

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1966

Nobody else dared to make a move. The subordinates turned their attention to Danrique.

Danrique's brows were locked in a tight frown. He was about to speak when Francesca glared at him furiously. "What? My words don't count, do they?"

Danrique was fuming with rage, but he clenched his teeth and nodded. "They do!"

"Release him!" Francesca yelled.

Gordon and the others retreated.

Anthony lay on the ground like an overturned tortoise and stared at Francesca blankly.

What happened? Why has Francesca seemed to become the master of this place?

"Get the medical kit," Francesca instructed Kerrie.

Kerrie looked at Danrique timidly.

Danrique did not answer. Sean made a gesture with his hand and Kerrie said hastily, "Yes." Then, she hurried to grab the medical kit.

Francesca tended to Anthony's wounds in Danrique's presence.

Her movements seemed rather intimate.

The flames of wrath were about to ooze from Danrique as he stared at Anthony intently.

Anthony glanced at him meekly and looked away once more. He was shuddering in fear.

Sweat trickled down his forehead continuously and blended with his blood.

“Why are you sweating so much?” Francesca wiped his sweat with a wet towel.

Danrique tightened his grip around his cup. Smash! It was then crushed into pieces.

Anthony was so frightened by the sound that he nearly passed out.

Francesca frowned and glared at Danrique. “Go back to your room.”

Danrique cocked his head and stared at her in disbelief. How dare she boss me around?

“I told you to go back to your room.” Francesca gave him a kick. “I’ll come over in a while.”

Her tone had softened when she uttered the last sentence.

Despite Danrique's displeasure, he still did as he was told.

Before he left, he gave one last bone-chilling stare at Anthony, causing the latter to shiver in fright.

After tending to Anthony's wounds, Francesca whispered, “All right, I’ll assign someone to take you to Bliss Hotel so that you can meet Layla. Be good, and don't cause a ruckus again.”

“Aren't you coming with me, Francesca?” Anthony held her hand, fearing that he would never see her again.

"I..." Francesca pondered over it and answered firmly, "I'm not leaving. Don't you worry about me."

"As for the medical treatment..."

"We'll fly to H City tomorrow to take care of it," Francesca interrupted him and said enigmatically, "Focus on your work, and don't worry about anything else."

What I really mean is that you take care of matters at the orphanage, and stop interfering with my business.

"Does this mean you want to be with him?" Anthony scanned his surroundings weakly when he uttered that.

Numerous pairs of eyes were on him communicating a nonverbal cue... If you dare to coax the lady of our house into leaving, we'll skin you alive.

"Yeah." Francesca nodded and spoke with a grin. "I'm the lady of the house now. Didn't you realize this? They obey me."

"Looks like it..."

Anthony did realize it. Aside from the subordinates, even the terrifying Danrique listened to her.

It looked like Francesca had scaled the ranks.

From the looks of it, she would not be taken advantage of, no matter where she went. After all, she had managed to tame Danrique!

“Go, then.” Francesca patted his shoulder and reminded Gordon, “Make sure he reaches the hotel safely. If anything happens to him, I’ll hold you responsible.”

“Yes, Ms. Felch,” Gordon replied with his head lowered. He respected Francesca just as much as he respected Danrique.

“You’ve got to protect yourself. If you’re bullied, or if you break up with him, do tell me about it...” Anthony spoke.

“Nobody dares to bully Ms. Felch. Let’s go.” Gordon grabbed Anthony and pushed him into the car. He feared Anthony would say something to anger Danrique.

Once Anthony was in the car, he put his head out of the window and cried, “Francesca, don’t forget to get the surgery done as soon as possible. Once it’s over, let me know...”

“You talk too much!” Gordon rolled his eyes. “No wonder you always get beaten up!”