

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2187

“These places are having financial issues right now. They're all hoping for a major corporate group like Lindberg Corporation to invest in their businesses, and they're hoping to establish a long-term collaboration. The king clearly wants to be in Mr. Lindberg's good books, so Mr. Lindberg will have the power to persuade him,” Monica rambled on desperately as she held Francesca's hands tighter and tighter. “Mr. Lindberg adores you. When he found out that something happened to you, he came right away. Talk to him later and ask him to save His Highness first. He'll surely say yes to you. Please!”

“The power to persuade.” It was then Francesca finally understood what Monica meant. “No wonder King Federico was suddenly so nice to me and respectful toward Danrique—he wants Danrique to invest here... In other words, Danrique is rescuing me at a high price again this time.”

“Of course,” Monica replied. “Why would a king be nice to you for no good reason? Still, it means nothing to Mr. Lindberg, right? His money has to be invested somewhere anyway.”

“He's not your boyfriend. Of course you won't feel much about it.” Francesca huffed. “It's not as if his money falls from the sky right on his doorstep. It's partially mine too. I can't just be fine with Federico taking my money like this!”

“Uh...” For a moment, Monica found herself at a loss for words.

The more Francesca thought about it, the angrier she became. She was worried that the king would take advantage of Danrique, so she quickly stood up to look for him.

“Ms. Felch!” A few maids quickly came over to support her. “Where are you heading to?”

“Let me go. I'm going to look for my boyfriend!”

Francesca tried to break free from their grasp, but the maids' hold was tight as they refused to let her go.

During the tugging, Francesca lost her balance and fell backward.

“Ms. Felch!” Monica shrieked and jumped to her feet, about to grab her.

However, another figure dashed over like a bolt of lightning and held Francesca from the back.

In the meantime, when Francesca felt something powerful catching her from the back, she instinctively raised her head. The moment she registered the face, her heart skipped a beat.

Danrique's towering figure was like a tree that protectively supported her. His handsome face was an inch away from her eyes, and his amber eyes were filled with anger and frustration.

“Oh, Danrique...”

Francesca's hardened heart softened, and the corners of her lips tilted downward. In the next second, she launched herself into his arms and wrapped her arms around his waist before bawling.

“Why didn't you listen to me?”

Danrique felt the urge to smack her buttocks, but they were in a public space with people around. Hence, he tamped his fury down, gripped her chin, and raised her head to study her instead.

“Let me take a look at you. How did you hurt your head? And your leg, too.”

Bravery surged into Francesca now that she had someone to back her up. As she jabbed a finger at Charlie, she uttered, “Him! He hit me!”

Charlie froze before turning to Danrique in confoundment.

Danrique gave him an icy look tinged with murderous intent. "You hit her?"

"I..."

Charlie paled as he took steps back in a panicked manner.

"It's a misunderstanding. It's all a misunderstanding!" Federico quickly chimed in to ease the tension.

"Charlie didn't know who Francesca was at that time—"

"Which hand was it?" Danrique interrupted as he arched a brow at Charlie.

Charlie did not dare to look at Danrique as he hung his head, having no courage to even breathe any louder.

"Gordon!" Danrique summoned.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Lindberg—"

"Arghhh!"

In merely a few seconds' time, several voices sounded out.

Everyone was stunned as the screams of agony echoed in the room.

Sean closed his eyes and sighed under his breath. He had wanted to persuade Danrique otherwise, but before he could even finish his sentence, the dense Gordon had already struck.

No wonder Mr. Lindberg called for Gordon first this time even though he usually gives me the orders. He knows that Gordon will never second-guess his decision and will always heed his order.