

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1802

“Just say the word.” William nodded right away. “I’ll do anything to help.”

Francesca felt a tremor in her heart at this very moment.

So, I’m actually such legendary person? No way!

And that Lindberg guy is still searching everywhere for Francesco, not knowing she’s been the one treating him all this while!

Wait. I should’ve charged him even more!

“Francesca...”

William’s voice brought the woman back to Earth.

While she hadn’t regained her memories, Francesca was now convinced of her own identity. Even so, she still couldn’t quite get used to the way the Danontand prince looked at her.

“You’re not actually... in love with me, are you, Your Highness?” she asked sheepishly.

William stiffened momentarily before bursting into laughter. “That’s exactly what you said when I confessed my love for you on the night before you left!”

“Indeed, it was.” Robin beamed while nodding. “Back then, His Highness was so embarrassed that he couldn’t stop fumbling for words. Then, you completely threw him off by asking him the same question you just did.”

William’s face reddened slightly, but he continued to gaze at Francesca lovingly.

Yet, the woman didn't seem fazed at all. Instead, she furrowed her brows. "I don't remember you, nor do I feel anything unusual, so I'm guessing I only saw you as a friend and never had feelings for you."

Both William and Robin were flabbergasted to hear that.

On the night William had declared his love for Francesca, she had received a mysterious phone call and rushed straight back to her room before giving him a response.

After she had left, William continued to wait for her reply, only to not hear from her again.

He then heard about the cruise explosion incident a few days later and frantically rushed over to Lightspring despite his family's objections.

Yet, to think that after having finally found her, she had not changed one bit.

"Uhh..." Francesca scratched her head and began awkwardly. "Sorry, but I've never been one to think a lot, and I always say what's on my mind."

"It's fine," William assured. "You've lost your memories and can't remember anything that's happened between us, so I'm just a stranger to you right now. It's only normal for you to think of me this way. I understand."

"But - "

"Yes, he's right! We completely understand," Robin chimed in. "But don't worry. We have all the time in the world. You'll think differently when you get better."

"Really?" Francesca frowned again. "I'm pretty sure that even if I've lost my memories, I'd have felt something if I truly did love someone. But I just don't feel that way about you - "

"Come now, Dr. Felch," Robin hastily cut her off. "Let's leave this aside for now and talk about your health instead. Allow me to arrange for Dr. Wright to treat you at once."

"It's fine." Francesca turned the offer down. "She's only fifty percent confident. I can't take that risk."

"But it's not like you can cure yourself." William was especially concerned for the woman.

"I have someone in mind, and I think he'd be able to help me." Francesca pondered for a moment. "Anyway, I'll deal with this on my own."

"But - "

"There's something else I need your help with," the woman added sternly.

"Just say the word." William nodded right away. "I'll do anything to help."

"Please don't tell Danrique Lindberg and his men about my true identity along with my relationship with you," Francesca requested frankly. "Can you do that?"

"Why?" Robin was visibly puzzled.

"No reason in particular. I just don't want them to know." She couldn't come up with an excuse at all.

"Okay, I understand." William nodded without any hesitation again before turning to Robin. "Do as she says."

"Yes, Your Highness."