

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1944

. . .

Chapter 1944

"Huh?"

Donald blurted out. He thought he was hearing things and stared at Hazel incredulously.

"Hazel is a sensible woman" Danrique said as he smirked.

"You should go back home and prepare for tonight"

"Yes."

Hazel bobbed her head cheerfully before turning to leave. She didn't utter a word to persuade Danrique to change his mind despite coming to a consensus with Donald earlier.

Shocked, Donald watched as Hazel strode away. He had no idea what was going on.

Is she trying to make me the bad guy? Did she pull out last minute so she could be the nice guy? Or does she have another plan? Or did Danrique's action break her heart, and she decided to give up on him? Donald couldn't wrap his head around it. He could never understand how the mind of a woman worked, for they were always so unpredictable.

"Mr. Donald, should I see you off?" Sean broke the silence duly.

Donald heaved out a sigh before trudging out after him.

Halfway down the stairs, he couldn't stop himself from asking, "Sean, what do you and Gordon think about this matter?"

"Mr. Donald, you've got to be kidding. We're Mr. Lindberg's subordinates. We can't comment on the matter" Sean replied humbly.

"You can drop the formalities before me" Donald said hastily.

"Isabella trained you both, and you're a few years older than Danrique. As you're more mature, you can see the big picture and make decisions for the greater good. We're one family, so just speak your mind."

"All right, I shall be frank with you."

Sean's lips curled up slightly as he said, "Of course, we want nothing but the best for Lindberg Corporation. We hope that the Lindberg family can always be in control of Lindberg Corporation."

"That's right. You'll have to talk some sense into-"

"But..."

Sean cut in before Donald could finish.

"We believe in Mr.Lindberg.He has his own reasons for making that decision.We know he isn't a reckless person, so I hope you can trust him, too"

"Uh..."

Sean was rendered speechless.He assumed he could convince Sean to persuade Danrique to change his mind.

Alas, he had failed miserably.

"Forget it"

Shaking his head despondently, Donald got into his vehicle.

"Goodbye, Mr.Donald"

Sean waited for the car to disappear from sight before he turned and entered the house.

Gordon came over to him at once.

"Is Mr.Lindberg going to bring Ms.Cece to the banquet?"

"Yeah," Sean responded with a nod.

"When Ms.Atkinson left earlier, she seemed calm, but her gaze was eerily frosty."

Gordon was worried.

"If Mr.Adams ends up in a marriage of convenience with the Atkinson family, what should we do?"

"I don't know."

Sean flashed a helpless smile.

"But we need to be loyal to Mr.Lindberg.No matter what his decision would be, we'll have to support him."

"Yes." Gordon nodded profusely.

"Forget it.We don't understand their complicated power struggle, anyway.Mr.Lindberg is free to make his own choices.If he creates trouble, we can clean his mess up."

"That's right."

Sean patted his shoulder.

"I'll go to Mr.Lindberg now."

"Mm."

Gordon went back to work.

Back in the study room, Danrique was talking on the phone.His voice was deep as he said indifferently, "Mm.Looks like I was right.That's great.Good night."

After ending the call, he lifted his head to look at Sean.

"Have they all left?"

"Yes."

Sean took one step forward and asked, "Ms. Felch is dolling up. When shall we depart?"

"Six."

Danrique glanced at his watch.

"Did Donald talk to you?"

"He wanted me to advise you, but I shut him up before he could finish."

Sean revealed cheerfully.

"I believe he's cursing me in his car right now,"

"You aren't going to persuade me to change my mind?"

Danrique arched a brow.

"I wanted to, but I dared not take action."

Sean's lips curled up in resignation.

"I chatted briefly with Gordon, and we came to a consensus that we don't understand the power struggle. There's no need for us to understand it, anyway. Just like your feelings for Ms. Felch. We agree that you can do anything you like as long as you are happy. If something crops up, we can clean the mess together."

. . .

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

Chapter 1945

. . .

Chapter 1945

"Ha!" Danrique snorted.

"You're making it sound like you two are noble beings."

"No, we dare not think that way," Sean explained hastily.

"Enough."

Danrique interrupted him and ordered, "Prepare a gift for me."

"A gift?"

Sean's interest was piqued.

"Yes."

Danrique pondered over it and added, "The more expensive, the better. It's for a woman."

"Got it."

Sean left to carry out his order.

When Danrique arrived at Francesca's room, she was lounging on the sofa and playing a game on her tablet.

The make-up artist was putting the finishing touches on her makeup, and the hairstylist was busy getting her hair done. The maids were serving her dinner.

"There will be food served at the banquet hall?"

Danrique remarked as he leaned against the door. His affectionate gaze landed on her.

"The food served at the banquet hall won't be filling at all."

Francesca didn't even bother to lift her head.

"Besides, I'll have to act elegantly there; so, it's more comfortable to eat at home."

"Mm. Eat up, then."

Danrique was about to leave when Francesca stopped him.

"Wait a minute," she called out.

"What is it?"

Danrique halted in his tracks and turned at his shoulder.

"I want to talk to you." Francesca met his gaze.

"Okay!"

Danrique was delighted, for this was the first time she had requested to talk to him. He made a gesture, and Norah immediately told the make-up artist and stylists to leave the room.

When they were both left alone, Francesca asked directly, "Why are you bringing me to the banquet instead of Hazel Atkinson?"

"You're my fiancée, and she's not."

Danrique rolled his eyes.

"But I heard that the banquet is important and will affect the future of Lindberg Corporation. If I show up, it might bring trouble to you."

Francesca didn't bother mincing her words.

"Even so, you won't change your mind about me being your partner for the night?"

"Who told you that?"

Danrique raised an eyebrow.

"Hazel?"

"That isn't important,"

Francesca brushed it off. She wasn't someone who liked to tattle on someone else.

"You shouldn't be fretting over that."

Danrique joined her on the sofa.

"You just have to dress up and stay by my side at all times."

"I don't know the power struggle between the influential families well, but I know you went to Epea to grab a share of the market to increase your influence and prove yourself. It wouldn't be worth it to sacrifice all your previous efforts just because of me,"

Francesca stated solemnly.

That was the first time she ever had a serious conversation with Danrique. She never wanted to affect his future.

Hearing her words, Danrique flashed an alluring smile. He came over to her and sat on the edge of the dressing table.

Pinching her chin, he forced her to look at him.

"Looks like you've fallen in love with me; he remarked.

"Huh?"

Francesca's eyes widened in disbelief.

What was that? I was talking about his company, but why did he suddenly change the topic?

"You're being considerate about my reputation because you fell in love with me!" Danrique declared.

He inched nearer and gave her a kiss on the lips.

"No..."

Before Francesca could explain herself, she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Mr. Lindberg, it's almost time."

"I'll spare you this once."

Danrique licked his lips, obviously unsatisfied by that swift kiss.

"I'll go get changed. You can come downstairs after you filled your stomach. There's no need to hurry."

"Okay," Francesca responded.

She watched as he left her room with quick strides.

After he left, Layla showed up with the excuse of delivering some fruit tea to Francesca.

"The banquet is a good chance for us to escape."

"Seriously?"

Francesca blurted out.

"The banquet is going to be held at the Adams residence. The place should be heavily guarded. How are we going to make our escape?"

"I don't think the Adams residence will be as heavily guarded as this house. Everyone keeps an eye on you here, but it won't be the same there. Besides, the security guards there aren't familiar with you, so it will be pretty easy for us to sneak out."

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

. . .

