

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2132

Danrique gazed tenderly at the sleeping woman in his arms. When he realized how different she looked from her usual fierce and arrogant self, he couldn't help but chuckle.

After kissing her on her forehead, he promptly wrapped a towel around her and carried her to bed.

Francesca instinctively rolled under the covers, where she curled into a ball and went back to sleep.

Even when Danrique grabbed a hairdryer to dry her hair, she barely roused as she snuggled up to him and rested her head on his lap.

Just like that, Danrique ran his slender fingers gently through her hair until he had gotten it completely dry.

After a quick clean-up, he lay on his side next to Francesca and watched her quietly.

However, he soon found it impossible to resist her cuteness and leaned in to trail kisses down her forehead to her cheeks.

Then, he gently bit her lips until she woke up.

Despite still being in a daze, Francesca moaned and instinctively cuddled the man as her hand began to roam over his body. "You scoundrel!"

Needless to say, Danrique was more than pleased with her response. Without further ado, he cupped her face and kissed her passionately.

Soon, things turned passionate between them, and grunts of ecstasy rang out from the room.

Upon hearing those unmistakable sounds of lovemaking, the maids who had come to deliver meals for the second time blushed and quickly retreated.

Norah, on the other hand, beamed with delight when she saw their reaction. "Are they still at it?"

The maids nodded shyly.

"Hahaha! Oh, that's wonderful!" Norah exclaimed while clapping her hands. "That means we can look forward to having little princes and princesses next year! Haha!"

Before long, the other maids had also joined in the cheering and laughing.

Sean and Gordon exchanged glances, and there was no doubt they were feeling just as happy for Danrique.

Sloan, however, was the only one who remained sullen.

"Hey, Sloan, what's the matter with you?" Mylo whispered as he pulled the man aside. "Do you still have feelings for Ms. Felch? I suggest you get over her and move on. Otherwise, you'll land yourself in hot water!"

"No, no," Sloan mumbled. "Why would I have impure thoughts about Ms. Felch? She's my savior and also Mr. Lindberg's woman. I have nothing but respect and admiration for her. It's just..."

"What is it?" Mylo probed.

"I'm just worried," Sloan replied as he looked toward the master bedroom. "Mr. Lindberg's so big while Ms. Felch's so petite. What if she can't take it?"

After hearing that, Mylo instantly smacked the back of Sloan's head. "Shut up! Don't say nonsense like that again!"

"Okay..." the latter whined as he hung his head in shame. "But Ms. Felch will be happy, won't she?"

"Of course! Mr. Lindberg is an elite among men, but despite having women from all over the world throwing themselves at him, he only has eyes for Ms. Felch! We should be happy for her for being so blessed."

"Ms. Felch is just as amazing!" Sloan retorted, looking slightly miffed. "She's the best girl in the world and every man's dream wife, but she only loves Mr. Lindberg. He's mighty blessed too!"

"Will you just shut up?" Mylo scolded as he pulled Sloan's ear. "Where does your loyalty lie exactly? Don't forget you work for Mr. Lindberg!"

With that, Sloan once again lowered his head and said nothing more. My only wish is for Ms. Felch to live happily ever after. What's wrong with that?

Upstairs, the couple continued going at it until evening, when Francesca finally fell asleep on Danrique's chest.

The sight of a petite woman lying comfortably on a big, muscular body was, without a doubt, beautiful.

Not only was Francesca rising and falling with Danrique's breathing, but she could also hear his strong and steady heartbeat

Danrique gazed tenderly at the sleeping woman in his arms. When he realized how different she looked from her usual fierce and arrogant self, he couldn't help but chuckle.

After kissing her on her forehead, he promptly wrapped a towel around her and carried her to bed.

Francesca instinctively rolled under the covers, where she curled into a ball and went back to sleep.

Even when Danrique grabbed a hairdryer to dry her hair, she barely roused as she snuggled up to him and rested her head on his lap.

Just like that, Danrique ran his slender fingers gently through her hair until he had gotten it completely dry.

After a quick clean-up, he lay on his side next to Francesca and watched her quietly.

However, he soon found it impossible to resist her cuteness and leaned in to trail kisses down her forehead to her cheeks.

Then, he gently bit her lips until she woke up.

Despite still being in a daze, Francesca moaned and instinctively cuddled the man as her hand began to roam over his body. "You scoundrel!"

Needless to say, Danrique was more than pleased with her response. Without further ado, he cupped her face and kissed her passionately.

Soon, things turned passionate between them, and grunts of ecstasy rang out from the room.

Upon hearing those unmistakable sounds of lovemaking, the maids who had come to deliver meals for the second time blushed and quickly retreated.

Norah, on the other hand, beamed with delight when she saw their reaction. "Are they still at it?"

The maids nodded shyly.

“Hahaha! Oh, that's wonderful!” Norah exclaimed while clapping her hands. “That means we can look forward to having little princes and princesses next year! Haha!”

Before long, the other maids had also joined in the cheering and laughing.

Sean and Gordon exchanged glances, and there was no doubt they were feeling just as happy for Danrique.

Sloan, however, was the only one who remained sullen.

“Hey, Sloan, what's the matter with you?” Mylo whispered as he pulled the man aside. “Do you still have feelings for Ms. Felch? I suggest you get over her and move on. Otherwise, you'll land yourself in hot water!”

“No, no,” Sloan mumbled. “Why would I have impure thoughts about Ms. Felch? She's my savior and also Mr. Lindberg's woman. I have nothing but respect and admiration for her. It's just...”

“What is it?” Mylo probed.

“I'm just worried,” Sloan replied as he looked toward the master bedroom. “Mr. Lindberg's so big while Ms. Felch's so petite. What if she can't take it?”

After hearing that, Mylo instantly smacked the back of Sloan's head. “Shut up! Don't say nonsense like that again!”

“Okay...” the latter whined as he hung his head in shame. “But Ms. Felch will be happy, won't she?”

“Of course! Mr. Lindberg is an elite among men, but despite having women from all over the world throwing themselves at him, he only has eyes for Ms. Felch! We should be happy for her for being so blessed.”

“Ms. Felch is just as amazing!” Sloan retorted, looking slightly miffed. “She's the best girl in the world and every man's dream wife, but she only loves Mr. Lindberg. He's mighty blessed too!”

“Will you just shut up?” Mylo scolded as he pulled Sloan's ear. “Where does your loyalty lie exactly? Don't forget you work for Mr. Lindberg!”

With that, Sloan once again lowered his head and said nothing more. My only wish is for Ms. Felch to live happily ever after. What's wrong with that?

Upstairs, the couple continued going at it until evening, when Francesca finally fell asleep on Danrique's chest.

The sight of a petite woman lying comfortably on a big, muscular body was, without a doubt, beautiful.

Not only was Francesca rising and falling with Danrique's breathing, but she could also hear his strong and steady heartbeat

In return, the latter wrapped his arms tightly around her in a warm and loving embrace.

They were undeniably in love, and they were happy.