

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2148

Danrique turned around to look at Francesca and frowned involuntarily.

She was clad in a white, short gown and looked as adorable as a fairy, but her makeup was overly simple.

On the other hand, Monica wore a grand, champagne-colored long gown and looked regal and elegant.

As Monica's leg was injured, Francesca helped her down the stairs.

It looks like Monica is the mistress and Francesca is her subordinate instead.

"When did you return?" Francesca helped Monica steady herself before turning to face Danrique in a happy mood.

"Several minutes ago."

Danrique caressed her hair as he spoke, which hung carelessly as hair spray was not yet applied. It looked natural though it lacked refinement.

"Monica wants to come as well. I'd promise to bring her along."

Francesca told Danrique bluntly instead of seeking his approval.

"She can come, but she must get changed." Danrique glanced at Monica before shooting a meaningful look at Sean.

"Yes, sir." Sean hastened to make the arrangements. "Take Ms. Monica up to change, Mylo."

“Why me again?” Mylo grumbled under his breath as he marched toward Monica. “This way, please, Ms. Monica.”

“This dress is pretty. I picked it out for her.” Francesca felt that it was unnecessary. “It’s to cover her injured leg. Besides, she looks good in it.”

Danrique said nothing. Instead, he hugged her and pulled her out the door.

The pair entered the car, which drove off swiftly. “Wait a minute,” Francesca said in a panic, “Monica isn’t here.”

“Ms. Monica will take the car behind,” Sean explained. “Are you hungry, Ms. Felch? You can have something to eat first.”

“There is food?” Francesca’s attention was drawn away in an instant.

“Some snacks.”

Danrique stroked her head indulgently before producing an exquisite box and opening it to reveal an array of cakes that emitted an enticing fragrance.

“Wow, what are these?” Francesca picked up a piece to sample and turned ecstatic. “It’s delicious!”

“I’m glad you like it.” Danrique was pleased with how happy she looked.

“Mr. Lindberg heard about a new Chanaean bakery in the city and had specifically gone and bought some since he knew you are fond of them,” Sean explained with a smile. “The banquet tonight will also be—”

"You talk too much."

Danrique silenced him with a glare.

"What about the banquet tonight?" Francesca sensed that there was more to Sean's words.

"Nothing. You'll know when we get there." Danrique wiped the crumbs off the corners of her lips. "Eat slowly. You won't have to share them with anybody."

Francesca nodded with a smile. "It's delicious. Try some!"

"I don't have a sweet tooth. You enjoy it." Danrique smiled at her. "I'm happy just watching you eat."

Francesca giggled before picking out another piece as Danrique watched silently beside her with a smile on his lips.

Francesca had eaten half the box of pastries when the car pulled up at its destination. She touched her belly, gazed out the window, and froze. "Is this the presidential palace?"

"Mmm." Danrique nodded. "It's a banquet thrown by the president. You'll run into some old friends tonight and make new ones."

"Er..."

Francesca instinctively recalled the last banquet in Frank's house and had a bad premonition.

"Nothing bad will happen tonight." Danrique knew what troubled her. "But you should still stay close to me and not run amok. Do you understand?"

“Oh.” Francesca nodded. “Monica will be there too. She'll protect me as well.”

“If something like this happens again, discuss it with me first before making your own decisions,” Danrique reminded her. “Actually, she shouldn't be coming to an event like this.”