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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1866

Chapter 1866 Old Friend

With a disgusted expression on her face, Francesca exclaimed, "That's disgusting!"

She then said to the bodyguard, "Look after her while I go to the washroom."

With that, she stood up and left.

"Hey, Ms. Cece!" Two of the bodyguards went after her.

Francesca immediately picked up her pace, hoping that she could lose them.

Right then, the drunk man from before whistled at her again.

Francesca responded with a wink this time around. Excited, the man walked toward her unsteadily.

The bodyguards then stopped the man from getting close to Francesca.

Although they were Eva's bodyguards, they knew not to be complacent because of Francesca's relationship with Danrique.

The drunk man was infuriated, and he scolded in Ustranasion, "Buzz off! Don't be such busybodies!"

Hearing that, one of the bodyguards landed a punch on the drunk man and sent him crashing to the floor.

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When the drunk man's friends saw what the bodyguard did, they all rushed toward the bodyguards and fought with them.

As the situation descended into complete chaos, Francesca quickly made her way out of there through the back entrance. While running, she took off her filthy coat and washed her hands with a bottle of water.

Francesca was over the moon when she finally made her way out of the bar because she didn't expect things to go so smoothly. Anxiously, she hailed herself a taxi.

When a taxi arrived in front of her, she opened the door and was about to hop in.

Right at that moment, a few military jeeps were seen speeding toward the taxi before surrounding it.

Soon after, more than twenty men dressed in black got out of the jeeps and started pointing their guns at the taxi driver.

The taxi driver was scared shitless. He raised his hands into the air in fear and uttered in Erihalean, "I-I haven't done anything wrong..."

"What the fuck?" Francesca frowned. I knew it wasn't going to be that easy!

Indeed, Danrique had already gotten people to follow them earlier on.

Unlike Eva, Gordon and his men were harder to deal with.

"Ms. Cece, we're here to bring you back." Gordon opened the car door and politely gestured for her to get into the jeep.

Realizing that there was no way she could escape, Francesca had no choice but to get into the car as instructed.

Since they were in the city, there weren't any animals she could summon, nor did she have any weapons with her. Even if she could somehow drive toward the airport with her excellent driving skills, she still wouldn't be able to fly out of the country.

After all, it was Danrique's territory.

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"Please, Ms. Cece!" After getting Francesca into the car, Gordon instructed his subordinates, "Go check on Ms. Eva."

"Noted!" Two of his subordinates went into the bar to check on the situation in there.

They didn't go there to see if Eva was all right. Instead, they wanted to know why did Francesca escape. They were wondering if Eva was bullying her.

Francesca's expression was grim as she sat in the car. Even if I can escape from the castle, it's going to be tough trying to escape Danrique's grasp.

Indeed, he'd even sent his men to follow her when she went out with Eva.

Not only did his men know Xendale like the back of their hands, but they'd also gone through gruesome training. It'd be impossible to leave Xendale without them knowing about it.

However, she wasn't ready to throw in the towel. I'll look for a better opportunity next time!

Upon arriving home, Norah was seen waiting for her anxiously at the entrance. When she saw Francesca getting out of the car, she rushed toward her and put a coat around her. "Are you okay, Ms. Cece? Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine," Francesca answered. I doubt Eva will be okay, though. Besides, I bet she's going to suffer after all the alcohol she drank. That girl is such a simpleton to think that she could get me drunk. In fact, Francesca had become immune to alcohol due to her upbringing.

"Ms. Cece, Mr. Lindberg is waiting for you in the study room," Sean approached her and said politely. "Please head over there once you're done washing up, okay?"

"What does he want from me at this hour?" Francesca never liked being ordered around.

"Since Mr. Lindberg is looking for you, I'm sure there must be a reason for it." Sean then continued in a joking manner, "Ms. Cece, your straightforwardness reminds me of an old friend!"

"Who might that be?" Francesca asked casually.

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"Francesco," Sean answered and observed her reaction.