

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2040

Upon noticing how serious Layla was, Anthony walked over, drew the curtains, and sat opposite her. “Why are you acting so secretive? What is it?”

“Mr. Lincoln has shortlisted a few foundations and plans to embark on a field trip to inspect them, so he'll be away during this period. Meanwhile, I have to keep an eye on the orphanage to prevent Chrono and his men from laying their fingers on the children. That means you have to take care of Francesca.”

“Sure. No problem!” Anthony agreed without hesitation as he had always wished he could stay by Francesca's side and protect her all day.

“Hold on. Let me finish.” Layla gave him another side-eye before continuing, “Listen carefully. I have two missions for you, and you must accomplish them.”

Anthony pricked up his ears. “Go on.”

“First, you need to find out Prince William's character. You'll also need to investigate the people around him to see if they have ulterior motives. Secondly, should Danrique's men come to look for Francesca, you must inform me before making any decision. I want to meet them personally.” It was not difficult to tell that Layla was serious about these two missions.

“I'll have no problem accomplishing the first mission, but the second mission—is that necessary?” Anthony pouted to express his dismay.

He continued, “That dude says he wants to marry Francesca, yet he's constantly involved in scandals. He didn't even bother to come to S Nation to look for her personally. This means he doesn't even care about Francesca. Why do you still want to meet him?”

“You know nothing. Just shut up and do as I say.” Layla was running out of patience.

“Fine.” Anthony was reluctant but dared not go against Layla's instructions.

“Here, take this.” Layla gave him an exquisite silver gun. “This will come in handy should emergencies happen.”

“But I'm not good with guns,” Anthony said sheepishly while retrieving the gun. “Besides, I've not killed anyone before. I'm scared...”

“Didn't you say you're a man?” Layla shot daggers at him. “Have you not learned a thing or two after living with us for so many years?”

“Give the young man a break.” Suddenly, Lincoln walked in and defended Anthony. “He's good with computers, not guns. Why do you keep forcing him to do things he's uncomfortable with?”

“How dare you blame me? It's all your fault since you're the one who pampered him.” Layla looked up at Lincoln with a scowl. “You two have fun talking. I'm going back to my room now.”

Before leaving, Layla pointed at Anthony and said, “Remember what I said!”

“Got it,” Anthony responded reluctantly.

“I understand you need to obey Layla and protect Francesca, but I want you to take good care of yourself too.” Lincoln expressed his care more affectionately.

He gently patted Anthony's injured arm and said, “Look at you. What if the bullet had hit your body or brain instead of your arm? Have you thought of the consequences?”

“That didn't cross my mind at all. When I saw Francesca was in trouble, I knew I had to rescue her. It was purely instinctual!” Anthony responded with a smile.

“There are many ways to rescue a person. You don't have to use yourself as a human shield.” Lincoln looked at him while knitting his brows. “Francesca is a living being, and you're a living being too. You two are my family, and I wouldn't want to see anything bad happen to either of you.”

“It's different. Francesca's life is more precious than mine,” Anthony blurted out with a chuckle.

“Don't you dare say that,” Lincoln growled in a deep voice. “You two are equally important. It's your duty to protect her, but you must watch out for yourself too!”

Anthony was stunned for a bit as he had rarely seen such a serious expression on Lincoln's face. Eventually, the young man nodded repeatedly and said, “All right, all right. Got it.”

Before leaving, Lincoln gave him another pat on his shoulder.

When he was about to step out of the door, he turned around, looked at Anthony, and reminded him, “The gun that Layla gave you is a custom-made weapon. Carry it with you at all times to protect yourself and Francesca.”

“Got it, Mr. Lincoln!”