

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2135

“What?” Francesca still did not understand what he meant. “Do you have nothing else to ask me?”

“No.” Danrique shook his head. “All right, let's eat then.”

“Wait!” Francesca hurriedly stopped him. “Didn't you say that you have something to tell me just now?”

“What I wanted to say was...” Danrique held her chin and gazed into her eyes. “Let's get married!”

Francesca froze and blurted out, “What? When?”

“As soon as possible,” Danrique muttered as he brushed his thumb across her lips. “I want to marry you. What about you? Do you want to marry me?”

“Of course,” came her instant reply.

A pleased smile grew on Danrique's lips. Then, he held the back of her head and kissed her passionately.

Francesca, who was sitting on his lap, cupped his face and enthusiastically responded to his kiss.

Right in the middle of their fiery kissing, someone knocked on the door again. “Sir, Mr. Donald is here.”

Danrique had no choice but to let Francesca go. As he wiped the stain on her lips, he gently told her, “Dig in first. I'll be back in a moment.”

“Okay.” Francesca nodded obediently before watching him leave.

Only after the door closed behind him did she recall that she had yet to plead with him about William's matter. He had yet to tell her whether or not he would save William.

My, I keep losing myself in his charm. He always ends up taking control of the situation and making me forget about important matters. Well, he's busy right now, so I can't disturb him. I should eat first.

Francesca was genuinely hungry, for she had not eaten for the entire day. Upon seeing the delectable dishes on the table, she could not help but gobble up as quickly as she could.

In the middle of her meal, her phone rang again. It was from Monica. Hastily, she picked up the call and put it on speakers. "Hey, Monica."

"Ms. Felch, are you in the middle of something?"

"No, I'm just eating."

"I see. Is it convenient for you to have a talk?"

"Sure. I'm alone in the room while he's in the study," Francesca said, knowing what Monica wanted to ask. "What's the matter? Is it about William?"

"I tried to contact His Highness again, but I still can't reach him. Robin isn't picking up my calls either. I've asked my colleagues to look into the matter, and I think the king's men might have taken him away."

"I'm the one who got him into this," Francesca whispered in regret. She had lost her appetite thinking about what happened to William.

"Ms. Felch, the only one who can save His Highness is Mr. Lindberg. Can you please ask for his help?" Monica pleaded anxiously. "It'll be easy for Mr. Lindberg to rescue His Highness, and it won't come at a price for him..."

"I'll find an opportunity to tell him about this," Francesca promptly consoled. "Calm down. I'll make the arrangements, so just be at ease and make sure you heal up."

"Okay..." Monica muttered. "I'll wait for your good news. Please feel free to come to me if you need me for anything."

"Of course." After ending the call, Francesca continued to wait in the room. However, there was still no sign of Danrique even after an hour. Right then, a familiar voice came from outside. "Sean, say something to Danrique. How can he be so stubborn?"

"Haha. Mr. Lindberg must have come to a decision of his own," Sean said with a chuckle. "Don't worry..."

"This isn't the same! This is an invitation from the president—"

Donald halted mid-sentence because Francesca had stepped out of the room.

His eyes widened almost comically at Francesca with disbelief written all over his face. "W-What—"

"Hello," Francesca greeted politely before turning to Sean. "Is he done?"

"Ms. Felch, Mr. Lindberg is still working through the documents," Sean replied. "Let me lead you to him."

"It's fine. You can escort the guest out instead. I'll look for him myself."

With that, Francesca strode toward the study barefooted.