

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1818

“How could you threaten me like this?” Fury surged through Francesca.

“Ehm...” Prince William, who coincidentally entered the lounge, froze for a moment when he overheard their conversation. Worry was written all over his face.

“Your Highness.” Sean immediately greeted Prince William and gestured for Kerrie to do something.

“Have some water, Dr. Felch.” Kerrie tried defusing the tension by giving Francesca a glass of iced lemon water.

Francesca was about to explode with rage, but she suppressed her anger to avoid a confrontation with Danrique.

“You look mad. What's wrong?” Prince William took a glance at Danrique and asked.

“I'm all right.” Danrique tugged his collar and continued drinking his iced water.

“You look pale. Are you still having a fever?” Prince William showed his concern.

“Mr. Lindberg doesn't feel well because his body temperature fluctuates throughout the day,” Sean explained. “We would appreciate it if you could assist us when we need help at the banquet later, Your Highness.”

“I'm sure Mr. Lindberg can handle the situation well. He's a steady man,” Prince William said modestly. “Besides, he should be in the limelight. I shouldn't steal his thunder.”

“But...”

“Remove your shirt right now. I'll perform acupuncture on you.”

Francesca noticed Danrique did not look well. It seems the venom could cause a person to become agitated. It might even turn the victim into someone aggressive.

Danrique finally cooperated with Francesca instead of giving her a hard time. He also felt that lately, he had been emotionally unstable.

Francesca started sticking needles into his body once he stripped his shirt to his waist.

Sweat droplets gradually slid down his chest and dripped on the white shirt.

“They've arrived, Sir,” one of Danrique's subordinates came into the lounge and announced.

Prince William's expression turned grim. He gently clutched his pants, looking a little nervous.

“There's no need to rush!” Danrique shut his eyes and tried to regain his composure.

“You can leave in five minutes.” Francesca took a glance at her watch after completing the acupuncture session.

Every second of the five-minute wait was unbearable for them as they were afraid of offending that special someone.

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door. Sean went to open the door and saw Gary standing outside. “Mr. Anderson!”

Gary said in a soft voice, “Pastor is here. Edward would like to invite Mr. Lindberg and Prince William over.”

"We'll be right there in a minute," Sean replied with a smile.

"All right." Gary then took a glance at the lounge and reminded Sean, "Don't make Pastor wait for too long. He has a notoriously bad temper."

Sean looked at Danrique and read his signals. He then said to Gary calmly, "Mr. Lindberg is not particularly good-tempered either. He doesn't like people to rush him."

Sean's reply rendered Gary speechless.

Sean tried to defuse the tension by saying, "We'll be there in a while."

"All right. I'll wait outside then." Gary lowered his head and stepped out of the lounge.

Francesca removed the needles five minutes later. She then touched Danrique's forehead with her hand and noticed that his body temperature had finally returned to normal.

After washing his face and changing into new pair of clothes, he stepped out of the lounge with his entourage.

Robin pushed Prince William in his wheelchair and followed right behind. When Prince William walked past Francesca, he reminded her. "Stay here and rest. Don't go anywhere."

Francesca kept mum but nodded her head.

Now that everyone was gone, the lounge instantly became quiet. Only Kerrie stayed back to accompany Francesca.

A few female bodyguards were also guarding the lounge by the door.

Now that Danrique was away, Francesca felt less uptight. She leaned on the couch carefreely and munched on an apple.

But soon, she noticed something was amiss.

Something seemed to have jolted the birds in the trees, causing them to take flight.

She also heard a weird sound from upstairs and felt a vibration on the ceiling.

“What are you looking at, Master Felch?” Kerrie asked out of curiosity.

“Shush,” Francesca warned Kerrie to keep quiet. She looked up, stared at the ceiling, and squinted. “Did you feel it? Someone's walking upstairs.”

“Of course, there are people up there. It's a hall,” Kerrie did not understand why Francesca was being so paranoid.

“No,” Francesca shook her head and whispered. “I could tell it's a group of men, and they are now surrounding a room.”