

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1941

"I noticed that he has been visiting your room every night, and you never once objected. I thought that the two of you have already done it." Chuckling, Layla elucidated, "Since your virginity is still intact, it's clear as day that he wants that."

"How shameless, despicable, and reprehensible of him!" Francesca gritted her teeth and cursed Danrique out, flying off her handle.

What a vile b*stard! How dare he use such a thing to blackmail me?

"What's there to be mad about?" Tugging at her, Layla lectured in a low voice, "Let me tell you that when it comes to dealing with men, you've got to tame them with love."

"W-What?" Francesca couldn't quite understand that.

"Listen as I teach you slowly."

Layla closed the room door and sat cross-legged on the sofa before she started educating Francesca solemnly.

Outside, Danrique had no sooner reached the study room than Gordon came and reported, "Mr. Lindberg, the private jet for tomorrow has been arranged. However, Mr. Adams' assistant just called and said there's a banquet tonight. He insisted upon your attendance!"

Just after he had finished saying that, a knock sounded from outside, and a subordinate reported, "Mr. Lindberg, Donald's car is now outside the castle."

Danrique frowned, knowing that the man came for no other reason than that matter.

A few days ago, Frank went to Lindberg Corporation to conduct an inspection, but Danrique didn't go over. Later, Frank took a fancy to Hazel. Logically speaking, it was a considerable threat to Danrique, and he should take the initiative to contact Frank.

However, he didn't do so.

Right then, Frank hosted a banquet and even specifically requested Danrique's presence. If he didn't show up again, that would mean that he wanted to go against the man directly.

The significance of that was great.

Thus, Donald probably knew something about it and promptly came over to advise Danrique.

“That old geezer is really irritating.”

A touch annoyed, Danrique lifted his hand and glanced at his watch.

It's already four o'clock in the afternoon now. Could it be that Mr. Adams is aware that I'm going to Zarain, so he hosted a banquet out of the blue to settle everything before I leave?

“Should I allow him entry?” Sean queried softly.

Danrique made a gesture, upon which Sean quickly ordered, “Invite Mr. Donald in.”

“Understood.”

Mere moments after Danrique allowed Donald entry, the three prominent families phoned him one after another. They all said the same thing, convinced that there must be something explosive that

Frank suddenly invited them to a banquet and insisted that Danrique consider the bigger picture by attending the banquet.

Danrique was irked to hear that, but he also knew that he really had to go this time.

After hanging up the phone, he turned his gaze to the gold invitation Frank had someone deliver over. It read: Please attend with a female companion, Mr. Lindberg.

Attend with a female companion...

The corners of Danrique's mouth lifted, and he instantly instructed, "Go and make the necessary arrangements. I want to bring Cece along."

"What?" Shocked, Sean hastily warned, "You've got to think twice, Mr. Lindberg! It's evident that Frank's purpose in hosting a banquet this time is to feel you out. Your best choice is to attend with Ms. Atkinson. That can prevent a ton of troubles. If you really don't want to do so, it's also good for you to make an appearance alone. But if you bring Ms. Felch along at this time, that would make it clear--"

"That would make it clear that I won't marry Hazel." Finishing the man's utterance on his behalf, Danrique declared bluntly, "If Mr. Adams wants to marry her, he's free to do so. It has nothing to do with me."

Sean was so anxious that he had broken out in a cold sweat. "But consequently, Mr. Adams can then openly win over the three prominent families. Our foundation isn't firm now, so you shouldn't act rashly--"

"That's enough." Cutting off the man's words, Danrique ordered firmly, "Do as I ordered."

"Mr. Lindberg--"

"Go!" Danrique's brows knitted together, for he was already rather chagrined.

Sean didn't dare protest further, so he could only relent and execute his orders.

Meanwhile, Donald hurriedly entered the castle downstairs with Hazel behind him.

As soon as the two of them came in, they demanded frantically, "Where's Mr. Lindberg?"

"He's in his study room on the second floor."