

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1930

"I already said that I don't..."

"All right. Facts are facts. It's useless even if you refuse to admit it." Without giving Francesca a chance to speak, Danrique concluded, "I won't touch you tonight. Just sleep."

Francesca was speechless. He's so narcissistic!

Danrique stood up again and moved closer.

"What do you want to do now?" Francesca immediately became nervous.

Without saying anything, Danrique tucked her in and flicked away the hair on her forehead. Then, he sat on the sofa and gazed at her gently, propping his chin with his hand. "Sleep!"

"Aren't you leaving?" For some reason, Francesca felt nervous.

"I'll keep you company here." Danrique leaned against the sofa lazily and placed his feet on the hospital bed. Patting her shoulder with a foot, he repeated, "Sleep!"

"What are you doing?"

Francesca turned her head and stared at his foot in shock.

Although his foot isn't smelly and in fact, looks quite nice, why is he patting my shoulder with it?

"I'm coaxing you to sleep," replied Danrique matter-of-factly. "If I pat you, you'll fall asleep quickly."

“With your foot?” Francesca stared at him in astonishment.

Without replying to her, Danrique closed his eyes and rested.

Francesca did not know what to say. This man is so odd! Everything he does is different from a normal person.

However, she could not be bothered to argue anymore. She was exhausted and wanted to rest.

Her stomach suddenly grumbled. Stroking her stomach gently, she thought about Norah's oatmeal and glanced at the clock on the wall. There were still eight more hours to go before Norah would come.

Francesca sighed quietly. Turning around and looking at Danrique, who was falling asleep, she felt conflicted.

When he forced her to take the vow on the hill, she was filled with hatred and wished for nothing more than to strangle him.

However, after arriving at the hospital, she heard what Sean said to him. Even though he was so busy, he cast everything aside and kept her company. He even got Helen over from M Nation.

After finishing his work, he returned to take care of her again. Although he was bad at everything else, she could tell how nervous and concerned he was from his sincerity.

She would be lying if she said that she felt nothing at all. In fact, she realized that she was not repulsed by his intimacy.

When he hugged and kissed her, she did not find that disgusting. Instead, she would feel nervous, shy, and uneasy.

As she had never dated before, she did not know if she liked him.

However, she did not seem so anxious to leave like before.

Upon that thought, Francesca was startled. No! This can't do! I'm determined to leave! Don't be stupid!

The colder and decisive she was, the better it would be. Otherwise, they would just be entangled with each other even more.

Just when all those wild thoughts were flying across Francesca's mind, Danrique's foot stopped moving. When she turned around to look at him, she realized that he had fallen asleep.

He leaned against the sofa and slept quietly.

Even though he looked so casual, he was still so handsome. It was like he had just come straight out of a painting.

As Francesca stared at him silently, memories emerged in her mind.

They were scenes of a young girl and guy holding hands and running in the hills. Bright smiles were plastered over their faces as a loving atmosphere enveloped them.

She did not know if it was because she had suffered a blow to her head, but she seemed to have recalled some things. She could almost be certain that she and Danrique had shared a beautiful relationship before.

Seven years had passed and she could not quite remember anymore. However, it was like he had never forgotten the promise—he had been looking for her constantly.

In comparison, she seemed heartless.

Upon that thought, Francesca felt a bit conflicted.