

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL

Chapter 2221



Overwhelming joy filled Francesca's heart as she saw the face of the figure. Without hesitation, she pushed the car door open to jump out.

“Hey, Ms. Felch. The car hasn't stopped yet—”

The subordinate quickly pulled the car to a stop as he spoke.

Unbothered, Francesca got out of the car in a flash.

“Ms. Layla!” she cried out.

Layla heard the familiar voice the moment she was out of the car. As she turned around, she immediately caught sight of Francesca running toward her. In the next second, Francesca flung herself into Layla's

embrace.

“There, there!”

Layla wrapped Francesca tightly in her arms.

“Oh gosh!” Francesca was on the brink of tears. “We finally meet again! I was so worried!”

Having been caught between life and death, the two of them were immensely emotional to be able to see each other again.

“You're right. It's good to be able to see you again.”

Layla stroked Francesca's hair affectionately with a motherly love in her eyes. “Your hair's gotten longer. You look like a girl now.”

“Pfft!” Francesca laughed sheepishly. “I've always been a girl.”

“Looks like your fake persona is gone, haha!” Layla laughed as she caressed Francesca's cheeks. “You seem to have grown a little chubby.”

“You're joking, right? I've been hustling day and night lately, yet I've somehow gained weight?”

Francesca quickly checked her reflection.

“Ms. Felch, let's enter the house first.” Just then, Gordon walked over and greeted them. “It's quite windy out, and Ms. Layla's wounds are not completely healed yet. She needs to rest.”

“Wounds?” Francesca immediately began to inspect Layla's body. “Ms. Layla, how are you feeling? Where have you gotten injured?”

“I'm feeling much better.” Layla grabbed Francesca's

hands, stopping the latter from continuing the physical examination. "Let's head inside first."

"Okay." Francesca nodded and helped Layla into the building.

Just then, Monica came forward to greet Layla. Smiling, Layla nodded at the former in response. Francesca talked to Monica for a while and urged the latter to return to William to take care of him.

With that, Monica hurried away.

Layla turned to look at Monica as they parted ways. "Is that Monica the FBI agent that saved you in S Nation the other time?" she asked.

"Yep. That's her." Francesca nodded. "You remember?"

“She works for Prince William, I suppose?” Layla asked again.

“Mm-hmm...” Francesca began to explain briefly the relationship between William and Monica as well as the recent happenings. “William has been staying here to recuperate. I go over every day to give him treatment,” she concluded.

“Who would have thought...” Layla trailed off, deep in thought.

“Who would have thought what?” Francesca asked.

“Who would have thought that Danrique would have such high principles?” Layla commented wistfully. “His feelings for you have far exceeded my expectations.”

Francesca could not help but let out a gentle laugh. “I was talking to you about William. How did you come

up with that conclusion?”

“You can tell from this incident,” Layla began to explain. “If Danrique didn't love you this much, he would have never gotten himself involved with the royal family of Danontand, and he would definitely not spend so much effort saving Prince William. Do you know how big of a price he has to pay?”

When Francesca heard that, her smile faded as anxiety rose in her chest. “Price?”

“He's just a businessman. Why should a king show him that much respect?” Layla threw a question back at Francesca. “If it weren't for money?”

“Are you saying that Danrique has given a lot of money to Federico?” Francesca pressed on. “But he said he didn't give any money. Could it be a form of investment instead?”

“Money is a small issue, and investment is not a fixed amount.” Layla smiled. “If I guessed correctly, he must have given the king shares of Lindberg Corporation.”

“What? Shares?” The shock made Francesca's heart lurch. “You're kidding me, right?”

As clueless as she was, even Francesca knew what holding the shares of a company implied. The three great families had been fighting for those shares to the point where blood was spilled.

Having Lindberg Corporation shares equaled sitting at home and waiting for money to flow passively into one's pocket.

And it would be a tremendous amount.

That truly was a hefty price to pay.

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“He never told me this...” Francesca uttered anxiously. “Ms. Layla, how much of the shares do you think he gave Federico?”

“Not enough to threaten his position in the company, but not too little either. He wouldn't get any say in the matter if it were too little.” Layla made some calculations in her head. “My guess is five percent.”

“Uh...” Francesca had no concept of how much that

was. “I don't understand. Is that a lot?”

“Duh.” Ms. Layla rolled her eyes at Francesca. “The three great families each have ten percent at most. You tell me. Is that a lot?”

When Francesca heard that, she was rendered speechless as her eyes widened in disbelief. That is a huge portion!

