

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1819

“What?” The color drained out of Kerrie's face. “Are they Pastor's men?”

“No, wait a second.” She paused for a bit before continuing, “How did you manage to hear the footsteps?”

“I have no time to explain to you now.” Francesca urged Kerrie, “Get someone to tell Danrique that there's an ambush here.”

“Got it.” Kerrie then immediately told one of the bodyguards from the Lindberg family.

The bodyguard was a little skeptical. After all, all of Lindberg's bodyguards had gone through special training, and none of them noticed anything suspicious around the building. Besides, they were not supposed to leave the lounge since Danrique had ordered them to station there to protect Francesca.

“What are you waiting for? Go!” Kerrie urged. “You gotta trust Master Felch. She knows what's going on.”

“But...”

Before the bodyguard could react, they heard a gunshot from downstairs. A few foreign assassins arrived and surrounded the bodyguards from the Lindberg family.

Kerrie's eyes widened in shock. She then turned around to look at Francesca.

Francesca rolled her eyes. She did not know what else to say.

They should have heeded my warning. There's nothing we can do now. Even if these bodyguards had believed my words, they wouldn't have been able to reach Danrique in time anyway. Oh, well.

It's obvious that they have set up this banquet to trap Danrique.

But somehow, Francesca felt Danrique was not the kind of person who would fall into the enemy's trap so easily.

Meanwhile, in the hall upstairs, a corner of Danrique's lips quirked up when he heard a commotion. "So this is what your negotiation is all about?"

"I have no hand in this, Mr. Lindberg," Edward immediately explained. He then questioned Pastor, "Pastor, how could you do this? We agreed to have an open discussion, yet you did this to us? Now you've put me in a difficult position!"

"It has nothing to do with you."

Pastor was about fifty years old. He was a man with a small body frame and a pair of sunken eyes.

A hard glint flashed across as he shot daggers at Danrique. "All this while, you've been doing well in Erihal, yet you chose to venture into M Nation. You've disrupted my business and caused my company to be in the red. Tell me, how should I settle this score with you?"

Danrique responded steadily, "It's a healthy competition. How can you blame me just because you fail to keep up with your business?"

Pastor let out a mirthless laugh. "You're really as stubborn as a mule, aren't you?"

A group of bodyguards in black suits barged into the room and pointed their guns at Danrique.

The only two bodyguards around Danrique were Sean and Sloan. Even Prince William only had four men by his side.

Yet, Pastor had dozens of men with him. Clearly, he had the upper hand.

Prince William's expression turned grim. He questioned Edward, "This is not what we signed up for, Mr. Leigh!"

"Pastor..."

"Prince William." Pastor interrupted Edward and gave Prince William a condescending look. "I understand you're working closely with Danrique, but I'll not harm you because I respect your father."

"You!"

"Pastor, you've gone overboard." Edward knitted his brows. "You're at my place. If anything bad happens to Mr. Lindberg, I'll be held accountable!"

Pastor sneered, "Calm down. The Lindberg family had long been exterminated. Even the shareholders in Lindberg Corporation are a bunch of scheming and deceptive folks who can't wait for Danrique to die. You're accountable to no one!"

Danrique lowered his eyes and went deep in thought. What Pastor said is right.

Should anything bad happens to Prince William, the royal family from Danontand would not let Pastor off so easily. That's why Pastor doesn't dare to lay his finger on him.

But if I'm dead, people from Lindberg Corporation would definitely jump for joy.

How pathetic.

"Am I right, Mr. Lindberg?" Pastor gave Danrique a sarcastic look. "No one cares about your life and death. In other words, your death would not bring us any trouble."