

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1940

For the first three days, Francesca would censure Danrique in a groggy voice and shove him away furiously.

Later, she merely frowned when she saw him upon opening her eyes.

When a week had passed, she could tell that he was home the instant she got a whiff of his smell.

She neither pushed him away nor reproached him, merely continued sleeping with the pillow in her arms and allowed him free rein to nuzzle against her neck gently. When her senses tingled, she would then bury her head into the pillow shyly.

Their relationship grew increasingly closer although they didn't take things further.

Nonetheless, Francesca was no longer averse to Danrique's intimacy.

To Danrique, that was wonderful progress.

He felt that she would agree to marry him if things continued developing in that direction.

Nevertheless, her operation took precedence at present. Everything else came after curing her.

Alas, he was still searching for the rumored Dr. Felch in Zarain. To that very day, there weren't any useful leads.

One day, Sean abruptly queried on a whim, "Ms. Felch, that doctor also has the family name of Fletch. Is there a possibility that the two of you... are acquainted?"

"Nope!" Francesca replied resolutely.

She didn't want to meet the man there. Conversely, she wanted to leave that place and figure out a way to cure herself.

Recently, she developed a new treatment regimen that might be effective.

“Never mind, then.” Sean dispelled his suspicion, feeling that she probably wouldn't lie if she were acquainted with Dr. Felch.

After all, no one wanted to die.

Anyhow, Francesca had started using some medication directly nowadays, so her external injury recovered at a rapid pace. By then, she could basically move freely like the average person. The only thing was that the metal shards in her brain still existed like a ticking time bomb.

Therefore, an operation was vital.

Helen had been reminding Danrique to make haste and locate Dr. Felch as soon as possible, but they were still helpless then.

On that particular night, Francesca started having a headache again. Utterly distressed at the sight of her agonized expression, Danrique instantly decided to head to Zarain personally to search for Dr. Felch.

The moment Francesca heard that, she proposed to go with him at once.

As long as I return to Zarain, I can escape! Otherwise, even Spiderman himself wouldn't be able to get out of here despite his capabilities!

That was the conclusion Layla drew after exploring for a week.

“You've still got a brain injury, so it won't be good for you to travel so far.”

Danrique eyed Francesca in concern.

“What's the problem with doing so? I'm no fragile glass and can move around freely! Furthermore, my condition doesn't permit any further delays. I've got to undergo an operation as soon as possible!”
Francesca promptly riposted.

If we find Dr. Felch in Zarain and can arrange for an operation right away, that would save a lot of time.

Following that thought, Danrique nodded. “That makes sense. But then, I've got to think upon it.”

At that, Francesca panicked. “What else do you need to think about? There's nothing to consider when it's such a simple concept!”

“I've made arrangements for a private jet tomorrow afternoon. If your performance is good tonight, I'll bring you along.”

Danrique was very casual when he said that, but his words contained a hidden meaning. Right after saying that, he walked away.

“Huh? What performance?” Francesca inquired, swiftly chasing after him.

“Think about it yourself.”

Leaving those four words in his wake, Danrique strode out of the room on his long legs.

“Hey! Hey!” Francesca hollered at him twice, but he left without a backward glance. At that turn of events, she was so livid that she almost burst a blood vessel. “What a lunatic to leave in the middle of a conversation!”

“That's known as playing hard to get. You're too naïve.” Layla had a knowing look on her face.

Upon hearing that, Francesca hurriedly tugged at her and asked for guidance. “What do you mean? What does he want?”

“Needless to say, he wants that...” Then, Layla scrutinized her, asking, “Girl, is your virginity still intact?”

“Huh? Of course, it's intact!” Francesca flushed bright red in a flash.