“Danontand's five percent hold of the share could easily be half of the country's income.” Ms. Layla frowned as she continued. “That's such a huge benefit. It's no wonder the king treated you with the utmost respect!”

When she heard that, Francesca felt her heart starting to bleed.

“You're a sharp one, Ms. Layla!” Gordon could not

help but praise Layla when he heard her analysis.

“Mr. Lindberg truly has paid a huge price, but it's all right. He once told us that as long as Ms. Felch returns home safely, nothing else matters.”

It was only then Francesca realized the sacrifices Danrique had made for her. She had been completely oblivious before that.

“Danrique has outdone himself,” Layla told Gordon.

“And yet this child has been completely clueless. Oh right. Thank you for saving me this time.”

“We're all family. It comes without saying,” replied Gordon respectfully. “As for Mr. Lincoln, we're still trying to come up with a plan. We'll notify you the second we receive any news.”

“Thank you,” Layla thanked him profusely.

“Good evening, Ms. Layla, your room is ready.” Norah nodded at Layla politely. “Ms. Felch, dinner is ready as well. Would you like to dine in the dining room or in your room?”

“Bring it to my room half an hour from now. I'll accompany Ms. Layla to her room first.”

“All right.”

Francesca helped Layla to her room and began inspecting the latter's wounds. She discovered that Layla had been shot and was suffering from multiple external injuries. After receiving treatment, her wounds were beginning to recover, but they hadn't fully healed.

Francesca wanted to prescribe Layla medication as soon as she saw the injuries, but Layla stopped her. “Francesca, don't go off to work yet. Sit down and

have a chat with me.”

“Okay.” Francesca poured Layla a cup of water before asking, “Ms. Layla, what happened? Why would Mr. Lincoln be taken away by the people of Riz Corporation?”

“It's a long story.” Layla sighed lightly as she attempted to make the conversation as light-hearted as possible. “Whatever it is, we owe Danrique a huge favor this time!”

“If anyone is indebted to him, it's me.” Francesca comforted the woman. “He's doing all of this for me. You don't have to feel responsible for any of this.”

“Well, that's not wrong, but...” Layla furrowed her brows as her expression turned grim. “You might not be familiar with the business world, but you have to know this. Riz Corporation is immensely powerful.

Everyone would tread cautiously when it comes to them. Danrique's position in the business world has only just stabilized. At a time like this, he really should not have made Riz Corporation his rival. He must have known this, and yet for you, he still crossed Riz Corporation. His subordinate, Gordon, has been trying everything to make a deal with Riz Corporation to save Mr. Lincoln. I know how difficult that is...”

After a brief pause, she continued, “Money or shares might have worked for Federico, but Riz Corporation will not accept those as an exchange. Danrique truly is putting in a lot of effort to help us.”

When she said that, Layla let out a small sigh. “I shouldn't be telling you all this, Francesca. You dating him should be a simple process. You shouldn't have involved so many troubles in your relationship, causing so much strain on yourself and each other. I'm really worried that it'll affect you—”

“What are you talking about, Ms. Layla?” Francesca interrupted. “You and Mr. Lincoln are my families. Your problems are my problems too. What do you mean by affecting our relationship?”

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Chapter 2223



Layla shook her head in exasperation. “You're still too young. Do you not understand that it's best not to have anyone else involved when it comes to romantic relationships? A lot of married couples today live a happy life at first, but the moment the in-laws get involved and the husband has to sacrifice a lot,

problems start creeping in sooner or later.”

“That won't happen.” Francesca broke into a smile.

“Danrique is not so petty. Besides, all that he's doing now is well within his power.”

“You are still too naïve...” Layla smiled bitterly. “A lot of things might look like it's within his power, but it could potentially be life-threatening to him in the future. For example, let's say one day the properties of Lindberg Corporation are split, causing all the shareholders to gang up against Danrique. At that moment, five percent of the share will be the key to tip the scale.”

“So you're saying that the five percent of shares that he gave Federico might be his demise in the future?” Francesca gaped.

“Exactly.” Layla nodded solemnly. “Also, now that he's

trying to save Mr. Lincoln and has offended Riz Corporation, they might add fuel to the fire if he ever gets into trouble.”

Francesca was becoming increasingly unsettled by each word spoken by Layla. “So you're saying that all of these could have serious complications...”

“Too many complications.” The frown on Layla's forehead grew tighter. “Danrique must care for you a lot. Otherwise, he wouldn't get himself into so much trouble, considering the fact that he's well aware of the consequences. What he's doing now is no different from installing multiple ticking-time bombs that could go off at any second!”

