

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1827

"Mr. Lindberg, your fever has subsided. When you recover completely, we can kick her out," Gordon assured him carefully.

"I've sent someone to contact that elderly doctor. He'll do his best to bring the good doctor here as soon as possible. We can ask that doctor to treat you using acupuncture and feed you your medicine while Dr. Felch watches from aside," Sean reported.

He had already started making the arrangements.

"Get out," Danrique ordered in irritation.

"But—" Gordon was about to protest when Sean stopped him. "All right. We shall excuse ourselves now."

After shutting the door behind them, Gordon asked in a low voice, "What was that? We can't leave Mr. Lindberg alone in his room. What if he gets a fever again?"

"If Mr. Lindberg feels unwell, he'll summon us," came Sean's answer. "He wants to be alone now, so let's not disturb him."

"All right." Gordon nodded. "Our priority is to find that girl. After finding her, Mr. Lindberg will return to Erihal."

"That's right. After today's events, Pastor won't give up. He might take action soon, so we need to leave as soon as possible."

"Mm. I'll go dig for more clues regarding the girl."

“Sure.”

Gordon was about to leave when his phone rang. It was a call from Robin. “Gordon, we've been ambushed by Pastor's men.”

“Where are you?”

“I've sent you the address. Please send backup.”

“I'll be there right away.”

Gordon promptly gathered his men to help them out.

Sean reminded him, “Bring more men and be careful. Don't expose our whereabouts.”

“I know.” Gordon left in a haste.

It began to pour outside.

Strangely, Sean felt uneasy. I wish Mr. Lindberg can leave M Nation soon and return to Erihal. Otherwise, his presence is inevitably going to spark a bloodbath.

Francesca was sleeping so soundly that she didn't realize her phone was vibrating. Anthony gave her a few calls, but she didn't answer them.

The next morning, Francesca was woken up rudely by someone knocking on her door urgently. “Dr. Felch? Dr. Felch, wake up!”

“What is it?” Francesca snapped.

I didn't get to sleep well for the past few days!

“Dr. Felch, Prince William was shot. He's in a dangerous situation, so please take a look at him!” the maid urged.

Francesca jolted awake at once. She scrambled out of bed and open the door hastily without even putting her slippers on. “What happened?”

“Prince William was attacked when he was heading to the airport last night. Mr. Gordon rushed there to save them, but Prince William has been shot...”

The maid led her to the guest room while explaining the entire situation.

“Where was he shot? Is it life-threatening?”

As Francesca spoke, Danrique stepped out of the room.

Their gazes met. Danrique immediately looked away coolly.

Francesca rolled her eyes and hurried into the guest room.

William was lying in bed weakly, his face pale from losing too much blood. His white suit was stained red by his blood.

“Your Highness, hang on. Dr. Felch will be here soon,” Robin comforted him anxiously.

“Dr. Felch, hurry!” After spotting her, Sean dragged her to the bed. “Prince William was shot, and the bullet is still inside his body.”

“Get out of my way.”

Francesca immediately checked William's wound and realized the bullet was inches away from his heart.

Her brows scrunched up as she ordered, “Get me my medical kit.”

“Yes.” Kerrie brought over the medical kit as told.

Francesca put on gloves and used a pair of sterilized scissors to cut William's clothes open. She was prepared to remove the bullet for him.

At the same time, she said, “He's losing too much blood, so we'll have to get him to the hospital to get a blood transfusion.”

“He can't go to the hospital now,” Sean answered hastily. “Pastor's men are looking for us.”