

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1881

“Birthday party?” Francesca sat up straighter in surprise. “Is it Danrique's birthday today?”

“Yes, it is.” Gordon nodded.

“That's weird. Why are other people preparing his birthday celebration instead of his family?” Francesca asked in confusion. “What's that about?”

“Well...” Gordon trailed off as he thought about it for a second. “You're going to become part of the Lindberg family eventually, so I had better let you know about the four great families first.”

“Okay!”

Francesca was already intrigued. She really wanted to know why exactly the Lindberg family would have such immense control along with the other three great families. How could these four families be more influential than the royal family?

Gordon began telling her everything.

“There are four great families: The Harringtons, the Yarrows, the Atkinson, and, of course, the Lindbergs. A hundred years ago, the four families founded the Lindberg Corporation.

“This company really took off and eventually became highly renowned because of the cooperation between the four great families, as well as the skillful management by the Lindberg ancestors.

“However, after Old Lady Lindberg passed away, the Lindberg Corporation higher-ups stopped getting along. Once Mr. Lindberg took over at a young age, the four great families began to split apart.

“The Harrington, Yarrow, and Atkinson families refused to be led by the Lindbergs and constantly plotted how to get a bigger portion of the shares. They wanted to be on the same level as the Lindbergs,

and at one point even that wasn't enough. They wanted to overthrow the Lindbergs and take over the company."

Gordon suddenly paused and said seriously, "They definitely have an ulterior motive for planning this banquet. Of course, they wouldn't dare to do anything major, but they certainly didn't have the best intentions. With this in mind, please stick closely to Mr. Lindberg and don't lose sight of him."

"Well, if this is the case, then why did he want me there?" Francesca asked, now uncomfortable with the prospect of her attending. "What if they'll target me from now on?"

"Mr. Lindberg will protect you," Gordon said with a chuckle. "Don't worry. No matter how sinister they may seem, all they're after is money. They wouldn't dare get on Mr. Lindberg's bad side, and they definitely won't bother you."

"Are you sure?" Francesca pursed her lips. "Danrique is too arrogant sometimes. It's always better to be safe than sorry."

"But--"

"It's okay. I got it."

Francesca couldn't be bothered to say more. It wasn't as if she was actually going to get married to Danrique. She was simply a last-minute cover-up, so those people probably wouldn't waste too much effort on her anyway.

Gordon didn't say anything else.

Francesca lay against the headrest and closed her eyes to take a nap. However, the moment she began to fall asleep, they arrived at their destination.

One of the subordinates opened the door for her. The moment she stepped out, two female bodyguards reached out to help her, but she was already standing on the ground steadily. Compared to the other female guests, she was extremely comfortable and self-sufficient.

“That's quite the crowd.”

She glanced at the flurry of expensive cars parked all around.

Some extravagantly dressed people were already waiting to greet others by the sidewalk.

Francesca was still zoned out looking at the people around her when she heard a few cars approaching. She turned to see some silver cars pull up and the bodyguards immediately rushed over.

The doors opened and a pair of long legs stepped out, followed by the most perfect man she had ever seen. To put the cherry on top, he was currently walking toward her.

Francesca's jaw almost dropped in shock. Danrique was dressed in a white suit, and he looked like he had just walked out of a painting. He was breathtakingly handsome.

“What are you looking at?”

Danrique reached out and caressed her head softly. Their height difference made it seem like he was an adult teasing a child.

“You look great,” Francesca said as she looked up at him admiringly.

Danrique smiled and reached out a hand to her.

She hesitated, but couldn't hold herself back from putting her hand in his. He naturally intertwined their fingers together and held her hand tightly.

Almost instantaneously, she felt a surge of warmth rush up her arm and into her heart.

Her heartbeat began to speed up and her pretty little face began to redden.

Danrique couldn't help but feel his heart pump a little faster at the sight of her embarrassed and shy expression. He leaned down to kiss her on the forehead and walked with her hand-in-hand to the palace.