“Now that you've told me all of this, I—”

Guilt overwhelmed Francesca like never before. She had never known that the things Danrique had done

for her would lead to so many discreet issues.

Consumed by worry, she quickly asked another question, “Ms. Layla, the chances of those complications happening are not high, right?”

“I can't say.” Layla shook her head slightly. “The stakes are like a predisposing factor to a disease. Can you tell, as a doctor, when the disease will present itself?”

That single question left Francesca without a retort.

“If the consequences blow up in his face, they will have a negative impact on your relationship.” Layla gave Francesca a kind warning. “Only when the lives of two people are going smoothly can they date in peace. If life is not going well and they spend most of their time worrying about staying afloat, how could they go on dates at all? Moreover, the two of you are

carrying so much on your shoulders. When trouble really comes, you'll have to take care of your own responsibilities. Love would have to be set aside by then.”

When Francesca heard that, she fell silent. She had been too naïve in the past to think that love was enough to maintain a relationship. She finally realized how much more complicated marriage would be.

“If it weren't for us and for the problems we're facing, things would have been so much simpler for you.” A hint of guilt pinched Layla's heart. “It would be easier for a person to leave a relationship if there's no feeling of guilt, but now, you're becoming more and more indebted to him.”

“That's fine,” Francesca replied immediately. “Even if I didn't owe him anything, I still won't leave his side if he gets into trouble. I will still face the problem with

him! It's just that, I've never imagined that he would bring so much trouble upon himself for my sake..."

Layla sighed heavily. "And that's why I've always taught you to mind your own business. You never seem to heed this advice."

"You're right..." Francesca mumbled as guilt and shame continued to weigh on her heart. "I owe Danrique too much this time for helping William."

"I'll still give the same advice. Stay far away from politicians and members of the royal families," Layla reminded once again. "Think about it carefully. Prince William has brought you nothing but trouble after trouble since the very beginning. Was Chrono not enough of a lesson for you? You have Danrique behind you right now, which was the sole reason you could escape danger again and again. If not for Danrique, you wouldn't even have made it out of

Danontand alive.”

“Yes, I know.” Francesca bobbed her head up and down. “I’ll remember the lesson. I promise not to do it again.”

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Chapter 2224

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After a pause, Francesca thought of something else. “But I was not the one who initiated the treatment plan for the president's daughter. The president and Danrique have a close relationship. I couldn't say no to that.”

“Things have already gotten this far. Let's take it one step at a time. We'll cross the bridge when we get to it.” Layla patted the back of Francesca's hand as she advised, “Remember, always, always, always, be careful when doing anything!”

“Mhm.” Francesca nodded fervently.

Just then, Norah led the maid into the room to bring them their dinner. Francesca and Layla ate together as they gave Anthony a video call.

Anthony was elated and relieved to find out that Layla had gone over to Francesca's, believing that it would bring guaranteed safety.

Anthony also asked about Lincoln. At the mention of Lincoln's name, the light behind Layla's eyes grew dim.

They were all worried about Lincoln, but the Lindberg family was already doing everything they could to help. They could not bring themselves to press the Lindberg family for more information.

After dinner, Francesca brought Layla to visit her office and also prescribed medication for the latter.

Seeing the office Danrique had constructed for Francesca and how respectfully the subordinates treated her, Layla was both touched and grateful to know that Francesca was well taken care of.

No matter what would happen in the future, at least Danrique truly loved Francesca in the present.

Francesca treated Layla's injuries and watched her finish the herbal concoction before going to give William his treatment. By the time she returned to her room to rest, it was already late at night.

After showering, she lay in her bed. Layla's words continued to occupy her mind, causing her to feel more and more guilty. She sent Danrique a text: When are you coming back?

There was no reply from Danrique.

Thinking that he was busy, Francesca did not continue to press on the matter.

Ever since Monica had given her the advice the other time, she was beginning to learn to trust him. After the conversation with Layla, she was a lot more mature as well.

When Danrique comes back, I'll have a talk with him so that we can start planning. If anything were to happen in the future, I'll face it with him.

As the thoughts raced inside her head, Francesca drifted into a deep sleep.

Francesca was unaware of how long she had slept. All of a sudden, security alarms started blaring from outside the room, jolting her awake. She immediately got to her feet and went outside. “What happened? What's going on?”

“Nothing, Ms. Felch. Someone accidentally activated the alarms,” explained Sloan. “Continue resting. Don't worry about it.”

Francesca turned to look outside. All of the infrared automated lights were lit up. She recalled Gordon mentioning that the security systems of the castle were top-notch. The police would automatically be notified if the alarms went off.

But, why would all the alarms be activated when

nothing has happened? This has never happened before...

