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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1813

Chapter 1813 That Is Just How She Is

Inside the Lincoln limousine behind the Rolls-Royce, Francesca sneezed twice. She rubbed her nose a little and frowned. "Is someone cursing me?"

"Are you okay?" asked William in a concerned tone.

"Oh, I'm fine," replied Francesca. "By the way, why did you ask me over?"

"I want to spend some time with you," answered William. His gaze was warm when he added, "Francesca, I will go to Zarain with you once Danrique is cured."

"Oh, it won't help, even if you follow me along," replied Francesca without thinking much about anything. "It'll take a comprehensive medical plan to treat your leg, and there is nothing I can do to cure it soon."

"I know," said William while nodding. "Thing is, I'm not following you to Zarain for my own sake. I am doing it because I worry about the injury in your head. What if something were to happen during your travel? Or if..."

"Oh, there's no need for that," interrupted Francesca right away. "I enjoy being alone and will find it irritating if anyone were to tag along."

She had always been straightforward and had never worried about being polite.

"Still, I worry. Remember what happened the last time when you took a cruise home? You got into some trouble on the way," reminded William. His eyes shone with worry when he looked at her. "I am the one who hired you, so I am responsible for your safety. Besides..."

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"You are so naggy," complained Francesca. She was losing her patience by then.

William had no choice but to change the topic in response. "Okay, fine. Let's not talk about this. You didn't get to eat much during lunch, so I had my people prepare some of your favorite dishes. Try it."

As he spoke, he had his subordinate hand them the tray of lunch.

Francesca's eyes glowed with glee as soon as she saw the food. She took her mask off and started eating right away.

I don't need to hide myself... at least not in front of Prince William, anyway.

William stared lovingly at her the entire time. As she ate, he would do miscellaneous things for her, such as pouring her a glass of water or handing her a piece of tissue.

Francesca didn't hold back and was as barbaric as a person could get. She didn't care about her reputation at all.

After her meal, Francesca rubbed her bloated tummy in satisfaction and leaned lazily against her seat. "I'm gonna take a nap now. Don't wake me up, okay?"

"Sleep well."

William waved his hand and had a maid hurry over to help Francesca lower the backrest of her seat. The maid even draped a blanket over Francesca after that.

"I just realized something. You are a lot nicer than that idiot."

Francesca turned around and began snoring away moments later.

William was delighted. Her words were, in a way, suggesting that she enjoyed his company.

Robin smiled and sighed. "Dr. Felch is just as blunt as she has always been."

"That's how unique she is."

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William leaned against his seat and stared quietly. It was as though he were admiring an exquisite painting in the museum.

“That’s true. Dr. Felch is nothing like the pretentious heiresses who enjoy putting on a show,” replied Robin who knew exactly what his employer was thinking. “She is innocent and would say and do what she means. There are no political games or tricks with her.”

“Yeah, I don’t need to keep my guard up when I’m with her, nor do I need to worry about anything. It’s so liberating and relaxing. She is the only one who can make me feel this way,” replied William before he sighed deeply.

“You know, Ma’am likes her, too,” shared Robin while smiling. “In fact, Ma’am once claimed that she would consider letting you marry her if she cures your leg.”

“It doesn’t matter if I am cured. She is still the only woman I will marry,” declared William.

He kept staring lovingly at Francesca. A glimmer of determination glowed in his eyes when he declared his love earlier.

“But Ma’am said...”

“Enough,” interrupted William. “I will choose my own bride.”

“Understood,” replied Robin. He didn’t have the guts to say anything else.

The car kept moving forward, and Francesca was sound asleep. It took the cars about two hours to reach a private property and to stop in front of the villa inside the aforementioned property.

The maid tried to wake Francesca up, but the latter was still tired, so she simply turned around and continued sleeping.

That move prompted the blanket draped over her to fall onto the floor. William rolled his wheelchair over, picked the blanket up for her, then stroked her back gently.

He did all that instinctively and out of habit, but that day, he sensed someone looking at him. Hence, he turned around.

