

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2202

William was brought to a different castle with a built-in clinic.

There was quite a fair number of maids and subordinates, although he and Monica were the only two people residing there.

Francesca was puzzled to learn of such an arrangement. "But there are so many extra rooms in Danrique Castle. Why did he choose to have William stay here instead? I'd have to make my way over by car every time."

"This was Mr. Lindberg's decision, Ms. Felch," Gordon reported, lowering his head.

That response alone was enough to shut Francesca up. If it were before, she would have kicked up a fuss and insisted they do things her way.

But now, the woman felt that she owed Danrique too much to trouble him any further.

"Fine," she eventually answered with a frustrated nod.

"I don't think this is a bad idea, Ms. Felch. His Highness and I would feel much more at ease staying here." Monica seemed rather pleased with Danrique's arrangements. "If we were to stay at Danrique Castle, we'd have to face Mr. Lindberg every day. It gets a little awkward, to be honest."

"Yeah." William grinned. "L has his own life, so we won't end up bothering him by staying here."

"Well, I suppose so," Francesca relented. "You're not that far away either, so it wouldn't be too much of a hassle for me to come over. I'm out of medication, so I'll have to get someone to bring us more. I'll come back and see you guys tonight."

“There's no need to rush,” William assured. “I already took the medicine on the plane, so you can just come back tomorrow. Go on home. You must have a lot to do since we just landed.”

“Okay.” After giving Monica some instructions along with anti-inflammatory drugs and painkillers, Francesca left with Gordon.

On the way back, she wrote a checklist of medication and handed it to Gordon so he could have someone prepare every item needed.

The man immediately did as required and even let her go through the list of medical equipment available at the clinic, asking her if there was anything else to add.

Francesca noted how well-equipped the place was. There was not much else she needed apart from a few small apparatus.

The two continued chatting until they arrived home, where Norah and a group of maids awaited them.

Francesca was overjoyed to see them and began to strike up a conversation with them.

Norah had prepared an extravagant spread for dinner, and a hungry Francesca quickly washed her hands before darting toward the dining room.

“Slow down! You wouldn't want to choke on your food!”

Norah gazed at her, smiling affectionately.

“It's delicious!” Francesca exclaimed as she chowed down on the food.

The woman hadn't had a proper meal ever since she was on the run, nor did she have the appetite while staying at the palace. Now, she could finally let loose and dig in.

"If you like the food so much, we'd be more than happy to cook for you every day from now on." Norah poured her a glass of wine. "This is from Arkfield. Give it a taste."

Francesca took a sip and sighed in satisfaction. "It's good!"

She was so full that she couldn't help but burp. "I can't eat anymore. I'm stuffed! I have to go prepare some medication."

Her mind was still occupied by the desire to treat her patients. It wasn't just William; Monica, Robin, and all those people at the castle were waiting for her to save them.

"Ms. Felch, Mr. Lindberg had us prepare you a workshop. Shall I take you there to have a look at it?"

Gordon had remained next to her the whole time.

"There's a workshop? When did you set it up?"

Francesca was visibly stunned.

"Mr. Lindberg had it made the last time you came back," Gordon explained. "It's just that both Sean and I weren't around most of the time and could only get Sloan to watch over the construction, so we're not sure if you'd be pleased with the workshop. Please come and take a look, and if there's anything about it that you're not happy with, I'll get them to make the changes."

"Why would I be so picky? I'm already impressed that there's even a workshop!"

The woman grew extremely eager.

“Ms. Felch! You're back,” Sloan greeted while walking over from afar. “Your workshop is ready for your inspection!”

“Where is it?” Francesca extended her neck and glanced around. “Which room is it?”

“It's right here.”

Sloan pointed ahead, and standing tall right before them was a building that had a signboard containing the word “Fran” engraved in gold.