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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1887

Chapter 1887 Suspicion

When Danrique passed through the hall, he saw there were still a few well-dressed aristocratic ladies who were waiting for their turn. Aside from Hazel, the three great families also planned to introduce a few more ladies to Danrique.

The families didn't expect the banquet to go wrong before the ladies could show up.

At that moment, there was no one else but Francesca in his eyes.

Upon getting into the car, he examined her. "Are you all right?"

"My head's spinning..." Francesca weakly lay in her seat.

"Call Dr. Killian," Danrique ordered.

"No need!" She stopped him. "I'm just a little frightened. That's all. I'll be fine once I sleep."

"Really?" He stared at her clear eyes.

"Mhm." She nodded.

Danrique gestured for his subordinate to drive. "Very well."

At that moment, Kevin and Nathan rushed over to their location to see them off.

"I'm sorry for tonight, Danrique. I promise you, we'll investigate the matter and give you an explanation of what happened to your birthday banquet," Kevin apologized regretfully.

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"That's right. We'll investigate it thoroughly," Nathan added.

"No need," Danrique replied coldly. "My people will handle it."

"That..."

"I'm leaving. Goodbye." Danrique waved before the car left.

At that moment, Francesca shifted her line of sight to the outside of the window. She saw Hazel standing at the side of the road staring at them with a disappointed expression.

Danrique glanced at her for a second before looking away. As he did, his eyes met with Francesca's sharp look.

His eyebrows furrowed. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Do you like Hazel?" Francesca stared at him coldly.

"No. I like you," he answered swiftly.

She narrowed her eyes and questioned, "Then why do you keep stringing her along?"

"What do you mean by that?" His Chanaean wasn't good enough to understand it.

"It's..." She wanted to explain, but she changed her mind when the words arrived on her lips. "In any case, it's a problem."

Instead of answering, he asked, "Do you remember how we first met back then?"

"What?" She couldn't recall.

"Don't remember?" He stared at her profoundly. "How about the city? Do you remember which city it is?"

"Didn't we meet on a mountain?" Francesca replied casually, "It's been a long time. Who would've remembered?"

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There was a subtle change in Danrique's look when he heard that. Ultimately, he chose to stay silent.

She was quite annoyed he refused to answer her question about Hazel truthfully, so she turned her head away and ignored him.

They didn't say a word to each other on the way back.

Upon arriving home, he wanted to carry her down from the car, but she got off by herself and headed straight into the castle.

He furrowed his eyebrows as he stared at her back and ordered, "Go investigate."

"Roger!" Sean replied. He was smart, so of course, he knew what Danrique was thinking.

Francesca was still huffing slightly when she returned to her room. Soon after, she returned to her senses. Wait, why am I angry? I'm just pretending to be his fiancée. It's not real. He can love whoever he wants. Besides, I'll be leaving sooner or later...

When her train of thought ended there, she crawled up and put all the delicate jewelry in the jewelry box into a bag.

Then she retrieved her backpack from the ceiling of the restroom and shoved the jewelry bag into the backpack. I have to find a way to leave here as soon as possible. No more delays...

Inside the study, Danrique was drinking a cup of cold wine. He stared at the old photo on his pocket watch. Then, he superimposed Cece's image on Francesca's appearance in his mind. Both of them should be the same person, so why didn't she remember? Additionally, her eyes were no longer simple and pure, like back then. The current her has a sharp look, knows how to disguise herself, and even scheme... Is she really Cece?