

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2162

“Danrique...” Francesca was going to explain herself when he straight up walked out of the room.

In the end, Francesca was left staring at the tightly shut door. She felt extremely helpless when she recalled his cold and angry reaction.

In the past, she felt she had control over every situation and could excel at many things. Recently, however, she had been feeling increasingly helpless over many issues.

Take rescuing William, for example. She had to rely on Danrique just for that matter.

Convincing Danrique was the biggest problem.

She had thought of every possible solution and weighed the importance of that matter before reasoning with him. She even kept her temper in check while humbling herself to beg him. Sadly, everything she did was fruitless.

And now, she had even infuriated him.

She did not know what to do.

Sighing, she hugged a pillow and stared blankly at the scenery outside that was covered in snow.

The spot on the bed beside her was still warm, and his scent still lingered in the air.

It was true that Danrique cared for and loved her very much. He had even done so much for her. However, he would not give in the slightest bit when it came to rescuing William.

Danrique once said rescuing William won't affect him, nor will it cause any complications. So, why isn't he willing to help? William is his friend, too.

Francesca lay in bed, unable to fall back to sleep. Suddenly, she felt her phone vibrating, and she picked it up to check the notifications.

They were messages from Monica. Some of them were sent when Francesca and Danrique were entangled with each other earlier.

Since she could not fall asleep, Francesca decided to read them one by one.

Monica: Ms. Felch, I've received news that the b*stards have secretly poisoned Prince William. He was sent to the hospital yesterday and is currently in terrible condition.

Monica: I'm sorry, Ms. Felch. I know I shouldn't be disturbing you at this hour. I know I shouldn't be hurrying you because the more I do it, the more annoyed Mr. Lindberg will be. But His Highness' condition is very unstable! I'm really worried...

Monica: Ms. Felch, I've received another update. Robin and the others are stuck in the castle. No one's allowed to enter or leave. They're not allowed to buy necessities, either. The amount of food stored in the castle is extremely limited. Besides, the water source is poisoned. If this goes on, they're going to die...

Monica: These people are really heartless animals! I can't believe they used the excuse of looking into the water source to lock over eighty people in the castle. They can't do anything to counterattack. If we don't help them, the consequences are going to be horrible.

Monica: I know this matter is putting you in a difficult spot, and I know you're in an awkward position, but you're the only one who can save them now. We're talking about human lives here. There are over eighty of them. We can't just ignore this...

Monica: You're their only hope, Ms. Felch!

After reading all the messages, Francesca felt a heavy feeling in her heart. While she was thinking of a way to talk to Danrique about it, she received another text from Monica.

It read: Ms. Felch, I'm going to personally beg Mr. Lindberg.

Before Francesca could even process the meaning of the message, a gunshot sounded outside. Francesca jumped in alarm and hurried to the window to look.

It turned out that Monica wanted to enter the front hall but was stopped by the bodyguard. Hence, she sneaked out in the middle of the night, wanting to enter the study room through the windows. Unfortunately, Gordon found her and fired a shot.

Monica was hit and fell onto a pile of snow from the second floor.

Blood gushed out of her wound, staining the white snow.

A group of bodyguards armed with guns instantly surrounded her, ready to take down the intruder.

“Monica! Stop! Don't shoot her!” Francesca yelled.

Hearing that, Gordon quickly gave orders to the other bodyguards. Removing Monica's cloak, he could not help but frown when he recognized who she was. “It's you?”

Francesca flew down the stairs and helped Monica up, making sure the latter was safe before scolding Gordon, “Don't you know who she is? Why did you fire your gun?”