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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1941

"I noticed that he has been visiting your room every night, and you never once objected. I thought that the two of you have already done it."

Chuckling, Layla elucidated, "Since your virginity is still intact, it's clear as day that he wants that."

"How shameless, despicable, and reprehensible of him!"

Francesca gritted her teeth and cursed Danrique out, flying off her handle. What a vile b*stard! How dare he use such a thing to blackmail me?

"What's there to be mad about?"

Enter title...

Tugging at her, Layla lectured in a low voice, "Let me tell you that when it comes to dealing with men, you've got to tame them with love."

"W-What?"

Francesca couldn't quite understand that.

"Listen as I teach you slowly."

Layla closed the room door and sat cross-legged on the sofa before she started educating Francesca solemnly.

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Outside, Danrique had no sooner reached the study room than Gordon came and reported, "Mr.Lindberg, the private jet for tomorrow has been arranged.However, Mr.Adams' assistant just called and said there's a banquet tonight.He insisted upon your attendance!"

Just after he had finished saying that, a knock sounded from outside, and a subordinate reported, "Mr.Lindberg, Donald's car is now outside the castle"

Danrique frowned, knowing that the man came for no other reason than that matter.

A few days ago, Frank went to Lindberg Corporation to conduct an inspection, but Danrique didn't go over.

Later, Frank took a fancy to Hazel.

Logically speaking, it was a considerable threat to Danrique, and he should take the initiative to contact Frank.

However, he didn't do so.

Right then, Frank hosted a banquet and even specifically requested Danrique's presence.

If he didn't show up again, that would mean that he wanted to go against the man directly.

The significance of that was great.

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Thus, Donald probably knew something about it and promptly came over to advise Danrique.

“That old geezer is really irritating.”

A touch annoyed, Danrique lifted his hand and glanced at his watch.

It’s already four o’clock in the afternoon now.

Could it be that Mr.Adams is aware that I’m going to Zarain, so he hosted a banquet out of the blue to settle everything before I leave?

“Should I allow him entry?”

Sean queried softly.

Danrique made a gesture, upon which Sean quickly ordered, “Invite Mr.Donald in.”

“Understood.”

Mere moments after Danrique allowed Donald entry, the three prominent families phoned him one after another.

They all said the same thing, convinced that there must be something explosive that Frank suddenly invited them to a banquet and insisted that Danrique consider the bigger picture by attending the banquet.

Danrique was irked to hear that, but he also knew that he really had to go this time.

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After hanging up the phone, he turned his gaze to the gold invitation Frank had someone deliver over.

It read: Please attend with a female companion, Mr.Lindberg.

Attend with a female companion...

The corners of Danrique's mouth lifted, and he instantly instructed, "Go and make the necessary arrangements.I want to bring Cece along."

"What?"

Shocked, Sean hastily warned, "You've got to think twice, Mr.Lindberg! It's evident that Frank's purpose in hosting a banquet this time is to feel you out.Your best choice is to attend with Ms.Atkinson.That can prevent a ton of troubles.If you really don't want to do so, it's also good for you to make an appearance alone.But if you bring Ms.Felch along at this time, that would make it clear-"

"That would make it clear that I won't marry Hazel."

Finishing the man's utterance on his behalf, Danrique declared bluntly, "If Mr.Adams wants to marry her, he's free to do so.It has nothing to do with me."

Sean was so anxious that he had broken out in a cold sweat.

"But consequently, Mr.Adams can then openly win over the three prominent families.Our foundation isn't firm now, so you shouldn't act rashly-"

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“That’s enough.”

Cutting off the man’s words, Danrique ordered firmly, “Do as I ordered.”

“Mr.Lindberg-”

“Go!”

Danrique’s brows knitted together, for he was already rather chagrined.

Sean didn’t dare protest further, so he could only relent and execute his orders.

Meanwhile, Donald hurriedly entered the castle downstairs with Hazel behind him.

