

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1970

"I guess so," Danrique answered casually.

Francesca's expression darkened again, her lips curled.

"Try this..." Danrique placed a slice of angel food cake on her plate. "It's made by the new chef."

Francesca had lost her appetite. Just as she was about to speak, a subordinate reported again, "Mr. Lindberg, the private jet is ready."

"Okay," Danrique responded before turning to Francesca. "After you get to H City, be good and don't go anywhere. Gordon will find Dr. Felch. By the time he finds the doctor, I should be done with the matters here and go there."

"All right." Francesca felt reluctant to be apart from him. "You should attend to the matters. Don't worry about me. Actually, I—"

"Mr. Lindberg, you have a call from the president..."

Francesca was about to tell Danrique that she was actually Dr. Felch's apprentice, but just then, Sean came in hurriedly with a phone in his hand.

Danrique took over the phone and answered it. "Mr. President, I will go to the airport immediately. Yes, we'll reach at ten o'clock. What's the hurry? Sure, I'll do it as soon as possible."

After ending the call, Danrique glanced at his watch while speaking to Francesca unhurriedly. "You should eat more. We're not rushing."

"Nah, I'm fine. Let's go."

Francesca knew that he still had many important things to attend to. The issue with Frank was complicated, so Danrique had to settle every aspect of it. Besides, he also needed to deal with the three great families.

At a time like this, she didn't want to distract him.

“Okay. I've arranged for the chef to board the plane with you so that you won't be hungry while you're on the way there.”

Danrique kissed her on the forehead before instructing the subordinates to get ready.

Norah took Francesca's backpack from upstairs. Francesca checked it, finding her jewelry and identity document inside.

When Danrique saw her checking the jewelry, he couldn't help but chuckle and say, “Look at you. You can get half of my property as my wife. Those are nothing.”

“Oh, I think you're right.” Realization struck Francesca instantly. “Then how many properties do you own?”

“I can't give you an answer now. I didn't calculate them.” He thought about it seriously. “But you buying jewelry every day won't be a problem to me.”

“I can buy jewelry that costs over one hundred million every day?” Francesca widened her eyes in shock. “Just how much money do you have?”

“I earn money every day.” Danrique suddenly realized something as he continued, “But if you're really driven to spend, I'll have to work all the time...”

“We'll have children to look after us when we get old. They'll be our provider at that time,” Francesca blurted out.

“That works.” Danrique raised his eyebrows. “Then you have to bear more sons for me to inherit my assets.”

“Why sons?” she inquired curiously.

“In Erihal, only sons inherit the family fortune,” Danrique replied with a serious expression. “Otherwise, with my aunt’s ability back then, she would have been the head of the family and would not have been ostracized by others.”

“Oh, really?” Francesca was indignant. “By the way, property acquired before marriage is not considered separate property in Erihal, am I right?”

Danrique nodded. “Legally married wives in Erihal have high status!”

“Really?” Francesca was elated with the revelation, suddenly feeling that it was not a bad thing to marry Danrique.

“Think about it.” He stroked her hair dotingly. “Once you’re healed, marry me and become Mrs. Lindberg. You’ll be a major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation like me.”

“Haha! That sounds good...”

Thrilled, Francesca started imagining her life after being a major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation.

By then, she would establish a foundation. With that, she would no longer be worried about funds for her orphanages.

Seeing that she was on cloud nine, Danrique suddenly thought of a way. I probably can make it happen if I work on this.