

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2033

"It seems like they're really here for you." The café owner turned to greet them, "Hi, what would you like to drink?"

"A few cups of coffee will be fine. Please stay outside for a while."

Robin handed a wad of cash to the owner.

The owner glanced at the cash but did not move to take it. Instead, he turned to look at Francesca.

Francesca nodded.

It was then he took the money and put on his denim cap. Whistling as he walked out, he added, "There are canned drinks on the countertop. Help yourself to them."

"Thank you," Robin said before closing the door. Then, he bowed to Francesca. "Greetings, Ms. Felch."

"It's been a while, Robin."

Though Francesca greeted him as well, her eyes were fixed on William.

It had only been a little over a month, but William seemed ghastly pale. It was as if he had gone through a severe bout of illness, for he had lost much weight. In fact, even his eyes seemed sunken.

"William, you..."

“The condition of His Highness' legs has worsened,” Robin grimly explained. “I don't know if it's because he was in the cold at Xendale or not, but after he went back, his legs began aching and swelling. Even his lumbar region is having issues now—”

“Robin!” William cut him off. “You're talking too much.”

“Understood.” Robin hastily hung his head and fell silent.

William then looked at Francesca and smiled at her. “Francesca, have you done your surgery?”

“I have.” Francesca took off her cap to reveal her bald head. “Look!”

A chuckle burst out of William. His spirit lifted every time he saw her, and he would find himself relaxing. The gloomy clouds that had hung over his head for the past few days dissipated in an instant.

“I'll get some drinks.”

Robin then pushed William to the side of the table before heading to the counter to get some beverages. What he was trying to do was to give the two some privacy.

“William, have you consulted anyone about your legs?” Francesca asked, concerned about it.

“I have. They're a famous traditional medicine practitioner too, and they've done acupuncture for me. However, it doesn't seem to have much effect.” A bitter smile crept upon William's lips. Nevertheless, he changed the topic and asked, “This isn't important; what's important is you. Monica has told me about what happened today. Who attacked you? Was she from Erihal?”

“No. It's more of a personal grudge; it has nothing to do with Erihal,” Francesca corrected. “I'm glad to have Monica's help this time. I thought Danrique sent her at first. I didn't expect her to be working for you instead.”

“I was worried about you and scared that something might happen to you. I don't have any capable women bodyguards by my side, so I hired Monica. She can hold herself well in a fight and is quite reliable. I hope she was of help to you.”

William continued to gaze gently at her.

“But how did you know that I was flying from H City to S Nation at that time?”

Francesca was curious. Under Danrique's protection, her whereabouts should have been kept confidential. Yet, Monica and William had known where she was.

“I went to H City after Frank's case. I've been looking for Dr. Felch too, for I wanted to consult him about my legs. However, I later found out that Gordon had invited him elsewhere. I'm guessing that they must have gotten Dr. Felch to operate on you. Hence, I decided to wait patiently at H City, thinking that I'd be able to consult Dr. Felch after your operation. However, not long after Dr. Felch returned to the mountain, he fell ill. Thus, I had no choice but to return to H City first...”

“What? My master's ill?” Francesca urgently asked. “What's going on?”

“I'm not sure about the details, but his apprentice said that he fell ill and told me not to disturb him. That's why the only thing I could do was leave my contact details and lead my men back down the mountain. I then went back to H City, thinking of visiting you, but I was afraid that Mr. Lindberg would be upset. So, I could only call Gordon and ask him about your condition. I think I heard you throw things in an angry outburst, so I guessed that you'd be angrily running back to S Nation soon. I was worried that something might happen to you, so I asked Monica to keep a close eye on you and to protect you from the shadows.”

A pause later, William added, “Monica's an Interpol officer. It was easy for her to get the details of your departure from the country after a brief talk with the people at the airport.”