

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1964

"I'm still in Xendale. Good to know you're okay. I was worried sick." Layla heaved a sigh of relief and said, "I saw a major explosion at the presidential palace, and later, some new military vehicles entered the area. There were even helicopters, and it looked like a war was going on. It was so scary."

"It's all settled now," Francesca whispered, "Apparently, Danrique was already well-prepared."

"He's even calmer than I imagined." Layla sighed. "When I saw the helicopters, I knew everything was within his control. Even if you don't go back for him, he'll be fine."

"Right..." Francesca smiled bitterly. "I risk my life all the time, but I always end up doing that for nothing!"

"Well, you can't put it that way." Layla chuckled. "At least, you know what you want..."

"What I want?" Francesca was taken aback.

"You've fallen in love with him. Don't you know that?" Layla sighed. "Francesca, you can't ignore my prior advice to you. Do whatever you want. I just want you to be happy!"

Francesca was touched by Layla's words.

"Francesca, you should head back to H City as soon as possible and look for your master to perform surgery on you. We can talk about other things later. You can't put this matter off anymore, do you understand?" Layla advised solemnly.

"Understood." Francesca nodded. "Right, there's also Anthony. I'll look for Gordon at once and make them release Anthony. Where should Anthony look for you?"

“Bliss Hotel!”

“Noted.”

After ending the call, Francesca looked for Gordon and told him to release Anthony.

Gordon did not even ask any questions. He merely ordered someone to take care of the matter.

On the contrary, Francesca was curious. “You didn't even hesitate over this. Aren't you worried that Danrique would berate you?”

“Before Mr. Lindberg went out, he had already told us to follow your orders,” Gordon answered with a grin, “That includes releasing your ex-boyfriend!”

“Pfft!” Francesca was not sure if she should laugh or cry at that remark. “Fine, release him immediately and send him to...”

“Bliss Hotel. I know,” Gordon interrupted.

“How did you know?” Francesca was puzzled. Are they also aware of Layla's hiding place?

“Hehe...” Gordon chuckled sheepishly and lowered his head. “I'll send him there personally. Don't worry.”

Following that, he hurried away.

Francesca watched as Gordon left. Conflicting emotions welled up inside her. It seemed like Danrique had already known that Layla was her accomplice. Does this mean he's also aware of Anthony's identity? Has he discovered the truth about Lovely Care Foundation and the orphanage as well?

An anxious Francesca returned to her room while various thoughts raced across her mind.

She had to admit that she had a slight change of heart.

Initially, Francesca had firmly believed that she would never get married in this lifetime and never be tied down by someone else. She wanted to devote her life to fulfilling her personal missions.

Yet, she suddenly realized that she was reluctant to leave Danrique.

Francesca was used to his closeness and seeing him every morning.

When he was in danger, she would panic and feel anxious. Furthermore, she would risk her life to save him.

Layla's words made her reconsider her relationship with Danrique.

I think I've fallen in love with him for real...

As these thoughts crowded her mind, Francesca lay on the bed and drifted into sleep.

While she was sleeping, she sensed someone kissing her.

The tender kiss landed on her forehead and spread across her eyes, cheeks, lips, and neck. The kisses traveled down her body, and they felt warm.

Francesca knew from the familiar scent that Danrique was back.

He had seemed to consume some liquor that night. The strong smell of liquor drifted in the air as he breathed, carrying with it the flames of passion as if he was trying to ignite her.