

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2092

It had only been half an hour since she had found out that the water source had been tampered with. How is it possible that the maids have already prepared a milk bath for me so quickly?

The maids had even prepared a water dispenser by the basin as well as a pail of clean water for her to brush up.

Furthermore, the water sources had all been cut off for the time being. Not only would it be a hassle to clean oneself, but cooking and drinking would be a huge issue as well. Yet, no one in the castle seemed to be panicking. Everything was still running like clockwork.

Something's amiss.

Francesca found it odd, but she was unwilling to suspect William.

Perhaps it's because they have been so used to being targeted that they have a backup plan for everything. That way, they will most likely be more at ease...

At that thought, Francesca could not help but feel bad for them. She quickly got rid of the lingering suspicions.

Once she had freshened up, she returned to the bedroom and pick her phone up. Still no calls nor messages from Danrique.

From the looks of it, he truly was angry.

Francesca was speechless. Too tired to explain the situation to him, she decided to just go to bed with the phone still on silent.

The seemingly peaceful night was far from so.

In the middle of the night, a sudden bolt of thunder jolted Francesca awake. Narrowing her eyes, she gazed out the window. Bolts of thunder followed flashes of lightning as the howling wind caused the trees to sway from side to side. The rustling leaves on the quivering branches looked like a monster in the dark.

Despite the chaos outside the window, she was not in the least afraid. She simply covered her ears, rolled over, and continued to sleep.

When she fell asleep once again, she did not wake up till the next morning.

All of a sudden, somebody called out from outside the door, "Ms. Felch, Ms. Felch..."

Irritated that she was awakened from her slumber, Francesca hugged her pillow as she mumbled lazily, "What is it?"

"The results are out..." the man behind the door answered meekly.

Francesca's eyes immediately snapped open as she hurried out of bed. "Give me a moment."

She rushed into the bathroom to freshen up as quickly as possible and changed. Pulling her hair up into a ponytail, she opened the door. "What's the situation?"

"No one went to the main water tank, but someone sneaked into the storeroom to get rid of the evidence. We have already caught the person."

"Lead the way."

Francesca followed the subordinate into the basement.

William and a few of his trusted advisors were conducting an interrogation. A young boy was kneeling on the ground with both his hands tied up. His mouth was sealed by a piece of tape as he lowered his head, his body trembling in fear.

“Didn't you say everyone here has been working here for a long time, and the only young ones are your bodyguards?” Francesca observed the boy carefully. “Who's this?”

“Ms. Felch, this is Marc. He's Mr. Murray's—the gardener's—nephew. Because Mr. Murray is sick, he has been taking over his uncle's job and has been in the castle for three months now. He looks quite honest. No one would have thought that he would be bribed...” one of the subordinates answered.

“Mmmph!”

When Marc heard that, he widened his eyes and shook his head nonstop. However, with his mouth taped, he could not get a single word out.

Doubt crept into Francesca's heart as she looked at the boy's clear eyes. She found it hard to believe that he was the spy. With a step forward, she ripped the tape off of his mouth. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

The boy quickly explained himself but spoke in an unusual tongue. A foreign language echoed in the room. Francesca could not understand a single word. Without a choice, she turned to William. “What did he say?”

William shook his head as well before turning to look at one of his subordinates.

“He's still denying it. He said that he had been tricked. That was why he had helped transport the essential oils into the castle,” one of the subordinates explained.

“He only transported the essential oils? Then who was the informant?” Francesca asked.

“Him as well,” the subordinate answered immediately.

“That doesn't seem right.” Francesca was perplexed. “He doesn't even know how to speak the language of Danontand nor the languages of the neighboring countries. How could he have been the informant?”

“It's true that he can't speak nor write the language very well. That's why he took photos on his phone and conveyed the information via messages.”

The subordinate took out an old phone that had been smashed and handed it to Francesca. “Here. This is his phone.”

Francesca had never been tech-savvy. She could use the newest gadgets that most people were using, but the phone she had been handed was an old model. Its functions were also fully in the language of Danontand. Thus, she could not make heads or tails out of it.

The subordinate opened the phone's gallery and showed her the photos. There were a lot of photos of the ins and outs of the castle, including a photo that showed Francesca arriving at the castle.