

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2085

Robin and the two bodyguards descended the car on wobbly feet, their faces pale.

William was already waiting at the door for Francesca. Initially stunned by the sight, he laughed a second later. "Hah! Did Francesca drive?"

"Somebody was following us. We had to shake them off quickly."

Francesca got out of the car and threw her key at a subordinate.

"Ms. Felch's driving was sublime."

Robin finally regained his composure and exclaimed to himself.

"Haha! You are old, Robin," William teased with a smile before a bout of coughing overtook him.

"Your Highness!" Robin stepped forward at once to pat his back.

"Why are you so pale, William?" Francesca walked closer to examine William's condition and reached out to feel his forehead. "You have a fever."

"It's been a week, and this has been going on since the third day after coming back. My body temperature keeps fluctuating but never seems to drop back down."

"It all depends on you now, Ms. Felch," Robin said anxiously.

“Hush.” William frowned at Robin before gazing tenderly at Francesca. “It’s not as serious as he says, Frannie. It’s only a mild fever, and it might be the fluctuating weather to which I have not grown accustomed.”

“Get inside first. I’ll examine you.”

Francesca wheeled William indoors while Robin gestured at the servants to bring Francesca’s luggage and backpack in their wake.

Bodyguards and palace folk filled both sides of the castle. All of them bowed at Francesca upon her entry as if she were the castle’s savior—the goddess who would decide their fate.

After all, a devastating fate awaited them if William died.

Once in the royal chambers, Francesca washed her hands before thoroughly examining William.

She drew a conclusion after over an hour. “You have been poisoned again!”

Robin was shocked. “Huh? How could that be? We have been exceedingly careful this time. We have tested all food and drinks before His Highness’ consumption.”

“This speaks volumes of the skill of our enemy in administering the poison.” Francesca took out a vial of medicine from her backpack and handed it to Robin. “Three times a day, before meals. We’ll use the first one now.”

“At once.” Robin dashed off to fetch water for William.

William did not feel any different after taking the medicine. “Is it that serious, Frannie?” he asked Francesca.

“The enemy intends to kill you. What do you think?” Francesca retorted. “The one who administered the poison is an expert.”

“What do you mean?” William urged.

“You have exhibited symptoms within several days. It shows that it's not a slow-acting poison. However, it is not killing you outright. The enemy must be controlling the dosage to have you die by poisoning at an opportune moment.”

Francesca studied the markings on the needle and provided an assertive analysis.

“How despicable!” Robin was enraged. “Our prince does not fight nor conquer; he wants only to lead a quiet life. Why are we harassed to such a degree?”

“It's no use lamenting now. The first order of business is to track down the origin of this poison as soon as possible.” Francesca gazed over the surroundings before addressing William, “You need to clean your castle up, William.”

“As you say.” William nodded and raised his voice. “Everybody, adhere to Ms. Felch's arrangements!”

“Yes!” chorused Robin and the group of subordinates and servants in unison.

After obtaining William's permission, Francesca ordered decisively, “Man all the entry and exit points, Robin. Nobody shall pass through within the next twelve hours. And nobody is allowed to have contact with the outside world.”

“Yes, Ms. Felch.” Robin conveyed the order.

“Solve the problem at the source,” Francesca added to Robin as she glanced at her watch. “Have everybody gather at the door an hour from now. I will conduct an examination then.”