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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1893

Chapter 1893 The Strong Dominate The Weak

Music started to play in the theater. The prelude to the show was a few clowns performing a couple of pretty neat tricks. It brought the audience's emotions in the direction they wanted for the real show that would be coming up soon.

Harrier watched the show as he chatted with Hazel about work.

When Hazel expressed her thoughts, her new ideas attracted Danrique's attention. The three of them started talking about work again.

Donald wanted to join a few times but failed because his line of thinking was different from theirs.

It made him feel exasperated, but there was nothing he could do. So, he changed course and enthusiastically greeted Francesca instead. He even introduced her to the history of the circus.

She wasn't at all interested in that as she stared at the audience below with furrowed eyebrows.

It was her assumption that Danrique booked the entire place. That way, she could summon the animals to escape.

However, with so many people around, she couldn't do that. Otherwise, she'd be risking hurting innocent people.

So, that idea wasn't going to work.

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Perhaps she really wouldn't be able to escape today?

"All right, all right, let's stop here." Harrier smiled. "I think you should spend time with your fiancée, Danrique. Look at how bored she is right now."

"Are you hungry?" Danrique had no experience in wooing women, so he grabbed a small piece of rib for her. "Eat."

"Okay." Francesca grabbed the rib and dug into the it.

"There's fork and knife here, Cece," Eva reminded in a small voice.

"It's quite convenient eating it like this." Francesca didn't care. She even licked her finger.

The other ladies were shocked by her unsightly behavior when they saw that.

They wondered which mountain village she had crawled out of.

Danrique tenderly wiped the stain on her face away. There wasn't at all any disdain in his eyes, only love.

Hazel saw that and lowered her head disappointingly. She raised her cup and drank her wine.

Eva, on the other hand, was jealous.

Harrier swirled his cup as a mysterious smirk appeared on his face.

At that moment, the clowns left, and the light turned dark. The music started to sound mysterious.

A few metal rings of fire had descended upon the big stage.

Two beast tamers walked out of backstage with eight lions.

The lions roared, causing a wave of screams from the audience.

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Francesca felt uncomfortable when she saw that. The lion, as the king of all animals, should be living a free life in the jungle instead of being tortured and tamed by humans to perform stupid shows on the stage. This is against the law of nature...

The music intensified as the beast tamers swung their whips and the lions jumped through the hoops.

Claps were heard from the audience.

Hazel, Eva, and the other ladies clapped too.

Francesca didn't react to it at all. She simply lowered her head and continued to eat, despite already losing her appetite.

"What's wrong?" Danrique asked caringly. "You don't like the show?"

"Why does a circus have a thing like this?" Francesca asked coldly.

He stared deeply and profoundly at her.

"Humans are the kings of the world. It's only natural that the strong tames and forces the weak to obey their will." Harrier smiled. "Isn't that right, Danrique?"

"That's right," Danrique replied plainly. "The strong dominate the weak! It's the same for people!"

That sentence sounded light and faint, as though it didn't leave a trace, yet it also felt oppressive.

The wine cup in Harrier's hand shook slightly as he narrowed his eyes.

It was obvious that Danrique was saying he was the strong while Harrier, the weak, could only ever obey him.

"That's so narrow-minded." Francesca couldn't agree with the idea. "I think the strong have a responsibility to use their strength to protect the weak!"

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When Danrique heard that, he was taken aback. Seven years ago, fourteen-year-old Cece said the same thing to him.

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