

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1921

Another crucial point is that intracranial surgery is a modern medical procedure. Since Dr. Felch is a traditional medicine practitioner, he has no clue about modern medicine. Although he knows how to perform the surgery, he might not do it.

When Francesca was still deep in her thoughts, Sean asked, "Mr. Lindberg had already told us to look all over the world for a good surgeon to operate on you. However, we haven't yet found a doctor better than you. Dr. Wright said we can't delay it because your life might be in danger. That's why I'm asking you if you know any doctor that we can get in contact with."

"No. I don't." Francesca didn't want them to find her mentor. Not only did she not want them to disturb the elderly, but she also didn't know if he could actually treat her.

"All right, then," Sean answered helplessly. "We'll think of something else. Since there are so many doctors in the world, we'll surely be able to find someone good."

"Thank you," Francesca uttered politely.

"I'll make a move now. Rest well." Sean bowed before leaving in a hurry.

Francesca's gaze darkened when she thought about her condition. Since Helen had lowered the success rate by more than half, it seems like my condition has worsened. I'm in need of surgery, and my time is running out.

If someone else was the patient, she was quite confident she could treat the injury. However, she was the patient. She wasn't able to operate on herself, considering that she had to operate on the back of her head.

Right then, she recalled the one time she'd made a mistake in the past. At that time, my confidence was high before I operated on that six-year-old girl. In the end, I failed, and the girl died.

Francesca was traumatized by that mistake of hers. Now, something similar is happening to me. Is this karma?

While she was still deep in thought, she heard a vibrating sound coming from inside her backpack.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and stretched her body to retrieve the phone from her backpack.

Her phone's battery had gone from full to almost flat. Before the phone died, Francesca quickly answered it. "Hello?"

"Francesca! You've finally picked up! I thought something had happened to you! I was so scared—"

"What is it? Spill it." Francesca was annoyed because she thought Anthony was such a nag.

"I've arrived at Xendale, and I've brought Ms. Layla along." Anthony went straight to the point. "We've come to rescue you."

Francesca was stunned. She quickly whispered with her mouth covered, "Anthony, what did you do? Why did you bring Ms. Layla to Xendale?"

"Give me the phone." A familiar voice rang out from the phone. "Francesca, why are you treating me like an outsider? Why didn't you tell me when something's up?"

"No. It's not like that—"

"If Anthony didn't tell me about it, I'd still be in the dark!" Layla was enraged. "When you were little, I've already told you that no matter how capable a person is, there's still a limit. When the time comes, you'll need support from loved ones."

“Yes. Yes.” It was rare for Francesca to be so obedient in a conversation. “But Ms. Layla, I can deal with this myself. You can just—”

“If you could do that, you would've solved it by now.” Layla was getting anxious. “I've heard. Danrique is a cold-faced jerk, and he's hard to deal with, right? Don't worry. If I can get in, I'll be able to get you out.”

“Well—”

“You better answer me now. Where are you?” Layla queried.

“I'm at the hospital.” Francesca was unwilling to get her involved. “However, there are a lot of people guarding this place. You can't come here.”

“Francesca—”

“Ms. Layla, my phone is dying soon—”

Before Francesca could finish her sentence, her phone died.

Instead of charging her phone, she threw her phone back into her bag. She then lay on the bed and sighed helplessly. Anthony is making a blunder. How could he bring Ms. Layla to Xendale? This matter was straightforward at first, but it has become complicated now.