

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2037

Not long after, Lincoln brought up yet another question. "By the way, Francesca, do you remember what Layla said about developing poison and hidden weapons for self-defense? Since we're still healthy and agile, we can help you with it. Otherwise, you won't be able to protect yourself if you run into any dangers again."

In the past, Francesca had always stuck to her master's teachings of not making poison, but with how things were going, she knew it was time for a change.

I was told not to leave the mountain or learn modern medicine, yet I did them anyway. I've also already gone against my master's advice by treating a royal family member, so what difference would it make if I violated another one of his rules?

Having made up her mind, Francesca replied, "Okay. I'll start preparing for it after Lacy's operation."

"Good," Lincoln said, nodding in relief as he grabbed a leather bag from the shelf and handed it to her. "Here's your most treasured possession. I found it for you."

"You found it?"

Elated, Francesca tore into the leather bag and found herself staring at a large knife.

As it turned out, the knife was the only item she had taken with her from Mount Phoenix.

There was also the word "Fran" engraved on the blade, which, interestingly enough, was how her name came about.

When Francesca was younger and went up the mountain alone to pick herbs, her master had given her the knife for self-defense. That way, if she ran into wild animals, she'd be able to protect herself.

However, since Francesca was capable of summoning beasts, she hardly saw the need to use the knife as a weapon. Instead, she realized she could use it to chop down trees and thorns in her way and even smash rocks with it!

Kids who grew up in the mountains didn't have the privilege of having toys, so to her, the knife was her only plaything.

She loved it so much that she brought it wherever she went.

Unfortunately, when Francesca moved a few months ago, the kids at the orphanage took her knife away to play with, and she couldn't find it despite searching high and low. She had already given up on it, but who knew Lincoln would get it back for her?

"Happy now?" Layla asked as she gazed fondly at Francesca. "You've finally gotten your toy back."

"Haha! I'm overjoyed!" the latter exclaimed. "Seeing it is like seeing my master again!"

As a matter of fact, she'd always recall her master's words of encouragement every time she saw the knife. "Francesca, you're a blessed and gifted child, and there's nothing that can stump you. Give your best! I'll always be protecting and rooting for you!"

Therefore, whenever she ran into difficulties, she'd picture her master near her, which gave her the strength to keep going.

A while later, Lincoln clapped his hands, signaling the end of their meeting. "All right. That'll be it for today. Run along and have a good rest."

Since Layla still had accounts to settle with Lincoln, Anthony left with Francesca to collect her jewelry. He'd sell them the next day and use the money to fund the orphanages for the time being.

As the two of them made their way up the stairs, Anthony suddenly asked, "Say, has Danrique called you?"

"I blocked his number," Francesca snapped back.

Danrique had also blocked her number previously, and that memory only made her boil with rage.

Her initial plan had been to turn off her phone and cut off all contact with him, but knowing that Anthony and the others might need to reach her any time, she decided against it and blocked his number instead.

When Danrique tried calling her on Sean's phone, she blocked Sean's number too.

From then on, she rejected calls from all unknown numbers, which explained why her phone had been so silent recently.

Anthony cleared his throat as he hesitated to speak up.

"What do you want to say?" Francesca muttered.

"They called me and asked if you were safe. Once I gave a simple reply, they hung up..."

"Who called you? Was it Danrique?"

Anthony narrowed his eyes. "No. It was his subordinate. He sounded a little sinister, and even though he didn't say much, I felt like he was threatening me."

Upon hearing that, Francesca immediately knew who the mystery caller was. "It was Sean, wasn't it?"

“Yes! That's him!” Anthony replied. “He told me his name as soon as I picked up the call. What an arrogant prick.”

“Ignore him.”

Despite those words, Francesca had to admit she felt rather upset. Why hasn't Danrique called to explain himself? He doesn't care about me at all, does he?