

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1868

She acted no different no matter where she was. She would stand and sit languidly. She would rather lie down instead of sitting and sit instead of standing, if she had a choice.

She had no care as to how people see her. She just did whatever was comfortable.

Danrique narrowed his eyes as he watched her. His eyes gleamed as if many thoughts were racing across his mind.

After a long silence, he finally spoke. "Did you take alcohol?"

"Yes, I did," Francesca admitted.

"Eva pushed you to take them?" Danrique inquired.

"No, I took them willingly."

Francesca didn't want to shift the blame onto others. Even though Eva did intend to make her drunk, her attempt failed. Francesca was the one who made the other drunk.

"You want to leave me?" Danrique questioned.

Francesca didn't respond to his question. Her mind was churning up a way to answer him.

Will he be furious if I told him the truth? Will he break my leg, lock me in the basement and torture me? Well, at least that's how romance novels always go. Those alpha CEOs always resort to such measures. I recalled there was a novel I read before in which the male lead had locked the female lead in an animal cage as punishment, causing a mastiff to hurt the female lead. How psychotic!

The scary thought had Francesca giving Danrique a strange look.

“Answer me,” Danrique demanded with a frown.

“Why did you intend to marry me?” Francesca refused to answer and asked instead. “Was it because I accidentally took a bullet for you?”

“Accidentally?” Danrique had only caught that one word in her question.

“Of course.” Francesca didn't want to lie to him. “I'm not a saint or a femme fatale. Why would I take a bullet for a man? Moreover, I don't even know you that well-”

“You don't know me well?” Danrique's expression darkened at her words. “Seven years ago-”

“I've already forgotten what happened seven years ago.”

Francesca cut him off and said seriously, “I'm not trying to be courteous here. I'm telling you the truth. I was still young then, so I didn't know what love was.

“It was an odd coincidence that I took the bullet for you. Something hit my foot, causing me to lose my balance and accidentally fall into your arms, then I got shot.”

I shouldn't lie to him. Even though it's cruel, I have to tell him the truth. It's better than leaving him clueless.

“Fine. Let's say what you just said is true. You taking the bullet for me was accidental, and you had forgotten about what happened seven years ago.”

Danrique nodded his head as though he had no problem accepting that.

“That's right.”

Francesca was ecstatic. This stubborn man had finally thought things through.

“But...” Suddenly, Danrique made a turn. “The world is so huge, and we still meet each other after all this time. Also, you saved my life.

“It might be an accident or an odd coincidence, but it doesn't change the fact that an unbreakable bond binds us together.”

“Erm...”

Francesca was stunned at his conclusion. Her smart mouth that could win every argument was wide open with no words coming out.

She even thought Danrique's remark kind of, somewhat, sort of made sense.

“God wanted us to be together, and we can't go against His will.”

Danrique added, with great emphasis, “You and I are destined to be together. You can't run away.”

“You believe in destiny?” Francesca was staring dumbfoundedly at him.

“I do believe in it sometimes.” Danrique set down the document in his hands, got up from his seat, and walked over to her.

“You-”

Francesca was about to say something when Danrique loomed closer to her. His huge body was like a cage, closing her in. He was gazing at her with a beast-like gleam shining in his eyes.

That handsome face was inches away from hers, so she could see the sincerity of his feelings gleaming brightly at the surface of his amber eyes.