

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1968

Francesca took another shower before she slipped herself into a set of clean and comfortable sleepwear. After she drank the warm soup Norah had prepared for her, she went on to nestle herself snugly into the bed, ready to turn in for the night. That was when the door crept open.

Good grief. Here he comes again!

“Don't you already know that I'm on the rag?”

Sitting up swiftly, Francesca aimed a pillow at him.

The projectile was snatched out of the air. Placing it underneath his own head, Danrique then laid himself down next to her in the same fluid sequence. Following that, he reached out to reel her petite frame into his arms so that he may cradle her like a kitten.

“Leave me alone!”

Francesca struggled in exasperation as she feared he would be unable to keep his own primal urges in check.

“I just want to cuddle, that's all,” whispered Danrique into her ears as he playfully pinched her behind with his huge mitt. “But no guarantees if you are going to keep up with your squirming like this.”

Upon hearing that, Francesca settled herself down and docilely submitted herself to his embracing.

“Does your abdomen hurt?”

Reaching his warm hand inside of her clothes, he gently massaged her belly in a way that felt oddly soothing for her.

“Not anymore.”

Francesca raised her dainty head to regard him. His well-defined features appeared especially charming when illuminated by the mellow light cast against the duskiness of the room. Those amber eyes of his sparkled gloriously even in the darkness.

A rising impulse to kiss him caused her to purse her lips.

“Francesca Felch!” Oblivious to her sentiments, he continued to hail her softly under his breath. “It’s a lovely name, but I still prefer to call you Cece!”

“How did I used to address you?”

Though unable to recall some of the subtleties from their past, she could still remember that they had indeed shared a delightful first love together.

Those fragments came back to her quite often, sans some of the details which had eluded her.

“You were so rude back then!” scoffed Danrique, rolling his eyes. “Calling me 'hey you' whenever you saw me.”

“Hahaha. Yeah. That does seem like something I’d say,” said Francesca with a laugh. “In that case, why did you call me Cece then?”

“Cause that’s what you said your name was when I asked!” replied Danrique, nudging her on the nose.

“That doesn’t…” Francesca narrowed her eyes in concentration. “Cece does sound familiar, but I don’t think that’s my name.”

“Enough of that.”

Unbothered by such trivialities, Danrique leaned in to suck on her tender lips.

“Mmph...”

Eyes widening in astonishment, Francesca resisted with both hands on his shoulders, petrified by the thought of what else he might do.

Danrique's kiss only grew in intensity while his scintillating presence and fiery passion threatened to dissolve her.

In her anxiety, tension mounted throughout Francesca's body, prompting her to pound hard upon his back with both fists.

His body, however, was tough as steel and impervious to the resistance she was putting up.

He finally relinquished his hold on her a while later with a final peck on the chin. “Relax. We're just going to kiss, and nothing else...”

“But...” Sob.

Unable to resist his ardor, the strength all over her body had already deserted Francesca. She could only endure it silently with her eyes shut.

As those two hearts mirrored the purity of one another, the night was as pristine as water. Outside, florets of snow drifted down into the castle until the entire place was transformed into a picturesque whiteness.

Having been tormented for an undetermined amount of time, Francesca was being pushed to the brink until Danrique reluctantly let go of her. Then, he shot onto his feet and dashed into the bathroom.

Hugging the pillow in bewilderment, Francesca stared at the bathroom door. She had no idea what was going through his mind.

A while later, Danrique came back out exuding a chilliness, with beads of wetness about him not completely towed dry.

“Did you just go in for a bath? Heavens. Was that a cold shower you took?”

Francesca could sense that he was frigid as an ice cube and got so upset with him that she pounded on his chest. “Aren't you worried about catching a chill?”

“I'd have you to blame for that!” Danrique then pulled her in and buried her head into his own chest. “Let's sleep!”

“You're so annoying!”