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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1883

Chapter 1883 Rivals

Danrique looked at Francesca deeply and gestured nonchalantly.

Essentially, he was saying to let them do whatever his fiancée wanted.

Harrier looked at Francesca meaningfully before clapping his hands twice. The music immediately stopped and the chattering guests retreated knowingly.

The curtains raised up and the stage lit up brightly.

Kevin and Gerald started to bring Danrique to his seat.

Everyone else only dared to sit down after Danrique and the other three great families had been seated.

Only then did Donald come over to greet them.

Danrique finally replied to someone for the first time that night and even invited him to sit down with them.

Only then did Francesca realize that he had always been there. Even though he was a shareholder of the company as well as a member of the Lindberg family, he still ranked below the three great families.

He was only able to sit down after Danrique and the other three great families sat down.

This only served to show how seriously Erihal took its hierarchy.

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Francesca glanced over but failed to catch a glimpse of Eva. She wondered if she was about to take part in the selection as well.

Still, Francesca didn't know what everyone meant by 'selection'. Was he supposed to select a girlfriend, a fiancée, or was Erihal simply a country wherein he was allowed to get married to more than one woman?

She was in the midst of her thoughts when the lights dimmed and the music smoothly switched from a gentle, romantic piano piece to a classy jazz number.

Some dancers dressed in sexy tight dresses began dancing to a seductive jazz choreography. Every single movement, expression and gaze was meant to unleash their most alluring self.

The three great families never stopped staring at Danrique for his reaction.

Danrique, however, wasn't the least bit interested in them. He simply stared at the performance with a cold stare as he sipped his wine.

Francesca, on the other hand, widened her eyes and admired the performers boldly. In Chanaean, she marveled, "Wow! Erihal ladies have great assets. Not only are their hips curvy, but their chests are too and their legs are so long!"

"Pft-" Danrique almost spat out his drink.

What is up with this woman? The others were trying to get him to choose another wife, and yet she was simply admiring the performances.

"Check out the bodies on those girls!"

She continued watching excitedly with a bright smile on her face. It was starting to seem as if these performances were meant for her and not Danrique.

Both the Yarrow and Atkinson families were staring in surprise while Harrier simply continued observing them with a hard-to-read smirk on his face.

As for Donald, he glanced at Francesca and turned to apologize to Danrique.

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"I'm sorry, Danrique. Yesterday, Eva brought Ms. Cece out but she ended up getting drunk herself and didn't manage to take good care of Ms. Cece. I've already sternly reprimanded her earlier today and also punished those bodyguards."

Here, he paused and turned to apologize to Francesca. "Ms. Cece, I wish to apologize on behalf of Eva's irresponsibility. I can't let this just pass as a senior of the family. Please give me a time and date so that I can treat you and Danrique properly this time."

"Don't worry about it. Eva was great-"

Francesca didn't get to finish her sentence as a loud round of applause washed over her voice.

The jazz choreography had finished and a Latin dance performance was now going onstage.

The cheerful music lit up the atmosphere, but Danrique seemed completely unaffected. He even began entertaining the idea of leaving.

Francesca, however, continued to watch enthusiastically and clapped along to the rhythm of the music.

Danrique smiled at the sight of her happiness. So she likes to watch these performances, he mused.

Gerard and Kevin glanced at each other and signaled for the butler to arrange to cut the performances short and push the real purpose of the show forward.

Harrier just smirked coldly as he continued observing everything quietly.

Soon enough, the Latin choreography finished as well.

The lights switched from the exciting flashing lights from before to a soft but bright glow of spotlights directed right at a white piano in the center of the stage. A lady dressed in a floor-length champagne gold gown walked toward it gracefully and sat down before beginning to play.

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The woman was tall and slender, and her features were delicate and breathtakingly beautiful. Even the way she lifted her fingers screamed elegance and riches. She was obviously from a well-off family.