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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1801

Chapter 1801 | Am Francesco

It took Francesca a while to snap out of a daze. She hastily retracted her hand and took a few steps back. "Did you not summon me to examine you?"

William gazed at her in shock upon hearing that.

"From your tone, you sound like you're looking for your girlfriend rather than a doctor," Francesca remarked skeptically. "Have you gotten the wrong person?"

"Francesca..." William was stupefied. "Are you okay? It's me – William!"

"I know," the woman responded in amusement. "You're the prince of Danontand. I'm just a regular doctor, not your girlfriend. You must have mistaken me for someone else."

"No..."

"Your Highness, let me explain." Robin quickly leaned toward William's ear. "According to Sean Lowe, Dr. Felch was hit by a car and lost her memory after injuring her head."

"She lost her memory?" William turned to Francesca, looking doubtful. "Did she really?"

"It seems to be true. Sean even had Dr. Helen Wright run some tests on her. A metal chip pressing against a nerve in her head resulted in her amnesia. But Your Highness, this lady has never been seen without a mask. Are you sure she's really the miracle doctor Francesco?"

"It's her." William was absolutely confident. "Her eyes are unlike anyone else's. Even her short hair, her voice, and her behavior..."

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"We should still verify her identity."

"All right, that's enough," Francesca cut them off impatiently. "Since I'm not needed as a doctor, I'll be leaving now."

While speaking, she took the check out of her pocket and returned it to Robin. "I'm giving this back."

"Wait, Dr. Felch!" the butler exclaimed. "Now that you're here, could you give His Highness a check-up anyway?"

"Please." William glanced at her deeply.

"All right."

Francesca kept the check back in her pocket and knelt down to examine William's legs closely.

She also used some needles during the process before getting Robin to bring over some of William's recent X-ray films.

Finally, she concluded, "It's not that you can't recover, but there isn't much of a guarantee either. We can only hope and give it a go."

"It's her. It really is her!"

William couldn't contain his joy. To him, learning that the woman standing before him was Francesco was something more worth celebrating than the fact that he could perhaps walk on his own two feet again.

"Indeed, it's her!" Robin was just as elated.

The way she examined His Highness – the procedures, actions, and even her words – everything was the same as what Francesco had said before!

"Huh?" Francesca stared at them in puzzlement. "Were you testing me?"

"Don't be mad, Francesca. Take a look at this."

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William took out a pocket watch, opened it, and handed it to Francesca.

The woman glanced at it and was instantly floored.

Inside the pocket watch was a photograph of a woman standing in a field of sunflowers, and right behind her was William in his wheelchair, staring at her ever-so-gently.

“This...” Francesca blinked before leaning closer to inspect the girl in the photograph. Then, she turned to face William. “This is me?”

“What do you think?” William gazed at her tenderly.

The woman removed her mask and inspected herself in the mirror. Despite now having two faint scars on her face, she looked exactly like the lady in the photograph.

“It really is you, Francesca.”

Finally getting a clear view of her face, William tugged on her hand exuberantly once again. “I knew you’d be okay... I just knew it.”

“So... I’m Francesco!” the woman couldn’t help but exclaim. “I really am Francesco!”