

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1967

Francesca stood at the doorway and watched as Gordon's car cruised away.

At least, with Anthony gone, a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Norah had prepared supper, and she asked Francesca whether she would like to have it in her room or the dining room. Francesca felt discomfort in her stomach, so she thanked Norah before heading upstairs.

As soon as she entered her room and closed the door, a pair of strong arms wrapped around her from behind her back.

"Ah!" Francesca was startled. She was about to look back when Danrique kissed her from behind. He even pinned her against the wall to prevent her from resisting his advances.

"Mmm... Mmm..." Francesca could not move a muscle, so she let herself be ravaged by Danrique's kisses.

Like a dominant beast that would stop at nothing to capture its prey, he wanted to devour her that night.

Francesca struggled for a while before she stopped moving. She snuggled limply in Danrique's arms and allowed him to do whatever he wanted with her.

Danrique imitated the moves he learned from adult films and lifted her dress. He was about to advance when he discovered something and stopped moving.

"What... What's this?" Danrique put Francesca down quickly and turned her over. "Are you hurt?"

"What?" Francesca stared at him blankly.

“Why is there blood on your butt?”

Danrique raised his hands. When he ran his hands over her earlier, he ended up touching blood.

“Uh...” Francesca blushed violently and ran to the bathroom.

“Cece, are you okay?” Danrique rushed forward to ask her, “Should I get a doctor?”

“No need!”

Francesca wished the earth would open up and swallow her. A moment ago, she had already felt unwell, and she wanted to examine herself when she entered her room. However, as soon as she had shut the door, Danrique hugged and smooched her.

He's so clueless! He thinks I'm hurt.

In fact, Francesca was on her period.

“Cece, Cece...” Danrique was panic-stricken. “Are you all right?”

Bleeding from the butt is a major issue. Did she get shot when she saved me? Or is she injured? Whatever it is, she must see a doctor.

Francesca was annoyed by Danrique's constant cries of concern. There was no sanitary pad inside the bathroom, so she had to open the door.

“How are you?” Danrique pulled her closer to examine her. “Have you been shot?”

“Of course not!” Francesca was amused by his reaction. “It’s just that time of the month...”

“What?”

Danrique had never interacted with women since his teenage years, so he did not understand women at all.

Nonetheless, he still had some common sense. He regained his composure after noticing Francesca’s look of embarrassment. “Oh, I get it.”

“Get Mdm. Norah over,” Francesca cried, “Quickly!”

Danrique ordered a maid to summon Norah.

Norah brought two maids over, for she assumed they were required to make the bed. As they walked, she whispered, “That was fast, but it’s no surprise as it’s Mr. Lindberg’s first time. He’s inexperienced, after all. Don’t make any remarks about him, you hear me?”

“Yes,” the two maids replied cautiously.

The three women entered the bedroom and were about to make the bed when they realized how clean and tidy it was.

“She’s in the bathroom,” Danrique muttered before heading out.

Norah was shocked. “Oh, dear. Did Mr. Lindberg hurt Ms. Cece because he was too inexperienced and rough?”

She rushed into the bathroom and found Francesca sitting on the toilet bowl and staring into space. When she saw Norah, Francesca said, "Mdm. Norah, I'm on my period. Please get some sanitary pads for me!"

"Uh..." Norah and the two maids were stunned.

"Quick, quick! Get them ready!" Soon, Norah snapped back to her senses and urged the maids to get the items ready. "Also, tell the cooks to prepare something nourishing."

"Yes."

After that, the maids hurried outside.

"Ms. Cece, I'll run a bath for you. Take a hot bath, and the items will be ready once you're done," Norah said.

"Thank you, Mdm. Norah."

After running the bath, Norah exited the bathroom and shook her head disappointedly. "Poor Mr. Lindberg. He hasn't even lost his virginity yet..."