

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2159

Francesca had processed everything Danrique said earlier, except for that last bit. She refused to hear a word of it. On top of that, she was disgusted.

From the moment Francesca and Hazel met, the latter had behaved like a leech, latching onto them and following them like a shadow that refused to depart.

Moreover, Francesca had personally heard what Diana had to say about Hazel. How could Danrique still defend Hazel in good faith, saying that she was not that bad?

This made Francesca feel ill.

She also thought that Danrique was protecting Hazel.

“How is your injury? Let me take a look.”

Danrique reached over to look at Francesca's injury, but Francesca immediately retracted her hand like a scalded cat. With a huff, she turned around to ignore him.

Stunned, he asked, “What is it? Are you angry at me now?”

Is this not obvious enough?

Displeasure is written all over my face now. Why does he still need to ask?

This, of course, made Francesca angrier.

“You were fine before. Why are you suddenly angry at me now? What did I do wrong?” Danrique was confused.

Francesca remained silent. She appeared to be seething, like a ticking time bomb that was about to explode.

Danrique was rendered speechless and kicked the passenger seat ahead of him.

At that, Sean, who had been afraid to speak this whole time, had to step in for his employer. “Err, Ms. Felch, I don't think that's what Mr. Lindberg meant. Please don't misunderstand.”

“Oh? Then what did he mean?” demanded Francesca angrily.

“Yes. What was it then?”

Danrique still did not understand what it was he said to have upset Francesca like this.

“Mr. Lindberg was only trying to say that Ms. Atkinson was likely not involved in certain matters. Besides, it's not likely that she'd dare to cause a scene in front of Mr. Lindberg or have ill intentions toward you. He was not praising her.”

Sean had understood it from the start, but it was a shame that his dull employer had not realized it.

As such, realization finally dawned upon Danrique as to why Francesca was angry.

Immediately, he pointed at Sean and said, “He's right.”

“You...” Francesca was truly at her wits' end.

Does that mean that every time we fight, someone else has to listen and interpret it for him? Is he completely incapable of understanding me and communicating with me properly? Does he need an underling for this, of all things?

Francesca huffed. No wonder he had Sean call and explain when we were previously giving each other the silent treatment. He didn't even bother to apologize to me in person!

"You're still mad?"

Danrique was puzzled and kicked Sean's seat again.

"Ms. Felch." Sean naturally understood what was happening and continued to explain, "Mr. Lindberg has never been in love. This is his first experience of being in a relationship. As such, certain things are quite foreign to him. I hope you understand."

"Ah. Yes." Danrique immediately nodded.

Francesca let out a deep sigh and massaged her throbbing temples. She truly had no words to reply to that.

This relationship is such a pain.

"Ms. Felch, please stop being angry. Mr. Lindberg is—"

"Shut up!" Francesca was tired of hearing this.

"Yes." Sean immediately fell silent, not daring to speak further.

"You've said too much." Danrique kicked Sean's seat once more and reached over to touch Francesca's shoulder. "It's all right. Don't be mad anymore."

Sean was rendered speechless. What on earth? Why is he making it look like I'm the one who angered Ms. Felch?

After roughly half an hour in the car, they finally reached the castle.

When they got out of the car, Monica finally had the chance to approach Francesca. "Ms. Felch, are you all right?"

"I'm fine," said Francesca guiltily. "I'm so sorry about today. I brought you over, but you didn't even get to have fun. All you could do was linger with the other men."

"It's all right; this is no different from what I normally do," replied Monica with a smile. "Is your hand better? I heard you got injured."