

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1929

“Rest now,” instructed Danrique matter-of-factly. Lying beside her and propping his head with his arm, he gazed at her gently.

“When I fell sick, you climbed into my bed and kept me company just like this...”

“I simply wanted to get my necklace back.” Francesca stared at him warily. “Did you misunderstand anything?”

“No...” Danrique moved closer to her. “You even kissed me.”

“I...”

Before Francesca could say anything, Danrique's cold lips touched on her forehead.

His gentle kisses landed on her brows, eyes, cheeks and finally, her lips.

Francesca was stunned. Her heart started pounding rapidly as her mind turned blank. For some reason, she did not have the urge to push him away.

Is it because I'm injured and can't move my arm?

“See, you still like me.”

Danrique remembered clearly what the book said—if a girl did not refuse a guy's intimate acts, it meant that she liked him.

A girl's body was very honest.

“Danrique... Mmm...”

Just when Francesca was about to speak, Danrique kissed her lips. His passionate kiss took her by storm, stealing her breath away.

Her heart pounded quickly and her body tensed. Widening her eyes, she stared at him in shock.

Feeling his bodily reaction, she wanted to push him away but could not move at all.

One of her arms was pinned beneath his body, while a needle was stuck to her other arm. It was so numb with pain that she could only place it over his shoulder. She could not exert any force at all.

However, to Danrique, her actions were simply in sync with him. It meant that she liked him and could not control her actions—her true feelings were overflowing.

Danrique became even more engrossed in the kiss. Blood surged through his body as he felt a primitive urge to pull Francesca into his embrace and become one with her.

He was already trying his best to control himself but he still accidentally hurt Francesca.

“Ah...”

Francesca was in such pain that she trembled uncontrollably. Her tears were almost streaming down her cheeks.

Panicking, Danrique quickly let her go and moved aside. He called for the doctor in a flustered manner.

“It's fine.” Francesca quickly stopped him. “It's just the needle poking me. It's no big deal.”

Only then did Danrique realize that the needle had pierced her skin, causing her to bleed. He quickly summoned the nurse over to tend to her wound.

After taking out the needle and treating the wound, the nurse left quietly.

This time, Danrique did not dare to sleep on the bed anymore. He sat on the sofa at the side and stared at her silently.

After a long while, he said softly, "I didn't do it on purpose."

"You scum!" Francesca glared at him furiously. "Don't touch me in the future!"

"Why?" Without thinking it through, Danrique blurted, "I thought that you enjoyed it earlier..."

"I didn't!" rebuked Francesca angrily. "I didn't manage to react..."

"But you didn't push me away." Danrique pursed his lips, reminiscing the earlier kiss. His cheeks turned red. "Obviously, you liked it."

"I didn't!" rebutted Francesca firmly. "I couldn't shove you away because I'm injured!"

"I don't believe you," interrupted Danrique. "You liked it!"

Francesca was at a loss for words.

"When we were at the hot spring in Summerbank, you kissed me first. That was my first kiss. You also fed me the medicine and crawled into my bed..."

Danrique started listing out the times when Francesca acted intimately with him. The more he spoke, the more delighted and confident he became. "You like me, but you're refusing to admit it!"