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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1861

### Chapter 1861 Going Out

Norah assigned the maid to bring a beautiful gown for Eva to get changed. It was initially prepared for Francesca, but surprisingly it fitted Eva perfectly.

Somehow, the long dress transformed into a middle-length one for Eva as she was a lot taller than Francesca. Thus, she looked exceptionally gorgeous with her slender legs revealed.

In the meantime, Francesca was lying idly on the sofa while munching an apple. Gazing at Eva's tall and slender figure, she gasped admiringly, "Ah! That's what an international model should look like! Look at your pair of stunning legs!"

"Haha! You're adorable too," Eva blurted out before adding sheepishly, "You look pretty too!"

Francesca only flashed her a faint smile without uttering any words. She had been leading a simple life all the while and scarcely spent time on daily grooming.

Nonetheless, she was highly confident in herself. After all, she was well aware that she possessed other capabilities over the others.

Hmph! This Ms. Eva is apparently good at flattering others. I can easily see through her insincere smile and countenance. She's obviously not as innocent as she seems and can never be the type of a sincere friend! Anyway, Francesca did not bother about that as she was not interested in building a friendship with Eva. Her ulterior motive was to leave the place with the latter's help.

"Ms. Cece, how did you get to know Danrique?" Eva questioned. She started addressing Danrique with his name again when he was not around.

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"I can't recall it," Francesca replied placidly, shrugging her shoulders.

Eva's eyes widened in disbelief. "Huh? How could you forget about such an important matter?"

Nevertheless, Francesca continued to munch on her apple without any response.

Looking into the mirror, Eva scrutinized Francesca's reflection discreetly and mumbled wittingly, "I've fallen for Danrique ever since I set my eyes on him during a banquet five years ago..."

Before she could finish her words, Francesca mocked, "You're undoubtedly mature for your age. You were still underage five years ago, weren't you?"

"Ehm..." Eva was rendered speechless at her mockery.

"When do you plan to bring me out?" Francesca cut the crap. That was what she minded most at the moment.

"Whenever you like!" Eva plastered a smile on her face.

"Let's go now. I'll get changed first." Francesca sat up on the sofa and tossed the apple core into the bin nearby.

Eva was astounded, but she restrained herself from asking further. "Okay! I'll wait for you downstairs."

"Okay!" Francesca responded and sent the maid away. After getting changed, she found her bag in the wardrobe.

That was the one she was carrying when she was previously shot. She could not resist heaving a sigh of relief after catching sight of her identification card and phone in it. With that, she presumed Danrique did not spot those items. Otherwise, he would have known about her exact identity.

After taking out the other unnecessary items from the bag, she changed into a black dress and put on a pair of Dr. Martens boots taken out from the wardrobe.

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When she was descending the stairs later, she overheard Eva asking Danrique warily, “Dan... Ehm... Mr. Lindberg, Cece requested me to bring her out. Is that all right?”

“Bring her out? For what?” Danrique asked quizzically with knitted brows.

“She mentioned that she’s bored stiff here and requested me to bring her out to get some fresh air. I thought I’d better let you know about it first,” Eva explained, smiling sweetly.

Donald chuckled. “It’s a good idea for both of you to go sightseeing. After all, Danrique is always occupied and can’t accompany her. I bet she must be bored in the castle. Eva, Ms. Cece is not only our honored guest but also your future cousin-in-law. You must entertain her well, okay?”

“Uncle Donald, I got it.” Eva nodded and caught sight of Francesca descending the stairs. She rose at once and advanced toward her, “Ah! Cece, you’re ready!”

“Yeah! Let’s go!” Francesca urged Eva.

She could scarcely wait to step out at once. When I’m in town later, I’ll grab the opportunity to rush to the airport and leave this country!

Danrique rose to his feet and stated casually, “You’re still not well. Let me accompany you.”

Francesca replied hastily, “It’s all right. We plan to go shopping. You’ll be bored tagging us along. Anyway, we won’t be long and will be back soon.”

“Danrique, don’t worry. I’ll take great care of Cece,” Eva reassured him coquettishly as she wrapped her arm around Francesca’s shoulders. It was as though they were close friends who had known each other for ages.

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## chapter 1862

Chapter 1862 She Looks Like Someone

Eva was almost six feet tall, and she was even on a pair of three-inch heels. Thus, Francesca looked like a kid alongside her due to their extreme height difference.

