

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1898

“Erm...” Guilt clenched Francesca's stomach as she reluctantly asked, “W-When did you come?”

“Fifteen minutes ago.”

Danrique dropped his gaze to look at the wine in his glass.

“I...”

Francesca tried to think of an excuse, but couldn't come up with one. She knew she couldn't involve William, so she lied, “The room was too stuffy. I just wanted to get some fresh air.”

“Next time, if you want to go anywhere or do anything, go through the door and not through the window. It will be a shame if you fall and become the snow leopards' food.”

Danrique set his glass on the table and got up to leave.

Mixed feelings stirred within Francesca as she watched him leave.

Fifteen minutes ago, she had just gone out through the window. That meant Danrique had been sitting there for fifteen minutes, silently waiting for her return.

With his character, he should demand her to spill her whereabouts and what she did in that period. Yet he didn't ask anything. Could it be that he knows where I went? But he didn't say anything. What exactly is he thinking?

The more he acted out of character, the more uneasiness Francesca felt.

Sounds of door knocking next door pulled her out of her thoughts. She heard the door open and Robin's respectful greeting. "Mr. Lindberg."

"Is William asleep?"

Danrique strode right into William's room.

"No, please come in, Mr. Lindberg."

Panic flooded Robin's chest at Danrique's sudden visitation.

The uneasiness grew within Francesca. Has Danrique gone to find fault with William?

I'm not afraid of anything, but I don't want to implicate anyone. Yet, I can't ask them now, or I might as well be admitting to Danrique that I was there!

Meanwhile, William was sitting on the sofa, sipping on the tonic Norah brought.

When he saw Danrique, he asked with a smile, "L, you're not asleep yet?"

"No."

Danrique's gaze swung to the window and noticed it was shut with the curtains pulled close. It might seem like there was no trace, but there was a small stain on the pristine white carpet.

Without commenting about the stain, he took a seat on the sofa and asked straightforwardly, "William, why are you here this time?"

“Roth and Edward had each met with me separately back in M Nation, saying they had something to discuss. I postponed their meeting and insisted to wait for you, but they persisted and even wanted to visit me at my place. I didn't want to invite any troubles, so I came to find you.”

William was telling the truth. He was aware Danrique was the decision-maker in their collaboration, so he wouldn't simply make any decision without discussing it with Danrique first.

However, Edward and Roth kept wanting to bribe him and use him to take down Danrique.

Not wanting to offend both sides, William came up with an excuse and came to Erihal to meet with Danrique.

He proved his loyalty and sincerity to Danrique and also avoided trouble at the same time.

“They were too impatient.” Danrique reached for the glass of wine in Robin's hand, gently swirling the red liquid. “It's good that you're staying here for a while. You can attend my wedding.”

“You really want to get married?” William asked softly. “As the figure of authority of the Lindberg family, your marriage is a matter of great importance.”

“Every faction wants to ally with the Lindberg family through marriage. I heard it wasn't just the three major families, but even the bureaucrats of Erihal wanted to marry their daughters to you.”

“Have you thought things through? Are you sure you want to marry Ms. Cece?”

“Of course, she is the only woman I want to marry.” Danrique was sure and firm. “A true man expands his empire through his wits and fists, not marriage.”

“You're right but reality is cruel-”

“William.” Danrique cut William off and insinuated, “You're born a royalty. It's not a surprise that you have such thoughts.

“However, I'm different from you. The reason I work so hard to stand on top of the world is so that I can live my life however I want.

“If a powerful man turned his love life into a bargaining chip for power, that's incompetence.”