?”

“Yeah. I’ve been bathing in herbal concoctions ever

since I was young. Small doses of poison wouldn't affect me. I'll have an upset stomach at most."

Francesca paused as her words settled in. "Oh, right. Why would I have an upset stomach if there's nothing wrong with the milk?"

"Could it be that the milk was poisoned?"

Just then, Gordon spoke up.

"Not necessarily." Francesca analyzed, "I have stomach issues. Sometimes it's because I haven't eaten in a long while or I've overeaten. We can't be entirely sure that it's the milk."

"But there were no empty glasses when I went in to get your medical kit." Monica realized a critical point. "They wouldn't have time to clean the room since you just woke up. The empty glass should still be there."

Why is it gone?”

“That is very suspicious,” said Gordon. “They must have gotten rid of it for fear that we might notice that something is off.”

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[MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL](#)

Chapter 2219



“Are you sure?” Francesca still found it unbelievable. “Who would dare to do anything like that at the presidential palace? What's their motive?”

“That's what we want to find out too,” said Monica. “Ms. Felch, although we have no evidence right now,

the circumstance is still very suspicious. We need to be more vigilant and not let our guard down.”

“Yes, it's better to be careful,” agreed Gordon as he nodded. “However, there's no need to be overly cautious. Just make sure someone is with you at all times. Everyone knows who you are. I doubt they will dare to try to do anything.”

Francesca did not spare the matter much thought. Monica, on the other hand, was ruminating.

By the time Francesca arrived home, Norah had breakfast ready.

Francesca had a bite before taking a shower and going to bed.

When Monica got back, she went straight to William's room. He had not slept the entire night and was

waiting for her to update him on the situation.

Monica gave him a detailed report.

At the end, William drew his conclusion. “There must be something wrong with the first lady. In the future, you should watch over Francesca more carefully. Don't let anything happen to her.”

“Yes, I understand,” Monica responded with a nod. “But, there's something I don't get. Why would the first lady want to do that? Is she trying to get rid of Ms. Felch so that Ms. Avery can be with Mr. Lindberg? Surely, someone in her esteemed position should understand that there is no way Mr. Lindberg will marry her mentally unwell daughter. So, why would she still do such a thing?”

“Sometimes, things are more than meets the eye. There can be other reasons as well...” William looked

down and pondered before continuing, "That's why I want you to check out the identities of Ms. Avery's ex-husband and lover. We may be able to find something."

"Yes, sir." Monica nodded. "Do you think the president is aware of this matter? If he is, I don't think he would allow it to happen, right?"

"I can't be sure," replied William. "I don't know them well enough to make any accurate assumptions. Let's just take it one thing at a time and act accordingly."

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, at the presidential palace, the first lady was throwing a fit. "It's preposterous! We actually missed such a good opportunity! Furthermore, Monica has brought Gordon along too. That must mean that we have alerted them. It will be difficult to make our

move the next time.”

“That Monica woman is annoying,” said the personal bodyguard of the first lady. “She doesn't work for the Lindberg family, so I don't know why she's involved.”

“Does she work for Prince William?” asked the first lady.

“Yes,” answered her bodyguard. “According to my investigation, she used to be an FBI agent. In order to save Prince William, she was discharged from her job. She is extremely loyal to Prince William. But, since she works for him, why does she bother with Francesca?”

“Don't be stupid.” The first lady sneered, “Danrique is the reason why William was able to make a comeback, and Francesca is the reason why Danrique has come forward to help him. Right now,

Francesca is the only one who has William's back. If anything untoward happens to her, not only will he not be cured, but Danrique also won't give a d*mn about his survival. If that happens, William's cousins will exact their revenge on him. Given his handicapped condition, there is no way he can fight back.”

“I got it.” The bodyguard quickly nodded. “He's protecting Francesca to safeguard himself!”

“That's right.” The first lady sighed before continuing, “Initially, I thought that once Danrique left, we would get the chance to deal with Francesca. I didn't expect Prince William to also be on her side. Although he doesn't have much authority, he's quite scheming nonetheless. With his protection, there's no way we can touch Francesca.”