“Francesca!” Just then, Layla ran out of the guest room. “Come here!”

Francesca hurried over without hesitation. Layla pulled Francesca to a side and lowered her voice into a whisper. “Quick! Call Danrique!”

“Huh?” Francesca was taken aback slightly. “Are you implying that he's in trouble?”

“Call him first,” Layla urged.

Francesca immediately went back into her room and got her phone to call Danrique. To her dismay, the call could not go through.

She immediately dialed Sean's number, but there was

no response either.

Francesca's expression changed drastically. Just as she was about to look for Gordon, Layla pulled her into the room. "Don't panic yet. The bodyguard told you that only the alarms have been activated, right?"

"Right." Francesca nodded. "But we've lost contact with Danrique right now—"

"Looks like I've guessed correctly." Layla's expression was serious. "Danrique must have a device with him that's connected to the alarm system in the house. Once he's in trouble, he can alert everybody by activating the systems, allowing all of his subordinates to gather and prepare for rescue!"

"What could have happened to him? He's still in M Nation, and there's no way for us to contact him..." Francesca was getting restless. "I'll go ask Gordon."

“It's no use asking him. He won't tell you. Besides, they should be commencing the rescue mission right now. You should not get in their way.”

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Layla urged, “Listen to me. You have to remain calm and wait for the search team to try and rescue him first. If they are unable to do so or cannot find him, we'll think of another plan!”

“All right...”

Francesca walked to the windows and peered down. As expected, Gordon had gathered all the bodyguards and was currently delegating duties to them.

She longed to go down and inquire about the situation. At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

“Please come in,” Layla called out.

Sloan pushed open the door and walked in. He bowed to Layla before addressing Francesca. “Ms. Felch, we require manpower to deal with Mr. Lindberg's situation. Gordon is going to rush over with some men while I remain here to protect you. You don't have to worry. Gordon is merely going over to help settle some matters. Please rest well, Ms. Felch and Ms. Layla.”

“Okay, we got it.” Layla smiled and nodded. “Thank you. Please go ahead and do what you need to.”

Sloan bowed and left.

“Ms. Layla...” Francesca was very anxious and worried, so Layla comforted her. “If there's nothing wrong with him, you would have worried for nothing. If there's something wrong, you have to be strong and protect the Lindberg family. You can't panic and lose your cool.”

“You're right.” Francesca nodded her head.

“Listen to me. Go and rest. You still have a lot of things to do tomorrow,” Layla said.

“Yes, I got it.”

Francesca returned to the room in an absent-minded

daze. She tried to call Danrique and Sean again, but no one picked up.

Something bad must have happened.

Danrique had brought twelve subordinates along with him this time. Including Sean, that number was thirteen. They would have been able to resolve the problem if it was not serious.

Danrique and his men were in M Nation, but they alerted the emergency alarm system at home, which meant that the situation was very serious. Hence, Francesa was afraid that Danrique was in deep trouble.

The more she thought about it, the more unsettled and anxious she got. After thinking about it, she decided to call Gordon.

However, the line was busy, and she could not reach him.

An hour later, Gordon called her. “Ms. Felch!”

“Gordon! Has something happened to Danrique? What's going on now?” Francesca asked hurriedly.

“Well...” Gordon hesitated for a moment before asking, “Ms. Felch, do you want to hear the truth?”

“Hurry up and tell me,” Francesca urged.

“We've lost contact with Mr. Lindberg, Sean, and the twelve men he brought there. Even Ms. Atkinson and her subordinates remain uncontactable.” Gordon lowered his voice and continued speaking grimly.

“The emergency alarm has been activated at home, so it indicates that the situation is very dire. Mr. Lindberg's smartwatch is linked to the alarm system in

the Lindberg residence. Since the watch measures his heartbeat, the alarms in the Lindberg residence will automatically go off if his heart stops beating.”

“If his heart stops beating?” Francesca almost jumped up in fear. “It can't be... Don't scare me!”

“We are praying for the best. Perhaps there are other circumstances...” Gordon's tone was somber. “Ms. Felch, I've already gotten some men to rush to M Nation. We are on the private jet that is about to take off. I have to go. I've left Sloan and the rest at home to take care of you. Please be careful when you are out and about.”

“I'll go with you!” Francesca was panicking. “Or... You can set off first and send the address to me. I'll reach soon!”

“It's best if you don't. This matter is very complicated.

Even if you go, you can't do anything to help either. Furthermore, there are some injured people here who need your help. Please be at ease and wait for my update, Ms. Felch. The plane is going to take off soon. I'll hang up now.”

