

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1937

As Francesca stared at Danrique's handsome countenance, she gradually perceived a problem.

In the past, she assumed that he was just like an iceberg, indifferent to matters of the heart. Besides, she even felt that he merely had some fighting skills but wasn't much of a strategist. But from the look of things then, that wasn't the case.

Behind his seemingly nonchalant attitude, everything was actually in the palm of his hands.

Take the past, for instance. It was clear as day that there were plenty of contradictory things about her, but he never investigated or interrogated her. In fact, he didn't even look at her documents. Later, he still remained unfazed despite having discovered her identity.

All that continued until she gave away the game herself and exposed her identity.

And at present, he caught Anthony effortlessly and used the latter to threaten her.

She suddenly realized that she was already entirely in his control.

Hmm, this man is truly unfathomable. It feels that I might not be his match, so I've got to escape this quicksand as soon as possible. Wait a moment! Could it be that he's also aware of Ms. Layla's identity?

That thought flashed across her mind, and she couldn't help the panic rising within her.

While her mind wandered, the car drove into the castle.

Pointing at the snowy scenery outside the car window, Danrique said to her, "This place of mine is vast. After we get married in the future, you can bring your family over to live here. It's fine whether you want to give them a castle or live together as long as you're happy."

Francesca gazed out the car window, but she wasn't in the mood to admire all the castles. Instead, her attention was riveted on the jeep convoys and professional bodyguards who could be mobilized anytime.

There were over a hundred bodyguards in such a huge castle, with Danrique being their only master.

Everyone's attention was on the man, while the latter's attention was wholly on Francesca.

Out of the blue, realization dawned upon Francesca that Danrique's every single word contained an implicit meaning.

Oh, God! He's clearly telling me this: Look, this place is heavily guarded and you want to make a break for it? It'll be practically impossible!

In the past, she thought that his thinking was as simple as hers, but only then did she realize that she was the one who was truly simple-minded.

Subsequently, the convoy came to a stop in front of the gates of Danrique Castle.

Danrique alighted from the car first before he circled over and carried Francesca.

Francesca then spotted a bodyguard hoisting Anthony up before heading to the animal training ground.

Struggling relentlessly, Anthony made muffled sounds, his gaze teeming with horror.

He was afraid that he would be tossed to the tigers.

“What are you planning to do to him?” Francesca hastily asked Danrique.

“Don't worry. I'm merely locking him up. I won't have him die since he still has some use right now,” Danrique answered evenly.

“How dare...”

Francesca almost declared war against him in her impulsiveness, but Layla threw her a look, so she could only suppress her wrath for the time being.

“You're home, Mr. Lindberg, Ms. Cece! I just brewed some soup, so it's perfect for you, Ms. Cece!” Norah came out and greeted them enthusiastically.

“That's good. It so happens that I'm hungry as well.”

Danrique carried Francesca upstairs to her room and placed her on the bed. After doing so, he conveniently lay down beside her.

“What are you doing?”

Francesca promptly inched to the side.

“Hah! Don't forget that you were the one who took the initiative to climb into my bed in the past and tried to approach me in various ways!” Amusement inundated Danrique at her wariness.

“I didn't-”

Before Francesca had finished speaking, Danrique bit her lip.

His kiss was bumbling and unskilled. It was no different from a beast gnawing on its prey, carrying a hint of aggression.

Francesca wanted to push him away, but her hands lacked strength, and she couldn't budge him in the least.

Strangely enough, every time he kissed her, her body tingled. Her entire body would go limp, and her brain would stop functioning.

Shortly put, she would melt underneath him like ice cream.

Danrique's kiss went increasingly deeper. Turning sideways, he pinned her down. His hand traveled upward from her waist until they came into contact with her ample bosom, upon which he couldn't resist applying force.

“Mmph!”

Francesca's eyes abruptly sprang open, and she bit him hard.

Danrique instinctively pulled away when he sensed blood pervading his mouth, bringing along an intense coppery taste.

He licked his lips, feeling a tad unsatisfied. Nonetheless, he still backed off.