

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1955

"I'm just doing what I am supposed to do!" Frank defended himself confidently. "Pastor had listed out pieces of evidence of your crime and submitted them to the Ministry of Law, the military, and seven other relevant departments. He even handed a copy to Mr. President. I was also very helpless regarding this matter. Nevertheless, I got to handle it impartially. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to explain it to them. Of course, if you would only be more open-minded and let me become one of the shareholders of Lindberg Corporation, I'll regard your case as a family matter and personally handle it for you. If not, you have no choice but to cooperate with the investigation!"

Frank's speech sounded so shameless that even Harrier couldn't help but purse his lips before revealing a sarcastic smile.

Sean became outraged. He clenched his fist so tightly that it let out a cracking noise.

Danrique said nothing. He only narrowed his eyes and stared daggers at Frank.

"How is it? Do you want to reconsider?"

Frank didn't want to burn all bridges with Danrique and even intended to give the man another chance.

Despite that, Danrique didn't appreciate his gestures at all. He straightforwardly said, "The one who should reconsider is you. If you insist on doing things your way, I'm afraid you'll wallow in regret!"

"Haha..."

Frank laughed in ridicule and immediately clapped his hands. After that, dozens of soldiers armed with weapons came in from outside.

The officer leading the troop walked directly to Danrique and said politely, "Mr. Lindberg, please come with me!"

“Very well.”

Danrique narrowed his eyes in a sinister way while glaring at Frank coldly.

At the same time, the ambulance Francesca was in was about to drive out of the presidential palace's main entrance. The woman looked out of the window and spotted several military vehicles approaching the residence from not far away.

Francesca had an ill sense of foreboding. She could not figure out why Frank had dispatched so many subordinates.

“My Lord, you had guessed correctly. Mr. Adams wanted to deal with Mr. Lindberg. I'm afraid something bad might have happened to him...”

The aristocrat's subordinate suddenly spoke in Erihalean.

Although Francesca could only understand a little, she managed to grasp the meaning behind those words.

The aristocrat gave his subordinate a stern look. The latter quickly shut his mouth, not daring to say more.

While their vehicle was still heading out, a series of loud explosions abruptly sounded from within the castle. Francesca, who jumped in alarm, hurriedly turned her head around to look.

The commotion came from the direction of the banquet hall.

“My goodness...” The subordinate got scared senseless and continued speaking in Erihalean. “Does Mr. Adams intend to kill people? Since his scheme to seize the family property failed, he wanted to take people's lives. How brutal.”

"It's hard to tell..." The aristocrat spoke in a low voice. "They received reports stating Mr. Lindberg planned to travel to H City in Zarain, possibly to join hands with the Nacht family."

Once the Lindberg family and the Nacht family collaborated, the other three great families would get cast aside. The ambitious Frank also regarded this as a fatal threat.

Therefore, it was possible for him to strike first.

Francesca couldn't understand the conversation and whispered to Layla, "What are they saying?"

Layla's countenance became slightly grave. She hesitated for a moment before translating it to her in Chanaean. After that, she added, "It turns out that Mr. Adams thought Danrique went to H City to join forces with the Nacht family to deal with them. That was why he rushed to take action tonight..."

"It was all because of me." Francesca's mind was in shambles. "Actually, Danrique wanted to bring me there to receive treatment. He didn't plan to look for the Nacht family at all."

"What a twist of events..." Layla felt a wave of guilt wash over her as well.

"Hey, what are you talking about?" The subordinate could not understand Chanaean.

"It's nothing-"

"Stop the car."

Before Layla could finish her sentence, Francesca yelled in Ustranasion again, "Hurry up and stop the car."

“Francesca, what are you doing?” Layla quickly tried to dissuade her. “It wasn't easy for us to get out. You're only seeking death if you turn back now...”

“He's in trouble because of me. I mustn't leave him in the lurch!” Francesca was absolutely firm this time. “I would regret it for life if anything bad happens to him!”

“However...”

“Layla, you should leave first. You don't have to follow me anymore.”

With that said, Francesca immediately opened the car door and jumped out of the vehicle.