

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2145

Francesca was rather outspoken, uncouth, and often overlooked small details, but she was slowly learning to change.

Danrique was delighted with her transformation. Though she may seem heartless sometime, he was glad to witness the changes she had made.

It indicates that I matter to her if nothing else.

Francesca arrived at the clinic at the back of the castle, where a doctor was examining Monica's injury.

“Monica!”

“Ms. Felch!”

Monica was thrilled to see Francesca and sat up from her bed immediately. “I'm fine now. There's no need to trouble you.”

“Ms. Felch—”

“I'm sure you're busy. Leave things here to me,” Francesca said courteously to the doctor. “Thank you for your trouble!”

“No problem. We'll leave then.”

The doctor bowed to Francesca before gesturing to his assistant to depart as he slung his medical kit over his back.

Francesca examined Monica's injury and glanced at the medication prescribed by the doctor. Upon finding them too basic, she added a homemade remedy to the list. "Keep taking what the doctor prescribed, and take the one I'm giving you. It won't be a clash."

"Thank you, Ms. Felch."

Monica's injury did not bother her. She was most anxious to discuss William, but she did not dare say much as there were others behind Francesca.

She only spoke after Francesca dismissed her people and shut the door. "How are things with you and Mr. Lindberg, Ms. Felch?"

"We are good," Francesca answered. "I'm thinking of a solution regarding William's situation. I promised to return for his rescue, and I will. Rest assured."

Her concise words dispelled Monica's worries, who suddenly did not know what to say.

After recovering from her momentary surprise, she hastened to explain herself. "That's not what I mean, Ms. Felch. I—"

"Focus on getting better. Look for Mdm. Norah, if you need anything. Or you could come to me directly," Francesca said bluntly. "There are some matters I need to attend to. I'll see you soon."

She rose to leave as she spoke.

Monica watched Francesca's departing back sullenly.

I underestimated Francesca, thinking that she is dumb. Now I know she knows everything. She's just more innocent and does not like to scheme. It appears that Francesca does not like me watching her. She didn't come to visit me today. Instead, she came to make one thing clear—she is not a pushover.

Danrique was about to enter his car when Francesca arrived at the front of the palace. He stopped in his tracks to wait for her when he saw her coming. "That was quick."

"I just sent Monica some medicine and that did not take long." Francesca hastened her stride to catch up. "Are you going back to the office?"

"I am." Danrique brushed off the snow in her hair. "It's cold outside. Wait at home, and I'll pick you up in the afternoon."

"What are you picking me up for?" Francesca asked curiously.

"I'm taking you to a banquet tonight." Danrique touched her cheek. "My woman must make a public debut sooner or later, no?"

Francesca giggled. "You're cheeky."

Danrique kissed her on the forehead. "Be good and go back in. It's cold out here."

"I will." Francesca wrapped her coat around her and headed inside but turned back every few steps to watch Danrique enter the car and only looked away after the vehicle left before entering the house huddled from the cold.

Danrique watched her from the rearview mirror and smiled seductively.

Initially, he was under the impression that she did not love him very much, but he had finally felt her love.

He thought about how she climbed onto him like a kitten, wrapped her arms around his neck, and leaned obediently against his chest.

His thoughts wandered over to how she had trotted to him earlier with a silly smile and how she gazed at his departure and looked back every few steps.

Every tiny detail of her gestures are filled with love.