

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2087

William and Robin were both curious as to how Francesca might opt to approach that.

Though aware of how remarkable her medical expertise was, they were surprised that she also knew how to oversee an interrogation.

Francesca looked those people over before she declared with finality, "You're all in the clear and may leave now."

Everyone was stunned to hear that.

The maids exchanged befuddled looks amongst themselves, and even the bodyguards and soldiers were quite confounded. None of them were unable to comprehend how Francesca managed to arrive at that conclusion. Could it be that the answer was written on all of our faces?

On Robin's face was a look of bafflement as well. "Are you saying that you are letting them go, Ms. Felch?"

"Yeah. You are all dismissed. Go on back to your posts." Francesca clapped her hands.

Looking toward William who nodded in assent, Robin could only follow through accordingly and disperse them.

"What are we to do next?" Robin asked Francesca respectfully.

"That is for the two of you to decide." Francesca then turned to William. "Now that we have found the proof, would you like to invite Federico over? Shall we let him have a look at the evidence so that we could find the real culprit and set things right for you?"

"It wouldn't help." William put on a bitter smile. "In spite of having identified the problem, we still haven't found the perpetrator, and even if we did, it'll be pointless if we aren't able to ferret out whoever is behind all of this."

"Then what do you intend to do about it? Keep allowing yourself to get pushed around?" Francesca asked.

"I won't. I know what I'm doing. Since they won't let me off even if I stayed away, I might as well take the fight straight to them," replied William in a low voice, narrowing his eyes.

"That's the spirit," Francesca said encouragingly. "Even though we don't want to hurt others, we can't let them walk all over us either. Otherwise, the people around you will wind up suffering as well."

"You're right about that." William nodded firmly. "I won't be a sitting duck, but I have to consider this matter at length."

"Take your time and think it over." Francesca kept it brief. "I'd advise you to gather the evidence and resolve the issue with the water as soon as possible. And..."

Francesca then looked toward Robin. "We still have eleven hours. You may want to keep an eye on the sluice gate to see if anyone shows up there or makes any attempt to establish contact with outsiders."

"Understood."

Only then did Robin come to the realization that what Francesca did previously was merely a strategical retreat to lure the mole into the open.

"I don't think that there is a spy among us," William said with a frown. "Since the water source could just as likely have been poisoned from the outside, it might not have been done by one of our own."

"I have no doubt that the poisoning has been done by someone from the outside, yes." Francesca nodded. "But they must have had a collaborator on the inside passing on information to them. How else would they have found out about my arrival in Danontand and showed up at the airport to intercept me?"

"You've got a point there." William concurred with a nod.

"Could they have gotten the information from within the palace?" Robin suggested. "Then again, the palace was merely aware that we've brought in a doctor. Only our own people knew about the flight information."

"You guys ought to understand these things better than I do, so why do you still need me to remind you of this?" Francesca sighed and shook her head. "No wonder you're getting picked on to this extent, William."

"You're right, Francesca. I need to be a lot smarter going forward," William replied with a smile.

"All right. I'm going back to my room to rest up. Work this out between yourselves and get a new water source as soon as possible. Otherwise, we're going to start having problems addressing our basic needs. I'll still need to shower and eat, you know."

Francesca yawned and made her way toward the stairs.

"Ms. Felch..." Robin promptly called out.

"Huh?" Francesca stopped and turned around to face him.

"Uh..." Robin had something he wanted to find out but was too apprehensive about asking. Hence, he could only glance meekly at William.

"You said that the others were all poisoned, so would you be able to prescribe them some medicine?"

William spoke up on their behalf as he understood what was on Robin's and the other subordinates' minds.

“That, I am aware of, but I haven't brought enough medicine along. We can discuss this again in a couple of days,” Francesca replied casually. “A mild case of poisoning isn't going to kill them.”