

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1969

Unsure if it was because she had Danrique's arms around her, Francesca felt exceptionally secure and thus slept very well that night.

Undisturbed by dreams, she rested all the way till she roused on her own at dawn.

Feeling completely invigorated, Francesca habitually stretched her back and let out a yawn. Then, she flipped her body around like an indolent little feline.

That was when she discovered the absence of the person next to her.

When she opened her eyes, she realized that he was really gone, and as far as she could tell, the water in the bathroom was not running either.

“Danrique! Danrique Lindberg!” Francesca called. “Are you here, you rogue?”

That yielded no reply.

Okay. I suppose he must have gotten out of bed early.

She could sense that he had not managed to sleep well the night before. Although he hardly moved, his body felt stiff and tensed against hers, as though he was unable to relax.

Conversely, she had slept quite soundly herself; it was as though his presence had a hypnotic effect on her.

In a jolly fine mood, Francesca hopped out of bed to freshen up. At that moment, someone came knocking at her door. Norah's voice emanated from the other side. “May I come in, Ms. Cece?”

“Please enter!”

In the midst of brushing her teeth, Francesca's mouth was bubbling with froth.

Enter Norah at the lead of two maids to tidy the room and also to bring Francesca some ginger tea to warm her belly with.

“Please come downstairs after you have finished your drink, Ms. Cece. Mr. Lindberg is waiting to have breakfast together with you.”

“Okay.”

Getting her own attire in order, Francesca then went along with Norah.

Seated prim and proper inside the dining room, Danrique was helping himself to some breakfast. On the table was a generous spread of offerings in the Chanaean style, all of them Francesca's favorites.

“Good morning!”

With a pep in her step, Francesca bounded into the dining room and sat down to eat, almost childlike in her exuberance.

“Morning!” Danrique regarded her smilingly and with affection in his eyes. “There's no rush. It's not a contest.”

“This is so good. That one too...” Francesca stuffed her mouth and spoke while she ate. “Come to think of it; I think I haven't had anything to eat last night.”

“Haha...” Danrique could not stifle a laugh. “That must have been hard on you!”

Rolling her eyes at him, Francesca resumed with her feasting.

Elegantly sipping away at his tea, Danrique looked rather pleased while he watched her eat, as though it was enjoyable for him to do so.

“Ms. Atkinson has requested an audience, Mr. Lindberg!” at that moment, a subordinate approached to report.

“Tell her that I'm busy right now.” Danrique took a glance at his watch. “Have her come back in the evening instead.”

“Understood.” Off the subordinate went to relay his message.

Come back in the evening...

Those words jugged against Francesca's throat like fish bones, and she found them hard to swallow.

Having lost her appetite, she placed down her utensils, wiped clean the corner of her lips, and glared at Danrique.

“Huh? Are you done already?” Danrique's brows perked at her.

“Planning to hook up with someone else while I'm away?” Francesca looked askance as she called him out. “You got it all worked out, haven't you?”

“Umm...” Stunned at first, Danrique subsequently broke into a boisterous guffaw. “Is this jealousy I'm seeing from you?”

“Hmph!” Francesca shot him a look as she set herself upright and looked to storm off.

Danrique immediately reached out to grab ahold of her before he instructed his subordinate, “Tell her not to come over at night either, and send Sean over to inform her of my decision in the afternoon.”

“Understood.” The subordinate then promptly went out after her.

“Happy now?” said Danrique, looking gleefully at Francesca.

Sitting back down, Francesca then became self-conscious of her own overreaction. Considering that he would not have said what he did in front of her otherwise, it occurred to her that it might be more probable that Danrique had no interest in Hazel whatsoever.

Perhaps it might be work related?

The thought of that made her change her tone. “Actually, that was not what I meant. You're just going to meet with her to talk business. I get that.”

“What business has she and I have to discuss?” said Danrique casually. “She's in no position to talk business with me, to begin with.”

“Does that mean that it's personal, then?” asked Francesca in displeasure.