

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2129

Chapter 2129 Coaxing Him

Her concession softened Danrique's heart. He grabbed onto her ankle, placed her feet on his lap, and even used his warm hands to warm up her feet.

His actions had broken the ice between them. Tears filled Francesca's eyes as she pouted her lips.

"Silly Girl!" Danrique's heart ached for her, yet he was frustrated with her. He pulled her against his chest and reprimanded, "Why did you run off to Danontand without discussing it with me?"

Francesca pouted, feeling aggrieved. She didn't respond as more tears filled her eyes.

"Does it hurt?" Danrique couldn't bear to scold her. He gently rubbed her feet with his hands and tucked her hair behind her ear. "Your hair is this long already?"

"Yeah." Francesca nodded with acknowledgment. "You said you like long hair, so I didn't cut it..." her voice broke into a sob. Danrique's heart was crushed at the fragility in her tone.

He cupped her face and leaned down to kiss her. "All right, don't cry. Everything is fine now that you're back."

Sean rolled his eyes at the passenger seat. Mr. Lindberg sure is easy to coax. All it takes is one sentence in a soft, pleading voice to soothe his ruffled feather. He kept saying he would punish Francesca and give her a severe scolding to teach her a

lesson before. I suppose he has forgotten all about that. All that's left in his mind and heart are heartache for her.

"It's cold," she complained.

Francesca curled up her cold, trembling body against him like a kitten.

Danrique tightened his arms around her and pressed her face deeper into his chest. "You won't feel cold like this," he said with a kiss on her forehead.

"Mm-hmm." Safety and warmth filled Francesca's chest, smelling his familiar scent. Something warm surged within her and warmed up her body immediately.

"Silly Girl!" Danrique hugged her even tighter. "Tell me everything next time. Don't act recklessly. Got it?"

"Sure." Francesca nodded obediently. Suddenly, Danrique's ringing phone cut through the sweet atmosphere. Feeling frustrated, he took out and was about to hang up the call when Francesca saw the name flashing across the screen—it was Hazel.

The softness in her heart earlier hardened instantly, and rage stirred within her. She snatched his phone, rolled down the window, and tossed it through the opening.

Everything happened within seconds.

It was so fast that Danrique didn't even realize what was happening.

"You—"

"I almost forgot."

Francesca broke free from his embrace and scoot back to her side with a straight back. Her dependence and cuteness earlier had gone up in smoke. Even her eyes that were brimming with tears earlier had a fierce glint in them.

“You’re marrying Hazel. Why did you come looking for me?”

Her tone, posture, and attitude were those of a wife interrogating a husband.

Danrique rolled his eyes and coldly demanded, “Roll up the window!”

“Yes, sir.” Sloan immediately wound up the window.

Sean glanced in the rearview mirror and instantly lowered his head, trying to shrink himself in his seat.

“What is this attitude of yours?” Danrique looked at Francesca with a frown. “You haven’t even explained to me what was going on between you and William.”

“Nothing is going on between William and I. Nothing at all.” Francesca accused, “You, on the other hand, had even taken wedding photos, and news of your engagement has spread. Explain that to me. What’s going on?”

“You first.” Danrique wasn’t moved by her accusations. “You were the one who left for Danontand first.”

“I went to Danontand to treat my patient. Do you think I’m a player like you?” Francesca’s temper flared the more she spoke. “As for you, you never break off your relationship with Hazel. Now that news of your engagement with her has spread, you’d better explain to me.”

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Chapter 2130 Go Home

Danrique merely frowned at her demand and stayed silent. His face was black. He had no intention to communicate nor had the attitude to want to solve the problem. “Danrique—”

“Let’s talk after we get home.” Danrique ended the conversation with that sentence. Even though Francesca was furious, she didn’t want to argue with Danrique in front of Sean and Sloan.

Fine! We’ll talk when we get home. She pulled Danrique’s coat tighter, completely covering herself, and curled up in her seat. Her face was turned toward the window, unwilling to look at him.

Danrique was speechless at her sudden change. This woman changes her attitude faster than how I flip through a book. She was acting cutely in my embrace a minute ago and started throwing a tantrum the next. It’s like they are two different people. Also, she’s way too good at playing the victim. She was the one who flew to Danontand to meet with William and didn’t explain her actions to me. Yet, she’s interrogating my relationship with Hazel. What is this?

Meanwhile, rage pulsed through Francesca’s veins. I wouldn’t have come to Xendale if it wasn’t for Danrique’s involvement in William’s matter. The reason I went to Danontand was to treat my patient. Yet here he was, getting entangled with Hazel again. She’s even calling him now, yet he still doesn’t even want to explain. He is acting as though I don’t have any right to ask him about his affairs while he has every right to ask about mine. What is this? He is such a hypocrite!

The two continued to simmer in anger all the way back to the castle.

After getting out of the car, Monica shouted from afar, “Ms. Felch!”