With that, Gordon hung up.

Francesca's heart palpitated crazily in her chest. However, she reminded herself to stay calm. As Layla said, once news of Danrique's situation spread, there would be internal chaos.

She had to remain calm and steadfast.

Steadfast...

Francesca was lost in her thoughts when, all of a sudden, her phone started ringing. It was William. “Hello?” she said into the phone.

“Francesca, are you free? Let's meet.”

“Now?”

“Yes.”

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Chapter 2226

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Francesca arrived at William's place fifteen minutes later.

The condition of William's injuries had improved tremendously after the recent bout of treatment. He

was able to sit up now, and color had returned to his cheeks.

“William, why did you call me over?”

Francesca had thought that William was feeling unwell and brought her medical kit along. However, he did not appear unwell.

“I heard the alarm and roughly guessed what was going on.” William anxiously leaned forward. “What's the situation like now? Have you lost contact with him, or have you ascertained that something bad has happened to him?”

“We have lost contact with him.” Francesca realized that William was extremely intelligent. Most of the time, she did not even need to say anything, yet he could already tell what was going on at a glance.

“Well, that's not as serious as the other scenario.”

William relaxed slightly before asking, “Has Gordon rushed over with his men?”

“Yes.” Francesca nodded. “I wanted to go with them, but they did not allow me to.”

“It's best if you stay behind at a time like this.” William kept his cool. “Frannie, listen to me. Something big might happen tomorrow. Many people will probably go to the Lindberg residence and inquire about the situation. You have to remain composed...”

“Is that so? What kind of people will come?”

Francesca asked anxiously.

“Donald, people from the three great families, and even the first lady,” William listed them out one by one. “No matter what they ask you, you should just say that you are not clear on the details, but you

believe that L should be fine. If they mention the company, tell them that you'll wait for L to come back before making any decisions. Apart from you, no one else can make decisions on his behalf now, or he will find out who's responsible for it when he returns and hold them accountable. If they say that there's something urgent that needs immediate decisions, you'll make the decisions. Don't let anybody else take control. If they are not willing to listen, we'll get the president to come over to support you. You have to remember that you are L's fiancée. He has announced this fact to the public. No matter what others say, you are the only one who can make important decisions concerning the Lindberg family and company now.”

William did not hold back as he taught Francesca what to do in great detail. He reminded her again, “At times like this, you have to remain steadfast and imposing. You don't have to be too reasonable. If

someone says that you are not married to L yet and therefore cannot make the decisions, you should ask him if he wants to overstep your authority. No matter what, you have to make them listen to you, even if you have to be unreasonable. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Francesca nodded. “However, will such things really happen?”

“Yes, they will.” William chuckled coldly. “I've seen this happen for myself. There have been many instances when something happens to a large organization, and many people come over to try and usurp the position of authority. Thankfully, L revealed you to the public before this happened, and you've been staying here all along. The Lindberg family's subordinates recognize you as their only master apart from Danrique. If this was not the case, the Lindberg family would have descended into chaos the moment something bad happened to him.”

“I understand.” Francesca nodded again. “I will help him to protect this family and Lindberg Corporation.”

“If there are any unforeseen circumstances, you can contact me anytime. Although I don't have many abilities, I have seen and experienced power play often enough to know how to deal with it!” William stated.

“I got it,” Francesca said with a nod.

“Also, when the first lady asks you to treat Ms. Avery tomorrow, you should not go. Tell her that there are many things you have to deal with at the moment and you can't leave. Besides, Ms. Avery's condition is stable enough now that a professional doctor should be able to deal with her.”

“I intended to do so too.”

With what was happening now, Francesca had no energy to deal with that matter. It was not a life-threatening situation, and other doctors could take over Avery's treatment easily enough.

“Don't worry. He'll be fine,” William comforted her gently. “Go back and have a good rest. You'll have to handle many things tomorrow.”

“Yes.” Francesca nodded. “Thank you, William.”

Just as she was about to leave, William called out to her. “You don't have to come and treat me tomorrow. My condition is also stable. You should prioritize dealing with the Lindberg family matters for the next three days.”

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“Okay. I understand.”

Francesca nodded and left hurriedly.

William gazed at her retreating figure and only tore his eyes away after a long time.

Monica saw Francesca out and immediately noticed the complicated look in William's eyes upon her return. She couldn't help but ask, “Your Highness, do you think that something has happened to Mr. Lindberg?”

