

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1928

"Go ahead." Francesca turned toward him.

"Why do you not want to acknowledge me?" Danrique asked directly. "Back then, you knew I was looking for you in M Nation. Why did you keep hiding your identity?"

"I've suffered an injury to my head back then, and I've lost my memory," Francesca answered truthfully. "I didn't know I was the person you were looking for."

"Since you don't remember, then why did you want to find that necklace so badly?"

"Well..." Francesca didn't want to tell him the necklace was the key to her safe. "That necklace is very important to me."

Danrique was thrilled when he heard that. Since she cares about the necklace so much, that means she cares about me, too.

"What else do you want to know?" Francesca asked.

"After you've arrived in Xendale, why did you not want to reveal your identity?"

"I didn't dare to tell you because I was afraid that you might think I've lied to you in M Nation. Besides—"

Francesca froze for a while before telling him the bleak reality. "I'll never marry you, so sooner or later, I'm going to escape. If you were to find out about my real identity, I'll never be able to leave."

"Why don't you want to marry me?" Danrique was bewildered. "Do you know how many women in the world are eager to marry me?"

"You should marry them, then," Francesca uttered. "I'm not the right woman for you."

"Why not?" Danrique was getting anxious. "We're each other's first crush, no? Now that we've met again in a foreign land, don't you think this is fate? How could you not be the right woman for me?"

"I've told you about this a lot of times before." Francesca's patience was running thin. "I'm not getting married, okay? You should find someone else."

"It's all right. Perhaps you just don't want to get married now, but I think that'll change." Danrique was unwilling to give up. "Now, we'll focus on getting you well first. We'll talk about the rest in the future."

"I—"

Francesca was about to say something, but she was interrupted by a knock on the door. The subordinates said, "Mr. Lindberg, supper is here!"

"Come in," Danrique uttered.

Those two subordinates gently opened the door. Behind them, a chef and a few waiters were seen pushing two carts into the ward.

After bowing at Danrique politely, they laid out all the sumptuous food on the dining table.

It took them half an hour to lay out all the luxurious dishes on a rectangular dining table in the ward.

Francesca was dumbstruck when she saw the whole table of dishes. I just wanted a few quick bites! Is he crazy? What did he do this for?

Danrique dismissed the others with a wave.

“What would you like to eat first? I'll feed you.” Danrique pointed at the dishes on the table.

Francesca let out a deep sigh after taking a glance at the food. Meat and seafood? These are all luxurious dishes! However, I can't even have any of them.

“I remember hearing that you should eat something light, am I right?” Danrique looked around and brought a bowl of seafood oatmeal for her. “You can eat oatmeal, right?”

Words eluded Francesca. I have a wound, so I'm not supposed to eat seafood. Doesn't he know that? It's general knowledge!

“How about steak?” Danrique offered her another dish.

“No. Forget about it.” Francesca closed her eyes. “Give the food to the bodyguards. I'm tired, and I want to sleep.”

“Didn't you say you were hungry?” Danrique was feeling somewhat helpless. Women are such a hassle! They just can't make up their minds! Despite his thoughts, he patiently told the others to bring the food away.

After cleaning up, he washed his hands and went into bed to lie down next to Francesca.

“Hey! What are you doing?” If she wasn't heavily injured, Francesca would've already jumped out of the bed.