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That was when he saw Danrique standing outside and glaring evilly at them with narrowed eyes.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1814

Chapter 1814 Take Your Clothes Off

“Mr. Lindberg,” greeted Robin politely. “Dr. Felch fell asleep on the way. Please go ahead without us. We’ll catch up soon.”

Danrique didn’t reply. He simply turned around and left.

“Wake her up,” instructed Sean softly. “Mr. Lindberg’s fever hasn’t subsided, so she has to examine his condition later.”

“Okay, I will have the maid send her there right away,” replied Robin while nodding.

Sean ran to catch up to Danrique after that.

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Behind them, Robin lowered her voice and turned to William. "Your highness, it seems Mr. Lindberg is upset."

"That's just how he is. I don't think he's angry at anyone," replied William. He didn't care much about it, but he woke Francesca up, anyway. "Francesca. Francesca..."

Francesca woke up, but she was still groggy when she rubbed her eyes. Her voice was a little thick. "Are we there?"

"Yeah, we are," replied William while looking warmly at her.

Francesca sat up and put on her mask. After that, she started putting on her shoes to get out of the car.

"Francesca, don't leave the room unless there is an emergency, okay? Also, if possible, please don't attend the banquet tonight," reminded William sternly.

"Huh? Why? What is this place?" asked Francesca curiously.

"We're in the manor of an M Nation official. He is acting as the middleman, and that is why we're meeting here.

"Danrique will negotiate with the Pastor at the banquet. The official will be there as the middleman, so the latter won't go as far as making a scene in public. However, there is no saying what will happen behind the scenes.

"Danrique and I have plenty of bodyguards around us, but I'm worried about you."

William then gave her a summary of what he thought. "No one knows who you are at the moment, but things will be bad for you if that information is leaked."

"Okay, I understand."

Francesca still hadn't regained her memories, but she understood how dire the situation was.

It would be ridiculously difficult to attack Danrique and William, but the same could not be said for her.

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She was an easy target, and if she died, Danrique's poison will eventually take his life, while William's leg will never recover.

That meant that anyone who wanted to destroy Danrique and William could achieve their goals simply by going after her.

"Oh, and there's one other thing," said William as he handed Francesca a piece of paper. "Anthony has been looking for you, so you should call him as soon as possible."

"Anthony?" Francesca was stunned to hear that name. It sounds so familiar.

"Call him, and you'll know exactly who he is. You'll also learn who you are."

William prayed that she could regain her memory soon and remember everything about them.

"Okay, thanks."

Francesca accepted the piece of paper, finished putting on her shoes, then hopped out of the car.

"Mr. Lindberg is waiting for you, Dr. Felch. Please follow me."

Kerrie and two other bodyguards had been waiting for Francesca outside.

Francesca readjusted her mask before entering the villa with them.

Behind her, Robin and her subordinates helped William out of the car. The person in charge of the villa had shown up to greet them warmly by then.

Francesca followed the path she was led and walked to the third floor. The first thing she did was to settle down in the guest bedroom, then she went to the master bedroom, located right next to her room. Danrique was right inside.

He was sitting on the sofa and reading some documents at the time.

The lighting in that room made him look even more intimidating than usual.

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“Dr. Felch is here, Mr. Lindberg,” reported Sean.

“What is his temperature?” asked Francesca as she worked on her medical kit.

“We just checked. It’s a hundred degrees,” replied Sean in a worried tone. “The banquet will begin in two hours. Is there any way to make his fever go away quicker?”

Francesca didn’t reply. She simply walked to Danrique and put her hand on his forehead to check his temperature. He was so hot that it was frightening.

Danrique slapped her hand away immediately and warned, “Do not touch me.”

“What the hell?” complained Francesca while frowning, “How am I supposed to determine your temperature and treat you without touching you?”

“Use a thermograph.”

Danrique had a scowl on his face. The only reason he refrained from complaining about the way she fed him his medicine was because he still needed her.

But that doesn’t mean I will condone her getting too close to me.

“Crazy idiot,” murmured Francesca.

She picked up the thermograph and pointed it at his forehead to check his temperature. The way she moved and the way she spoke was rude.

“Take off your clothes. We’re changing your medication.”