

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2159

Chapter 2159 Dull Love

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.

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Chapter 2160 Huffy

“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?

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Chapter 2161 Really Hate It

Francesca changed into a set of pajamas, crawled into bed, and turned off the lights to sleep. Fine! Since he's ignoring me, I'll do the same to him. Hmph!

They slept on their sides, their backs facing each other as they were still mad at one another. For some reason, they felt as if they were miles apart, even though they were sharing the same bed.

Francesca was still angry, but she soon dozed off without realizing it.

However, Danrique was having trouble falling asleep. Having taken the next step in their relationship, he, at that very moment, desperately wanted to get close to Francesca. After all, they were currently sleeping in the same bed. It was incredibly difficult for him to resist the temptation.

Two hours later, Danrique carefully moved backward, wanting to be closer to Francesca.

To his surprise, he could not feel her back, even when he had moved so much.

Hence, he inched backward again, but it made no difference.

Unable to suppress his curiosity, he turned around, only to find her sleeping on the edge of the bed. What on earth? She's going to fall.

In the end, he reached out an arm and pretended to sound cold, saying, "Come here!"

No response came.

Noting that, he poked her arm with his finger. Even so, there was still no response.

When he moved closer to take a look at her, he discovered she had already fallen asleep.

His blood boiled, and anger rippled in him.

How dare she? I'm having trouble sleeping because I'm angry, but here she is, sleeping soundly like a log. What a heartless woman!

At that moment, Danrique had no intention of coaxing her anymore. He reached out and pulled her into his embrace, leaning over to kiss her.

“Mmph!”

Francesca, who was immediately awakened by the kiss, squinted and struggled to free herself from him.

Unfortunately, Danrique had locked her in his embrace, pinning her down with one leg so that she was immobilized.

Francesca had no choice but to endure his barbaric actions driven by his desires.

His kiss carried a hint of punishment. It was no different from a beast gnawing on its prey, almost suffocating her.

After a prolonged kiss, he finally let her go and watched in amusement as she frantically tried to catch her breath.

“Danrique, you—” Just as Francesca had finally recollected herself and was about to scold him, he turned over, pinned her under him, and continued to ravage her.

No matter how hard Francesca struggled, she could not break free. She pounded hard on his back and even pushed his chest. Still, she could not shove him away.

Soon, all her reasoning gradually faded under his warm breath and wild kisses.

The tension in the room rose to its peak while their bodies intertwined like beasts in a ferocious fight.

Uncontrollable moans filled every inch of the room.

That night, Danrique was not as gentle and careful with Francesca as the night before. He was more violent, doing whatever he wanted to her.

He did not release her until she cried and begged him when she could not endure it anymore.

Hugging her tightly from the back, he planted kisses on her shoulder and fell asleep.

Francesca, too, fell asleep within seconds due to exhaustion.

However, she instantly fell into a series of nightmares. One of them was a nightmare about William and the people in the castle. In her dreams, they had died and turned into vengeful souls who had returned to take her life.

The nightmare was so frightening that she shuddered and awoke from her sleep. She was still trembling and drenched in a cold sweat even when she had awakened.

“What’s wrong?” Danrique woke up. Sensing something was amiss with her, he quickly asked, “Did you have a nightmare?”

Francesca did not answer, still shocked by the horrifying images that were replaying in her mind.

Grabbing her shoulder, Danrique turned her around and pressed his forehead against hers, reassuring her gently, “Don’t be scared. I’m here.”

Francesca could feel the warmth and strength in his grip, but when she recalled the dream, she could not help but ask, “Can you please help him? For me?”

The pleasant atmosphere was instantly ruined by her words, which was like a bucket of cold water poured onto Danrique. He felt as if his heart had frozen over.

Turning around, he left the bed, got dressed, and said coldly with his back facing her, “I really hate how you’re thinking about other men while lying in my arms.”

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Chapter 2162 Lifesaver

“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?"

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Chapter 2163 Beg Him

“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.”