

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2128

Before Monica could process what was happening, that group of men had already fled the scene.

The silver convoy formed a semi-circle, protecting them like a guardian descended from heaven.

When the car doors opened, several men got out and lined up in front of the cars. "Ms. Felch," they greeted in unison.

Seeing each familiar face, Francesca laughed. "Gordon, Sloan, Mylo..."

Her sentence trailed off when she saw Danrique standing in the line. Surprise crossed her face.

Danrique's long legs stepped out of the car. Dressed in a white shirt, he looked delectable. However, his gaze was as cold as the freezing weather.

"So this is the legendary Mr. Lindberg?"

Monica stared at Danrique in a daze.

I've heard that Mr. Lindberg has an unrivaled good look and exuded an aura of a god, striking fear in everyone's heart. So, it's true. That rumor isn't an exaggeration. I thought Prince William was the most handsome man in this world until I met Mr. Lindberg. Only now do I realize the meaning of flawless perfection.

"That's him," Francesca replied coldly. Her voice edged with anger and resentment as she cursed, "B*stard!"

"Without this b*stard saving you, you'll be freezing your butt off in some street in Xendale." There was no warmth in Danrique's voice. It was cold as ice and laced with arrogance. "Come here."

“Hmph!” Francesca turned her face away from him, ignoring his demand.

“Come on, let's get in the car. My blood is about to freeze.” Monica had thrown courtesy out of the window and limped over to the car while dragging her injured leg. “Thank you for the timely rescue. I'm Monica, a friend of Ms. Felch.”

“This way please, Ms. Monica.”

Mylo led her over to one of the cars at the back.

“Hey, Monica...”

Francesca didn't expect Monica's will to be that frail. I can't keep up the act if she gets in the car of her own accord.

“Get in.” Danrique glared at Francesca before getting in the car. “Let's discuss any issues you have back home.”

His last sentence proved to be useful as Francesca's heart softened. With a bite on her lip, she followed him to his car dejectedly.

“This way please, Ms. Felch.”

Sean opened the door for her and shot a triumphant glance at Gordon. I win!

Gordon pursed his lips. Dissatisfaction filled his eyes.

I didn't expect the arrogant Ms. Felch would come to Mr. Lindberg of her own accord. It looks like all women are the same when they're in love. They don't mean what they say.

The convoy drove in the direction of the Lindberg residence.

Sean had turned up the heater in the car, but Francesca still felt chilly. She didn't get a chance to retrieve her luggage after getting off the plane due to the men pursuing her, so she was still dressed in thin clothing.

She even lost a shoe when she was running for her life earlier.

I think my foot has frostbite after running so much in the freezing cold.

Danrique raked his cold, assessing gaze up and down Francesca, then frowned with displeasure at her obvious discomfort. He was silent throughout the entire observation.

Francesca had taken off the other shoe she had on and was rubbing her frostbitten foot with the other. Her hands were rubbing her arms to warm up herself. She looked pitiful and helpless.

Sean, who was sitting in the passenger seat, silently turned up the heater. He didn't dare to utter a single word nor retrieve a coat for Francesca. He merely studied Danrique's expression from the rearview mirror.

It was terrifyingly cold.

However, Danrique's stony expression didn't hold long. He took off his coat in the end, threw it in Francesca's direction, and it landed on her lap. "Isn't Danontand nice? What are you doing here in Xendale?" he asked cynically.

"I didn't want to come." Francesca glared at him.

“Then, don't come.” Danrique added, “It's not too late to fly back now.”

“You—” Anger rolled through Francesca at his remark. However, she forcibly controlled her temper and suppressed her wrath when she recalled William's advice—don't be difficult and don't fight with him.