

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2161

Francesca changed into a set of pajamas, crawled into bed, and turned off the lights to sleep.

Fine! Since he's ignoring me, I'll do the same to him. Hmph!

They slept on their sides, their backs facing each other as they were still mad at one another.

For some reason, they felt as if they were miles apart, even though they were sharing the same bed.

Francesca was still angry, but she soon dozed off without realizing it.

However, Danrique was having trouble falling asleep. Having taken the next step in their relationship, he, at that very moment, desperately wanted to get close to Francesca. After all, they were currently sleeping in the same bed. It was incredibly difficult for him to resist the temptation.

Two hours later, Danrique carefully moved backward, wanting to be closer to Francesca.

To his surprise, he could not feel her back, even when he had moved so much.

Hence, he inched backward again, but it made no difference.

Unable to suppress his curiosity, he turned around, only to find her sleeping on the edge of the bed. What on earth? She's going to fall.

In the end, he reached out an arm and pretended to sound cold, saying, "Come here!"

No response came.

Noting that, he poked her arm with his finger. Even so, there was still no response.

When he moved closer to take a look at her, he discovered she had already fallen asleep.

His blood boiled, and anger rippled in him.

How dare she? I'm having trouble sleeping because I'm angry, but here she is, sleeping soundly like a log. What a heartless woman!

At that moment, Danrique had no intention of coaxing her anymore. He reached out and pulled her into his embrace, leaning over to kiss her.

“Mmph!”

Francesca, who was immediately awakened by the kiss, squinted and struggled to free herself from him.

Unfortunately, Danrique had locked her in his embrace, pinning her down with one leg so that she was immobilized.

Francesca had no choice but to endure his barbaric actions driven by his desires.

His kiss carried a hint of punishment. It was no different from a beast gnawing on its prey, almost suffocating her.

After a prolonged kiss, he finally let her go and watched in amusement as she frantically tried to catch her breath.

“Danrique, you—” Just as Francesca had finally recollected herself and was about to scold him, he turned over, pinned her under him, and continued to ravage her.

No matter how hard Francesca struggled, she could not break free. She pounded hard on his back and even pushed his chest. Still, she could not shove him away.

Soon, all her reasoning gradually faded under his warm breath and wild kisses.

The tension in the room rose to its peak while their bodies intertwined like beasts in a ferocious fight.

Uncontrollable moans filled every inch of the room.

That night, Danrique was not as gentle and careful with Francesca as the night before. He was more violent, doing whatever he wanted to her.

He did not release her until she cried and begged him when she could not endure it anymore.

Hugging her tightly from the back, he planted kisses on her shoulder and fell asleep.

Francesca, too, fell asleep within seconds due to exhaustion.

However, she instantly fell into a series of nightmares. One of them was a nightmare about William and the people in the castle. In her dreams, they had died and turned into vengeful souls who had returned to take her life.

The nightmare was so frightening that she shuddered and awoke from her sleep. She was still trembling and drenched in a cold sweat even when she had awakened.

“What's wrong?” Danrique woke up. Sensing something was amiss with her, he quickly asked, “Did you have a nightmare?”

Francesca did not answer, still shocked by the horrifying images that were replaying in her mind.

Grabbing her shoulder, Danrique turned her around and pressed his forehead against hers, reassuring her gently, "Don't be scared. I'm here."

Francesca could feel the warmth and strength in his grip, but when she recalled the dream, she could not help but ask, "Can you please help him? For me?"

The pleasant atmosphere was instantly ruined by her words, which was like a bucket of cold water poured onto Danrique. He felt as if his heart had frozen over.

Turning around, he left the bed, got dressed, and said coldly with his back facing her, "I really hate how you're thinking about other men while lying in my arms."