

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2133

All of a sudden, Francesca shuddered as a nightmare jolted her awake.

She was struggling to get out of bed when Danrique quickly pulled her back with a hug. "What's the matter?"

"I think something's happened to William," Francesca blurted. "Monica told me earlier that—"

Alas, an annoyed Danrique cupped her face and interrupted, "Shoosh! You're not allowed to think of other men when you're with me."

"That's not it. I—"

Before Francesca could finish her words, Danrique kissed her hard, thinking that'd be the best way to shut her up. No matter how much she struggled, the latter refused to let her go.

Just then, they heard a loud rap at the bedroom door. "Mr. Lindberg, I have something urgent to report," Sean shouted.

Knowing how dangerous it was to disturb Danrique at that moment, the poor man couldn't stop sweating bullets.

Francesca quickly used the opportunity to push Danrique away and glare at him. "We've already done it four times, and my body is about to fall apart. Do you really still want more?"

"Fine. I'll let you off this time," Danrique said as he playfully bit her earlobe and got out of bed. "Stay in the room. Don't wander about."

After a quick shower, he changed into a fresh set of clothes and hurriedly left the room.

Francesca made a face at the retreating figure before getting out of bed to take a shower too.

It wasn't long before she realized there were traces of him all over her body and how sore and painful she was. My goodness. It feels like my body has been taken apart and pieced together again!

However, as soon as Francesca recalled how intimate she and Danrique had been, she couldn't help but turn crimson.

When she heard some noise outside the bathroom, she thought the latter had returned and hastily stuck her head out to check. To her surprise, it was Norah who had brought two maids along to clean the room.

Upon seeing Francesca peeping at them, Norah burst into laughter. "We're here on Mr. Lindberg's orders, Ms. Felch. Please, carry on with your shower. We'll be done cleaning by the time you're out."

Still as red as a tomato, Francesca quickly ducked back into the bathroom and continued with her shower.

Sure enough, the sounds outside died down after a while, and Norah's voice rang out. "We've finished cleaning up, Ms. Felch. I've left your clothes on the sofa. You can take a rest after your shower. We'll bring you your dinner immediately."

"All right. Thank you, Mdm. Norah," Francesca replied, albeit still somewhat embarrassed.

Once she was certain Norah had left, she wrapped herself in a towel and walked out of the bathroom.

As expected, the room was spick and span, and even the bedsheets and pillowcases were all replaced. A set of casual attire in Francesca's size was also neatly placed on the sofa, right next to her backpack.

Francesca quickly got dressed and took out her phone from the backpack to call William.

However, when she realized his phone was off, she decided to call Robin instead.

After a long while, the latter finally picked up the phone. "Ms. Felch!"

"Robin, where's William? Why can't I get through to him?"

"His Highness is currently resting. He isn't feeling too well..."

"It's been more than twenty hours since we left! Does he have to rest for that long?" Francesca asked anxiously. "Has something happened to him?"

"No. He's all right..."

"Robin."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Felch, but my wound's hurting. I'll talk to you later."

With that, Robin hung up before Francesca could say anything else. He knew he couldn't fool her, nor did he know how to lie to her. As much as he hated it, pushing her away was his only option.

Unfortunately, Francesca had more or less figured out what was going on.

If I'm not wrong, William must have been taken away by his grandfather's men. After all, I ran off with the secrets of Danontand's royal family. There's no way Federico would let him off.

Just then, Danrique opened the door and strode into the room. When he noticed Francesca holding her phone and looking incredibly worried, he couldn't help but furrow his brows. "Why do you care so much about him?"

“He's my friend, and besides, I'm partly responsible for this matter,” Francesca explained. “You've come at the right time. I have something to discuss with you.”

“So do I,” Danrique replied flatly. “But you should have your dinner first. We can talk after.”

Eager to settle the matter as soon as possible, Francesca insisted, “I think it's better if we talked first. Otherwise, I won't have any mood to eat.”

“I'm worried you won't have an appetite left after you've said your piece...”