

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2129

Her concession softened Danrique's heart. He grabbed onto her ankle, placed her feet on his lap, and even used his warm hands to warm up her feet.

His actions had broken the ice between them.

Tears filled Francesca's eyes as she pouted her lips.

"Silly Girl!" Danrique's heart ached for her, yet he was frustrated with her. He pulled her against his chest and reprimanded, "Why did you run off to Danontand without discussing it with me?"

Francesca pouted, feeling aggrieved. She didn't respond as more tears filled her eyes.

"Does it hurt?" Danrique couldn't bear to scold her. He gently rubbed her feet with his hands and tucked her hair behind her ear. "Your hair is this long already?"

"Yeah." Francesca nodded with acknowledgment. "You said you like long hair, so I didn't cut it..." her voice broke into a sob.

Danrique's heart was crushed at the fragility in her tone.

He cupped her face and leaned down to kiss her. "All right, don't cry. Everything is fine now that you're back."

Sean rolled his eyes at the passenger seat. Mr. Lindberg sure is easy to coax. All it takes is one sentence in a soft, pleading voice to soothe his ruffled feather. He kept saying he would punish Francesca and give her a severe scolding to teach her a lesson before. I suppose he has forgotten all about that. All that's left in his mind and heart are heartache for her.

"It's cold," she complained.

Francesca curled up her cold, trembling body against him like a kitten.

Danrique tightened his arms around her and pressed her face deeper into his chest. "You won't feel cold like this," he said with a kiss on her forehead.

"Mm-hmm." Safety and warmth filled Francesca's chest, smelling his familiar scent. Something warm surged within her and warmed up her body immediately.

"Silly Girl!" Danrique hugged her even tighter. "Tell me everything next time. Don't act recklessly. Got it?"

"Sure." Francesca nodded obediently. Suddenly, Danrique's ringing phone cut through the sweet atmosphere. Feeling frustrated, he took out and was about to hang up the call when Francesca saw the name flashing across the screen—it was Hazel.

The softness in her heart earlier hardened instantly, and rage stirred within her. She snatched his phone, rolled down the window, and tossed it through the opening.

Everything happened within seconds.

It was so fast that Danrique didn't even realize what was happening.

"You—"

"I almost forgot."

Francesca broke free from his embrace and scoot back to her side with a straight back. Her dependence and cuteness earlier had gone up in smoke. Even her eyes that were brimming with tears earlier had a fierce glint in them.

“You're marrying Hazel. Why did you come looking for me?”

Her tone, posture, and attitude were those of a wife interrogating a husband.

Danrique rolled his eyes and coldly demanded, “Roll up the window!”

“Yes, sir.” Sloan immediately wound up the window.

Sean glanced in the rearview mirror and instantly lowered his head, trying to shrink himself in his seat.

“What is this attitude of yours?” Danrique looked at Francesca with a frown. “You haven't even explained to me what was going on between you and William.”

“Nothing is going on between William and I. Nothing at all.” Francesca accused, “You, on the other hand, had even taken wedding photos, and news of your engagement has spread. Explain that to me. What's going on?”

“You first.” Danrique wasn't moved by her accusations. “You were the one who left for Danontand first.”

“I went to Danontand to treat my patient. Do you think I'm a player like you?” Francesca's temper flared the more she spoke. “As for you, you never break off your relationship with Hazel. Now that news of your engagement with her has spread, you'd better explain to me.”