

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1942

Donald rushed up the stairs, but behind him, Hazel halted in her tracks.

She overheard Norah ordering the maids to prepare the evening gowns and the stylists to dress Francesca up.

Something occurred to her, and her expression changed drastically. She seemed flustered.

“Ms. Atkinson!”

Suddenly, Sean's voice cut her thoughts short. She came back around and schooled her expression into a calm one before meeting Sean's gaze. “Yes, Sean?”

“Mr. Lindberg is waiting for you in the study room. This way, please.”

Sean gestured for Donald and Hazel to follow him upstairs.

They walked past Francesca's room. The maids were showing Francesca the evening gowns, and she seemed shocked. “What's going on? Why do I have to pick one?” she asked.

“You'll be Mr. Lindberg's partner for the banquet tonight.”

Hearing that, Hazel froze momentarily. Surprised, Donald demanded, “What's going on? Is Mr. Lindberg bringing her to Mr. Adams' banquet?”

“Well...” Sean seemed stumped. Instead of answering the question, he knocked on the door of the study room and pushed it open. “This way, please.”

“Mr. Donald, I believe you need to talk to Mr. Lindberg in private.” Hazel suddenly spoke up. “I’ll leave you to it and come back when you’re done.”

Donald glanced at her and immediately put two and two together. “Yes, that’s right. I shall talk to Danrique in private.”

“Sure. Come on in.”

Before Sean led Donald into the study, he asked a maid to bring Hazel to a guest room.

However, Hazel went to Francesca’s room without hesitation and knocked on the door. “Can I come in?”

Francesca recognized Hazel’s voice instantly, for the latter was always calm and elegant.

“Please come in!”

Francesca was lounging on the sofa, sipping on her drink lazily.

The maids were displaying a bunch of lavish evening gowns before her.

Hazel took one look at the dresses before turning to Francesca. A conflicted look flashed across her eyes and disappeared quickly. Flashing a warm smile, she said, “Long time no see, Ms. Cece. I heard you were injured. How are you feeling?”

“I’m doing well.” Francesca smiled at her. “Have a seat.”

“Thank you.” Hazel occupied the sofa across from her. The maid served her coffee and left them to their own devices.

“Why? Do you have something to say?” Francesca hated it when people tried to beat around the bush.

“The evening gowns are gorgeous.” Hazel glanced at the dozens of evening gowns hanging on the rack. Jealousy overwhelmed her heart when she realized they were all custom-made. “I’ve been wanting to preorder them, but Mr. Lindberg reserved them for you before I could do so.”

“They’re just clothes. Do you like them? Feel free to choose and take anything you like,” Francesca replied nonchalantly.

Her nonchalance merely served to increase Hazel’s fury. Fortunately, Hazel was trained since young to keep her emotions in check.

Otherwise, she would’ve jolted up from her seat furiously.

“Mr. Lindberg had these made for you specially. I don’t think you should give them to others easily,” Hazel responded gently. However, her gaze was penetrating and oppressing.

“He gave these to me, so they are now mine. I have the right to toss them away if I want to.”

Francesca despised schemes, but that didn’t mean she would allow someone else to bully her.

Hazel’s hostility was evident, but Francesca was no pushover.

“Ha!” Hazel let out a low chuckle.

She took a sip of her coffee to conceal her anger. After composing herself, she flashed a smile. “Is Mr. Lindberg bringing you to tonight’s banquet?”

“I guess so. That was what they told me,” Francesca responded indifferently as she sipped on her tea.

She acted as though the matter was of no importance to her.

“Do you know what the banquet is about?” Hazel glared at her.

“What is it about?” Francesca was wiping her lips with a napkin lazily.

“The banquet is held by Mr. Adams,” Hazel revealed solemnly. “It concerns the future of Lindberg Corporation and the four great families! It will also determine Mr. Lindberg's power and influence!”