

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1814

“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.

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.

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.

“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.”