

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1749

Charlotte dropped her documents and made her way over to the window to marvel at the awe-inspiring view. Could Francesca be here to look for me?

“Meeting adjourned!” Danrique said in a cold voice.

The executives almost trampled over one another in their haste to leave the office.

“Danrique...”

“I knew it!” He gritted his teeth in consternation. “I know she wouldn't be able to let go of her money, so I locked her bank cards, ID, and jewelry away in a safe downstairs. She took the bait!”

Charlotte was flabbergasted. Francesca is not here for me after all! She's here for her money.

“Get back,” Danrique ordered before pulling open his drawer to reveal a safe painted entirely in gold. “You have no business being here.”

I'm confident that she would not be able to escape with the safe without me noticing. If she's going to try anyway, things might get dangerous for Charlotte.

“We can talk about it, Danrique,” Charlotte pleaded.

Danrique merely flapped his hands impatiently.

Charlotte did not need to be told twice. Beckoning at Lupine and Morgan, the trio left hurriedly. Charlotte turned to take one last look at the safe when they were at the door.

There was a photograph attached to the side of the safe. In that photograph, Danrique's head was tilted with a cold expression on his face. Francesca wore a red wig and leaned close to him.

Both of them had their lips locked though they did not look like they were kissing.

Their encounter must have been secretly captured as they appeared taken aback in the picture. It must have been the only photographic proof of their intimacy in existence.

It was obvious how much Danrique valued that photograph by holding on to it all that time.

At that moment, it was ironically attached to the safe which served to lure and deceive Francesca.

Charlotte could not resist herself. "How did you meet her, Danrique?"

"What's it to you? Scram."

Danrique had made preparations for a fight to the death with Francesca and was not pleased to see Charlotte dawdling in the vicinity.

Charlotte pointed at the photograph on the safe. "Was that photograph of the both of you taken in secret when you first met?"

Danrique's brusque remark was stifled when his gaze fell upon it as if he had forgotten its existence.

As he gazed lingered on the photograph, the anger in his eyes seemed to soften as a complex mix of emotions welled up from within him.

"The success of all relationships worth having is based on communication, Danrique," she said gently before departing. "It's no use being more headstrong than she is in the hopes of forcing her into conformity. You need to appeal to the beautiful past you both share and remind her of that."

Outside, the elevators were crammed full of panic-stricken employees as if the devil herself had come to claim their souls.

Morgan sighed. "What do you think it was that the future Mrs. Lindberg might have done? Why is everyone so afraid of her?"

"We should leave," Lupine said hastily. "I don't think it's wise to be here when whatever Mr. Lindberg has planned for her gets set in motion."

"She's right," Charlotte agreed as she eyed the crowded elevators, opting instead to use the stairs. "Let's not get involved."

"You're right, Charlotte. Let's go."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth when several tawny eagles nearly collided with them.

Lupine and Morgan pinned Charlotte against the wall out of harm's way.

Before the trio managed to regain their footing, a dark shadow flashed before their eyes as her enraged voice echoed menacingly through the stairwell.

"How dare you steal from me, you b*stard? I'm going to kill you!"

Charlotte gulped. "Run for it!"

Flanked by her convocation, Francesca burst into Danrique's office.

Swiveling around in his armchair of black leather, he regarded her with a haughty expression as he toyed with the fountain pen in his fingers.

“Scoundrel!” she continued in a rage. “Rouge! I will-”

Before she could hurl more insults, a familiar voice blared from the overhead speakers.

“I, Francesca, hereby swear to repay Danrique for saving my life even if it means marrying him. May God smite me if I go back on the promise!”

As the final syllable of her recorded voice echoed throughout the room, a terrifying crash of thunder exploded outside the window like a divine reminder. Francesca shuddered before composing herself.

“Remember your promise, woman! Those were your words!” Danrique stood up and approached her. “In case you need a little reminder...”

Francesca kept her eyes fixed on his as the speaker blared her vow again, her mind casting back to many years before.