

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1763

### Chapter 1763 First Kiss

With his eyes closed, Danrique turned around slowly and leaned his chest against the edge of the hot spring, revealing his broad shoulders and back along with his waist and half of his rear.

Francesca stilled at the sight.

The man's tanned body was the epitome of masculinity and seduction, especially in this misty atmosphere with dim lighting.

Francesca couldn't help but blush as her heart pounded wildly against her chest.

She quickly composed herself and focused on the acupuncture treatment.

However, she couldn't proceed with Danrique's lower half completely submerged. "Could you climb up a little? I can't reach your waist."

Danrique didn't respond at all. It turned out he had dozed off.

Hence, Francesca could only lower her own body. With one hand on the ground, she reached forward to position a needle on Danrique's waist.

Suddenly, her hand slipped, and she fell right into the hot spring.

Splash! The loud noise instantly jolted Danrique awake.

He opened his eyes and frowned in displeasure before turning his head.

There, he saw the reckless woman splashing about in the water, her hands flailing as though she was desperately searching for a lifeline.

"H-Help!" she blurted amidst muffled screams.

Danrique turned around and leaned back into the edge while gazing at her, his eyes full of contempt.

The water isn't even that deep, but she's here panicking like this instead of trying to stand on her feet? Even if she can't swim, how much of an idiot can she be?

The hot spring was less than 1.4 meters tall, so Francesca would have been able to stand up just fine even if she were a little shorter.

Gurgle...

The woman slowly sunk to the bottom of the hot spring, a raft of bubbles rising above her.

A taunting smirk played on Danrique's lips as he watched the struggling woman with an icy gaze.

If this idiot actually drowns in here, that'd be a first in history.

Growing weary with each struggle, Francesca reached out to him.

A few seconds later, Danrique couldn't stand the sight any longer and finally decided to give her a hand.

But just as he approached the woman, she suddenly grabbed onto him and pulled herself over to him.

Before he could even respond, he felt a pair of soft lips pressing against his cold ones.

Danrique froze instantly and just stood there.

Her lips felt so delicate—like a flower that had just blossomed.

Furthermore, the woman's soft body pressing against his chest gave him a feeling he had never felt before. She also had her slender arms wrapped around his neck tightly, indicating how terrified she was of falling back into the water.

Everything happened so quickly that Danrique didn't know what to do.

The unfamiliar feeling caused him to stiffen. It was like an electric current had suddenly entered his body and was now coursing through his bloodstream.

His once tranquil heart was now beating frantically as though it had just been given life.

"Phew!"

After a long while, Francesca finally calmed herself and opened her eyes, only to see an incredibly dashing face right in front of her.

Those amber eyes looked especially enchanting under the moonlight.

They appeared to be filled with shock, though.

She stared at Danrique in horror, her mind turning blank.

"Oh, my God!" Sean suddenly exclaimed. "W-What on earth..."

Danrique finally returned to his senses and violently shoved Francesca away, sending her to the other side of the hot spring and back into the water.

"Help me! Help..."

Once again, the woman cried for help.

Unfortunately, Danrique's momentary lapse of kindness was gone. He merely shot her a glare before getting out of the hot spring. Then, he wrapped himself with a towel and stormed away.