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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1885

Chapter 1885 You Must Be Careful

Francesca couldn't help but feel threatened. She had heard that men all liked ladies with full, sexy figures. Could Danrique be the same?

She turned to look at him, and he happened to be staring at her as well. "Are you hungry? Do you want to get a bite to eat in the lounge?"

"That sounds great."

Francesca was starting to want to leave. She was beginning to feel the stares of countless people just focused on her, and she didn't like it.

Danrique gestured subtly and two female bodyguards showed up to bring Francesca away.

Francesca turned around after a few steps only to see Hazel sitting in what had been Francesca's seat, elegantly having a conversation with Danrique.

She frowned, feeling her heart clench a little bit. Did Danrique just want to get me away so he could talk to other women?

"Cece!"

Suddenly, a cheerful voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

She looked at and saw Eva.

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Eva was dressed rather subtly today. She was in a pale lavender gown and had been sipping wine with a few other socialites in the corner. All this time, she hadn't dared to go near Danrique.

After all, the three great families were here. She wasn't important enough to steal the spotlight.

"Hi!" Francesca said before asking teasingly, "Why aren't you going to talk to Danrique?"

"Ahem!" Eva cleared her throat awkwardly. "Anyway, I'm sorry for getting drunk yesterday and not taking better care of you."

"That's alright," Francesca said with a chuckle. "I'm going to rest in the lounge. Do you want to follow me?"

"Okay!" Eva said excitedly.

The two of them arrived at the lounge, where the caterers had already laid out a table of exquisite dishes.

Francesca started eating the moment she sat down, not caring about her supposed elegant image in the least.

Eva couldn't help but stare in surprise. "Cece, who exactly are you?"

"What?" Francesca raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"Well, I-" Eva stuttered, not knowing if she should be honest.

"You must be wondering, if I'm from some important organization who put me through rigorous training for this role, then why don't I have the elegance or manners to show for it? But it I'm not, how come I still seem like such a handful to pick with?"

Francesca was right on the money.

"Yes!" Eva nodded.

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"Well," Francesca giggled and placed a pastry onto Eva's plate. "What's the name of that pianist lady again?"

"Her name is Hazel," Eva replied. "She's Mr. Atkinson's only daughter, and he spent a lot of time shaping and perfecting her into the ideal woman. She did well despite those expectations and is extremely skilled and talented. In fact, she's the top pick for all three great families."

"Pick? Picked for what?" Francesca frowned.

"About that..." Eva trailed off hesitatingly.

"Are men allowed to have more than one wife here in Erihal?"

"No. We're strictly monogamous," Eva rushed to clarify. "The men in Erihal may be intimidating, but women aren't taken lightly either."

"That's weird." Francesca said in confusion. "Danrique already told them he had a fiancée, so why are they trying to push a girlfriend onto him?"

"I'm sorry for being straightforward," Eva said as she looked down on the ground. "But you and Danrique haven't gotten married yet. You also don't have any important background- actually, they can't even figure out where you came from. They couldn't care less about you."

"Oh. That makes sense." Francesca nodded.

Eva sighed. "That's why you have to be careful."

With a curious frown, Francesca asked, "Careful about what?"

Eva looked at her, a little bit lost for words. "You don't understand, do you? Think about it. If they want to reach Danrique, they have to get rid of you first."

"Oh!" Francesca's eyes widened. "That also makes sense!"

Eva suddenly thought of something and hurriedly tossed the pastry away. "Crap, these pastries wouldn't have been poisoned, would they?"

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“Probably not,” Francesca said as she continued munching away. “The pastries are fine. The fruit tea, however, is not.”

“What?” Eva widened her eyes in shock. “Are you serious? Don’t mess with me!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1886

Chapter 1886 Pretend To Be Vulnerable

“Did you drink it?” Francesca was still eating.

Eva held the cup of fruit tea and gave Francesca a helpless look.

“You’ll be fine, don’t worry.” Francesca then took a sip of the tea.

“What?”

Eva was stunned. Didn’t she say there’s poison in the fruit tea? Why did she drink it?

While Eva was working out the logic in her mind, she started feeling dizzy. She cupped her head with her hands and panicked. “M-My head is spinning. Is it because of the poison?”

“Go on, and take a little nap. You’ll be fine.” Francesca continued taking another sip of the fruit tea as if she was not bothered.

“Help-”

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The color drained out of Eva's face. She wanted to run out to get help, but the moment she stood up, she instantly collapsed onto the couch.

"You poor thing. I must have frightened you."

After taking a glance at Eva, Francesca turned around to check the surroundings. There was dead silence outside the room. It looks like someone had distracted the two female bodyguards.

She was determined to find out the culprit who tried to poison her.

Francesca clapped her hands and lolled on the couch. She then shut her eyes and pretended to fall asleep.

Seconds later, someone opened the door and entered the room.

"Quick."

"All right."

Someone walked up to Francesca.

Francesca could feel danger approaching. She opened her eyes and saw a woman standing in front of her.

The woman dressing as a maid was about to inject her with a syringe.

Upon noticing the hard glint in Francesca's eyes, the maid froze and did not know what to do.

She was surprised that Francesca was wide awake.

Another maid, who seemed to be more alert, immediately stepped up and pinned Francesca to the couch. She then turned to her partner and said, "Quick!"

The maid was ready to jab Francesca with the syringe.

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Francesca immediately lifted her leg and kicked the maid. She then grabbed the other maid's shoulders and shoved her to the back, causing the maid to collapse onto the coffee table.

"You-"

The two maids' faces turned pallid. They looked at Francesca in disbelief and were taken aback by how strong the petite woman was.

Francesca smirked and looked up at them with a cold look.

When the two maids were about to take her down, Francesca looked out of the room and yelled, "Help-"

Her reaction caught the two maids off guard. They had no choice but to flee from the window.

At the same time, two bodyguards then barged into the room.

One of the bodyguards ran after the two maids, while the other walked up to Francesca to check on her. "Are you all right, Ms. Cece?"

"My head is spinning-" Francesca massaged her temples. She acted as if she was vulnerable.

Soon, Danrique walked in and noticed how frail Francesca looked. His expression turned grim and ordered, "Find them, and bring them back alive!"

"Yes, Sir!" Gordon immediately instructed his subordinates to look for the two maids.

"What happened?"

Kevin and Gerard rushed over and were shocked to see Francesca like this.

On the contrary, Harrier remained calm. "Are you all right? Shall we call a doctor?"

"Eva-" Donald walked up to Eva when he noticed she was lying unconscious on the couch. "What's going on?"

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"I want all of you to get to the bottom of this."

"Yes, Sir."

Danrique scanned the room and noticed the coffee table was shoved out of its original position. After studying the mess on the carpet for a few seconds, he turned around and asked Francesca, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Francesca looked like she had jumped out of her skin.

Danrique kept mum. He carried her in his arms and walked out of the room.

Francesca leaned on his chest as if she had found a haven.

After leaving the room, she bumped into Hazel, who looked bewildered.

When their gaze met, Francesca could see the jealousy in her eyes. Nonetheless, Hazel did not give out any other complicated emotions.

I don't think she's the one behind this.

Who is the mastermind then? That few men?

Men are indeed vicious and cunning creatures.