

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2107

After a momentary silence, Danrique replied flatly, "That will depend on his performance."

"As of now, you're his last hope. In order to exact revenge and make a comeback, he'll definitely agree to any of your conditions," Sean said.

"Yes. That includes Francesca too," Danrique sneered. "Perhaps she might plead on his behalf in order to help him out."

"Uh..."

Sean didn't dare to comment any further, as he could sense that everything seemed to be falling into place for Danrique, including leveraging this opportunity to take out the Atkinson family.

As long as Francesca didn't make any further mistakes, they would be the ultimate winner in the end.

Unfortunately, all that his employer cared about was Francesca.

Meanwhile, Francesca could feel her ears burning. Feeling as if someone was talking about her, she checked her phone but didn't see any notifications on it.

Nevertheless, she had no time to be distracted, for they had arrived at the palace.

Dressed in her white robe and wearing custom-made medical spectacles, Francesca looked inexplicably attractive with her messy hair, which she didn't have time to comb in the morning.

Her carefree appearance made her stick out like a sore thumb within the opulent decorations of the palace.

“Dr. Felch, this way please,” Silas invited.

Following William from behind, Francesca strode into the inner halls confidently.

As he hadn't been there in a long time, William scanned the surroundings with his narrowed eyes and lamented, “It's been ten years since I last came here.”

“That's right. You were still a teenager back then,” Silas recalled. “It was His Majesty's birthday then, and you came to attend the banquet.”

“Yeah.” William flashed a self-deprecating smile. “That was the time I embarrassed myself by rolling down the staircase. While everyone was laughing at me, only Grandpa reached out to help me up.”

“It wasn't your fault. Someone sabotaged you.” Silas couldn't help but feel his heart ache at the mention of the topic. “In His Majesty's absence, they used the opportunity to goad you into standing up. Despite knowing that your legs were crippled, they insisted on forcing you to get on your feet. When you failed to do so, they grabbed you up from your wheelchair and let go, causing you to fall down the staircase.” Recalling the past enraged Silas. “They truly are b\*stards for taking advantage of their parents' position to bully you. After that, the few nobles even dismissed the matter as just children fooling around.”

“They really were children. All of them were younger than me.” The calm William broke into a faint smile as if he was unaffected by the past. “Those who were older simply stood aside and abetted them without laying a finger on me.”

“Ever since that incident, His Majesty has never asked you to come back to the palace. Not because he's ostracizing you, but because he doesn't want to see you being bullied,” Silas said with a sigh. “Your Highness, His Majesty cares about you. It's just that... there are plenty of considerations holding him back.”

“I know.” William gave a bitter smile before raising his head to look out at the green lawn. “Francesca, look, I used to go horse riding there... and that's also where I fell.”

His words elicited a sympathetic squeeze in Francesca's heart. "The same blood flows through all of your veins. Why do they have to treat you this way?"

"My father is the eldest, so he will most likely succeed the throne..." William said meaningfully before changing the topic. "It seems that there are other guests today."

When he saw the luxury sedans parked nearby, his eyes dimmed.

"His Majesty has invited a few other families—your cousins," Silas said softly. "Don't worry. His Majesty won't put you in a difficult position."

William simply responded with silence.

"Actually, I'm looking forward to meet them."

Francesca's knuckles cracked as she clenched her fists.

After hearing William relate the stories from his childhood, she was filled with rage. She felt the urge to seek justice on his behalf.