William frowned deeply as he replied, "It's hard to say. He's very arrogant and thinks that no one can do any harm to him, which was why he only brought a few people with him to M Nation. To be honest, the situation there is extremely disadvantageous to him. Frank and Pastor are working together, and the Nacht family just entered the picture. Any one of them is a formidable enemy on their own. By only bringing about a dozen of his subordinates to fight against them, he's practically entering a lion's den! It's too dangerous!"

"It's probably because he hasn't faced many obstacles before." Monica sighed before continuing, "What if something happens to him? What will Ms. Felch do? W-What will we do?"

Although Monica was not familiar with tactical strategies, she knew that Danrique was someone who could protect them.

If something happened to him, Francesca and William would be finished.

William sighed. "Sometimes, life is just a gamble. I knew there were risks when I betted on L back then. However, I believe in my judgment. He won't collapse just like this. This is just the beginning!"

"So, is there anything we can do now?" Monica asked.

"Two things. One, continue investigating the first lady's secret. Two, protect Francesca and help her to stabilize the Lindberg family," William ordered.

Monica nodded in response. "Understood. I just asked Dominic for an update today. He's still looking into it, but there have been a few leads."

“It shouldn't be difficult to find out who Avery's ex-husband is. However, her lover may pose some problems unless he's just an ordinary person. Tomorrow, you will go to where Francesca is and protect her. Notify me immediately if anything happens,” William surmised.

“No problem, but Ms. Layla is here as well. I get the feeling that she isn't really fond of us and always has her guard up around us,” Monica said.

William chuckled bitterly. “That's to be expected. I've brought nothing but trouble to Francesca ever since I met her. I've also repeatedly used her, so it's normal for the people around her to be wary of me. Just ignore it. You must treat Ms. Layla with respect and decorum. She knows we are there to help, so she won't make things difficult for you.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Everyone had told Francesca to get some rest, but she was completely unable to fall asleep.

As soon as she closed her eyes, scenes of Danrique being in trouble would flood her mind, and her heart would start aching terribly.

She wanted to fly to M Nation to be by his side so much.

Running around looking for him was a lot better than staying at home.

Although everyone told her she needed to stay and protect the family, Francesca knew that this was not her forte.

She would rather be like Gordon, fighting to the death on the frontlines with the enemy to save Danrique.

That was what she was like.

Her imagination ran wild, and before she knew it, dawn had already broken.

Francesca was awake the entire night, staring at the phone and hoping to get some good news. However, the good news never came...

She got out of bed, washed up, and changed out of her pajamas. Layla was already having breakfast in the dining room while idly chatting with Norah.

The atmosphere in the house had been tense and gloomy, but Layla's witty humor managed to tickle Norah and a few other maids.

Even Francesca couldn't help but smile at that. She felt a lot calmer with Layla by her side.

She went downstairs and was about to dig into her breakfast when a subordinate came rushing in. “Ms. Felch, Mr. Donald is here!”

“Let him in.” As she spoke, Monica entered through the side entrance with a bunch of freshly-made desserts in her hand. “Ms. Felch, I'm here on His Highness' orders to help you.”

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Chapter 2228

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“Mm. Come over here and have breakfast,”
Francesca said to Monica.

Monica greeted Layla respectfully and took a seat next to Francesca.

Layla noticed that Monica was wearing an earpiece.

“Don't lie to me. The security system in the house was going crazy, yet you're telling me nothing is wrong? I don't believe you!” Donald burst into the dining room, clearly frustrated. “Um, Ms. Cece, you know about Danrique's situation, right? Quick! Tell us how he is doing now.”

“Have you eaten breakfast yet, Uncle Donald? If you haven't, please join us,” Francesca said nonchalantly.

Donald's face and neck were red from how agitated he was. “I'm not in the mood for breakfast at a time like this! Are you even aware of how dire the situation is?”

“Sir.” Layla interrupted him and growled in irritation, “It's still early in the morning, and the first thing you did once you came in here was to yell at Francesca. Where are your manners?”

“And who are you?” Donald glared at her angrily.

“This is Ms. Layla,” Norah answered in a small voice.

Donald yelled furiously, “You're not even married yet, but you're already bringing your people to stay with you in this house! Do you take this place to be a refugee camp?”

“You...”

“Someone get him out of here,” Francesca instantly called out.

“Uh...” Sloan hesitated for a moment, then

immediately replied, “Understood!”

With that, he gestured to his subordinates, and they promptly dragged Donald out of the house.

“What are you doing?”

Donald didn't expect Francesca to be that bold. Even Danrique had never treated him this way. “How dare you do this to me? Have all of you lost your minds? This is the Lindbergs' property, not the Felches'!” he hollered lividly.

