

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2147

Francesca was slightly relieved. I would be happy for Layla and Lincoln if they managed to hide in the mountains.

"It's getting late. You should get ready, Ms. Felch. Mr. Lindberg will pick you up at five o'clock," Gordon announced as he glanced at his watch. "The styling team is already waiting downstairs."

"Eh?" Francesca was taken aback. "What styling team? Picking me up to go where?"

"There's a banquet tonight," Gordon reminded her. "Mr. Lindberg said he was going to bring you. Did you forget?"

"Oh, I think I did," Francesca recalled upon second thought.

"I will bathe and dress you, Ms. Felch."

Norah led several maids up the stairs and escorted Francesca back to her bedroom.

"Do I have to go?" Francesca was somewhat averse. "I don't like attending banquets."

"Mr. Lindberg has made the arrangements. He would not be pleased if you don't go," Norah said with a chuckle. "You can't escape socializing once you become Mrs. Lindberg."

Francesca was still declining when a familiar voice sounded. "I am a friend of Ms. Felch!"

Francesca turned around and saw Monica standing outside, holding on to the door for support. Several maids blocked her.

“Monica!” Francesca stood up at once to greet her. “Let her in.”

“Yes, Ms. Felch.” The maids bowed and stood aside.

Monica limped in. “I'm sorry, Ms. Felch,” she said apologetically. “Am I bothering you?”

“No, I'm not doing anything anyway. I was just about to head in for a shower.”

Though Francesca did not like Monica pushing her to deal with William's matter, she could understand the latter. Hence, she treated her as a friend.

Monica rescued me three times, anyway.

“Let me keep you company.” Monica took her hand.

“All right.” Francesca dismissed the rest and entered the bathroom with Monica. “Do you have something to say to me, Monica?”

up “Nothing much. I just want to say that you should attend the banquet,” Monica said casually. “Think about it. Many women out there already have their sights set on Mr. Lindberg. If you don't show up to claim your place, they will think they stand a chance.

“Hazel, especially. She even started the rumor that she was engaged to Mr. Lindberg. If you, the official girlfriend, don't show yourself, everybody will think that she is Mr. Lindberg's fiancée.”

“That's a good point.” Francesca frowned. “However, matters like that frustrate me. I think men should have some awareness. Danrique ought to take the initiative to clarify things to the press.”

“Isn't he doing exactly that? He is taking you to the banquet and announcing to the public that you are his fiancée to clear rumors,” Monica said at once. “You see, he wants to make a statement, and it will put him in a difficult spot if you don't go.”

“You're right.” Francesca nodded. “All right, then. I'll go.”

“That's more like it. Could I come with you, by the way?” Monica asked tentatively. “I can protect you if anything happens.”

“It's not a problem to me, but your leg is injured.” Francesca stared at Monica's leg.

“It's not a serious injury, anyway. I'll just take some painkillers,” Monica said hastily. “His Highness assigned me to protect you, and I must fulfill my duty to the best of my ability. Besides, I'm bored staying in the room alone. Think of it as taking me out to see the world.”

“All right, then.” Francesca could not take her nagging. “I'll have somebody prepare a dress that will cover your leg, and you're coming with me.”

Delighted, Monica nodded eagerly.

After their makeup was done two hours later, Francesca brought Monica down the stairs.

Danrique had just returned and was on the phone in the hall.

Sean and the others bowed to Francesca and greeted her when she arrived. Though they looked surprised to see Monica in her arm, they did not say much.