

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2204

Danrique carried Francesca all the way back into their room, where more passion followed.

There was a saying that men who were new to carnal pleasures were akin to wild beasts.

Danrique was no exception.

In fact, he couldn't seem to get enough of it. He would keep asking Francesca for more until he was completely exhausted.

Despite the long hours Francesca had slept on the plane, she was now out cold once again thanks to the lovemaking which lasted through the night.

She lay in his embrace like a docile animal.

Leaning on one side, Danrique held onto her with one hand and caressed her hair with the other as he gazed at her tenderly.

She was always so upfront with her emotions. Never did she hide her happiness or anger.

She's probably going to be upset if she finds out that I'm going to M Nation with Hazel first thing in the morning, huh?

He smiled at the thought of this woman glaring at him in fury.

He loved everything about her, including the way she looked when picking fights with him.

The man kissed her forehead and held her tightly, but he couldn't fall asleep at all.

As dawn approached, subtle rays of light could be seen seeping in through the floor-to-ceiling windows and shining onto Francesca's body.

Danrique glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already half past five in the morning.

He withdrew his arm silently, put on a bathrobe, and treaded toward the door lightly. He then turned around to glance at the woman one more time, his eyes showing how reluctant he was to part with her.

Ultimately, he could only shut the door and leave in a hurry.

"The car's ready, Mr. Lindberg."

"I'm going to take a shower in the study room before we leave. Wait for me downstairs, and be sure not to wake her up."

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg."

Danrique hurried downstairs after taking a shower and changing into his clothes. He couldn't help but give his room a quick glance as he walked past it.

It's still quiet in there, so she's probably still asleep.

He could only leave while she was sleeping so as to avoid getting into an argument.

Then, he hopped into the car.

Gordon rushed over at that moment. "Are you sure you don't need me to accompany you, Mr. Lindberg? It's quite dangerous in M Nation. I think you'd be safer if I were to come along."

"Stay here and watch the house. I'll talk to you if I need you," Danrique instructed. "Take care of her, and don't let her leave no matter how much of a fight she puts up."

"Understood." Gordon nodded solemnly.

"If she wants to go outside for some fresh air, make sure there's always someone following her closely. Nothing had better happen to her."

"Certainly, Mr. Lindberg. Don't worry," assured Gordon. "Everything will be fine with me around."

Danrique shot a glance at the master bedroom. The room remained lit, and gentleness filled his eyes as he recalled the night they had just spent together. Please don't be mad at me when you wake up.

The sound of the car engine roused Francesca briefly, but she was so tired that she simply turned to the other side, hugged a pillow, and continued sleeping.

The pillow contained traces of his scent, so she felt as if she was hugging him.

Then, she began to dream about her and Danrique getting married.

The wedding was held inside a forest, where many wild animals were in attendance.

Donning a beautiful bridal gown and floral wreath, she ran freely across a meadow as the man stood on top of a hill, extending an arm toward her and waiting for her arrival.

Everything looked like a romantic fairy tale.

It was a perfect dream, and she couldn't stop beaming. But just as she neared him, a bolt of lightning struck down from the clouds and the ground beneath her began to split.

The earth shook violently, causing an enormous rift between the two of them.

As Francesca called out Danrique's name, he told her not to be afraid and to keep making her way over in spite of the growing fissure on the ground. Then, he jumped toward her, only to fall into the cracks as though he had been swallowed by a humongous beast.

“Ahhh!”

Francesca finally jolted awake, her body covered in sweat. She reached for her pillow only to find no trace of Danrique.

She glanced around the room and called out to him, even searching for him in the bathroom. Yet, he was nowhere to be seen.