Unfortunately for him, his cries fell on deaf ears. Without Danrique around, everyone present was loyal to only Francesca.

After getting thrown out, Donald tried to rush in again but was stopped by the bodyguards.

Flying into a rage, he began screaming about telling Danrique about this. He went on a rant about how Francesca was asserting authority she didn't have and behaving as the lady of the house even though she wasn't married yet.

As soon as Sloan saw the frown on Francesca's face, he knew that she was annoyed. Hence, he went outside and did everything he could to chase Donald away.

“Don't mind them, Ms. Layla.” Francesca poured Layla a cup of milk.

“Who was he? He's so arrogant,” Layla asked.

“He is Danrique's uncle. He's the only relative left in the Lindberg family, and he's quite annoying,” Francesca answered casually.

Layla nearly spat a mouthful of milk out. “He's a relative of the Lindberg family? And you chased him out just like that?”

“My sentiments exactly, Ms. Felch.” Monica was on the verge of tears. “His Highness spent a long time talking to you yesterday in hopes that you would fight people with words and win them over with kindness. If they bully you, you could always use another method then—”

Francesca interrupted, “He was being difficult. I don't have the patience to reason with him. It'd just be a waste of my energy.”

“Um...” Monica couldn't refute that. I get it now. Everything His Highness said to her yesterday was all for naught.

Francesca simply did not possess the patience to

reason with others because she was accustomed to using violent methods. If they did not listen to her, she would have them thrown out.

Layla, on the other hand, remained silent. She knew that Francesca's methods were not ideal, but she was very aware that Francesca would not change her personality.

Who cares what method she uses? All that matters is that it gets the job done.

“Ms. Felch, what if more of them come...”

Monica wanted to talk some sense into Francesca, but at that moment, Kevin and Gerard arrived. They must have run into Donald on the way in because they were behaving properly and not making a fuss.

“Ms. Felch, I heard something happened to Mr.

Lindberg. Do you have any news about him?” Kevin asked politely.

Francesca replied evasively, “We're still not sure. Gordon took some people with him to look for Danrique last night. He'll inform me once he has any leads.”

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[MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL](#)

Chapter 2229

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“This means something must have happened.”

The colors drained from Kevin's face as he exchanged a glance with Gerard, asking again,

“What's the situation now? Is Mr. Lindberg hurt, or did something happen to him?”

“I don't know,” Francesca said, shaking her head.

“Could you reach him?” Gerard asked immediately.

“I couldn't.” Francesca shook her head again.

“But you at least know if he's dead or not, right?”

Kevin was on tenterhooks.

“I have no idea.” Francesca was putting on the perfect definition of obliviousness.

“You...” Hearing the answer, Kevin was so angry his face flushed red.

The frown on Gerard's face showed he was equally displeased when he demanded, “Do you even know

anything? Even if you can't contact Danrique, you should at least be able to get in touch with his subordinates. Don't tell me you can't even do that!”

“They will inform me if there is any news,” Francesca replied calmly. “Have both of you taken breakfast? Would you like to eat together?”

Infuriated, Gerard and Kevin stormed out, but Francesca suddenly remembered something and called out after them, “Hold on, Mr. Atkinson.”

Gerard stopped and turned to look at her.

“Did Ms. Atkinson reach out to you?” she asked directly.

“She didn't,” Gerard replied with a frown. “She's with Danrique. We lost touch with both of them.”

“I see. Could you let me know if she contacts you? Thanks,” Francesca requested.

Gerard glanced at her coldly and left.

Behind him, Francesca heaved a sigh of relief, saying to herself, “I thought those two would be tough to deal with, but it turned out easier than I thought.”

“Well, the trouble hasn't even begun,” Layla commented as if she had seen through everything. “They came here just to pump you for information today. They don't dare to do anything now because they don't know what happened to Danrique, but they might start getting pushy if we still have no news about Danrique after a few more days.”

“You're right. That's what His Highness said, too,” Monica agreed, nodding. “Ms. Felch, you should rest well while you can. You'll need to deal with much

more in the next few days.”

Francesca was not in the headspace to consider anything they said, for all she could think of doing was flying to M Nation as soon as possible to look for Danrique.

The following three days elapsed uneventfully with no visitors bothering her, and Francesca stayed at the quiet house, waiting in agony.

She phoned Danrique every day, but all her calls went unanswered. The only exception was the one she made to Gordon, who called her back and told her she had nothing to worry about since he was looking for Danrique with his men.

Francesca could neither sleep nor eat peacefully due to her worry and helplessness as the day passed one after another till the fifth day.

