

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1953

Even from afar, Francesca could feel that his patience was running thin, and he was close to exploding with anger.

For some reason, she felt an urge to go over to his side and help him.

At that very moment, Danrique seemed to have sensed something and turned to look in Francesca's direction.

The woman turned away reflexively to avoid meeting his eyes.

“Let's go!”

Layla dragged her toward the parking lot.

Along the way, Francesca could feel that something was off. A short distance away, an array of soldiers were dispatched to block every single exit and entrance surreptitiously.

There were also some bodyguards who were dressed in plain outfits entering the castle and approaching the conference room that Danrique was in.

“Wait. What is going on?” Francesca stopped in her tracks and asked anxiously, “Is Mr. Adams trying to threaten Danrique?”

“Probably. Judging by the current situation, I'm afraid Danrique won't be able to leave this place if he doesn't agree to Mr. Adams' conditions. We have to leave right away to avoid getting into trouble,” Layla answered in a hushed voice.

“But...”

Knowing what Francesca was thinking, Layla dismissed her idea. “Francesca, listen to me. You're not a savior. You're too powerless to change anything.”

Francesca lowered her eyes and knew what Layla said made sense. She's right. We're not in the jungle. I can't do anything...

Layla patted Francesca's shoulder. “He'll be fine. Profit is always the aim of power struggles. All the resources of Lindberg Corporation are now under Danrique's control. No one would dare to touch him. I suppose they're just threatening him to sign some kind of contract.”

“But Danrique's temper won't allow him to give in. He'll confront Mr. Adams and fight with him head-on. The battle is unavoidable.” Francesca seemed to have predicted what would happen afterward.

Layla reminded in a serious manner, “So what if he does? It's none of your business. If you stay, you would have to face such incidents at any time in the future. You would have to live a terrifying life where you're always on tenterhooks. Would you be able to accept that?”

Once again, Francesca fell silent.

“That's enough. Stop thinking about it. Let's go.”

Layla dragged Francesca away, and the two of them went to the parking lot. At that moment, a group of people was surrounding the wealthy woman who had an asthma attack.

One of the noblemen questioned in irritation, “Where's the doctor? How can the doctor not be around when something as serious as this had happened?”

“We have no idea either. He went in with us just now, but he was gone when we came back out.”

“This is outrageous! How is the hospital still operating?”

“Um...”

“Excuse me! Please make way! The doctor is here.” Layla immediately squeezed into the crowd with Francesca in tow.

Right away, the aristocrats made way for them to pass.

Francesca performed emergency treatment on the woman without delay while the medical staff watched in total befuddlement. This isn't our doctor.

However, they knew they were at the presidential palace, and everyone around held prominent status. Even a mere subordinate might have an important identity.

Assuming that Francesca was the family doctor of some wealthy family, they didn't stop her from doing her job.

The woman's condition stabilized soon after Francesca treated her. At this point, everyone around acknowledged her skills and stopped doubting her.

“The patient has consumed something she's allergic to and thus triggered an asthma attack. Her condition is only temporarily stable, and she needs to be sent to the hospital right now! Hurry and carry her onto the ambulance,” urged Francesca.

“Okay.” The medical staff lifted the stretcher and moved the woman onto the ambulance while Francesca and Layla took the opportunity and followed suit.

The ambulance slowly departed, and Francesca looked out the window with complicated emotions surging within her.

Am I really leaving? That's what I've always dreamed of, but now that I really am leaving, I feel reluctant. I can't stop thinking of Danrique.