

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1869

Francesca was feeling nervous all of a sudden and was avoiding his gaze. She stammered, "W-What do you think you're doing?"

Danrique held her chin and drew nearer until she could feel his breath on her face. The atmosphere was getting hot and heavy.

His lips gently brushed her forehead, trailing down to between her brows. Then it slowly traced to her eyes, her nose, her cheeks. Every kiss was gentle like a feather.

Francesca's heart began pounding so loudly that it was about to break free of her chest.

Strangely, she could've pushed him away, but didn't want to.

When his lips finally landed on her lips, their bodies stiffened as though a flicker of electric shock had passed through them.

A blurry memory flashed across Francesca's mind. It was a young boy accidentally kissing a young girl. The accident had shocked them, leaving them frozen like statues.

A pure kiss had bounded two young hearts together.

This moment felt like that. The memory seemed far away but familiar.

Danrique was getting worked up as his breath became shorter and heavier. He cupped Francesca's face with his hands, wanting to deepen the kiss.

However, rapid and consecutive knocks came from the door, disrupting the magical moment.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and frantically pushed Danrique away.

Feeling awkward, Danrique turned his back to her to organize his feelings. Once he got his emotions under control, he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Lindberg, I have something to report."

"Give me a minute."

Danrique looked over his shoulder at Francesca and said, "Rest well and stop thinking so much."

"Okay," Francesca muttered with blushed cheeks. After shooting him another glance, she hurriedly left.

Gordon bumped right into Francesca upon opening the door. He was shocked to see the shy look on her face.

Francesca dashed back to her room and flung herself onto her bed. She stacked her hands over her chest where her heart was. What is happening?

I have no dating experience and no interest in romance, so why couldn't I push Danrique away when he was so close to me?

His closeness even felt familiar. W-What is going on here? I must have too much of a drink. I'm sure it's the alcohol acting up.

Wait, no. That's not right. I can handle alcohol. It doesn't affect me much, so why did that happen?

Francesca hugged her pillow closer, tossing and turning at the confusing thoughts before she slowly fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Danrique was glaring at Gordon ferociously in the study room. "I don't care if the world is ending, but don't knock on my door when I'm alone with Cece."

"Understood." Gordon lowered his head nervously.

"Now speak."

Danrique was still thinking about the kiss earlier. Even though it was light, it was enough to get me worked up.

"I just received news that the Pastor had woken up. The situation with M Nation had stabilized. Mr. Roth had called, requesting a meeting with you."

"Tell him I can't make it this week. If he wants to meet me, he has to come to Xendale. Otherwise, he'll have to wait until my trip to Summerbank next month," Danrique replied coldly.

"Yes, Sir." Gordon immediately obliged Danrique's instructions.

Sean came into the study with a document in hand. He greeted Gordon briefly as he passed him before handing the document over to Danrique. "Mr. Lindberg, this document is urgent."

Danrique reached for the document and simply set it on his desk. He didn't have the mood to analyze it at that moment. Instead, he asked, "Sean, were you in a romantic relationship before?"

"Huh?" Sean was taken aback by the sudden switch of the topic and quickly recovered after a few seconds. He answered awkwardly, "I-I wasn't."

“Did Gordon have any?” Danrique followed up with another question.

“I only knew he used to like a girl one-sidedly when he was younger, but it ended before it even started.” Sean chuckled. “I don't think that counts as being in a romantic relationship.”

“Who has had one before then?” Danrique asked persistently.

“Erm...” Sean was baffled and replied cautiously, “I don't know. Should I gather everyone and ask around?”

“Go ahead.” Danrique waved his hand to dismiss him. “Come see me when you have answers.”

“Yes, Sir.”