

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2015

After hanging up, Francesca pondered over what Layla had said. If Riz Corporation helps Chrono to get his revenge, I won't be able to escape their clutches...

Riz Corporation was a powerful organization and had branches in every country. It employed numerous assassins, and every one of them was highly skilled and possessed all sorts of abilities.

Francesca already had a hard time dealing with Chrono. If the latter had more accomplices, she would be in big trouble.

Moreover, she had to deal with him alone, for she could not bring harm to Layla and the orphans.

As she thought of that, Francesca began to feel glum. She had been so engrossed in spending time with Danrique that she had forgotten about such an important issue.

Therefore, she must recover quickly and return to S Nation.

That night, Francesca did not have a peaceful slumber. She kept having nightmares.

When she woke up the next morning, she was drenched in sweat. She looked out of the window and realized that it was still somewhat dark outside. In fact, it was hardly seven o'clock.

Nevertheless, Francesca could not fall asleep again. Danrique had to leave that morning, so she decided to get up and accompany him for breakfast.

As she was about to get out of bed, Kerrie's soft voice resounded from outside the room. "Ms. Felch, are you awake?"

"Yes, come in," Francesca answered.

Kerrie brought two maids with her to assist Francesca with washing up and getting dressed. After that, they helped her down the stairs to have breakfast.

Danrique was already seated in the dining room, and a cup of black coffee was placed in front of him. Danrique was holding a newspaper in his hands, but he was answering a phone call via a bluetooth earpiece and saying something in Erihalean.

Francesca did not understand it and asked Kerrie, "What is he talking about?"

"I think it's a phone call from Mr. President. He's asking when Mr. Lindberg would head back. Mr. Lindberg said he would head to M Nation first..." Kerrie translated the words.

"I see." Francesca did not say much, but deep down, she knew Danrique had gotten himself involved in a major crisis.

Francesca came to the dining room. Danrique ended the call and got up to adjust Francesca's seat for her. He placed a napkin on her lap and asked tenderly, "Did you sleep well last night?"

"It was fine." Francesca noticed the passport and documents beside his hand. A car was already waiting for him outside, and the subordinates were busy loading the car with luggage. Obviously, Danrique was about to leave.

"What do you want to eat?" Danrique did not seem to be in a hurry, and he even brought some food for Francesca.

"Are you going to leave?" Francesca wished he would stay.

"It's all right. I'll have breakfast with you." Danrique brought her a glass of milk. "While I'm away, take good care of yourself. Once I've settled my matters, I'll come back to pick you up, and we'll return to Erihal together."

“Okay.” Francesca figured that he would only be preoccupied for a few days and would not take too long. Thus, she said in an understanding manner, “They are waiting for you. Go.”

“Don't you miss me?” Danrique pinched her cheek.

“What's there to miss?” Francesca replied stubbornly, “It's not like you aren't coming back.”

“You've got a point.” Danrique set his cutlery down and got up to put on his coat. “I'll get going now.”

“All right.” Francesca looked at him longingly.

Sean came over to take Danrique's documents and phone. After bidding farewell to Francesca, he went out with Danrique.

Kerrie wanted to help Francesca up, but the latter refused her assistance. She did not like goodbyes, so she decided to let Danrique leave quietly.

Before Danrique got into his car, he turned around and stared at Francesca through the glass window. He had assumed she would send him off and kiss him goodbye or something, but she did not do anything.

He felt disappointed, so he lowered his head and got into his car silently.

When the car cruised away, Danrique even stared at the rear view mirror. Still, Francesca was sitting in the dining room and enjoying her breakfast, seemingly unaffected by his departure.

Danrique was a bit upset and sighed. “What a heartless woman!”

“Haha...” Sean laughed. “I can tell Ms. Felch doesn't want you to leave, but she's probably inexperienced and has a different way of expressing her feelings.”

Danrique heaved a long sigh. He felt that Francesca had much more to learn about dating and romance than he did. She was completely inexperienced.