Francesca hurried over to her. Danrique's big long coat wrapped her body like a bedsheet. The bottom of the coat was dragging along the ground as she walked, but that was the least of her concern.

"What's wrong? Does your wound hurt? I'll treat it immediately once we're inside," Francesca asked with concern.

"My injuries aren't serious, but..." Monica cast a skittish glance at Danrique before leaning in to whisper at Francesca's ear. "I gave His Highness a call earlier, but the line didn't go through, so I called Robin to inform him about our safe arrival at Xendale and our meeting with Mr. Lindberg. Robin asked me to take care of you and didn't say anything else. When I asked him about His Highness' condition, he changed the topic. I'm worried if something has happened to His Highness."

"Maybe." Francesca's expression turned grave. "I left in such haste. Federico might blame my sudden departure on him."

"Yeah." Monica panicked. "What should we do then? What if you beg Mr. Lindberg..."

"I—"

"Francesca Felch!" Danrique ordered, "Go inside!"

Francesca looked over her shoulder to shoot a vicious glare at him but still followed him inside. She even gestured to Monica that everything would be fine.

"Ms. Monica, I've arranged for another doctor to treat your wound. Come this way, please." Mylo was in charge of Monica's welfare, so he led her to the other wing.

"Thank you."

Francesca trailed after Danrique into the castle. Norah and the rest went up to welcome Francesca warmly. “You’re back, Ms. Felch! That’s great! We all missed you!”

“I miss you guys too, Mdm. Norah.”

Francesca greeted them with a smile as though she was the lady of the house who had just returned after a trip.

“I’ve already run you a bath. Please head upstairs for a nice warm bath, and we’ll bring the food up to you in a while.”

Norah was well aware of Francesca’s habits. Francesca would always take a bath the first thing she got home, then have a meal in her bedroom in her pajama. That was the happiest moment for Francesca.

“Thank you, Mdm. Norah and everyone.”

“You’re welcome, Ms. Felch! It’s good to have you home!”

The household staff loved Francesca as Danrique’s mood would be better with her there. As a result, their life would be much better too.

The cold castle felt like home with her presence.

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Chapter 2131 Two Becomes One

The corners of Danrique's lips quirked up as he watched Francesca chatting friendly with the household staff.

He liked watching her blending into his life and chatting away happily in the house. "I'll head up first."

"Go on." Francesca limped up the stairs slowly with her injured leg and the tail of Danrique's coat dragging behind her.

Danrique had already reached the upper part of the stairs and intentionally slowed down to wait for her.

However, she still couldn't keep up. With a frown, he halted his steps and reached his hand out to her.

Francesca pursed her lips and glared at him. Despite that, she still put her hand in his after she caught up to him. With a slight tug from him, he lifted her into his arms.

The long coat slipped onto the stairs, but his steps didn't falter. He carried her up the stairs toward her room.

"You haven't explain."

Francesca's heart pounded upon seeing the closeup of his handsome face, but she reminded herself to keep her wits with her.

I have to know what's going on between him and Hazel this time.

Danrique ignored her question and carried her into her room. With a kick to the bathroom door, the door slammed open, and he threw her into the water-filled bathtub.

Plop!

Water splashed everywhere.

Francesca grasped onto the rim of the bathtub tightly like a lifeline. She sucked in mouthful after mouthful of air into her lungs once her head was out of the water.

Danrique started unbuttoning his shirt while staring at her.

“Danrique, you b*stard!”

Francesca finally caught her breath and slapped the water in the tub.

“If I’m a b*stard, then what are you?”

Danrique tossed his shirt to the side and started on his pants.

“You—” Francesca was about to cuss him out when she noticed he was taking off his pants. “What are you doing?” she exclaimed with surprise.

“What do you think?” After his pants fell to the floor, he stepped into the tub.

“Ah!” Francesca covered her eyes with her hands and turned her back to him.

“Y-You don’t come any closer—”

Before she could finish her sentence, Danrique had held onto her nape, turned her around and pressed his lips harshly against her soft ones.

Francesca’s eyes widened with shock. She tried to struggle, but he had her confined to a corner of the bathtub. He grabbed onto her wrists and held them above her head against the wall.

His fervent kiss was like a storm battling her, making her lose her head.

Soon, thoughts of breaking free were thrown out of her mind. Her body trembled in his embrace as passion engulfed her like a tidal wave.

The temperature in the bathroom began to rise. The passion they had for each other overwhelmed them. Their desire couldn't be suppressed any longer and burned wildly inside them.

Right before he entered her body, Danrique held her face as he panted. "Are you scared?"

Francesca's tiny body continued to tremble. Panic filled her clear, big eyes, yet she wrapped her arms around his waist and pulled him toward her.

"It'll hurt, so bear with the pain for a bit."

Danrique nipped on her ear as he lowered his hips. He was like a beast gnawing at her.

