

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2163

"I'm sorry, Ms. Felch. We didn't recognize her earlier. Besides, there's no reason for us not to shoot when someone suddenly crawls up the wall outside Mr. Lindberg's study room at this hour," Gordon explained in a hurry.

"You—"

"It's not their fault, Ms. Felch. Please don't blame them," Monica advised.

"Come on. Let's go in and get your wound cleaned first." Francesca hurriedly helped Monica into the building, but the latter insisted on seeing Danrique.

"Please, just let me see Mr. Lindberg. There's a favor I need to ask of him personally."

Gordon said, "You can just talk to me. I'll help you pass the message to Mr. Lindberg."

"No. I need to ask him in person..." Panicking, Monica tugged at Francesca's hand and pleaded, "Please, Ms. Felch. I'm begging you."

"Monica..." Francesca wanted to dissuade Monica. Before she could even do that, the latter fell to her knees with a thump, ignoring the wound on her leg. "I'm begging you. Please let me see Mr. Lindberg!"

"Get up quickly. Your leg's wounded. You'll be crippled if you kneel like this," Francesca ordered anxiously.

"Then so be it. I'm willing to sacrifice my legs for His Highness' well-being if that's possible. I'll even sacrifice my life," Monica said, tears spilling from her eyes.

Hearing Monica's words and seeing her in such a state moved Francesca. Unable to refuse the former, she could only promise, "All right. I'll take you to see him once I've bandaged you up."

“Ms. Felch—”

“Surely I have the right to do so?” Francesca cut Gordon off, leading Monica into the front hall.

Gordon did not dare to stop her despite knowing the situation would anger Danrique. Given no choice, he could only send someone to report the situation to Danrique.

Meanwhile, Francesca cleaned Monica's wound, helped the latter into a wheelchair, and pushed her to the study room on the second floor.

At that time, Sean was guarding the door. He did not stop Francesca from entering; he probably knew she was coming. He merely glanced at Monica and lowered his head to open the door.

Danrique, who was reading some documents at the table, did not look up even when he heard the door opening. He kept working away.

Feeling slightly nervous, Monica glanced at Francesca before speaking carefully. “I'm sorry for disturbing you at this hour, Mr. Lindberg.”

Suddenly, Danrique looked up from the documents and cast Francesca a meaningful gaze.

Francesca said defiantly, “She just wants to see you briefly. Can't she talk to you face to face?”

Danrique glared at Francesca and questioned Monica, “I only let you recuperate here because of her. And now, you've sneaked out of the side palace in the middle of the night and tried to break into my study room. Are you courting death?”

Monica lowered her head and apologized, “I'm sorry for offending you. I won't blame you if you want to punish or even kill me, but please save Prince William.”

“As far as I know, you're not working for William. Interpol isn't something anyone can join. You should cherish the bright future you have ahead of you.” Danrique leaned back in the chair, glaring coldly at Monica.

With her head hung low, Monica said, “My current achievements are all thanks to Prince William. Besides, he was the one who saved me. That's why I'm willing to do anything for him.”

“How touching.” Danrique shot Francesca a thoughtful look.

Francesca was so touched by Monica's words that she kept her gaze on the latter, not noticing Danrique staring at her.

“Mr. Lindberg, you're the only one who can save His Highness now. Please—”

Danrique interrupted coldly, “Even Francesca failed to convince me. What makes you think you can?”

Monica was rendered speechless.

Francesca, however, was enraged. She snapped, “Danrique, you—”

“Enough. I need to carry on with my work. Take them out.” Danrique did not want to talk to them anymore.

“Understood.” Sean stepped into the study room and gestured for the ladies to leave. “This way, Ms. Felch.”