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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1842

Chapter 1842 Look For Him

"How is that possible?" Anthony exclaimed, quickly dispelling her thoughts. "We've always been together, and we talk about everything under the sun. How could I possibly not know if you've got a lover?"

"Uh..." Francesca nodded in agreement and said, "Well, maybe I knew him before I knew you?"

"You were only sixteen when I became friends with you. Back then, you were constantly working on the mountain, while he's been working in Erihal. So, how did you guys get to know each other and even fall in love?" stated Anthony, analyzing the situation rationally. "Besides, even if you knew Danrique, you can't possibly be his first love. Both of you are of different worlds, to begin with."

"That's right." After giving it some thought, Francesca, too, found it quite impossible. She and Danrique were indeed two different people. Be it their identity, social status, family background, or even their character, there was a major contrast between them.

"Maybe I should talk to him." Anthony was worried about letting Francesca face him again. "I'll just make the situation clear and retrieve the necklace. Let's not make things complicated."

"Okay." Francesca nodded. "Don't let him know about our relationship. Just try it out using only your name. It'll make things easier for me if you can get it back."

"All right."

Soon, both of them settled down at the hotel. Francesca stayed in the hotel to get some rest while Anthony contacted Danrique right away.

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That night, Francesca was awakened by a phone call. It was from William. Still feeling groggy, she answered, "Hello?"

"Francesca, I've just got off the plane. Where are you? I'll go over to your place." He sounded rather excited.

"I'm sleeping at a hotel." Francesca yawned. "Meet me later..."

"Okay. You carry on sleeping then. Come see me once you're awake, okay?" William sensed she was still sleepy and did not want to interrupt her rest.

"Okay." After ending the call, she squinted her eyes for a while to make herself sober up. Then, she gave Anthony a call. "How did it go?"

"I contacted Danrique's subordinate, Sean. But he rejected my request to meet Danrique right away without even waiting for me to finish. He even blocked my number." Anthony was annoyed. "Looks like these so-called important people are really arrogant. They don't even bother giving any chances to people they don't know."

"I knew it." Francesca smiled. "It's okay. I'll deal with it on my own. You should go back to the hotel and get some rest."

"But won't it be dangerous if you go there alone? Maybe I should go with you—"

Before Anthony could finish, Francesca hung up and called William. "Where are you meeting up with Danrique?"

"I've just received a call from him saying he's got some matters to deal with tonight. So, he won't be meeting me. Francesca, where are you? I'll go to you—"

"He's got matters? What kind of matters?" Francesca interrupted William. She then demanded, "Do you know where's he going?"

William, who was on the other end of the call, fell silent. After some time, he finally asked softly, "You didn't return to H City to see me. You're here to meet him, aren't you?"

"Exactly. I need to talk to him about some matters," she admitted unhesitatingly. "Do you know his whereabouts?"

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Silence resounded through the speakers, but it did not take long for William to answer, "All I know is that he'll be going to Sultry Night around ten o'clock."

"Sultry Night?" Francesca did not know what kind of place that was.

"It's H City's most famous bar," William explained.

"Oh. I see. Thank you!" Francesca thanked him and ended the call right away.

She glanced at the time, realizing it was nine o'clock at night. Hence, she quickly got off the bed, washed up, got changed, and put on her mask, getting ready to head to Sultry Night to look for Danrique.

When she thought further about it, she recalled how Danrique was already suspicious of her when she went to see him directly to get the necklace. However, they were faced with a precarious situation at that time, and he did not have the time or energy to look into the reason.

If she were to ask it from him again, he would definitely get to the bottom of the matter. Perhaps he would even remove her mask to find out what she looked like.