

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2104

Even though Robin didn't comprehend the meaning behind William's words, he knew that they had no choice but to take the risk.

Knock! Knock!

Right then, there came a knock on the door. A subordinate came in and reported, "Your Highness, Mr. Faulkner has arrived."

"Come in." William and Robin exchanged glances.

The subordinate opened the door, and Silas strode into the room.

After bowing to William, he said straightforwardly, "Your Highness, His Majesty has instructed me to take you and Dr. Felch to the palace."

The words triggered a drastic change in Robin's expression, but William—who managed to remain calm—replied with a faint smile, "I'm ready to go at any time upon His Majesty's summons. As for Francesca, let me talk to—"

Halfway through his reply, Francesca swung the door opened and entered. She was dressed in a white coat and holding a medical kit in her hand.

Surprised by the sight of Silas, she turned toward William.

"Francesca, let me introduce you." After briefly introducing one to the other, William added, "Francesca, His Majesty has sent Silas to take us to the palace."

"Isn't he coming over tomorrow?" Francesca asked directly. "Why are we going over now?"

“About that—”

“Dr. Felch.” William was about to explain when Silas stepped forward. “His Majesty has learned of your impressive medical skills and is filled with admiration. He would like to invite you to the palace and he hopes that you'll grant him the honor.”

As one of the king's close aides, Silas had shown Francesca great respect by the graciousness he had displayed.

Unfortunately, it failed to work on her. “I don't like to be a guest. If His Majesty has any questions, he can come here himself and ask them.”

“Francesca...”

“Dr. Felch.” This time, the solemnity in Silas' voice deepened. “You're probably unaware because of your youth. His Majesty's invitation and the fact that he has sent me is an unprecedented display of sincerity. Please don't put me and His Highness in a difficult position.”

“Me putting you in a difficult position?” Francesca asked curiously. “I'm here to provide medical treatment and I have not committed any crimes, so why does the king insist on seeing me? And how does me not seeing him put you in a difficult position?”

“Dr. Felch—”

“Mr. Faulkner,” William interjected before Silas could say anything further. “Francesca is a good friend of mine and also my savior. All this while, she hates to be restricted and doesn't enjoy socializing in political circles. Since she doesn't feel like going to the palace, let's not pressure her into it. As for Grandpa, I'll explain it to him myself.”

“Your Highness—”

Silas was about to say something when William bowed to him. "Please."

Given William's response, Silas couldn't bring himself to press the matter any further. He let out a deep sigh and said, "All right. I'll wait for you outside, then."

With that, he strode out of the room.

Francesca—who was already in a foul mood—was further annoyed by the drama. However, the miserable look on William's face triggered mixed emotions within her that led her to apologize. "William, I'm sorry. I don't want to make things difficult for you, but I really don't feel like going to the palace."

"It's fine if you don't want to go. It has nothing to do with you anyway." William was always gentle with Francesca. "I already feel bad for getting you involved. Whatever it is, I'll deal with it myself. I don't want to place any burden on you."

"But how are you going to explain yourself at the palace?" Francesca was concerned about him.

"It's no big deal. I'll take care of it." William patted her on the shoulder. "All right, I'll be off now. I don't want to keep Silas waiting. Anyway, don't push yourself today. Once you have examined Robin, you should get some rest."

"Okay." Francesca nodded before watching William leave.

Robin let out a sorrowful sigh. "I thought we could turn things around smoothly, but it seems we are finished."

"What do you mean by finished?" Francesca asked curiously.

“It's my fault. It's all my fault,” Robin continued to blame himself. “I shouldn't have appealed to His Majesty and revealed your identity. More importantly, I shouldn't have exposed Mr. Lindberg and your relationship.

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