

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1907

After hanging up the phone, Sean turned toward Danrique and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Lindberg. There are so many of us with Ms. Cece, so I'm sure she'll be fine. Besides, we're almost at the hospital."

"Those old b*stards... How dare they object to my marriage! They have no say over my personal affairs!" Danrique muttered with a gloomy expression.

"We didn't take this into consideration due to our lack of experience, but Old Lady Lindberg objected too when the Nacht family's only son courted Ms. Isabella back then. The fact that Ms. Isabella ended up marrying an ordinary guy goes to show that the Lindberg family doesn't believe in marriages of convenience. As such, they expect mutual consent in your marriage as well. The shareholders, on the other hand, believe that your marriage will have a direct impact on the future of Lindberg Corporation. That's why they want you to either pick one of the daughters from the three prominent families, or marry someone with a political background. The bottom line is, they expect you to marry a woman with an impressive family background instead of some ordinary civilian."

"So what if she's an ordinary civilian? I don't need to rely on my woman financially, so why should her family background even matter?" Danrique protested angrily.

"Her family background is one thing, but her mysterious origin is quite another. M Nation has set its sights on us now, so they're worried that Ms. Cece might be a spy sent to gather information on us. Honestly, I'd say their concerns are quite justified," Sean explained cautiously.

"Utterly ridiculous! How is that even possible?" Danrique didn't even know what else to say anymore.

"I don't think it's possible either, but it is true that we haven't been able to find any information on Ms. Cece's identity..."

Sean stopped himself mid-sentence and continued after a brief pause, "Given how powerful the Lindberg family is, there is no secret that we cannot uncover. And yet, Ms. Cece is a complete mystery to us."

“There's nothing wrong with her. I don't care what others say about her, okay? I will be the one to decide who I marry,” Danrique replied.

“Yes, Sir.” Sean lowered his head and kept quiet after that.

“Have more men stationed around Cece. I fear they may try to harm her, especially that b*stard Harrier. He has always wanted to get some dirt on me, but never succeeded in doing so. There's no way he'd just sit by idly now that a golden opportunity has presented itself!” Danrique ordered.

“Understood!” Sean nodded. “The hospital is just up ahead. We'll be able to see Ms. Cece soon.”

Meanwhile, Francesca had just arrived at the airport. She quickly got off the cab and began rushing toward the check-in counter.

As it turned out, she had already purchased the air tickets via her mobile phone along the way. Her plan was to lay low in Erihal for a few days and return to the country as soon as her visa was approved.

However, she was stopped by a group of men in black before she could even enter the airport.

Realizing that they didn't exactly have kind intentions, Francesca turned around and began running back to the cab.

The men in black immediately drew their guns and gave chase. After knocking a few of them out, she was about to hop in the cab and flee the area. However, the cab driver was so scared of getting into trouble that he floored the accelerator and sped off.

Francesca tried to hail another passing cab, but the men jabbed a gun at her head and shoved her into the back seat of their car.

“What are you guys doing? Mmph...”

The next thing she knew, her mouth had been stuffed with a rag, and one of the men hit her on the back of the head with his gun.

Bam!

Blood splattered all over her Francesca's face as she slumped weakly against the seat.

"She's not dead, is she?" asked one of the men with a frown.

"Please, it'll take much more than a little whack to kill her! Now, hurry up and stop the bleeding! Boss wants her alive!" replied the man leading the group.

"Yes, Sir!"

Francesca's face and clothes had been stained red by her blood as she lay completely motionless in her seat.

One of the men in black tried applying pressure to her wound to prevent her from losing too much blood.

Little did they know, that blow to her head had landed right on her existing wound, and the bleeding wouldn't stop.