

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1945

“Ha!” Danrique snorted. “You're making it sound like you two are noble beings.”

“No, we dare not think that way,” Sean explained hastily.

“Enough.” Danrique interrupted him and ordered, “Prepare a gift for me.”

“A gift?” Sean's interest was piqued.

“Yes.” Danrique pondered over it and added, “The more expensive, the better. It's for a woman.”

“Got it.” Sean left to carry out his order.

When Danrique arrived at Francesca's room, she was lounging on the sofa and playing a game on her tablet.

The make-up artist was putting the finishing touches on her makeup, and the hairstylist was busy getting her hair done. The maids were serving her dinner.

“There will be food served at the banquet hall,” Danrique remarked as he leaned against the door.

His affectionate gaze landed on her.

“The food served at the banquet hall won't be filling at all.” Francesca didn't even bother to lift her head. “Besides, I'll have to act elegantly there; so, it's more comfortable to eat at home.”

“Mm. Eat up, then.” Danrique was about to leave when Francesca stopped him.

“Wait a minute,” she called out.

“What is it?” Danrique halted in his tracks and turned at his shoulder.

“I want to talk to you.” Francesca met his gaze.

“Okay!” Danrique was delighted, for this was the first time she had requested to talk to him.

He made a gesture, and Norah immediately told the make-up artist and stylists to leave the room.

When they were both left alone, Francesca asked directly, “Why are you bringing me to the banquet instead of Hazel Atkinson?”

“You're my fiancée, and she's not.” Danrique rolled his eyes.

“But I heard that the banquet is important and will affect the future of Lindberg Corporation. If I show up, it might bring trouble to you.” Francesca didn't bother mincing her words. “Even so, you won't change your mind about me being your partner for the night?”

“Who told you that?” Danrique raised an eyebrow. “Hazel?”

“That isn't important,” Francesca brushed it off.

She wasn't someone who liked to tattle on someone else.

“You shouldn't be fretting over that.” Danrique joined her on the sofa. “You just have to dress up and stay by my side at all times.”

"I don't know the power struggle between the influential families well, but I know you went to Epea to grab a share of the market to increase your influence and prove yourself. It wouldn't be worth it to sacrifice all your previous efforts just because of me," Francesca stated solemnly.

That was the first time she ever had a serious conversation with Danrique. She never wanted to affect his future.

Hearing her words, Danrique flashed an alluring smile. He came over to her and sat on the edge of the dressing table. Pinching her chin, he forced her to look at him. "Looks like you've fallen in love with me," he remarked.

"Huh?" Francesca's eyes widened in disbelief.

What was that? I was talking about his company, but why did he suddenly change the topic?

"You're being considerate about my reputation because you fell in love with me!" Danrique declared.

He inched nearer and gave her a kiss on the lips.

"No..." Before Francesca could explain herself, she was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Mr. Lindberg, it's almost time."

"I'll spare you this once." Danrique licked his lips, obviously unsatisfied by that swift kiss. "I'll go get changed. You can come downstairs after you filled your stomach. There's no need to hurry."

"Okay," Francesca responded. She watched as he left her room with quick strides.

After he left, Layla showed up with the excuse of delivering some fruit tea to Francesca. "The banquet is a good chance for us to escape."

“Seriously?” Francesca blurted out. “The banquet is going to be held at the Adams residence. The place should be heavily guarded. How are we going to make our escape?”

“I don't think the Adams residence will be as heavily guarded as this house. Everyone keeps an eye on you here, but it won't be the same there. Besides, the security guards there aren't familiar with you, so it will be pretty easy for us to sneak out.”