

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1934

“Go and guard the door,” Layla ordered in a low voice.

“Understood.” Kerrie turned docile all of a sudden. She slowly walked over to the door and stood guard there like a statue.

Layla immediately opened the window, upon which a gust of cold wind hit her in the face. Phew! Fortunately, it's only the seventh floor here!

Then, she pressed the watch on her wrist. In no time, a familiar voice drifted out. “Ms. Layla!”

“We're moving now.”

“I'll make the arrangements right away!”

After ringing the alarm, Layla hurried over to Francesco and deftly removed the needle from the back of her hand. She draped a coat over the latter before helping her to the window. “Can you make it?”

“Yes!” Francesca strugglingly held on to the window sill to support herself while Layla dropped the rope down. Subsequently, she grabbed onto the rope and got ready to jump down.

Knock, knock! At that precise moment, a knock suddenly sounded from outside the door.

Stunned for a moment, Francesca reflexively glanced back over her shoulder.

“Ms. Felch, Mr. Lindberg asked us to drive you back. We'll depart in an hour. Is that agreeable to you?” It was Sean's voice.

At that, Francesca had no choice but to respond to him first. "Go back? My injury hasn't healed yet, but I'm to go straight back to the castle?"

If I go back to the castle, it'll be difficult if I want to escape again!

"Mr. Lindberg said you're not comfortable staying at the hospital, so he had someone build a clinic in the castle. Dr. Wright will also be moving into the castle with her medical team later," Sean explained respectfully through the door.

Upon hearing that, Francesca felt a touch perturbed.

It turned out that Danrique made so many arrangements for me quietly. With me leaving now, he'll definitely fly into a rage, no?

"If you want to leave later, that's fine as well. You have the final say," Sean added.

All of a sudden, Francesca hesitated and was no longer as decisive as before.

Clocking her expression, Layla whispered, "Why don't you reconsider it? I can tell that he cares about you quite a bit."

"The more he cares about me, the more I've got to distance myself."

Francesca swiftly steeled her resolve. She clutched the rope tightly, deciding to still jump.

Just then, Layla's watch started vibrating. She instantly answered the call. On the other end of the phone, Anthony shouted anxiously, "Crap! Ms. Layla, I've been—"

Before he had finished speaking, a screeching sound drifted out of the watch.

On the heels of that, the line was cut off.

Aware that things had gone awry, Layla hastily yanked Francesca back.

The moment Francesca had her feet on the ground, she urgently instructed before she was even steady on her feet, "Hurry up and remove the communication device! Quick!"

Layla responded very quickly, stripping the watch at once and tossing it into the toilet bowl in the washroom before flushing it away.

At the same time, a series of frantic knocking rang out outside the ward. "I'm coming in, Ms. Felch!"

Right after that, Sean smashed the door and barged in.

Knocked to the ground, Kerrie gasped in pain as she clutched her forehead.

Meanwhile, Francesca had already shut the window as fast as she could. She collapsed onto the bed and pretended as though nothing had ever happened.

Sean swept his gaze over Francesca at lightning speed, his pupils constricting a fraction when he noticed that she had put on her jacket. Then, his gaze drifted over to the window and Kerrie on the ground before stilling in the washroom.

Hmm, there's sound from in there...

With his eyes narrowed into slits dangerously, he strode toward the washroom.

At that exact moment, Layla came out of the washroom in a nurse's outfit, looking all calm and unruffled. That aside, she was even holding a mop in her hand. "Everything is done," she reported in fluent Erihalean.

"Who are you?" Sean eyed her warily.

"I'm the new medical staff," Layla replied.

"A medical staff?" Sean's gaze was colored with suspicion and scrutiny.

"W-What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?" Layla wore an apprehensive expression.

"It was me who told her to clean the washroom. Is something the problem?" Francesca spoke out of the blue.

"No, I'm just worried about your safety, Ms. Felch," Sean answered respectfully before turning to Kerrie. "Were you in the room all along?"

"Yes, Mr. Lowe." Kerrie had already returned to normal by then.