

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2013

Francesca had been holed up in the house for the entire day, causing her to feel extremely bored.

She could not do anything but lie down to sleep, even needing people to serve her food.

Although she wanted to stroll on the beach, two medical staff and a bunch of maids would follow behind despite it being a private beach. Therefore, she decided against the thought of going there.

Thankfully, time flew by, and it was already late evening.

Francesca was reading a medical book while lying on the sofa, glancing at the wall clock from time to time. Although it was already nine o'clock, Danrique was still not back. Plus, he did not send her a text message or give her a phone call for the entire day,

What's there in H City for him to busy himself until now? Did he perhaps return to Erihal?

While she was thinking of that, footsteps could be heard in the distance, followed by the maids' greetings. "Mr. Lindberg is back!"

"Mhm." Danrique had become more approachable lately and began to respond to the maids' greetings. Back then, he was always aloof and emitting a cold aura, causing everyone to be afraid of him.

Recently, the maids had secretly discussed how approachable he had become.

When Francesca heard the noise outside, she quickly placed her book down and pretended to sleep.

When Danrique pushed open the door, he took off his jacket and flung it to the bed. Then, he started to unbutton his shirt while approaching Francesca.

Francesca felt nervous when she heard the footsteps getting nearer and nearer. While hugging the pillow, she continued to fake sleep.

With her eyes closed, she could feel his presence as he sat beside her and his warm palm caressing her cheek.

She felt a bit nervous when she thought of the kiss last night. Would he...

Before she could respond, Danrique leaned down and pressed a kiss to her forehead before moving down her eyes.

Francesca squeezed her eyes shut and held her breath, not daring to move.

She had already decided not to push him away if he were to continue.

However, Danrique stopped short when he came to her ears. Biting her earlobes, he said, "Quit pretending to sleep!"

After getting exposed, Francesca opened her eyes with a blushing face. "How do you know I was not asleep?"

"How can you fool me with the tactic of yours?" Danrique pinched her cheeks, her gaze was filled with adoration.

"What did you do today?" Francesca snuggled into his embrace. Without her noticing it, her voice had softened when it came to him.

"I settled some matters," Danrique replied without going into the details. "I'll need to fly to M Nation first thing in the morning."

"Huh?" Francesca was taken aback. "Why?"

She did not expect him to leave so soon when they had just gotten into a relationship.

"I have some matters to attend to," Danrique answered without thinking. "I have placed it aside long enough, so I must return immediately."

"Okay, then." Francesca figured it was reasonable. "Go ahead."

"All right. Good girl!" Danrique kissed her forehead before he got up and left.

"Where are you going?" she blurted out.

"Why? Do you want me to stay?" Danrique shot a half-smile at her.

"No way!" Francesca quickly denied it with a blushing face. "I'm just asking."

"I'm going to the study room. You should get some sleep. I'll see you at breakfast tomorrow." Danrique left after changing his clothes.

"Okay." Francesca felt disappointed when looking at his leaving figure.

He has been suddenly so busy these past two days, and he even needs to go to M Nation tomorrow. Why do I feel like he's not as affectionate as before? He always hugged me to sleep no matter how tired he was back then. However, he's sleeping in the guest room now.

Francesca picked up her phone and wanted to search for some dating tips. At that moment, Layla suddenly called her. "Ms. Layla!" Francesca greeted after picking up the call.

“Oh, my dear girl! You've finally picked up! I was getting anxious.”

“Didn't Danrique already send someone to tell you that I'm fine? That's why I thought of getting in touch with you when my injuries get better.”

“They did. However, I will only feel at ease when I get to talk to you,” Layla answered anxiously. “Are you okay? How are you feeling? Is the surgery successful?”