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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1882

Chapter 1882 I Would Like A Glimpse Too

“Mr. Lindberg!”

A bunch of people dressed to the nines walked toward Danrique and greeted him in Erihalean.

Francesca hadn't known a lick of Erihalean when she first came, so all she had picked up were a couple of phrases from living in the castle for the past few days.

By the sound of it, she realized that these were the right-hand men of the Harrington, Yarrow, and Atkinson families.

They were still treating him with a lot of respect and Francesca couldn't really tell that anything was up.

Feuds between families were always complicated, though, and Francesca couldn't be bothered to think about it.

She wouldn't have had to think about it if she hadn't sensed that they kept glancing over at her, as if trying to figure out where she came from.

Danrique didn't introduce her to them, and they didn't ask either. They simply continued chatting until they reached the palace.

The palace was practically shimmering with gold and bright lights. The opalescent diamond chandeliers glittered and the music flowed gently among the large hall. It created an elegant, romantic atmosphere along with the soft chatter from the well-dressed guests.

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It was quite the grand sight.

However, the moment Danrique walked into the hall with Francesca, everyone turned to look and bowed at them.

Two middle-aged men walked over and greeted Danrique enthusiastically.

Francesca didn't really understand, but she managed to catch that they were the heads of the Yarrow and Atkinson families.

They weren't as humble as the right-hand men from before, but they were enthusiastic and friendly, as if they were a pair of uncles who were proud of their successful nephew. They even asked about Francesca.

Danrique placed an arm around her shoulder and said, "This is my fiancée, Cece."

"Fiancée?"

The Yarrow and Atkinson families were both extremely shocked and their expressions became almost theatrical.

"Wow! The two of them were busy picking out suitable candidates for you. To think that you've already got a fiancée!"

Francesca looked up at the sound of a casual voice and saw a tall, handsome man.

He looked to be about thirty to forty years old and his eyes were extremely deep-set. His features were chiseled like that of a Roman bust and he had a dangerous aura radiating from his gaze despite the fake smile on his lips.

The fake smile remained as he looked Francesca up and down.

She wasn't scared in the slightest. On the contrary, she stared back with a raised eyebrow, looking for all the world as if she was ready to challenge him.

After all, she had already seen a countless number of carnivorous beasts in the wild. Why would she be afraid of any human being?

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She wasn't even afraid of Danrique, so she certainly wouldn't be afraid of him.

"We were planning to announce it soon. What's the rush, anyway?"

Danrique brought Francesca in closer to his embrace as he spoke and stared at the other man coldly. "Hello, Harrier."

"Where did you find your little girlfriend, Danrique?" Harrier finally looked away from Francesca and at Danrique instead. "She's pretty cute."

Danrique frowned.

Kevin immediately spoke up to get rid of the tension. "Harrier, you know Danrique doesn't appreciate jokes like that. You should know better as an elder."

"Yes!" Gerard said. "Since Danrique already has a fiancée, we-

"Come on, Mr. Atkinson, you already brought your daughter to the banquet. He has to at least take a look, doesn't he?" Harrier said with an ambiguous smile. "And you too, Mr. Yarrow. You may not have a daughter, but I heard that you brought your niece here to be part of the line-up. How could we simply cancel such an extravagant pageant for the one and only Danrique Lindberg?"

"Harrier!"

Danrique was already on the verge of losing his temper.

"Danrique, everyone got this ready just for you. You can't just chase them away now, right? Just take a look. I'm sure this future missus won't mind, right?"

Harrier sounded completely nonchalant, as if he were trying to coddle Danrique.

It would have been hard to get angry at him without a concrete reason.

Danrique was about to speak when Francesca opened her mouth. "Sure! I'd love to see them."

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Everyone turned to look at her. She may have been petite, but her eyes gleamed and she seemed completely at ease in such a difficult situation.