

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2091

“You're right, Grandpa.” William's voice sounded weak over the phone.

“What's wrong? Are you sick? Your voice sounds different,” Federico inquired out of concern.

William did not speak as he brewed his emotions.

Robin stood aside and watched as William clenched his fists so tightly that his veins popped out, his eyes bloodshot. He got so anxious that he thought his heart was about to jump out of his throat.

Holding back tears, William swallowed the lump in his throat. After a long moment of silence, he choked out through clenched teeth, “I'm just a cripple whose death will not be missed, but please, Grandpa, protect the eighty-three lives in my house!”

Tears streamed down Robin's face when he heard what William had said.

Whether or not William's emotions were genuine or faked, what he said was true. That simple sentence held the weight of twenty years' worth of humiliation and grief he had suffered.

Anyone who knew what had happened would be moved to the core.

Half an hour later, Robin and two servants snuck out from the back of the castle. By then, Silas had already been waiting for them along with the other men sent by Federico.

Outside the palace, someone witnessed everything. Just as the person was about to strike, they were stopped by their comrade. “Are you blind? Those people work for His Majesty!”

Inside the castle, William sat by the window, staring at the car as it sped off into the night until it vanished out of sight. A victorious smile soon formed on his lips.

He knew that the first part of his plan had succeeded.

With Francesca as his trump card, he would win for sure.

Meanwhile, Francesca returned to her room. The moment she stepped foot inside, she immediately whipped out her phone to see if she had any new missed calls from Danrique.

To her surprise, there was none.

There was only one missed call from him before she boarded the plane.

Just as she was contemplating whether or not she should return his call, a few maids came into her room to prepare a milk bath for her.

They also brought her freshly-made dinner. All the dishes on the tray were her favorite. One glance at the food was enough to let her know that William had cooked it for her himself.

Just then, her phone began to vibrate. Francesca rushed forward to pick it up but was a little bit disappointed when she found out it was Anthony on the line.

“Francesca, I've sent you a lot of messages. You didn't reply to any of them. Are you okay?”

“I've been busy. I've just gotten some time to myself a couple of minutes ago.”

“Good to know you're fine.” Anthony heaved a sigh of relief. “Is Prince William really sick?”

“Duh.” Francesca tutted, displeased at the question.

“He's actually sick?” Anthony was surprised. “Okay then, ignore my question. However, I do advise that you give your fiancé a clear explanation. Don't cause any misunderstandings.”

“Did the sun rise from the West today?” Francesca was taken aback. “Since when are you on Danrique's side?”

“Even though I despise him, I have to admit that he has always been the one to save you whenever you get into trouble no matter what. Even Chrono and his gang were taken care of by Danrique.”

Anthony dropped his usual carefree manner and told Francesca seriously, “A man's actions are enough to tell whether or not he's serious about you. On the contrary, Prince William had only ever caused more trouble for you. Have you forgotten the time that an explosion happened on the cruise ship, causing you to almost die? Not to mention the metal pieces embedded into the back of your brain—”

“That's not his fault.” Francesca was beginning to feel annoyed by Anthony's nagging. “If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now.”

Anthony sighed. “I knew you wouldn't listen...”

He hung up the phone in exasperation.

Dismissing the maids, Francesca immediately called Danrique.

The phone rang for a long time, but no one picked up. Just as Francesca was starting to feel puzzled, her call was cut off.

She widened her eyes, dumbfounded by what was going on.

Danrique, that b*stard! How dare he hang up my call?

She immediately dialed his number again. Once again, her call was cut off almost instantly.

Francesca was livid. She stared at her phone in disbelief, furious that Danrique had the gall to hang up on her twice in a row.

Fine! Ignore me all you like! What's the big deal?

Switching her phone to silent mode, she tossed her phone aside and went to the bathroom for the milk bath.

Wrath consumed her mind when she recalled Danrique's attitude. Annoyed, she raised her hand to rub her face. The mild fragrance of the milk bath calmed her nerves slightly. Just then, she noticed the tap on top of the bathtub.

Out of the blue, an idea popped into her head.