

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1946

Layla was confident as she added, "You just have to find a way to bring me along with you to the banquet."

"I don't think there will be any problems with that," Francesca remarked. Her gaze dropped before she continued, "But Anthony is still in the castle. What would happen to him if we just leave like this?"

"The person you like doesn't have such a horrible personality, right?" Layla inquired, a smile on her face. "I don't think he'd use Anthony to threaten us if he's a decent person."

Francesca fell silent upon hearing Layla's words.

She knew that Danrique would not do so. However, for some unknown reason, she did not feel like carrying out the plan.

"Do you no longer want to leave, Francesca?" Layla asked. She could tell that Francesca was hesitant. "We could stay, and you could get married to him in peace."

"No." Francesca shook her head frantically. "I have to leave. I must leave!"

Layla sighed. "Take your time, Francesca. Make your decision after giving it some serious consideration."

With that, Layla silently went to the side and started tidying up.

Francesca, on the other hand, experienced a flood of conflicting emotions as she sat on the sofa, hugging her knees.

After spending time with Danrique, she acknowledged that she did feel something for him. However, she had too many worries and still had a lot to do.

She felt as though she were a bird trapped in a gold cage while she was there. Therefore, she had to leave.

As time passed, a knock was heard, followed by Norah's voice. "May I come in, Ms. Cece?"

"Please come in," Francesca responded.

Norah had brought a maid with her and was ready to clean up. However, she realized that the food on the table was untouched.

Concerned, she asked, "Are you feeling unwell, Ms. Cece?"

Before Francesca could say anything, Layla had replied in her stead, "She has been experiencing stomach ache today. But fear not; I've already given her some medication."

"Should we call a doctor?" Norah asked quickly.

"No. It's just a minute problem," Francesca replied before glancing at Layla. "You should come with me later, Ms. Layla. And bring along the medicine."

"Very well. I'll get ready for it right now," Layla answered as she hurriedly returned to the room to prepare.

Norah then reported the happenings to Danrique, who had just finished changing and was in the process of putting on his shoes. Meanwhile, Sean stood next to him, holding his jacket.

Sean felt something off when he heard Norah telling them about how Francesca had an upset stomach and wanted to bring along the new, elderly medical staff.

Danrique, on the other hand, questioned nothing as he immediately agreed.

As a result, Sean refrained from saying anything else. He merely instructed Kerrie to accompany them and even arranged for more female bodyguards to be on duty.

The snow had stopped falling when they were out. However, the snowy blanket that enveloped the ground somehow illuminated the night.

Francesca entered the car with her coat wrapped around her, and the image of that was nothing short of adorable.

Danrique nudged the top of her head with his chin as he embraced her close to him. Oddly, he felt content despite no exchange of words.

The sight of Danrique's larger frame engulfing Francesca's tinier one was endearing.

Francesca no longer resisted Danrique's affections and was snuggling close to him like a docile kitten.

Meanwhile, Layla could not help but feel mixed emotions as she witnessed the scene.

The journey proceeded in silence.

After a while, the convoy arrived at the presidential palace.

Francesca gazed out the window to assess the situation. The place was heavily guarded, as anticipated. However, after experiencing the formidable security of the Lindberg residence, she was unfazed by anything.

Frank's desire to take over Lindberg Corporation was understandable, given that the company itself was quite striking.

After a glance at Layla, Francesca knew that the former had memorized the route and was ready.

“What's on your mind? You seem to be in a daze,” Danrique stated as he gently grabbed Francesca's chin to get her to look at him.

“I was wondering whether this banquet tonight was a trap,” Francesca replied, a sense of unease creeping into her heart.