

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1963

Nevertheless, Danrique was not angry. He merely regarded Francesca with a smile, and his gaze was filled with pride.

Although he did not say it out loud, he felt really pleased. See, that's my woman!

The constant flattery started to make Francesca feel cocky. Snuggling in Danrique's arms, she giggled non-stop and forgot about her plan to escape.

When the car returned to the Lindberg residence, she was struck by a sudden realization. Oh no, I'm back in this cage! It would be impossible to escape now!

Beep! Beep!

Suddenly, Danrique's phone buzzed. He glanced at his phone's screen and answered the call. "Hi!"

The person on the other end of the line said something, and a crease appeared between Danrique's eyebrows. After a moment's silence, he muttered coldly, "Mr. President, I'm going to H City to settle some personal matters. The members of the Nacht family and the Lindberg family are sworn enemies, so how could both families form an alliance?"

The president was different from Frank. He was amiable and spoke in a calm tone. Moreover, he kept persuading Danrique.

As a result, it was impossible for Danrique to be angry at the president. Still, he refused to compromise. "I'll head there for sure. If anything else arises, we'll talk about it again once I'm back!"

The president did not give up. "Danrique, the issue has become the talk of the town. Frank is a force to be reckoned with. Although we have dirt on him, it'll be very difficult for me to take him down on my own if you don't attend the trial. This is a crucial moment, and you mustn't be absent. Can't you hold off

your personal matters for two more days? If you really must attend to them, you can assign someone to do it for you. I can also send someone over to help you. Plus, I can even seek help from Zarain. As long as you stay, the other matters can be settled easily..."

The president's words sounded like a plea, and Danrique found it hard to reject him.

He frowned and felt troubled.

"Take care of the important matters," Francesca said.

She might not understand Erihalean, but she was aware of what was going on.

Right now, Frank's trial was an urgent issue. The only person who could make Danrique answer the phone and feel troubled was the president.

"Just let me spend a few days alone, and don't be so clingy. I'll return to H City myself. Perhaps, I might even locate that famous doctor." Francesca eyed Danrique, as if she did not want him to bother her.

"Mr. Lindberg, I can accompany Ms. Felch on her return. Don't worry. We'll take good care of her!" Gordon said hastily.

"That is, we'll head back first, and you can come over once you've settled your business," Francesca added, "Don't delay it because of me. Otherwise, I would be the one to blame."

"All right." Danrique finally gave in and promised the president that he would attend the trial. He told Francesca, "I'll come over after I send Francesca off at the airport tomorrow."

"Great, I'll wait for you." The president was overjoyed. "Please send my regards to Ms. Cece and express my gratitude!"

“Okay.”

Once the call had ended, Danrique pinched Francesca's chin and warned her sternly, “We'll get you treated, and don't ever think of running away again. Got it?”

“Got it,” Francesca replied. As soon as she answered him, she was stunned by her own reaction. She did not expect herself to be so decisive.

Do I really want to stay? But if I don't leave, I'll have to marry him.

As she thought of that, Francesca felt melancholic, and her head started to hurt again.

Back at the castle, Danrique carried Francesca back to her room and reminded Norah to look after her. Then, he went to his study room.

He still had some unfinished business to sort out. Apart from Frank, he also had to deal with the other three families.

Norah instructed a maid to run a bath for Francesca and help the latter to bathe and change her clothes. After having dinner in her room, Francesca lay on the bed and fell into a deep sleep.

She was too exhausted and wanted to sleep when Layla phoned up. “Francesca, how are you?”

“I'm fine. Where are you, Layla?” Francesca woke up.