As soon as the two of them came in, they demanded frantically, “Where’s

Mr.Lindberg?”

“He’s in his study room on the second floor.”

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1942

Donald rushed up the stairs, but behind him, Hazel halted in her tracks. She overheard Norah ordering the maids to prepare the evening gowns and the stylists to dress Francesca up.

Something occurred to her, and her expression changed drastically. She seemed flustered.

"Ms. Atkinson!"

Suddenly, Sean's voice cut her thoughts short. She came back around and schooled her expression into a calm one before meeting Sean's gaze.

Enter title...

"Yes, Sean?"

"Mr. Lindberg is waiting for you in the study room. This way, please."

Sean gestured for Donald and Hazel to follow him upstairs. They walked past Francesca's room. The maids were showing Francesca the evening gowns, and she seemed shocked.

"What's going on? Why do I have to pick one?" she asked.

"You'll be Mr. Lindberg's partner for the banquet tonight"

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Hearing that, Hazel froze momentarily.

Surprised, Donald demanded, "What's going on? Is Mr.Lindberg bringing her to

Mr.Adams' banquet?"

"Well..."

Sean seemed stumped.

Instead of answering the question, he knocked on the door of the study room

and pushed it open.

"This way, please."

"Mr.Donald, I believe you need to talk to Mr.Lindberg in private."

Hazel suddenly spoke up.

"I'll leave you to it and come back when you're done."

Donald glanced at her and immediately put two and two together.

"Yes, that's right.I shall talk to Danrique in private."

"Sure.Come on in"

Before Sean led Donald into the study, he asked a maid to bring Hazel to a

guest room.

However, Hazel went to Francesca's room without hesitation and knocked on

the door.

"Can I come in?"

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Francesca recognized Hazel's voice instantly, for the latter was always calm and elegant.

"Please come in!"

Francesca was lounging on the sofa, sipping on her drink lazily.

The maids were displaying a bunch of lavish evening gowns before her.

Hazel took one look at the dresses before turning to Francesca.

A conflicted look flashed across her eyes and disappeared quickly.

Flashing a warm smile, she said, "Long time no see, Ms.Cece.I heard you were injured.How are you feeling?"

"I'm doing well."

Francesca smiled at her.

"Have a seat."

"Thank you."

Hazel occupied the sofa across from her.

The maid served her coffee and left them to their own devices.

"Why? Do you have something to say?"

Francesca hated it when people tried to beat around the bush.

"The evening gowns are gorgeous."

Hazel glanced at the dozens of evening gowns hanging on the rack.

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Jealousy overwhelmed her heart when she realized they were all custom-made.

“I’ve been wanting to preorder them, but Mr.Lindberg reserved them for you before I could do so.”

“They’re just clothes.Do you like them? Feel free to choose and take anything you like”

Francesca replied nonchalantly.Her nonchalance merely served to increase Hazel’s fury.Fortunately, Hazel was trained since young to keep her emotions in check.

Otherwise, she would’ve jolted up from her seat furiously.

“Mr.Lindberg had these made for you specially.I don’t think you should give them to others easily”

Hazel responded gently.

However, her gaze was penetrating and oppressing.

“He gave these to me, so they are now mine.I have the right to toss them away if I want to.”

Francesca despised schemes, but that didn’t mean she would allow someone else to bully her.

Hazel’s hostility was evident, but Francesca was no pushover.

“Ha!”

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Hazel let out a low chuckle. She took a sip of her coffee to conceal her anger.

After composing herself, she flashed a smile.

“Is Mr. Lindberg bringing you to tonight’s banquet?”

“I guess so. That was what they told me”

Francesca responded indifferently as she sipped on her tea. She acted as though the matter was of no importance to her.

“Do you know what the banquet is about?”

Hazel glared at her.

“What is it about?”

Francesca was wiping her lips with a napkin lazily.

“The banquet is held by Mr. Adams”

Hazel revealed solemnly.

