

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1965

Francesca opened her heavy eyelids and saw Danrique.

He was kissing her and unbuttoning his shirt. His enamored expression seemed charming yet terrifying.

Francesca pushed his shoulders away nervously. She was about to speak when he slid a hand under her dress.

“Ah!” Francesca shrieked, and her eyes went wide. Her entire body stiffened, and she tried pushing him away frantically. However, a series of warm, passionate kisses began to rain on her.

She was caught off guard!

At first, Francesca wanted to resist Danrique's advances, but her body slumped under his weight like a puddle of water. There was simply no chance of fighting back.

The flames of passion burnt like wild fire...

Beads of sweat had formed on Danrique's forehead, and the droplets landed on Francesca's body.

Francesca shut her eyes nervously and bit her lip, refusing to look at him.

Danrique was about to take things further when a car's alarm went off outside. Next, all of the cars' alarms rang as if something had triggered them. The noise was deafening.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and shoved Danrique away frantically.

The unexpected commotion had spoiled Danrique's mood. He put on his pants and went to the window to have a look. Instantly, his expression sank.

He picked up his shirt and wore it as he walked outside.

When he opened the door, one of his subordinates came forward to report, "Mr. Lindberg, it's Anthony!"

"Where is he?" Danrique asked firmly.

"We've captured him," the subordinate replied with a lowered head.

"Bring him in." Danrique headed downstairs.

"Yes."

When Francesca overheard the conversation, she quickly got dressed and headed outside.

Anthony got beaten up again. He curled up like a helpless little rabbit and looked extremely pitiful.

Danrique's blood boiled at the sight of Anthony, and he was about to kick him when a panicky Francesca cried, "Stop it!"

Although Danrique was furious, he withheld his force and kicked Anthony to the ground.

Francesca ran forward and helped Anthony up anxiously. She was alarmed when she saw the blood on his face. "Anthony, why are you..."

She turned around and asked, "Who hit you?"

Mylo walked forward meekly. "I'm sorry, Dr. Felch. It was me!"

"Why did you hit him?" Francesca glared at Mylo angrily and turned to regard Gordon. "Didn't you say that you would send him to Bliss Hotel personally?"

"It was like this, Ms. Felch," Gordon explained hastily, "Two hours ago, I said I would take him away, but he refused to come with me. He told me his injuries were serious, and he would die along the way. Thus, he needed to see a doctor. I got a doctor to examine him and bring him inside the car, but he used the opportunity to escape. He hit the cars to create a disturbance..."

"Anthony," Francesca asked him with a frown, "why didn't you leave? What are you trying to do?"

"I'm not leaving you behind!" Anthony grabbed Francesca's hand tightly. His gaze was steady and unwavering, even though he had been beaten up.

Anthony was touched by his own righteous and loyal expression.

It was as if Francesca was a captive, and he had rather die with her than leave her behind.

Francesca was at a total loss for words.

"Have you got a death wish?" Danrique stared at Anthony's hand and bellowed, "I'll grant you your wish!"

"Danrique..."

"Gordon!"

"Yes."

“Cut off that bast*rd's hand!” Danrique pointed at the hand used to hold Francesca's hand.

“Yes!”

Anthony went pale, but he stood in front of Francesca and cried, “Cut off my hand if you want to, but don't touch her...”

“You come here!” Gordon dragged Anthony over and shoved him to the ground.

A few subordinates stepped on Anthony's limbs to prevent him from moving. Gordon raised his blade and was about to lower it when Francesca roared, “Stop it! Back down at once!”