

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2044

Back home, Anthony sidled up to ask, "So? Did you agree to treat that prince?"

"Yeah." Francesca received a text and clicked on it. At once, she beamed. "Oh, that's fast. I've already received the money."

"What money? How much?" Anthony glanced at her phone. "What the f*ck? This is a lot! Did the prince give you this much money?"

"Mm. For the medical fee and other stuff," came Francesca's answer. Her lips curved as she asked, "I remember a luxurious villa is put up for sale around seven kilometers away from us. Has it been sold?"

"Of course not. It's big and expensive. No one in their right mind would buy it," Anthony replied. He then demanded, "What do you mean by other stuff? Did you agree to other conditions?"

"I agreed to help buy a property for him and set up a clinic inside so he can receive treatment for the long run." Francesca instructed, "I'll go and view the villa tomorrow. Help me buy the medical equipment. We need to do this as soon as possible and start treating him."

"I'll come with you. I can call to order the medical equipment you need but I won't let you view the villa alone."

"Why not?" Francesca responded carelessly. "If you don't have to go to the medical equipment company, then stay at home and keep an eye on Lacy. We're busy and short of staff."

Anthony tried to protest. "But—"

"All right, then. It's decided," Francesca cut in, her tone allowing no room for negotiation.

She then hurried up the stairs.

Anthony felt helpless as he couldn't refute Francesca. He went to Layla and complained to her.

“Yes, Francesca shouldn't view the house alone. However, we need help at home too.” Snapping her brows together, Layla ordered, “Stay at home and keep an eye on Lacy. I'll ask Francesca to take the bodyguard with her.”

“But—”

“That's enough.” Layla knew what Anthony was thinking about. “When the villa and medical equipment are ready, Prince William will move in. You can follow Francesca there every day to find out more about him.”

“All right, then.” Anthony nodded. “It should take at least six months to cure him.”

“Yes.” Layla gave him an encouraging pat on the shoulders. “You need to consider the bigger picture instead of acting recklessly.”

“I understand.”

Back in her room, Francesca wrote out a list of the medical equipment she needed and sent it to Anthony so he could buy them.

She then took a shower. After stepping out of the bathroom, she glanced at her phone, which remained silent. No one else contacted her besides the texts she received from Anthony.

Danrique didn't call or send any texts. Even Sean didn't contact her at all.

Disappointment overwhelmed her heart. It looks like the b*stard is indeed a hypocrite. He gave me his word but did otherwise.

She was deep in thought when Anthony knocked on her door. "Can I come in?"

"Come on in." Francesca placed her phone aside.

Anthony brought along a cup of warm milk, a bowl of soup, and some sliced apples. "You didn't eat anything today, so I brought some food."

"I ate something earlier." Francesca glanced at the tray. "Leave the milk. You can finish the rest."

"Did you eat with the prince?" Anthony asked. There was a tinge of jealousy in his voice.

Francesca couldn't be bothered to waste time with him. "Anything else?"

"Here you go." Anthony proffered a stack of paper. "I got the information about the villa and printed it out. There is a contact number, so you can call it before going there tomorrow. There might be no one there, and your trip might be in vain."

"You're quite helpful." Francesca took the papers from him. "Thanks!"

"Sleep early. I'll leave now." Anthony spun on his heels to leave. At the door, he turned over his shoulder and flushed. "By the way, remember to put on your clothes properly when you're alone in a room with a man. You don't want to lure me into committing a crime, do you?"