

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1800

“Already on it,” Robin remarked with a smile as he passed her a check with both his hands. “Your voice, tone, and manner of speaking - they all resemble the miracle doctor so much.”

“Really? What's her name?”

Francesca couldn't help but grin as she saw the check.

Then, she folded it and kept it away gently, not forgetting to give her pocket a little pat as though worried she would lose the slip of paper.

“It's Francesco from Zarain,” Robin answered while gazing deeply into her eyes.

The woman was visibly surprised to hear that. “But isn't Francesco an old dude?”

“Uhh...”

Robin was too stunned to speak for a moment.

“How do I resemble him at all?” asked Francesca as she continued to eat.

“In any case, could you please come and have a look at His Highness when you've finished your dinner?”

Refusing to give up, Robin walked over in an attempt to glance at her face.

“Of course. I've accepted your payment, after all.” The woman put her mask back on immediately. “Give me a moment. I'll head out after getting dressed.”

“Certainly. I'll be waiting for you outside.” Robin bowed.

“Do you need any assistance getting dressed, Dr. Felch?” the two maids asked politely.

“There's no need for that. I'll do it myself. I might take half an hour, though. I need to dry my hair.”

“That's not a problem. Please take your time.”

The maids lowered their heads before leaving.

Francesca found the whole situation rather odd. Why are they so courteous with me? Aren't they royalty?

And it seemed like the butler kept trying to look at my face.

Logically speaking, I'm just a regular doctor, and Robin looks like he's on a completely different level of authority. Even Sean talks to him politely. Why is he being so polite with me, then?

He's the complete opposite of my patient.

Maybe the prince is so ill that they desperately need my help.

Nothing thinking much else, Francesca ate a little more and began to blow dry her hair.

Suddenly, the pain in the back of her head returned, and it felt as though she was being struck hard with a hammer.

The woman hurriedly ate a painkiller, changed into her clothes, and exited her room with a medical bag.

"This way, Dr. Felch."

Robin gestured at Francesca as soon as he saw her.

Before leaving, Francesca spoke to Kerrie about her temporary absence. "Could you let Sean know? I'll be back real soon."

"Sure."

Kerrie then reported to Sean right away.

"I understand. You may leave."

That was all Sean had said, although there was now a strange look in his eyes.

Prior to this, he had tried to obtain information on Francesco from Robin, but the latter would constantly evade the subject and provide little to no indicators. Instead, he wouldn't stop asking about Master Felch.

This is strange.

I'd understand if he doesn't want to talk about other things, but aren't Mr. Lindberg and William close pals who've worked together for many years? Why is Robin being so secretive about a mere doctor?

And why does he seem so interested in Master Felch?

Danrique fell asleep shortly after taking his medication.

Sean checked his temperature and was relieved to see that his boss' condition had stabilized.

Robin and Master Felch should be on their way to see Prince William now. But judging from Master Felch's half-baked medical skills, how would she ever be able to cure the prince's legs?

They're about to be disappointed.

“Dr. Felch has arrived, Your Highness,” reported Robin while standing outside the study.

“Come in.”

William's voice sounded especially crisp and melodious.

Robin led Francesca into the room, and a sense of familiarity instantly hit the woman as her eyes fell on the man in the wheelchair.

“Francesca?”

William called out her name in astonishment.

Francesca froze briefly and stared at him.

This name... It sounds so familiar and loving.

“Is it really you, Francesca?” The man wheeled himself over and took her by the hand excitedly. “They all said you died in the cruise explosion, so I came all the way here from Danontand just to find you...”