

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2206

"If Mr. Lindberg says you're one, then you're one!" Sean retaliated.

"You..." Gordon scoffed in frustration. "You'll get it from me when you come back."

With a smug laugh, Sean hung up.

"He gets to stay by Mr. Lindberg's side just because he's sly enough to earn his trust. I'm clearly more capable," Gordon grumbled.

"I think I'm better than Mylo too, but Mr. Lindberg prefers taking him along while keeping me here," Sloan chimed in despondently.

Gordon couldn't help but sigh. "Only shallow guys would fall for a person's smooth-talking."

"I'd say the same for women," Sloan added. "But Ms. Felch is an exception!"

Back inside her room, a sleepless Francesca tossed and turned in bed. She had been waiting to hear from Danrique all this while, but he hadn't called her ever since he left.

She knew there was reception on the private jet. He would've called her if he wanted to, but he didn't.

Maybe I just don't matter to him.

Francesca was utterly disappointed.

Well, there's no point mulling over this. I should get to work.

The woman got out of bed and began prescribing some medicine for William and the rest of the people at his castle.

It was a rather busy day.

The medicinal herbs arrived by noon, and together with Sloan, Francesca headed over to where William was to treat him. Monica was also now learning some basic medical knowledge from her so she could care for William better.

Francesca remained there until about three in the afternoon before coming back to prepare more medication for those at William Castle. Then, she had Gordon personally send the medication over.

The day flew by quickly, and it was now eight at night.

Francesca stared at her phone while having her dinner, waiting for Danrique to call.

Yet, he didn't.

She was on the verge of exploding now.

Just as she prepared to phone him instead, the sound of a car arriving came from outside, piquing her curiosity. Who could it be at this hour?

“Francesca!” A familiar voice rang out.

Francesca stilled briefly and turned her head to look outside.

It didn't take long for Gordon to lead a noble-looking woman into the house, and Francesca was astonished to see that it was the first lady. "Mrs. President! What are you doing here?"

"Sorry for dropping by so abruptly," the first lady responded with a smile. "I heard you've come back, so I thought I'd pay you a visit. I hope I'm not bothering you."

"Not at all! Come on in. Norah, prepare some tea."

"Yes, Ms. Felch."

Francesca looked very much like a lady of a house at this moment.

After beckoning the first lady to take a seat and asking for tea to be served, she began to strike up a warm conversation with her.

The first lady handed some gifts over before getting to the point. "Francesca, I heard from Danrique that you've returned, but he's gone to M Nation to take care of some matters. I thought you might be bored on your own, so I decided to stop by and see you. I'm holding an art exhibition tomorrow. I'm not sure if you'd be interested, but would you like to come? If you're feeling lonely because Danrique isn't around, how about I keep you company?"

"Oh, I..."

"I know you're not fond of socializing, so I've made sure there wouldn't be too many people tomorrow. I was thinking of taking you out to dinner. Then we'll head to the exhibition together, and I'll send you home right after that." The first lady smiled sheepishly. "I didn't give you a proper greeting at the last banquet, and I even gave you a fright. My husband's been blaming me ever since. That's also why I want to make it up to you now. Hopefully, he'll stop using that incident against me. Haha..."

Upon hearing that, Francesca couldn't bear to say no, so she nodded. "Okay. I'll see you tomorrow, then. I wasn't that frightened back then, though. It really wasn't so big of a deal."

“But it was still my negligence that led to the incident.” The first lady beamed. “Shall I come and pick you up tomorrow?”