

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2069

Danrique's words were mean, and his tone was filled with disappointment, but Francesca could see the worry in his eyes. It melted her heart instantly.

She couldn't hold herself together any longer, so she nestled her head on his chest weakly.

"Everything is okay now. I'm here."

Danrique's heart softened. He couldn't bring himself to reprimand her anymore, so all he did was stroke her head gently.

It was as though he was telling her that he could and would hold the weight of the entire world up to keep her safe.

Francesca immediately showed her vulnerable side. The strong front she had been putting up fell apart at that exact moment.

That was when she suddenly thought of something important. "Those bombs, and Anthony, and the kids..."

"Don't worry. I will make sure everything is okay," promised Danrique as he marched away with Francesca in his arms. He didn't even turn back when he instructed, "Get everything settled. I want everyone, except Chrono, to be fine."

"Understood."

Anthony and the other injured employees were sent to the hospital in time.

Gordon was a bomb disposal expert, so all the hidden bombs in the orphanage were removed quickly.

The kids were all transferred to another orphanage while Sloan and the others went with the cops to deal with the aftermath. Everyone got busy, and in a way, everything had finally come to an end.

Heavy rain fell that day, and it lasted until the next morning.

Francesca woke up from her nightmare. When she opened her eyes and saw Danrique's tender smile, she asked, "How is Anthony? And how are the kids? Is everybody okay?"

Danrique frowned. Dissatisfaction glowed in his eyes, but he didn't get mad. Instead, he gave her an honest answer. "A few kids were hurt, but it was nothing serious. That other guy might be in a bit of danger, though. He's in the ICU now."

"I think his organ might've been hit. I have to go and see him..."

Francesca struggled to get out of bed, but Danrique pushed her down to stop her from doing so. "You're severely wounded and are in no shape to heal anyone. I've already told Sean to get Helen here."

"She won't be able to make it in time," replied Francesca. She was worried sick and panicking. "His condition is critical, and his life will be threatened if we drag this on..."

As she spoke, she forced herself to sit up. She wanted to get out of bed, but the wound on her leg was so severe that she fell right onto the ground.

Danrique sat there and stared at her emotionlessly without uttering a word.

Francesca put her weight on the bed and tried to get up once more. Unfortunately, she fell again as soon as she got back on her feet.

"Is he really that important?" demanded Danrique.

“He's of utmost importance to me. In a way, he is like my family, and he only got hurt because of me. That is why I must save him,” said Francesca.

Danrique didn't say anything else. He simply got up, picked her up, and plopped her down in a wheelchair before pushing her out of the door.

“Mr. Lindberg!”

Sean and the other subordinates hurried to them right away.

“Get the doctor in charge to come to meet us right now. We'll discuss the plan to save Anthony,” said Danrique.

“Understood,” replied Sean before he went away to carry out the order.

Danrique pushed Francesca to the ICU. The medical superintendent and the doctors were already waiting for her there. They were quick to explain the situation to Francesca.

Francesca frowned deeply. “What? The bullet is still in him?”

“The bullet is inside one of his major organs. It's risky to remove it, and we don't...”

“Prep for surgery right now. I'll do it,” said Francesca without even a second of hesitation. “And get more blood bags ready. Hurry!”

“But...” said the doctor who nervously glanced at Danrique.

“Just do as she said,” ordered Danrique.

“Understood.”

The medical superintendent left quickly to arrange everything. The doctor in charge, however, was a little unsure of that arrangement. “Ms. Felch, your shoulder is injured. Can you even hold the scalpel steadily?”

The truth was that Francesca couldn't even walk at that moment and had to rely on the wheelchair. Her entire right arm was also in a cast.

Hence, there was no way she could hold a scalpel.

“I might not be able to use my right hand, but I've still got my left hand,” replied Francesca. She frowned as she turned her gaze to Anthony, who was still lying on the bed. “You trust me to do this, don't you?”

Anthony stayed there without moving a muscle. It was as though he was agreeing with that statement and saying he trusted her.