On that day, Kevin, Gerard, Donald, and the rest came to the house again, bringing with them a few senior shareholders and members of the upper management from Lindberg Corporation.

When they arrived at the Lindberg residence, the lot made a grand entrance before grilling Francesca for information about Danrique's whereabouts.

If one were to consider Kevin and Gerard polite toward Francesca during their last visit, they would be aggressive during the second, for they interrogated her right away to get information on Danrique.

When Francesca replied that she had no news about him, they ordered Norah to bring Danrique's seal from the study immediately with the excuse of needing it for urgent matters at the company.

Frightened, the housekeeper stared at Francesca, not knowing what to do.

“Who gave you all the right to snatch the seal here in our house?” Francesca fumed. “Do you think you all have free rein to do anything you like in Danrique's absence?”

“We're not snatching it. The company needs it. Don't tell me the company has to stop all operations just because Danrique is not around,” Kevin retaliated confidently.

“Exactly. You're just a woman. What do you know? Just get out of our way,” Gerard scoffed.

With that said, he instructed Norah again, “Go to Danrique's study and bring us the seal, or we will go up ourselves.”

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[MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL](#)

Chapter 2230



“He's right. We will go up ourselves if you keep dragging this out,” Kevin threatened.

“Please don't do this...” Norah pleaded, shaking in fear.

“Don't you guys dare touch anything in this house as long as I'm here!” Francesca exclaimed, stepping in front of Norah.

“You're ridiculous! You know nothing about how

business works, and neither do you know the consequences of your behavior. I don't have time for people like you. Stop us again, and you'll get hurt," Kevin warned.

"I'd like to see you try."

With an order from Francesca, Sloan rushed in with his bodyguards.

Kevin and Gerard were not afraid of Sloan and his men at all as they roared, "Get this straight: this is the Lindbergs' property, not the Felches'! This is absurd!"

"Mr. Yarrow, Mr. Atkinson, and Mr. Lindberg ordered us to protect Ms. Felch before he left. He also told us that she is the lady of the house, and we should listen to her, so we won't back down if any of you challenge Ms. Felch."

Sloan's words carried weight in that situation, enraging Kevin, whose face turned red with anger.

“You!”

On the other hand, Gerard bent over and whispered in Kevin's ear, “Don't get on their nerves now. They might not have that many people here, but everyone is specially trained. That useless bunch of people we brought is not their match.”

Hearing that, Kevin decided to try another way of persuasion. “Since you won't allow us to take the seal, will you take responsibility for the company's losses?”

“He's right. What will you do with all the urgent projects? We are all Lindberg Corporation's shareholders, so we can't just sit and watch the company go bankrupt,” Gerard added.

“Who are you guys trying to bluff? Lindberg Corporation is not a small company that can go bankrupt within days. Other operations can continue while we wait for Danrique to come back before resuming the urgent ones!”

“Pfft!” Gerard scowled furiously. “You make it sound like it's easy. Do you even know how to run a business? You have no idea how much loss we will incur if we postpone these projects. Danrique might not be around, but we can still manage the company in his stead, so just get us the seal and stop getting in the way of our work.”

“Yeah. Give us the seal!”

“Give it to us!”

The whole group started shouting vehemently, making all the maids at home panic.

Despite not being business-savvy, Layla knew enough to understand that they should, by no means, hand the seal to these people, so she kept shooting looks at Francesca, whose brows were stitched in a frown. Annoyance was written all over the younger woman's face.

Meanwhile, Monica was squeezing through the crowd, trying to hand Francesca the phone since William wanted to talk to Francesca after Monica had told him about the latest development of the situation.

“Stap yammering and get out!” Francesca bellowed in vexation, wanting to chase all the people out.

Everyone froze for a moment but soon flew into a fit of rage as they lambasted her.

“Who do you think you are to shout orders at us?

You're the one who should get out!”

“Yeah! You're just a woman Danrique played with. You two are not even married, so you have no right to decide on anything!”

“Exactly! Let's get her out of the way!”

“Kick her out!”

In an instant, everyone started swarming over to force Francesca out of the house, but they could not go near her because Sloan and his men were blocking them off.

Still, the angry crowd continued clamoring in the living room, causing a distressing scene.

Just when Francesca was about to let fly her fury, the sound of cars came from outside, and a shout

followed, “The first lady is here!”

Kevin, Gerard, and the others quieted immediately and turned, only to see the first lady coming from the outside with her men.

Taking in the situation, the first lady frowned and reprimanded, “Kevin Yarrow and Gerard Atkinson! What are you two doing? Danrique has only been away for a few days, but you're already causing a stir at his house and bullying Francesca!”

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