“So, what should we do now?” asked her bodyguard.

“Let me think about it.” The first lady looked wistful. “If we want to finish Francesca off, we must do it before Danrique comes back. Once he returns, I will never get another chance.”

“Will she be coming to provide treatment for Ms. Avery tomorrow?”

“Even if she does, we can't do anything to her again.”

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Chapter 2220

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The next few days passed by without any incident.

Every morning, Francesca set out to the presidential palace to treat Avery. She would be back by afternoon to give treatment to William.

During each and every visit to the palace, both Gordon and Monica would escort her.

Gordon was Danrique's right-hand man and held an esteemed position. Even the first lady was polite to him and took him seriously.

As for Monica, she was like an assistant to Francesca. At the same time, she was also constantly observing their surroundings.

Four days had passed.

Avery's condition had stabilized completely.

Francesca knew exactly how to treat patients like her.

Every time Avery woke up and was about to become hysterical, Francesca would insert a needle in her and put her to sleep once more.

The first lady was concerned and asked if that would affect Avery's health.

Francesca answered, "It will affect her to a certain extent. After all, if she keeps sleeping, she won't be able to consume any food. As such, her body will be quite weak. We can only sustain her using the IV drip. Then again, it's better than having her act up, isn't it?"

"Uh..."

The first lady did not know how to respond.

"Mrs. President, let's go outside for a while."

"All right."

Both Francesca and the first lady went to the study room.

Francesca went straight to the point. “Ms. Avery's treatment has entered a stable phase. All you have to do now is to engage a professional doctor to take over.”

“You don't wish to continue treating Avery anymore?” asked the first lady. “Is it too taxing for you? By the way, I have never discussed the remuneration with you. Please let me know how much you need. I'll issue a check right away.”

“Money's not the issue,” said Francesca. “I don't think it's right for me to create a hassle every time I enter the presidential palace. On top of that, Ms. Avery seems to get very agitated every time she sees me. This will affect her condition.”

“Avery is very emotionally unstable right now. She reacts the same way to all the doctors, not just you,” explained the first lady. “But, it must be tiring for you to travel here every day. I will try my best to engage a professional doctor for Avery. In the meantime, can I trouble you to look after her for another couple of days?”

“Sure,” Francesca agreed to her request without hesitation. “If there's nothing else, I will make a move first.”

“Let me walk you out.”

Gordon was waiting by the door when the women came out. Monica was walking behind them with a medical kit. For the past few days, Monica could not find anything suspicious about the first lady. It seemed that their suspicions had been based on pure

speculation.

Did we really get it wrong?

Once Francesca got into the car, she waved goodbye to the first lady.

Monica was seated next to Francesca as she studied the first lady. The latter had a warm smile on her face and did not look like an evil person. Was I mistaken?

As the car drove away slowly, Gordon asked, “Ms. Felch, do you intend to carry on with the treatment?”

“No. I have already spoken to the first lady and told her to engage a professional doctor to take over,” replied Francesca. “She's making arrangements for it now. But, before the new doctor gets here, I'll still have to take care of her.”

“How difficult can it be for the presidential palace to find a doctor? Why can't they just summon the best doctor from the national hospital?” said Monica.

“I'm sure she knows what to do.” Francesca did not seem to mind too much. “Gordon, when is Danrique coming back? He has been away for quite a while now, hasn't he?”

“He should be back soon,” answered Gordon.

“There's an important conference tomorrow afternoon, so he should be back by then. The president will be back tomorrow as well to host the conference.”

“Oh, I see,” Francesca acknowledged briefly before leaning back in her seat as she checked her phone.

“There's something else,” Gordon continued. “We are expecting a guest today.”

“A guest? Who's that?” Francesca was curious. “Do I know the person?”

“Of course, you know this person. You'll find out very soon.” Gordon was being very secretive.

“I can't believe you are keeping me in suspense.” His response made Francesca even more curious.

Very soon, they arrived at the manor, and Francesca could see another vehicle from afar. Just as she was wondering who the person was, two medical staff carried someone out of the car.

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