

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2057

“Are you with William right now?”

Danrique's tone changed immediately.

Though she felt timid inwardly, Francesca decided to stick with it after glancing at William quickly.

“Yeah, why?”

“You realize that the time right now on your side is one o'clock in the morning, do you?” Danrique's voice sounded like the sharp wind in the winter through the phone. “Francesca, you blacklisted me on your phone and hung out with a man late at night. Splendid. You did well!”

“That's not it, I-”

As she wanted to explain further, the phone was immediately hung up by Danrique. It happened so fast that Francesca, still holding her phone, was left dumbfounded. “Da*n it. He hung me up.”

“You just had to stir up trouble,” William sternly scolded Robin while seeing this.

“This is all my fault.” Robin hurriedly lowered his head before apologizing, “I'm deeply sorry for what happened, Ms. Felch.”

“No, this is not your problem. He's just being mean, that's all.” Francesca, however, was not bothered by what happened. “All right then, let's not be affected by him and continue our meal, shall we?”

“Frannie, you think I should give L a call and explain it to him?” William asked gently, “He must have the wrong idea after learning that you're with me when it's late at night.”

“And what if he did misinterpret something? Why do I care?” Francesca complained before she said, “He didn't explain anything about his entanglement with Hazel either.”

“Hazel's love for him is just unrequited. L doesn't even like her to begin with.” William smiled. “But I could tell that he's really into you.”

“And if he did love me so much as you said, he would be here by now. He wouldn't wait for so long.” The more Francesca thought of it, the angrier she got. “It's been nine days since I'm back in S Nation, and I still don't see any actions from him!”

“About this...”

“Forget it. That's enough. Thank you for the delicious food. Please excuse me for now,” said Francesca, who had lost all her appetite.

“Okay. You should get more rest. It's very late now.” while sitting in his wheelchair, William sent her out and said, “Since I know you're angry, I won't be saying anything else, but do give L a call once you're feeling better.”

“No. I won't!” Francesca sulked. “He can do whatever he wants, and I don't care!”

“This-”

“See you!”

With that said, Francesca sped off in her car and left.

As for William, he stayed at the same place as he watched the lady driving further away. When the car was no longer in sight, he turned around and said, “We should get going too.”

“Yes, sir.”

When Francesca got home, she parked her car outside of the compound in fear that she would wake Layla and the others. Just as she snuck into the house and was about to head upstairs, a voice she could never forget sounded behind her, "You're back."

"Ms. Layla!"

Francesca turned around right away and looked right back at Layla timidly.

"Go and take a bath." Layla had a pillow in her arms as she went up the stairs. "I'll be sleeping with you tonight."

"What?" Francesca was caught off guard by what she said. Back when they were still living in the rundown house, she always struggled to fall asleep because of her fear of mice. As a result, Layla would always hug Francesca in her arms and pat Francesca to sleep.

When she got older, however, she started getting used to sleeping alone.

Besides, the house was so massive and clean that there were no more mice.

"There will be a heavy thunderstorm tonight. I'm scared." Layla gave her a reason that definitely was not convincing at all.

"Okay..."

Francesca was a little speechless, but there was no way she could turn Layla down.

After her bath, Francesca returned to the room in her pajamas. Layla was lying on the bed with an eye mask on and the rabbit pillow in her arms.

Thinking that Layla was asleep, Francesca carefully got into the bed, only to hear Layla asking, "Are you sleepy?"

"Not really." Francesca was startled for a second. "Ms. Layla, you're not asleep?"

"I was waiting for you." the pitch of Layla's voice appeared much lower than usual in the silent night.

"Frannie, Mr. Lincoln, and I will be away for some time, so make sure you and Anthony take good care of yourselves."

"You'll be away? To where? Is it about the foundations?" Francesca hurriedly asked.