

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1813

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..."

"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."

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.

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