

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2036

“How much would it take to set up a foundation?” Francesca asked bluntly.

She had never been good with the concept of money, and account keeping always gave her massive headaches. Because of that, she'd never beat around the bush when discussing finance-related matters.

“Um, about that...” Anthony mumbled before handing the calculator to her.

Francesca stared at the string of numbers and began counting the number of digits. Oh, my goodness, there are at least ten digits. Argh! My head hurts just from looking at it.

“Okay, that's enough. I'm getting cross-eyed from all the numbers,” she grumbled. “How much more do we need?”

“A lot,” Lincoln replied. “The truth is, our current financial strength is far from enough to start our own foundation. I've also been looking around to see if we can find a more suitable and reliable foundation.”

“Indeed. There's no need to pile so much pressure on ourselves. It'd be easier to find another foundation,” Layla uttered. “Besides, we don't have to rush this. The money we recovered is enough to tide us over for a while.”

“How long would that be, though?” Francesca asked anxiously.

Since she didn't have an answer to that, Layla quickly turned to Anthony.

“Twenty-five days,” the latter replied as he showed them the bill.

“Sell my jewelry. I heard it's worth a hundred million,” Francesca said nonchalantly. “Once I've completed Lacy's operation, I'll begin treatment on William's legs. I think I'll be able to earn quite a bit from him.”

Upon hearing that, Layla furrowed her brows. "But didn't you say that Prince William's condition is very tricky? Furthermore, his safety will affect the power struggle within Danontand's royal family. It's best not to get yourself involved in that."

"That's right," Lincoln chimed in. "Dragging politics into this will only complicate things further. Turn it down if you can. We don't need the prince's money."

When Francesca heard that, she suddenly recalled how her master had also avoided treating William. Understanding dawned on her.

He, too, had told her before not to save any political figures or to get involved in their matters.

At the time, she couldn't quite understand why. To her, they were all humans, so why shouldn't she save them?

Alas, her master didn't explain further and only told her to do as he said.

Francesca hadn't dwelled on it then, but now that she had given it some thought, she finally understood her master's well-intentioned advice.

"Think back on how you got into trouble on that yacht in M Nation," Anthony sternly reminded. "That group of people wanted to kill you so you wouldn't have a chance to treat Prince William. They knew that as long as the prince remained uncured, he wouldn't be able to fight for the throne."

"Oh, you've finally wised up," Layla teased as she pulled Anthony's ear, only to have the latter respond with a goofy grin.

After pondering for a while, Francesca finally spoke up. "I understand the concerns, but William's my friend. I met him earlier, and it was clear that his condition has worsened. It has gotten to the point where his lumbar region and spine are affected too. Not only do those in the royal family want him out

of the race for the throne, but they also want him dead! If I stood by and did nothing in his hour of need, I'd be going against my principles and a doctor's oath!"

As soon as they heard that, Lincoln and Layla exchanged silent glances. They, too, used to be young and impulsive and would always go to the ends of the world for their friends.

Their reckless actions ended up costing them a lot, but despite that, they never regretted a single thing.

After all, that was the power of youth!

Besides, Francesca was only twenty-one years old. She needed to experience life for herself, be it good or bad, and feel the array of emotions that lay in store for her.

They could pave the way for her and steer her away from making wrong turns, but they couldn't pull her along right to the end. If they did, life would be meaningless!

Seeing as how neither Lincoln nor Layla said a word, Anthony knew better than to raise his objections. "All right. Go ahead and do whatever you want. If anything happens, we'll shoulder the responsibility with you."

In a rare turn of events, Layla turned to him and praised, "Well done, kid. You sure are quick-witted today."

"Yes, and you even stole my line," Lincoln added as he tousled Anthony's hair affectionately.

"Thank you," Francesca replied, feeling all warm and fuzzy inside.

She had a family protecting her and navigating her through life's challenges, so what was there to be afraid of?

Thanks to them, she had the courage to be herself!