

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2200

“Okay. Use this on the wounds.”

After cleaning William's injuries, Francesca handed some medication over to Monica. “Apply this powder on every wound he has. I'll come back to bandage them soon.”

“Okay.” The latter quickly took the bottle and got started.

Francesca removed her gloves so she could wash her hands. Then, she froze upon noticing Danrique standing at the door. “When did you get here?”

“I just did,” the man replied frostily. “Are you done? Do you need my help?”

“No,” she answered, failing to notice his odd behavior. “I'm going to wash my hands and bandage William's injuries. You can go ahead with your own work. I'll see you later.”

The woman then headed to the private room to wash her hands, not realizing that she was still only clad in Danrique's shirt.

Although she had buttoned herself up this time and the shirt was long enough, Danrique couldn't help but frown at the sight of her thighs showing.

“Leave the bandaging to me,” Monica hurriedly offered, noticing the displeasure in the man's eyes. “Go get some rest, Ms. Felch. I can handle this.”

“Certainly not,” Francesca insisted as she walked out of the bathroom and put her gloves back on. “You're not even a nurse. How would you know how to bandage a wound?”

“I can do it—”

Yet, before Monica could finish, Francesca gave William's pants another tug and began to inspect the wounds on his thighs.

"F-Francesca!" William called out in a panic. "Let Monica do it."

"He's right, Ms. Felch," Monica chimed in before lowering her voice. "Look, Mr. Lindberg is upset. You should go back now."

Realization finally dawned on Francesca, but by the time she turned around, Danrique had already walked away.

"Seriously! What is a grown man like him being so petty for?" she muttered.

Then, she left after teaching Monica how to inspect and apply medication on William's injuries.

Monica shut the door and heaved a long sigh. She then bit her lip and plucked up the courage to examine the man's wounds.

"You should learn to take care of all this," William instructed softly. "Don't let Francesca do it."

"Okay, I'll do my best." Monica nodded. "But Your Highness, I-I'm afraid..."

Her face had turned crimson by now. Francesca had told her to inspect every part of his body—including that area—but she dared not even look there.

"It's okay," assured William. "You're the one closest to me now. There's nothing to be ashamed of. It's better than getting Francesca to do it."

“Y-You're right.”

With that, Monica suppressed her nerves and began to inspect him, albeit her cheeks remained flushed.

Meanwhile, Francesca returned to her room. Seeing that Danrique was in the middle of a shower, she thought nothing much of it and began to organize her medical kit.

It didn't take long for the man to re-emerge, but he merely shot her a glance before sitting on the bedside to dry his hair.

“I'll be taking my shower now.”

The woman grabbed a T-shirt from his luggage and headed to the bathroom.

Given the injuries on her head and leg, she only spent a short while cleaning herself. However, the floor was wet, and coupled with the fact that she couldn't walk normally, she suddenly slipped and fell.

This time, Danrique didn't help her up.

“Ahhh!” Francesca screamed in pain. “It hurts!”

“Where does it hurt?” The man leaned against the bed and gazed at her coldly.

“My butt,” she grumbled while crawling back up on her own and limping her way over to the bed. “And you don't even care.”

Yet, Danrique shot back in an aloof tone, “Why do I need to? Aren't you as tough as steel?”

The woman's blood boiled as she saw how sarcastic he was toward her, but she controlled her anger. "I can't believe you're getting upset at me when all I did was treat a patient."

Yet, the man merely responded by switching off the lights and going to sleep.

"You!" Francesca hurled a pillow at him in rage. What the hell is with this guy? He's so petty and grumpy! To think that I have to be the one pacifying him? He's horrible!