

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1828

“There is a lack of medical equipment here. If he doesn't get any blood transfusion, he'll die.” Francesca's frown deepened. “Who will take responsibility if something happens to him?”

“Well...” Sean turned to Danrique to get an answer.

“Mr. Lindberg, nothing can happen to His Highness!” Robin chimed in fretfully.

“William's badly injured. If we bring him to the hospital now and run into another ambush, that will only serve to worsen his situation.” Danrique made up his mind. “What equipment do you need? I'll ask my men to get it right now.”

“That isn't enough. I also need blood,” Francesca responded briskly. “I'll prepare a list. You'll have to get the things prepared within four hours, or the consequences would be horrible.”

“I'll get to it right away,” Gordon promised.

Francesca scribbled down a list of things she needed swiftly and handed it to Gordon.

Gordon strode out to get the things needed. Robin followed after him and said, “Mr. Gordon, please do your best.”

“Don't worry. I'll be back with the equipment and blood in time,” came Gordon's answer.

He then left hastily with his men.

Francesca tended to William's wound and stopped the bleeding. She stayed beside him all the while.

“Francesca...” William mumbled her name weakly and reached out to her.

Francesca took his hand, and he promptly fell unconscious.

Danrique's brows snapped together at the sight. Strangely, he felt discomfort prickling in his heart.

I thought she is only intimate with me. Turns out she does that to every man!

“You can leave. There's no need for all of you to remain here,” Francesca said softly.

Sean dismissed the rest and left two medical staff to be of help.

Robin and two subordinates stood watch beside William.

Danrique sank into the sofa. He wasn't about to leave, for William was injured because of him. He couldn't stay out of the matter.

Sean offered Danrique a blanket. “Mr. Lindberg, you've just recovered, so you need to rest well.”

Danrique propped his head on his arm and started dozing off.

Everyone was worried sick about William, but Danrique was unfazed. Perhaps he trusted Francesca's skills, or perhaps he trusted that William would get lucky.

Francesca remained beside the bed and kept William company.

All she could do now was wait, for the equipment and blood weren't here yet.

William held her hand tightly as though that was the only way he'd feel safe.

Francesca didn't resist his touch. She didn't remember her past, but William felt familiar to her. She couldn't stop herself from getting nervous after learning he got hurt.

However, the sight merely increased Danrique's disgust for her. Looks like she wants a handsome, rich, and powerful man instead of me. She has no loyalty in relationships whatsoever, and I'll never like her.

He caressed the black and gold cross necklace around his neck and thought of Cece. Cece's the best...

Gordon was efficient enough to get everything done before the time was up. He also brought along a surgeon and a few dependable medical staff.

Francesca began operating on William, and the rest retreated from the room.

After Danrique returned to his room, Gordon came to report to him. "Mr. Lindberg, we received an update that Pastor fell into a coma after the snake bit him. His men are looking for us now. The force behind him has also taken action. They have set up traps all over the city. Summerbank is unsafe now. Should we leave as soon as possible?"

Danrique pondered silently for a moment before giving a curt nod. "When William's condition stabilizes, we shall leave."

Despite wanting to stay behind to find the girl, he had to consider the big picture.

William was seriously injured, so his situation would worsen if they were ambushed by the enemy.

I need time to find out the force behind Pastor before planning my next move. It's dangerous to go against them right now.