

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2160

"A small matter." Francesca waved her heavily bandaged hand.

"As long as you're safe. You gave me quite a fright!" tittered Monica as she patted her chest. "Maybe you should rest early. I won't disturb you anymore."

Having said that, she rushed off to the other courtyard.

Francesca watched her retreating back, thinking of how carefully Monica treated her to get in her good books. She could not help but feel guilty.

Monica was actually a member of Interpol. There was no need for her to pay too much attention to William's affairs.

Out of camaraderie and concern for William, however, she was urging Francesca to take action sooner.

However, Danrique had made arrangements to have her sleep in a different courtyard, not allowing her to sleep in the same area. He even made her dress like a bodyguard.

This series of actions served as a warning to Monica, telling her not to intervene.

Francesca thought of what Harrier had said to her earlier. When she dwelled on William's current condition, she became even more distressed.

Even if Harrier had ill-intentions, there was truth to this matter.

If anything happened to William, Francesca could not live with herself.

“What is it? Are you still mad?” Danrique had noticed how morose she looked and assumed that Francesca was still upset over the Hazel incident.

“I...” Francesca looked up to gaze at Danrique. “I wish to have a chat with you.”

Seeing how grave her expression was, Danrique knew what she was about to say. With an arched brow, he asked, “Is it about William?”

Francesca nodded.

Danrique could not be bothered to have this conversation and turned around to enter the bathroom.

“Danrique...”

Francesca called out to him but received no response in return. All she could do was lie on the couch and wait for him to finish bathing.

After a while, Danrique finally emerged from the bathroom clad in nothing but his towel. His hair was still dripping wet.

Francesca saw that the window wasn't shut and that Danrique was not properly dressed. Worried he would catch a cold, she brought him a bathrobe to cover himself with and went to shut the window.

This was an act of kindness and warmth, which should have incited similar feelings. However, the opposite happened instead. “You're usually carefree and unbothered about people. Are you now taking care of me for William's sake?” asked Danrique icily.

Francesca was rendered speechless. “Danrique Lindberg, did the water go into your brain when you took your shower?”

Danrique arched a brow and looked at her coldly.

“What are you looking at me like that for?” Francesca was incensed. “I’m taking care of you out of concern, and you have to ruin it by speaking like this? Fine. I won’t give a d*mn about you anymore!”

Danrique could not be bothered to deal with the outburst. He had been so patient all this while, coaxing her, coddling her... Yet all she could think about was William.

This upset Danrique greatly.

After blow-drying his hair, he lay on the bed to read.

Francesca was still sulking on the sofa and glaring at him. Upon noticing that he was ignoring her, her temper only worsened.

If she were to act as she normally did, they would have a massive argument that resulted in screaming and one leaving the room after slamming the door. Thinking about how they were now together, Francesca resolved to be better at communicating with him.

Thinking of Layla's advice to her, Francesca suppressed her anger and entered the bathroom to take a shower.

Danrique heard the sound of the door closing and looked up. Her temper had improved somewhat, but he thought that it was for no other reason than William.

Is she going to behave just to plead her case?

The more he thought of this, the more irked Danrique became. He then decided to turn off the nightlight and go to sleep.

When Francesca came out of the bathroom, she noticed that the lights were out and that Danrique was fast asleep. His back was facing her, as if he was hell-bent on ignoring her.

This brought her anger to new heights.

She had tried very hard to control her emotions and talk to him nicely. Not only did he not cajole her, but he also became arrogant and cold.

What's with his attitude?