

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1888

In the middle of the night, Gordon reported, "Eva's drink was drugged. That was why she fell into a coma. The two servants responsible had been caught. One of them ran into a truck when escaping. She's currently in a coma due to her severe injury. The other took a pill and stopped breathing. Both of them were willing to die in order to protect the mastermind. Also, the test results of the poison in the syringe came back. It's a type of poison that can control a person's mind. They probably tried to inject it into Ms. Cece but failed. Thankfully, our people reacted fast and immediately rushed in to prevent that. Otherwise, it would be troublesome."

"No, our people were sent away. They didn't make it in time," Sean informed as he observed Danrique's expression carefully. "I saw the marks on the carpet. The coffee table was smashed, and there were traces of blood on it. Perhaps there was already a fight in the room before she went in..."

"That's strange." Gordon furrowed his eyebrows. "There were only Ms. Cece and Eva inside the room. If Eva fainted, who was doing the fighting?"

Sean silently stared at Danrique.

"Ms. Cece didn't faint, but with how weak she was, she shouldn't be..." Gordon was stunned when he said that. "Oh yeah, Ms. Cece also consumed the drugged drink, but she's fine. What is going on here?"

"It would appear Ms. Cece isn't an ordinary person." Sean sighed meaningfully.

"What do you mean?" Gordon was confused.

"There's a circus show tomorrow night, right?" Danrique abruptly brought it up. "Book a few seats for us."

"Roger." Gordon was going to leave to do that, but Danrique stopped him.

“Call Mylo here.”

“Roger.” Gordon promptly brought Mylo into the room. Mylo was pretty excited because at that moment, as he stood in front of Danrique, he felt as though he was more important than any other bodyguards.

He bowed politely upon arriving in the study room. “Mr. Lindberg!”

Danrique asked, “What does one mean by 'stringing someone along?'”

“Uhm...” Mylo thought about it and replied seriously, “It means a man and a woman have a vague relationship that is not exposed.”

“If your girlfriend said you're stringing another woman along and looked unhappy, what does that mean?”

“It's a good thing.” Mylo quickly added, “It means she's jealous.”

“Jealous?” Danrique expression looked better. “So that's what it means...”

“Yes, yes. If a woman is jealous of a man, it means she has started to like him. It's a good sign. In fact, one should make their partner jealous a lot during the initial stage of a relationship to stimulate her possessiveness!”

Danrique nodded, even though he didn't fully understand it. “Seems like that is the case. You can leave now.”

“Understood.”

Francesca didn't at all sleep well. She had a dream where Danrique married Hazel while she was watching from afar. She wanted to stop it, but something was preventing her from moving.

It made her panic. She tried to shout at him, but no voice leaped out of her throat.

She watched him and Hazel exchange their vows and wedding rings. Right as he was about to kiss Hazel, she got so angry that she woke up.

When she opened her eyes, a ball of rage was still burning in her heart. Why do I have a reaction like this? Even if Danrique does love Hazel, why does it matter to me? I never wanted to stay with him, and I have to leave this place eventually... Wait, is it because I was seduced by his good looks and fell in love with him without noticing?