

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1974

Just when Francesca was in deep thought while relaxing in her recliner, her phone vibrated once more. It was Layla trying to reach her. In a haste, she answered the call. "Ms. Layla!"

"Are you back in H City already, Francesca?" When Layla was speaking, Anthony's voice could also be heard rather faintly on the other end of the line. "Let me talk to her. Give me the phone—"

Layla bellowed right away, "Zip it."

"Yes, I just reached," replied Francesca with a grin. "I'm at the beach. It's so beautiful here..."

"Have you contacted your master? When's your surgery?"

As always, Layla cut straight to the subject.

"Gordon will sort that out for me. I told him the clues, so I suppose he'd find out soon enough."

"Soon enough? He ought to get it done at once." Anxious, Layla added, "I've got wind that you-know-who was released from prison already."

"What?" Francesca's visage did a one-eighty at the news. "Wasn't he sentenced to life imprisonment? How did he get out so suddenly?"

"Only God knows how... His organization is still in power, after all," said Layla in a deep voice. "That person's a highly dangerous lunatic. He'll definitely seek you out to have his revenge. You'd better keep your guard up!"

Francesca was stumped for words upon hearing that.

“Hey, Francesca! Are you listening to me?” questioned Layla ever so nervously.

“The Lindberg family has your back for now, so I'm not that worried. This is a critical juncture, so you make sure to dismiss any thought of escaping again. Don't fret. Continue your daily activities under their protection. When Dr. Felch arrives, you can then undergo the treatment. Your recuperation comes first. Everything else can wait, you hear?”

“Yes, I understand.” Francesca heaved a sigh. “Even so, I'm the one responsible for that kid's life...”

“Don't think of it that way. It was an accident,” consoled Layla hurriedly.

“Every human in this world makes mistakes. Doctors are humans, too. Wait, no... Technically, it wasn't your mistake anyway. You told him before that the surgery's rate of success was eighty percent. That means there's still a twenty percent probability of failure. You're not at fault just because the surgery failed. Not even the best surgeons could guarantee a hundred percent survival rate.”

Francesca covered her forehead. A stinging pang of sadness overwhelmed her heart.

“If only she hadn't handed me the candy, she wouldn't have been shot. It was all my fault that she got hurt in the first place. I've given her my word to cure her wound, yet I failed in the end. All I could do was watch her breathe her last in front of me. I... That child's so young and adorable. Her smile's so sweet and innocent. I'm the reason she lost her life...”

Panic-stricken, Layla quickly explained, “You really should stop thinking like this. It was all purely an accident. If you weren't injured in the first place, hardly anyone in this world could lay a hand on you. That said, if you ever pitied that lunatic, you yourself would be in great danger...”

“But... He's gotten into that state due to his daughter's death.” Francesca let out a long sigh before continuing, “Maybe... Maybe I should lend him a hand!”

Flying off the handle, Layla fumed, "Are you nuts? You need to come to your senses! He's always been a killer, and he's been the target of vengeance all along. If you weren't there that day, Candice would still end up getting hurt one way or another. For you to have bumped into her and helped her was simply coincidental. In return, she gifted you candy but then got shot in the process."

She paused for a bit before adding, "I understand your guilt and your yearning to save her life. Failing the surgery was also an accident, and it has nothing to do with you. That guy turned himself crazy because of Candice's passing and went on to claim thirteen lives at the hospital. You would've been gone with the wind as well had you not been fast enough to escape."

"Stop... Just stop talking..."

"I insist to!" Layla wanted Francesca to face the hard truth. "That kid's really innocent, I know. I, too, feel so sorry for her. But, no matter what, it wasn't your fault, so don't even think about being a saint!"