“It concerns the future of Lindberg Corporation and the four great families! It will also determine Mr. Lindberg’s power and influence!”

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1943

“Oh? Is it that important?”

Francesca nodded, but she didn't seem to understand it.

“Yes, it's extremely important.”

Despite her smile, Hazel was stern.

“If the banquet falls through, Mr.Adams will most probably rope the three families to go against Mr.Lindberg!”

“That sounds complicated”

Enter title...

Francesca raised her brows.

“Do you mean that the banquet will fall through if I show up?”

“Yes,” Hazel's answer was firm.

“Lindberg Corporation has no choice but to collaborate with the four great families.That way, we can be a community of interests.Among the four great families, my family is the only family with a daughter.Thus, my relationship with Mr.Lindberg is important-”

“Oh?”

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Francesca seemed confused.

“So?”

Hazel froze.

Did I not make myself clear enough? Is she really confused, or is she putting up an act?

“Oh, I got it.”

Francesca pondered briefly before stating solemnly, “You’re saying that I’ll affect Danrique’s future if I stay by his side? And that it will be better if you’re his partner?”

“I’m glad you understand-”

“But you shouldn’t be telling me that; Francesca interjected with a stumped expression.

“He refuses to let me leave, and I’m pretty frustrated, too. You should tell him to release me for the sake of his family’s interests.”

After a pause, she added, “I think I told you this when we first met.”

“There’s no need to remind me of that.”

Despite her anger, Hazel remained graceful.

“I can’t stop Mr.Lindberg, but you can make a smart decision”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

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Francesca furrowed her brows as though she was confused.

“If Mr.Adams enters a marriage of convenience with the Atkinson family, it would spell trouble for the Lindberg family and Mr.Lindberg”

Hazel snapped impatiently.

“I’ve made myself clear.If you love Mr.Lindberg, you should be considerate.If you don’t love him, then leave him as soon as possible so you won’t be dragged into this mess.”

“If you’re that important, then why don’t you make the decision yourself?”

Francesca shot her an amused grin.

“Your marriage is important, and you are considerate to Danrique.Why don’t you marry him yourself? Why bother telling me all those nonsense?”

“Hey!”

Hazel fumed, but she couldn’t find any words to retort.

“Oh, you came to persuade me to leave because Danrique refused to marry you, huh?”

Tiny, almost imperceptible crinkles formed around Francesca’s eyes.

“That doesn’t sound right.You’re an eligible bachelorette and can help him secure his position.Why did he refuse to marry you?”

Breathless with anger, Hazel couldn’t do anything as the color drained from her

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face.

“Ah, forget it. That’s too complicated for me to understand.”

Francesca yawned lazily.

“It doesn’t concern me, anyway. Instead of coming to me, you should go to

Danrique. I’m going to bed now and won’t see you out.”

Heaving in fury, Hazel spun on her heels and strode away.

Inside the study room, Danrique listened to Donald’s nags before saying calmly,

“I’ll attend the banquet, but there’s no need for Hazel to be my partner. I’ll bring

Cece with me”

“You...”

Donald was almost choking on his rage.

“Are you doing this on purpose? You know what the consequences will be. Why

are you still-”

“Uncle Donald”

Danrique cut in coolly.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let someone else take over Lindberg Corporation or let

anything happen to the Lindberg family. You should stay out of my business.”

“But-”

Before Donald could say anything else, someone knocked on the door. Sean

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then led Hazel into the study room.

Hazel took one look at Donald's expression and sensed the tension in the air. She promptly realized that the discussion didn't go well. Her gaze dimmed, but she swiftly pulled herself together and flashed a smile.

"Since Mr. Lindberg has already made up his mind, we should respect his decision"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort 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

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Enter title...

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."

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“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.

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"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."

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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

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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

"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.

Enter title...

"Yes."

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

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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.

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"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

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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?

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"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

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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.”

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