Francesca could not help rolling her eyes at Eva's antics as she dragged her away with her.

Meanwhile, Danrique dared not let his guard down and shot Sean a glance.

A quick-witted Sean assigned his men to trail behind the two young ladies at once.

"Danrique, don't worry. Just let the young ladies go out for some fun. Since Ms. Cece is your fiancée, Eva will surely serve her well." Donald appeased him jokingly.

"Hmm!" Danrique hummed and continued to enjoy his meal.

Swirling the wine in his glass, Donald continued to chat with him. "Oh yeah! Danrique, have you heard about the overwhelming news that Mr. Windt from H City killed himself by jumping off the building?"

His words caught Danrique, who was cutting steak, off guard. The latter looked up at him in an instant and gasped, "What did you say?"

"It happened a few days ago, and the news had gone viral in Zarain at once. But somehow, it's being suppressed at the moment. I happened to know about it earlier from my friend in Zarain," Donald explained nonchalantly as if he was mentioning something irrelevant to him.

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Moments later, he added, "How sad! We'd ever considered collaborating with him before that, hadn't we? After all, H City is the core of Zarain, and Windt Corporation is deemed the dominator of the market in H City. Looks like we've to look for a new collaborator..."

Danrique paid no attention to what Donald was saying. In a split second, he lost his appetite. After putting down his cutlery, he told Donald, "I've to excuse myself to settle something. Enjoy yourself."

Donald put his wineglass down at once and stood up. "Then I'd better don't interrupt you any longer. I'm going off now. You go ahead and settle your matter."

"Okay! See you." Danrique rose and strode off toward his study.

When he assigned Sean to investigate if Donald's news was accurate, the latter explained tactfully, "We heard about the news a few days ago. Gordon was about to update you at that time, but you're not in the mood as Ms. Cece was shot."

"Is there any information?" Danrique questioned, furrowing his brows.

Sean handed the tablet to him and updated warily, "There was already a funeral for Richard Windt. It's confirmed that he had committed suicide. But he was obviously set up by the others. Apparently, the Nacht family was the mastermind manipulating in the dark..."

"Is the Nacht family seeking vengeance against the Windt family because of my aunt?" Danrique asked grimly with a flicker of sheer frigidness in his eyes.

Sean replied cautiously, "We're still clueless about that. But it seems that's not the case. Otherwise, they'll not let Mr. Windt's daughter off."

"How's his daughter at the moment?" Danrique questioned again.

Sean replied respectfully, "She's safe at the moment. A faithful housekeeper has taken her to the countryside. Mr. Lindberg, do you think we've to bring her back after double-confirming her identity?"

Danrique shook his head. "Leave it first. Since she's safe at the moment and is leading a peaceful life, I'd better don't interrupt her. Most importantly, I need to get the matter of Lindberg Corporation resolved soonest possible. I'll see what I can do about her after that."

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"I got it." Sean nodded solemnly.

"Remind Gordon to keep an eye on Eva and Cece. We mustn't let anything happen to Cece again," he instructed Sean.

"I've already assigned Sloan and Mylo to trail behind them. I'll notify Gordon now." Seconds later, Sean uttered hesitantly, "Mr. Lindberg, there's something that I'm not sure if I should say..."

Danrique glowered at him and snapped, "If you're unsure about it, zip your mouth. Get out now if there's nothing else."

"Yes, Sir." Sean left right away with his head lowered. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling a surge of inexplicit uneasiness from within him.

"Sean, are you looking for me?" In the meantime, Gordon advanced toward him hurriedly.

"Mr. Lindberg assigned you to keep an eye on Ms. Cece to prevent anything from befalling her." Sean relayed Danrique's message to him.

"Okay, I'll go down." Gordon turned and was about to stride off. Even so, Sean grabbed hold of his arm and asked curiously, "Did you sense anything awry about Ms. Cece?"

"Huh? What do you mean?" Gordon asked in bafflement.

Sean pointed out grimly, "I feel she looks a bit similar to someone, in terms of appearance, the way she talks, temperament..."

"Who's that?" Gordon cut him off desperately.

After scanning the surroundings alertly, Sean leaned closer to Gordon and whispered, "Dr. Felch!"