

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1936

Words eluded Francesca. She had long since known that Danrique was a formidable opponent.

Although Layla managed to sneak in, and Anthony backed them up outside, she still couldn't escape the fate of being caught.

Argh! This is bad, with everyone having been made! Anthony has been detained, and even Ms. Layla is now being brought back to the castle. It'll be practically impossible for me to do a runner in the future! Oh well! Could it be that this is my destiny? But then, Ms. Layla is still fine. On the other hand, things aren't looking too good for Anthony.

At that thought, Francesca hastily urged, "Hurry up and let him go!"

"Why, are you feeling anguished on his behalf? Is such a piece of trash worthy of your regard?" Danrique frowned in displeasure.

"I just don't want to drag him into the mess. He had good intentions and didn't cause any harm, so hurry up and let him go." Truth be told, Francesca was worried that Anthony would die at the man's hands.

"I can do that, but only after we get married." Danrique's tone was extremely firm, with no room for negotiation.

"He's no more than an irrelevant person!" Panicked, Francesca threatened, "So, are you releasing him? If not, don't even think of getting married!"

Alas, Danrique wasn't intimidated at all. Instead, he scoffed, "You don't want to get married? Then, I'll cut off his fingers, one at a day. When all his fingers are severed, I'll move on to his hand before proceeding with his legs. All this will continue until you agree to marry me!"

"How dare you?" Francesca instantly blew her top.

“You can try me. You're my woman, so I naturally won't lift a hand against you. As for those around you, however, I can make any promises.” Danrique merely smirked.

His voice was mild, but it carried a bone-deep chill.

As Francesca stared into his cold eyes, she knew that he was indeed capable of doing so. Thus, she faltered slightly. It looks like I can't go head to head with him. Instead, I'll have to employ a strategy of some sort.

“Oh yes, Norah informed me that you hadn't much appetite this morning? I hired eight Zarain chefs for the eight major cuisines in Zarain. Each chef brought six assistants with them. All of them went through multiple rounds of assessment, so their cooking skills are superb. You can order whatever you want when we arrive home!”

Danrique then changed the subject to ease the atmosphere.

Hearing that, Francesca was rendered speechless. “Can I eat that much when I've only got one mouth? Yet, you actually hired chefs for all eight major cuisines? Did you think you were gathering the Seven Dragon Balls?”

“What's that?” Danrique didn't understand the meaning of Seven Dragon Balls.

“Danrique, you don't need to be so good to me.”

Francesca was at an utter loss for words. At the same time, she was also rather helpless. The more meticulous care he showed her, the greater her pressure.

“You're my woman, so I want to be good to you,” Danrique countered matter-of-factly, looking all serious.

At that, Francesca didn't know how else she should refute that.

“Do you like the Seven Dragon Balls?” Danrique inquired further.

“Huh?” Francesca was still in a daze then.

Danrique picked up his phone right away and made a call to Gordon. “Find me the Seven Dragon Balls immediately!”

“Understood!”

After hanging up the phone, Danrique turned to Francesca, only to see that she was gaping at him with astonishment written all over her face.

“I'll give you whatever you want. When we arrive home, rest and recuperate well. I've already found a doctor who can perform the operation on you and sent my men to seek him out!” Danrique pinched her cheek, his movements tender and loving.

“Who is that?” Francesca was very surprised. There's actually some miracle doctor in this world unbeknownst to me?

“He also has the family name of Felch and is a veteran in traditional medicine. Rumor has it that his medical skills are stellar, and he can also perform surgery. However, he lives in seclusion. I've already sent people to seek him out.”

Danrique made it sound simple, but Francesca still managed to discern the identity of the person he was referring to.

Whoa! He actually managed to find my master! In that case, he must have expended tremendous effort. Otherwise, he couldn't have possibly managed to determine his whereabouts.

“What's wrong? Don't worry. I mobilized all my resources, so we'll definitely be able to find him in the shortest time,” Danrique consoled gently upon clocking her thoughtful look.