

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1808

“Cece...”

Out of the blue, a familiar voice called out.

It was as though there was a telepathic connection, Francesca woke up abruptly and raised her head to look at Danrique with her eyes still half-closed. Complicated emotions swirled in her heart.

This beautiful face really does look familiar...

All of a sudden, a strange yet familiar feeling rose to her chest.

“Is Mr. Lindberg awake?”

Gordon's voice broke the romantic atmosphere.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and retracted her gaze before pushing herself off the floor.

“How's Mr. Lindberg?” Gordon asked anxiously. “I thought I heard him speak just now?”

Francesca did not reply immediately. Instead, she placed the back of her hand on Danrique's forehead to assess his temperature. “His fever is gone.”

“That's great.” Both Gordon and Sean felt a weight being lifted off their shoulders.

Francesca then turned her gaze to the clock on the wall, noticing that it was already seven thirty in the morning. "I'll go take a nap. You guys can help him clean his body with warm water, and prepare some broth for him when he awakes."

"Alright, I'll have someone on it immediately."

With that being said, Sean quickly went around to give orders.

"Would Mr. Lindberg's fever spike again?" Gordon pressed on.

"That remains unknown." Francesca yawned. "The virus will come and go. Not to mention, viruses mutate. No one can predict what will happen next."

"Hey, you..." Before Gordon could say anything else, Francesca had dragged her exhausted body out of the room.

Gordon was utterly furious. "Why are you always so against her?" Seeing Gordon's reaction, Sean asked.

"Just look at her attitude!" snapped Gordon.

"She's telling the truth, and the truth is often ugly." Out of the two, Sean was obviously more composed and open-minded. "We're so used to the precious doctors beating around the bush that her brutal honesty comes off a bit too strong."

Sean's reasoning managed to shut Gordon up. After all, it did make sense.

"Alright, enough. Let's take care of Mr. Lindberg first."

"Okay," agreed Gordon.

In the meantime, Francesca truly had been worn out. The moment she reached her room, she collapsed onto her bed right away.

Just then, she recalled that she had once again forgotten the necklace.

Guess I'll have to wait till next time.

However, since she had found out that her identity was Francesco, the necklace no longer seemed to hold the same weight as it did before.

But what else have I forgotten?

As the thoughts flowed in her mind, Francesca drifted into a slumber.

Once again, she had a dream. Or rather, she had a nightmare. In the nightmare, a crowd of angry people were after her life.

Suddenly, a huge force fell on the back of her head. After that, she could remember nothing...

The back of her head began to ache in response.

Francesca jolted awake. She gasped for air and kept her eyes fixed on the ceiling. Her heart was still pounding against her ribcage.

She had been having that dream repeatedly for some time now.

And every time she woke up from the dream, there would be a sharp and unbearable pain at the back of her head.

Deep in her soul, she knew that the incident had something to do with her memory loss.

However, she could not place her finger on the reason people wanted to kill her. Wasn't she just a doctor living a peaceful and undisturbed life?

Just as she was lost in thoughts, a knock came from her door. Following suit, the voice of a maid called out. "Dr. Felch, His Highness has invited you for lunch!"

Francesca rolled over to sit up. Eyeing the clock on the wall with narrowed eyes, she realized it was already noon.

"Be there in a minute."

Just in time. I'd love to find out more about the past.

"Alright, I'll be waiting for you out here," replied the maid respectfully.

After freshening up and changing into a suitable outfit, Francesca put on a mask and exited the room while yawning.

"This way!" Four maids were waiting outside her door to welcome her.

Francesca trailed behind lazily. Once in a while, she would rub her eyes and yawn, completely out of place in the luxurious atmosphere.

Passing through a long hallway, they reached a grand hall. From afar, Francesca could already see Prince William seated in front of a long table with two people standing behind him, waiting to be of service.

As for the maids, they were busy serving the scrumptious food onto the table.

The mere sight of it all made Francesca drool. Just as she was about to make her way there, a familiar voice sounded from behind her. "What is she doing here?"