Francesca's body arched from the pain. Tears flowed from her eyes as she bit down hard on his shoulder. Her arms circled his waist tightly and her nails nearly broke his skin.

Danrique was satisfied with her response. He slowed down his movement as he kissed her.

At that moment, the two had become one. The estrangement between them was gone.

Francesca thought she would be repelled and would be scared when she fantasized about this happening. She thought she would reject the idea but was surprised to learn that she was willing to submit herself to the man she loved.

Tenderness stirred within Danrique when he felt how pure and innocent she was. He didn't dare to move too rashly. Instead, he was very gentle with her.

Snowflakes fluttered outside the window as though they were dancing, cheering for their beautiful love.

After a long while, Francesca tiredly slumped against Danrique's chest and slowly drifted to sleep like a soft kitten.

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Chapter 2132 Happiness

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.

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Chapter 2133 In Trouble

All of a sudden, Francesca shuddered as a nightmare jolted her awake. She was struggling to get out of bed when Danrique quickly pulled her back with a hug. “What’s the matter?”

“I think something’s happened to William,” Francesca blurted. “Monica told me earlier that—”

Alas, an annoyed Danrique cupped her face and interrupted, “Shoosh! You’re not allowed to think of other men when you’re with me.” “That’s not it. I—”

Before Francesca could finish her words, Danrique kissed her hard, thinking that’d be the best way to shut her up. No matter how much she struggled, the latter refused to let her go.

Just then, they heard a loud rap at the bedroom door. “Mr. Lindberg, I have something urgent to report,” Sean shouted.

Knowing how dangerous it was to disturb Danrique at that moment, the poor man couldn’t stop sweating bullets.

Francesca quickly used the opportunity to push Danrique away and glare at him. “We’ve already done it four times, and my body is about to fall apart. Do you really still want more?”

“Fine. I’ll let you off this time,” Danrique said as he playfully bit her earlobe and got out of bed. “Stay in the room. Don’t wander about.”

After a quick shower, he changed into a fresh set of clothes and hurriedly left the room.

Francesca made a face at the retreating figure before getting out of bed to take a shower too.

It wasn't long before she realized there were traces of him all over her body and how sore and painful she was. My goodness. It feels like my body has been taken apart and pieced together again!

However, as soon as Francesca recalled how intimate she and Danrique had been, she couldn't help but turn crimson.

When she heard some noise outside the bathroom, she thought the latter had returned and hastily stuck her head out to check. To her surprise, it was Norah who had brought two maids along to clean the room.

Upon seeing Francesca peeping at them, Norah burst into laughter. "We're here on Mr. Lindberg's orders, Ms. Felch. Please, carry on with your shower. We'll be done cleaning by the time you're out."

Still as red as a tomato, Francesca quickly ducked back into the bathroom and continued with her shower.

Sure enough, the sounds outside died down after a while, and Norah's voice rang out. "We've finished cleaning up, Ms. Felch. I've left your clothes on the sofa. You can take a rest after your shower. We'll bring you your dinner immediately."

"All right. Thank you, Mdm. Norah," Francesca replied, albeit still somewhat embarrassed.

Once she was certain Norah had left, she wrapped herself in a towel and walked out of the bathroom.

As expected, the room was spick and span, and even the bedsheets and pillowcases were all replaced. A set of casual attire in Francesca's size was also neatly placed on the sofa, right next to her backpack.

Francesca quickly got dressed and took out her phone from the backpack to call William.

However, when she realized his phone was off, she decided to call Robin instead.

After a long while, the latter finally picked up the phone. “Ms. Felch!”

“Robin, where’s William? Why can’t I get through to him?”

“His Highness is currently resting. He isn’t feeling too well...”

“It’s been more than twenty hours since we left! Does he have to rest for that long?” Francesca asked anxiously. “Has something happened to him?”

“No. He’s all right...”

“Robin.”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Felch, but my wound’s hurting. I’ll talk to you later.”

With that, Robin hung up before Francesca could say anything else. He knew he couldn’t fool her, nor did he know how to lie to her. As much as he hated it, pushing her away was his only option.

Unfortunately, Francesca had more or less figured out what was going on.

If I’m not wrong, William must have been taken away by his grandfather’s men. After all, I ran off with the secrets of Danontand’s royal family. There’s no way Federico would let him off.

Just then, Danrique opened the door and strode into the room. When he noticed Francesca holding her phone and looking incredibly worried, he couldn’t help but furrow his brows. “Why do you care so much about him?”

“He’s my friend, and besides, I’m partly responsible for this matter,” Francesca explained. “You’ve come at the right time. I have something to discuss with you.”

“So do I,” Danrique replied flatly. “But you should have your dinner first. We can talk after.”

Eager to settle the matter as soon as possible, Francesca insisted, “I think it’s better if we talked first. Otherwise, I won’t have any mood to eat.”

“I’m worried you won’t have an appetite left after you’ve said your piece...”