

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1904

“Mr. Lindberg will keep her safe. Erihal is his territory, and those around him are highly-trained elites. No one will be able to cause Ms. Felch any harm. Your Highness, I suggest we just attend their wedding and avoid getting ourselves involved any further,” Robin replied.

William fell silent for a while before saying in a deep voice, “I won't interfere as long as Francesca is all right. If anything happens to her, I will take her away.”

Robin let out a deep sigh and didn't dare say anything further.

There's no changing Prince William's mind once he decides on something... I just hope that Mr. Lindberg and Ms. Felch's wedding will go smoothly. If it doesn't, I hope she'll at least be able to leave on her own. Prince William really can't be getting involved in this any further...

Francesca's head started hurting really badly all of a sudden while she was in the car.

It felt like someone was hammering on her skull in an attempt to crack it wide open.

She held her head with one hand and closed her eyes as she endured the pain.

Being a doctor, she knew that her condition was getting worse with each passing day. The metal fragments were pressing against the nerve endings of her brain, so she needed to have them removed surgically as soon as possible.

“What's wrong, Ms. Cece? Are you feeling unwell?” Sloan asked from the passenger seat when he saw her in pain.

Francesca kept quiet and continued holding her head with one hand while massaging it with the other.

“Ms. Cece?”

Sloan was about to follow up with another question, but paused when he noticed how familiar she looked. If I recall, Dr. Felch used to do that too whenever she had a headache...

“What is it?” Mylo asked.

“I think Ms. Cece is feeling a little under the weather. Stop the car by the side of the road so she can get some rest!” Sloan replied anxiously.

“Okay.” Mylo then pulled over by the roadside as he continued, “Watch after Ms. Cece while I go buy her a cup of coffee.”

“All right.” Sloan waited till Mylo had disappeared from sight before turning toward Francesca. “A-Are you Dr. Felch?” he asked cautiously.

Francesca froze and looked up at him through her blurry vision.

Her response alone provided Sloan with the answer to his question. “So, you really are Dr. Felch! I had a feeling you two looked similar! You may be dressed differently, but your voice and the way you speak are the same! Oh, and you have the same eyes too!”

“Don't tell anyone,” Francesca whispered.

“I won't. Dr. Felch, have you not recovered from your brain injury? Does Mr. Lindberg know about this? How about we get you to a hospital?” Sloan asked anxiously.

Francesca shook her head. “There's no need for that. Just act like you don't know anything, got it?”

Sloan wasn't really sure what was going on, but he nodded anyway. “Got it...”

He was about to say something further when Mylo returned with the hot coffee. "Here you go, Ms. Cece. Have a hot cup of coffee."

"Thanks." Feeling a lot better after resting for a bit, Francesca took the coffee over and leaned against her seat as she said, "Let's get moving."

"You still seem a little unwell, Ms. Cece. Shall we take you to a hospital before we head over?" Mylo asked worriedly as he started the car.

"Okay."

Francesca glanced at the rearview mirror and saw two other cars following closely behind.

Those are Danrique's men assigned to keep me safe... He'd probably arrive very soon if I'm going to try out the bridal gown. Given how he always has a huge group of men around him, it would be incredibly difficult to make a run for it. The hospital will be quite crowded, so I might have a better chance at escaping. These bodyguards can't follow me into the examination room, so that should provide me with an opening to make my escape.

It wasn't long before they arrived outside a hospital.

After escorting Francesca inside with Sloan and the others, Mylo was about to give the hospital a call when Francesca stopped him.

"No need to cause such a huge scene over a quick trip to the doctor's office. It'll be too much trouble."

"I suppose you're right. Mr. Lindberg has instructed us to maintain a low profile now that you two are about to get married. I'll get a doctor to attend to you immediately, okay?" Mylo said while putting the phone away.

"Okay."