

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1944

"Huh?" Donald blurted out. He thought he was hearing things and stared at Hazel incredulously.

"Hazel is a sensible woman," Danrique said as he smirked. "You should go back home and prepare for tonight."

"Yes."

Hazel bobbed her head cheerfully before turning to leave.

She didn't utter a word to persuade Danrique to change his mind despite coming to a consensus with Donald earlier.

Shocked, Donald watched as Hazel strode away. He had no idea what was going on. Is she trying to make me the bad guy? Did she pull out last minute so she could be the nice guy? Or does she have another plan? Or did Danrique's action break her heart, and she decided to give up on him?

Donald couldn't wrap his head around it. He could never understand how the mind of a woman worked, for they were always so unpredictable.

"Mr. Donald, should I see you off?" Sean broke the silence duly.

Donald heaved out a sigh before trudging out after him.

Halfway down the stairs, he couldn't stop himself from asking, "Sean, what do you and Gordon think about this matter?"

"Mr. Donald, you've got to be kidding. We're Mr. Lindberg's subordinates. We can't comment on the matter," Sean replied humbly.

"You can drop the formalities before me," Donald said hastily. "Isabella trained you both, and you're a few years older than Danrique. As you're more mature, you can see the big picture and make decisions for the greater good. We're one family, so just speak your mind."

"All right, I shall be frank with you." Sean's lips curled up slightly as he said, "Of course, we want nothing but the best for Lindberg Corporation. We hope that the Lindberg family can always be in control of Lindberg Corporation."

"That's right. You'll have to talk some sense into--"

"But..." Sean cut in before Donald could finish. "We believe in Mr. Lindberg. He has his own reasons for making that decision. We know he isn't a reckless person, so I hope you can trust him, too."

"Uh..." Sean was rendered speechless. He assumed he could convince Sean to persuade Danrique to change his mind. Alas, he had failed miserably.

"Forget it." Shaking his head despondently, Donald got into his vehicle.

"Goodbye, Mr. Donald."

Sean waited for the car to disappear from sight before he turned and entered the house.

Gordon came over to him at once. "Is Mr. Lindberg going to bring Ms. Cece to the banquet?"

"Yeah," Sean responded with a nod.

"When Ms. Atkinson left earlier, she seemed calm, but her gaze was eerily frosty." Gordon was worried. "If Mr. Adams ends up in a marriage of convenience with the Atkinson family, what should we do?"

"I don't know." Sean flashed a helpless smile. "But we need to be loyal to Mr. Lindberg. No matter what his decision would be, we'll have to support him."

"Yes." Gordon nodded profusely. "Forget it. We don't understand their complicated power struggle, anyway. Mr. Lindberg is free to make his own choices. If he creates trouble, we can clean his mess up."

"That's right." Sean patted his shoulder. "I'll go to Mr. Lindberg now."

"Mm." Gordon went back to work.

Back in the study room, Danrique was talking on the phone. His voice was deep as he said indifferently, "Mm. Looks like I was right. That's great. Good night."

After ending the call, he lifted his head to look at Sean. "Have they all left?"

"Yes." Sean took one step forward and asked, "Ms. Felch is dolling up. When shall we depart?"

"Six." Danrique glanced at his watch. "Did Donald talk to you?"

"He wanted me to advise you, but I shut him up before he could finish," Sean revealed cheerfully. "I believe he's cursing me in his car right now."

"You aren't going to persuade me to change my mind?" Danrique arched a brow.

"I wanted to, but I dared not take action." Sean's lips curled up in resignation. "I chatted briefly with Gordon, and we came to a consensus that we don't understand the power struggle. There's no need for us to understand it, anyway. Just like your feelings for Ms. Felch. We agree that you can do anything you like as long as you are happy. If something crops up, we can clean the mess together."