

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2030

By then, the assassin had lost all patience. She sneered and said, "Fine, I'll settle it now."

With that, she pulled Monica over and pressed a gun against her body.

Surprisingly, Monica seemed fearless. As a matter of fact, she even screeched, "What is this? Is that a gun? Help! Help me! Someone's trying to kill me!"

Everyone around them was astounded.

Enraged, the assassin cocked her gun to kill Monica, but Monica counterattacked with a high kick.

The assassin stumbled back from the kick, and she gasped. "You're in this line of work too!"

"You're smart!" Monica cried out as she swung a fist at her. Simultaneously, she said to Francesca, "Leave now!"

"Thank you!" Francesca uttered before wheeling Lacy toward the elevator.

"Stop right there!"

The assassin tried to shoot Francesca, but Monica forced the assassin to confront her instead.

However, as Francesca had injured the assassin's hand with the scalpel earlier, and Monica had kicked her as well, her hand was too weak to fire an accurate shot.

In the meantime, Francesca tried to push Lacy into the elevator, but the people from the earlier crowd were running everywhere like headless chickens. They had filled up the elevator, and Francesca could not enter with the bed at all.

All she could do was anxiously try to get to the other elevators.

Meanwhile, Monica was still fighting against the assassin. Although she seemed like a skilled combatant, the assassin had a gun. Not long after, she was shot in the shoulder.

“Monica!”

Francesca wanted to run over to help Monica, but she could not leave Lacy alone.

Once the assassin shot Monica and forced her to move back, she trained her gun on Francesca. “Die, b*tch!”

With that said, she pulled the trigger.

Right as the bullet was slicing through the air toward Francesca, someone lunged over to shield her.

“Argh!” came Anthony's cry of agony.

Francesca snapped back to her senses and yelled, “Anthony!”

While the assassin was registering the sudden turn of events, Monica pounced toward her to fight her again.

The four bodyguards that Anthony had brought with him jumped into action. One went to help Anthony, another to guard Francesca, and the remaining two left to deal with the assassin.

At that moment, police sirens sounded outside. The police had arrived.

The assassin was forced to go up against three people, and she could not lay a finger on Francesca at all. Thus, she had no choice but to flee through the back door.

Francesca hurried over to Anthony anxiously. It was then she realized he was only hurt in his arm—it was not a fatal wound.

Nevertheless, it was Anthony's first time getting shot. His face was pale, and he kept yelping in pain.

Francesca instantly asked some people to help him and Monica to a doctor while she escorted Lacy back with two bodyguards.

Soon, Layla arrived with her men. When she found out that Francesca and Layla were fine—that only Anthony was hurt—she heaved a sigh of relief.

In the end, the case closed with the deaths of four nurses and police intervention. The hospital also no longer allowed Francesca to treat Lacy there anymore.

Therefore, Francesca had no choice but to take Lacy, Anthony, and Monica home.

To be honest, Francesca had a clinic at home; it was just that she did not have a better range of medical equipment and medicine than at the hospital.

Thus, Layla sent her men to purchase more medical equipment and medicine while Francesca prepared to operate on Lacy the next day.

That night, Francesca took out the bullets for Monica and Anthony before treating their wounds.

“Thank you!” It seemed like Monica was used to it, for she never made a sound the entire time even though she had been shot in the shoulder. On the other hand, Anthony kept yelling.

"I should leave now." Monica stood up.

"Who sent you here?" Francesca asked without beating around the bush.

"Francesca, what are you talking about? I'm just a pregnant lady who happened to meet you," Monica said with a smile.

"You're not pregnant," Francesca interrupted. "I took your pulse when I gave you the money on the plane. I've known since then."

"But you still... pretended to fall for it?" Monica whispered in shock.

"I thought you were someone Danrique sent to protect me from the shadows, so I went along with it. But now that I think about it, you clearly aren't," Francesca deduced confidently. "His subordinates are the same as him—straightforward. They'd never beat around the bush like what you're doing now."