

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2136

“W-When did she return?” asked Donald urgently as he pulled Sean to the side.

“This morning,” answered Sean with a smile. “Mr. Lindberg went to the airport personally to pick her up.”

“Huh?” said Donald. He was practically dumbfounded. “Didn't they break up? Also, Danrique had already implicitly admitted to the rumors related to the Atkinson family, hadn't he? There's also the matter regarding Federico...”

“Those are Mr. Lindberg's personal matters, so I really don't know much about them,” said Sean to interrupt the guy. He smiled. “Mr. Donald, please allow me to escort you back.”

“But what is going on here?” demanded Donald who was on edge. “Danrique isn't going to marry that woman, is he? Is she the reason he kept turning down the president's offer down?”

“Maybe,” replied Sean nonchalantly.

“Come on!” said Donald. He was utterly stunned. “Why would he be that stubborn? What could he possibly see in her? That woman isn't even that hot, and...”

“Hush,” said someone quickly to cut Donald's words short. After that, she reminded him. “Mr. Lindberg cares deeply about Ms. Felch, so he will be upset if he overhears what you said.”

“Well, I...”

Donald was so angry that he was going insane. Unfortunately, all he could do was walk away in exasperation.

“Goodbye, Mr. Donald.”

Sean stared at the guy's back and resisted the urge to laugh aloud. He is so blinded by his desire to keep his power intact that he worries too much.

He's not Mr. Lindberg's father, so there is nothing he can do. In fact, I bet he'd be just as helpless, even if he were the father.

Mr. Lindberg has always been proud and will never allow anyone to dissuade him after he makes a decision. Not even the angels above can stop him from marrying Ms. Felch if that is what he wants.

Hence, someone as powerless as Mr. Donald definitely can't do anything about it.

Knock! Knock!

Francesca knocked on the door politely, but she didn't wait for a reply before she entered Danrique's study room.

“Are you done eating?”

Danrique didn't even need to look to know who it was.

“How did you know it was me?”

Francesca made her way to the side of the table and sat on the black sofa that was placed in front of Danrique. She put her legs on the chair at the side and turned it as though she were a child.

“No one else would dare to enter without my permission,” replied Danrique. He shifted his gaze and saw what Francesca was doing. He couldn't help smiling at that. “I guess I'll have to build an amusement park within the compound someday.”

“Yes, please. This place is huge, and you can totally fit an amusement park in here.”

Francesca giggled like an innocent and carefree kid.

She didn't quite know why, but she would always feel like a kid whenever she was with him.

“Then you will have to bear me lots of children. That way, there will be others to play with you,” said Danrique.

He leaned against the backseat and stared lovingly at her.

“Well...” said Francesca. She thought about the physical state of her body, and that got the glow in her eyes to shift. She recovered quickly though and smiled soon after. “We'll let fate decides.”

“We don't need fate for that,” replied Danrique. He rolled his eyes and pointed out, “My family has tons of triplets. It's in our DNA. All I need is to get you pregnant once, and we'll have more kids than we can handle.”

“Triplets?” murmured Francesca. She stopped playing with the chair and hovered over Danrique's desk. Curious, she asked, “If that's the case, then why don't you have any siblings?”

“I have siblings, but they passed away,” replied Danrique calmly. “My mom actually gave birth to triplets, but I'm the only survivor. Someone killed my siblings shortly after they were born.”

“Oh...”

Francesca felt her heart aching. She never knew that Danrique had suffered through so much.

“My aunt, my dad, and my late uncle were triplets as well, but they didn't live for long, either.”

The mere mention of that past got a self-mocking grin on Danrique's lips. “There's actually an old wives' tale that said members of the Lindberg family are fated to die young, but the truth has nothing to do with heaven or hell. The internal conflict within the family is the real reason we keep dying.

“Everything is fine now, though. I've killed the rest of them, so I have the final say.”

Danrique kept his tone even when he told Francesca that story. It was almost as though he was sharing a small fact about his family.