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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1891

Chapter 1891 Restroom Talk

"Let's ask Mr. Lindberg." Eva turned to Danrique.

She wanted to say something, but she was afraid of cutting him off.

"Are you bored, Ms. Cece?" Surprisingly, Hazel took the initiative to ask Francesca about it.

She stood up and approached them with a smile. "There's still half an hour before the show starts. I can accompany you two for a walk."

"Sounds good to me," Francesca accepted.

The three women stepped out of the lounge and strolled down the theater's corridor.

A dozen of bodyguards followed behind them.

"I heard that Ms. Cece is from Zarain." Hazel started a friendly chat with Francesca. "My mother is from Zarain, too. I like it there. I visit the country once every year..."

"I see." Francesca was looking around, searching for a spot to escape.

"What do you do, Ms. Cece?" Hazel asked again. "My specialty is business management, though I also have some interest in arts. What about—"

"I don't have any specialty," Francesca replied plainly. "I do have some interest in jewelry and real estate, though."

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“That’s pretty good.” Hazel was surprised. “So you studied jewelry and architectural design?”

“No, I just want to turn them into money,” Francesca answered casually.

Eva snorted. I’ve seen just how eccentric Francesca can be. You’ll never guess what she’ll say next, Hazel. Her mind is different from normal people’s.

As expected, Hazel was taken aback by the answer. Still, she asked, “So you’re in the business sector?”

“No, no, no.” Francesca shook her head. “I don’t know how to do business. I just want to make money!”

Eva couldn’t hold back any longer and laughed.

Soon, Hazel’s expression darkened for a split second, because she felt she was made fun of. But, she quickly returned to her usual graceful self and smiled. “You’re so funny, Ms. Cece.”

“Hehe!”

Francesca turned around to see the path not too far from her and saw a bunch of actors walking onto the stage. It would appear the show was starting.

A few actors were pushing cages with protective covers on them. The low growling of beasts could be heard from within.

An idea suddenly popped into her mind.

“What are you looking at, Ms. Cece?” Hazel followed Francesca’s line of sight.

“It’s nothing.” Francesca looked away. “I’m going to the restroom.”

“There’s one in the lounge—” Just as Eva suggested it, Francesca had already entered the restroom in the corridor.

So, she followed Francesca in.

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"I'll wait for you two outside," Hazel said and waited.

"What do you think about Hazel?" Francesca asked after Eva joined her.

"She's pretty good. She had always been the top student ever since she was a kid. No one can stop talking about how great she is. She's also pretty prideful and never once took me seriously. I don't talk with her much, so I don't know her personality..." Eva's answer was pretty to the point. "However, because she's the direct descendant of one of the three great families, everyone will do their best to make her marry Danrique!"

"How, though?" Francesca found it funny. "Danrique doesn't like her. It doesn't matter how excellent she is."

"That's hard to say." Eva glanced at the door and lowered her voice. "In recent years, the four great families' relationship had been shattered pretty badly. If Danrique marries her, then that relationship will be restored, and peace will return. If he doesn't, that means he wants sole control of everything. In that case, the other three great families will work together to go against Danrique."

"That's so complicated." Francesca washed her hands. "Where does your uncle stand?"

"Uhm..." Eva was taken aback for a second before replying, "My uncle's family name is Lindberg, so of course, he's going to side with Danrique."

"Your uncle taught you to say that, right?" Francesca smirked. "I think he's just going to watch the fight unfold before siding with the winner."

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1892

Chapter 1892 Sticky Situation

"That's..." Eva felt awkward. She didn't know what to say to that.

Even though they had only met a few times, Francesca already had complete control over her. There was no way for her to disguise herself in front of Francesca.

"Everyone only cares about their personal benefits when it comes to a power struggle. Situations like that don't leave room for relationships or comradery," Francesca commented seriously. "Doing business is like fighting on a battlefield, where the strong prey on the weak. Reality is very cruel, so if there's a chance to avoid getting involved, why not choose that option?"

"Uhm..." Eva was still struggling to understand what that meant when Francesca was already on her way into the restroom cubicle. She shook her head, ignored what Francesca said, and touched up her makeup by using the mirror in the restroom.

Many years later, she would recall their conversation today and regretted it for not taking Francesca's word to heart.

Francesca was sitting on the toilet as she tried to summon the animals. She failed even after multiple attempts, likely because the distance was too great.

It made her a little sad because she intentionally went to the restroom to summon the animals to help her escape. I guess this isn't going to work. Time for another plan.

"Ah!"

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Suddenly, she heard a scream coming from the outside.

It stunned her for a second before she rushed out to check what was going on.

It turned out there was a bug crawling on the mirror. Eva was so freaked out by it that she screamed.

Francesca grabbed the bug and shoved it into her pocket.

At that moment, the restroom door burst open. Two female bodyguards rushed in with their guns, prepared to fight against whatever caused Eva screamed.

They sighed when they saw it was just a bug.

One of the bodyguards squashed the bug and escorted Francesca and Eva out.

“What happened—” Before Hazel could finish her sentence, Gordon had already rushed over to them with bodyguards.

A sigh of relief escaped his mouth when he saw Francesca was fine.

The entire process, from Eva screaming to Gordon arriving, only lasted for a minute.

That made Francesca realize she couldn't escape if she didn't have help.

All of Danrique's subordinates had gone through hellish training, and so all of them had very sharp senses.

After what happened last night, they became even more alert.

If someone wanted to hurt her, they wouldn't find an opportunity to do so. It also meant she wouldn't be able to escape easily.

“What happened?” Danrique walked out of the lounge and asked.

“False alarm,” Gordon reported.

Danrique glanced at Eva silently before extending his hand toward Francesca.

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Francesca naturally extended her hand toward him and let him grab it before walking away with him.

She could feel Hazel's disappointment and jealousy when she passed her by.

"Are you all right, Hazel?" Harrier asked warmly.

Hazel shook her head and walked with him behind Danrique.

Donald scolded Eva. "What's the matter with you? It's just a bug. Do you have to scream?"

"I'm afraid of bugs, Uncle Donald..." Eva explained aggrievedly.

Donald glared at her coldly before catching up with the group.

Eva followed behind silently and aggrievedly.

They arrived on the second floor of the theater. It had a direct view of the stage. There was also a long table there with lots of delicious food sitting on top of it.

Danrique brought Francesca to the middle seat. Harrier, Hazel, Donald, and Eva sat by the couple's side.

Just as they were seated, a couple of beautiful ladies joined them and politely greeted Danrique and Harrier.

Danrique furrowed his eyebrows and stared at Harrier coldly. "You arranged this?"

"What's the point of watching a performance without beautiful ladies around?" Harrier smiled and gestured for the ladies to take a seat.

Danrique was unhappy about it, but he didn't say anything.

Francesca was fine with it because she didn't care.

She kept examining her surrounding as she drank wine. There are so many bodyguards at the back. They're directly blocking the entrance, too. This is a sticky situation...

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