

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2097

Francesca did not understand, nor did she want to understand. "I don't get it. This is a headache. You royals and your complicated family feud."

"Yeah, that's why I'm jealous of you. You can be carefree; you can always be yourself."

That sentence came from the bottom of William's heart. If he had the choice, he would rather be someone like Francesca, who was genuine.

Unfortunately, one could not choose who they were born as.

Francesca was busy scribbling down the prescription of medications and had not paid attention to what William was saying.

"Ask someone to buy these medications in large quantities from pharmacies." Francesca handed the prescriptions to William. "By the time His Majesty arrived to examine the situation, I would start the treatment for everyone in the castle."

"Okay." William passed the prescription to the subordinate beside him and advised, "Keep it low-key. Don't let anyone find out."

"Yes, Your Highness." With that, the subordinate headed off.

"You sure are miserable for a prince..." Francesca could not help but sigh. "You have to sneak around even just to buy medications. If you still don't fight back, you wouldn't be able to stay in Danontand much longer."

"I know." William heaved a deep sigh. "I can drop everything here and leave, but what will happen to them? Their census and archive are all in the palace. Their whole lives would be spent here. They used

to work for my parents, and then they started working for me. They have spent a great deal of their lives within these castle walls. If I leave, they'll have no one else."

Francesca encouraged, "It's good that you can come to that conclusion. We all have our roles and responsibilities in this world. Because of our responsibilities, we have to muster up the courage. We cannot let others bully us."

He nodded firmly. "You're right. After this incident, I finally understand this principle. I won't let you down again."

"All the best!" Francesca patted his shoulder. "Let's go to your room. I'll take a look at your legs."

"Okay."

Francesca inspected William's legs and started giving him medication and acupuncture. After a series of treatments, she broke the silence. "Good thing the problem is discovered on time, so there's still a chance of healing. However, because of this issue, the treatment is going to take longer than what we initially planned."

"I'm fine with that. After all, I've been crippled for twenty years. I'm just worried that it'll affect you. You've already spent so much time here, causing you to be separated from Danrique. If this continues, he might get angry..."

"Then let him be," Francesca retorted stubbornly. "If he likes getting mad, I can't do anything about it."

"But—"

"Done." Francesca interrupted him and changed the subject. "For the next few days, let your legs rest and stock up on the medications. You have more than eighty people in your castle. We'll need a large supply of antidotes. Not to mention that I'm not very familiar with the medications in your country, so I would need to run some tests first. All that will take time, so it will help if you can prepare everything as soon as possible. At the same time, it would be helpful if you can get me some crude medicine from Zarain, just in case."

William nodded. "Noted. I will personally supervise the whole process. Don't worry, Francesca."

"Okay. I'll go rest in my room. Call me if there's anything."

Francesca quickly left. In reality, her phone was running low on battery. She wanted to return to her room so that she could charge her phone and call Danrique.

She had never been one to cave regarding relationships. However, she had been dragged into William's mess, and it was very likely that Danrique would be too.

She believed that she had the responsibility to explain to him what was going on.

After taking a sip of water, she charged her phone and began to dial Danrique's number.

However, no one picked up even after a long while.

Francesca found it odd. According to the time zone differences, it should only be nine in the evening in Xendale. Danrique should still be working at that time. Why isn't he picking up the call?

Even if he was mad at her when she had called him twice the night before, his anger should have dissipated by now. I've already taken the initiative to call him. Why is he still not picking up?