

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1917

Danrique knitted his brows when he heard that voice. He turned around and saw Harrier slowly walking toward him. "How did you know that I'm here?" Danrique shot him a cold glare and questioned.

"When there's a will, there's a way." Harrier grinned. "The entire company is looking for you, and they needed a representative to be the bad guy. Who else could it be besides myself?"

"The three of you could easily join hands and chair the meeting," Danrique said curtly. "I'll catch up when I can." He did not want to elaborate further.

"Fine." Harrier smiled, not wanting to argue with him. "You're the one in charge, whatever you say, goes. I'm just a messenger for all the shareholders. All right, my duty is done."

"Leave then," Danrique urged impolitely.

"Okay!" Harrier shrugged and walked away. A few steps later, he turned around and asked, "By the way, is everything all right with Ms. Cece?"

Danrique said nothing. He merely narrowed his eyes and stared daggers at Harrier, who then caught the hint and left with a pursed lips.

When he had finally disappeared, Sean asked under his breath, "Could it be him?"

Everything that had happened throughout the day was clearly carefully orchestrated by someone. The other party followed Francesca all the way and abducted her as soon as she got off the car.

In addition, they were fully armed and even destroyed the surveillance cameras at the entrance to the airport in advance. The clues suggested that it was not an act of one person only.

"I'm not sure." Danrique frowned. "If it was him, he wouldn't have the courage to come see me in public. Then again, I doubt there's anyone else who is so bold and ambitious to do such a thing."

"Anyway, Gordon is investigating the case. We might be able to get more information once the few guys are awakened," Sean comforted him. "Mr. Lindberg, are you sure you don't want to attend the meeting? Don't worry about Ms. Felch since the doctors are with her."

"I'll decide when Helen is here to confirm the treatment plan." Danrique checked the time. "Go and call her again."

"Noted." Right then, another subordinate rushed in and reported, "Mr. Lindberg, Prince William is here."

"Usher him into a room downstairs and wait for me there." Danrique gestured.

"Yes, Mr. Linderberg."

Shortly after Danrique got himself changed, he made his way to the room next door and found an anxious William there.

"How is she?" the latter queried immediately and wheeled himself closer to Danrique.

"You knew her identity already?" Danrique answered with a question.

"Yes." William came clean with him. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hide it from you. It's just that the situation was a bit tricky. Once her identity is exposed, I'm afraid it will invite a lot of troubles."

"Telling me about it doesn't count as exposing her identity unnecessarily." Danrique looked right into his eyes.

"You're right." William nodded. "However, she doesn't want you to find out about that. Hence, I have to help my friend keep a secret."

"Friend?" Danrique asked mockingly. "Well, she's my fiancée!"

He purposely included the term to subtly remind and warn William who Francesca was.

Stunned, William quickly explained himself, "You know that I don't have many friends except for you and Francesca. I don't harbor any ulterior motives. Francesca is a friend, and she will always remain a friend."

His words soothed Danrique. The icy aura in his eyes gradually dissipated...

"How is she?" William asked again.

"Nothing too serious." Danrique gave him a laconic reply. "She might need a brain surgery. Anyway, I'm still waiting for Helen to get here."

"I doubt Helen is able to solve her problem." William furrowed his brows and continued, "It's ironic that a miracle doctor like Francesca can't heal herself..."

"Helen is of no help?"

At that point, Danrique finally realized the severity of the problem. Though he was the one who hit Francesca with a car, Sean was the person who cleaned up the mess and settled everything on his behalf. Therefore, Danrique had very little knowledge about the details.