

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2201

Danrique remained asleep until they arrived in Xendale, and he woke up only when the plane was about to land.

Seeing the woman next to him curled up into a ball, he covered her with a blanket before getting up to dress.

“We're preparing to land, Mr. Lindberg,” Sean announced from outside the door.

“Okay.” After putting on his clothes, Danrique wrapped Francesca with a coat, carried her to her seat, and fastened her seatbelt.

She remained in a slumber the whole time.

He then kissed her cheek before walking out of the room. “Take me to the office once we land and get Gordon to send the rest of them home.”

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg.”

Awakened by the turbulence, Francesca opened her eyes to see that the aircraft was already landing, and she was now seated on her chair with her seatbelt buckled.

There was also a large, warm coat with Danrique's scent draped over her.

A warm, fuzzy sensation swirled within her heart at the thought of the man carrying her in his arms and tending to her.

After the plane had landed, Francesca put on her clothes and shoes before heading out. There, she saw Danrique on the phone, Sean handling some errands, and two subordinates helping William alight with Monica by his side.

“Ms. Felch, I'll be taking you and Prince William home. Mr. Lindberg has to drop by the office,” Gordon remarked while walking over. “It's cold outside, so please wear a hat.”

“Okay.” Francesca returned to the room to put on a down jacket and hat. She then came back out with her medical kit.

Danrique, who had just hung up the phone, waved at her.

She limped her way over to him, but before she could say anything, the man suddenly lifted her into his arms. “What are you doing?” she exclaimed in surprise while looping her arms around his neck instantly.

“The stairs are slippery.”

He carried her outside, and under the snow-filled sky were dozens of subordinates lined up in two rows gazing straight at them.

Standing among them were Harrier and Hazel, along with several other high-level executives of Lindberg Corporation.

Feeling unsettled, Francesca buried herself in Danrique's embrace like a meek kitten.

The man walked down the stairs with her in his arms, not forgetting to ensure that her hat shielded her from the cold.

Among all the people watching them, Hazel appeared incredibly envious.

How she wished it were her in Danrique's arms instead!

Francesca only noticed all the people waiting outside after arriving at the bottom of the stairs, but Danrique seemed completely unbothered by everyone's gazes and kissed her on the forehead. "Wait for me back home," he reminded gently.

"Okay." The woman nodded obediently.

He then placed her inside the car, gestured at Gordon, and watched them leave.

Francesca continued to stare at him through the rearview mirror. The man kept his eyes on the car all the while until Hazel approached him with some documents in hand. "Nacht Group sure has some nerve to try and gain their share of the Epean market," he commented icily.

"I heard the one behind this is Old Mr. Nacht's daughter, Zara. She's known to be ruthless and full of schemes. According to sources, she's already joined hands with Frank and Pastor to go against us." Hazel's expression was grim as she reported the news to Danrique. "Will we be making a trip to Summerbank?"

"We're heading back to the office first." While holding onto the documents, Danrique turned around and hopped into his car.

Hazel and Harrier followed suit. "I couldn't make it to the last inspection because I was sick, but I'm good to go this time," the latter volunteered as soon as he took his seat.

Danrique merely cast him a glance and continued going through the documents.

"I can go too," Hazel chimed in softly. "My dad and Mr. Yarrow are old now, so we can't depend on them anymore. Harrier and I will do whatever you ask."

"Harrier, you'll go to H City on my behalf," Danrique decided. "Sean will tell you what to do."

"Very well." Harrier smiled and nodded.

Then, Danrique turned to Hazel and returned the documents. "You'll head to M Nation tonight. I'll meet you there tomorrow."

"Understood."