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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1946

Layla was confident as she added, "You just have to find a way to bring me along with you to the banquet."

"I don't think there will be any problems with that"

Francesca remarked.

Her gaze dropped before she continued, "But Anthony is still in the castle. What would happen to him if we just leave like this?"

"The person you like doesn't have such a horrible personality, right?"

Layla inquired, a smile on her face.

Enter title...

"I don't think he'd use Anthony to threaten us if he's a decent person."

Francesca fell silent upon hearing Layla's words. She knew that Danrique would not do so.

However, for some unknown reason, she did not feel like carrying out the plan.

"Do you no longer want to leave, Francesca?" Layla asked.

She could tell that Francesca was hesitant.

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"We could stay, and you could get married to him in peace."

"No. Francesca shook her head frantically.

"I have to leave. I must leave!" Layla sighed.

"Take your time, Francesca. Make your decision after giving it some serious consideration"

With that, Layla silently went to the side and started tidying up.

Francesca, on the other hand, experienced a flood of conflicting emotions as she sat on the sofa, hugging her knees.

After spending time with Danrique, she acknowledged that she did feel something for him.

However, she had too many worries and still had a lot to do. She felt as though she were a bird trapped in a gold cage while she was there.

Therefore, she had to leave.

As time passed, a knock was heard, followed by Norah's voice.

"May I come in, Ms. Cece?"

"Please come in"

Francesca responded.

Norah had brought a maid with her and was ready to clean up.

However, she realized that the food on the table was untouched.

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Concerned, she asked, "Are you feeling unwell, Ms.Cece?"

Before Francesca could say anything, Layla had replied in her stead, "she has been experiencing stomach ache today.But fear not; I've already given her some medication,"

"Should we call a doctor?" Norah asked quickly.

"No.It's just a minute problem"

Francesca replied before glancing at Layla.

"You should come with me later, Ms.Layla.And bring along the medicine"

"Very well.I'll get ready for it right now, "Layla answered as she hurriedly returned to the room to prepare.Norah then reported the happenings to

Danrique, who had just finished changing and was in the process of putting on his shoes.Meanwhile, Sean stood next to him, holding his jacket.Sean felt something off when he heard Norah telling them about how Francesca had an upset stomach and wanted to bring along the new, elderly medical staff.

Danrique, on the other hand, questioned nothing as he immediately agreed.

As a result, Sean refrained from saying anything else.

He merely instructed Kerrie to accompany them and even arranged for more female bodyguards to be on duty.

The snow had stopped falling when they were out.

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However, the snowy blanket that enveloped the ground somehow illuminated the night.

Francesca entered the car with her coat wrapped around her, and the image of that was nothing short of adorable.

Danrique nudged the top of her head with his chin as he embraced her close to him.

Oddly, he felt content despite no exchange of words.

The sight of Danrique's larger frame engulfing Francesca's tinier one was endearing.

Francesca no longer resisted Danrique's affections and was snuggling close to him like a docile kitten.

Meanwhile, Layla could not help but feel mixed emotions as she witnessed the scene.

The journey proceeded in silence.

After a while, the convoy arrived at the presidential palace.

Francesca gazed out the window to assess the situation.

The place was heavily guarded, as anticipated.

However, after experiencing the formidable security of the Lindberg residence, she was unfazed by anything.

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Frank's desire to take over Lindberg Corporation was understandable, given that the company itself was quite striking.

After a glance at Layla, Francesca knew that the former had memorized the route and was ready.

"What's on your mind? You seem to be in a daze"

Danrique stated as he gently grabbed Francesca's chin to get her to look at him.

"I was wondering whether this banquet tonight was a trap," Francesca replied, a sense of unease creeping into her heart.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1947

"What if it is a trap?"

Danrique retorted arrogantly.

"There's nothing in this world that could restrain me." He spoke in an airy manner.

However, the confidence behind his words did not go unnoticed.

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Immediately, Francesca felt more at ease.

Danrique had a point—he was an excellent fighter; it would be difficult to trap him.

Enter title...

On top of that, Erihal was Danrique’s territory.

Even Frank was powerless against him.

“You don’t have to worry too much.I’m here?”

Danrique said as he ruffled Francesca’s hair and pinched her cheeks, his eyes filled with affection.

Francesca was no longer resisting his affection at that point.

Instead, she grew accustomed to it.

However, she remained staring out of the window as there seemed to be something weighing on her mind.

The car finally stopped outside the presidential palace, where members of the three great families were waiting for Danrique by the entrance.

Oliver, the butler of the presidential palace, came forward to open the car door and greeted Danrique respectfully, “Welcome, Mr.Lindberg!”

Danrique got out of the car and nodded in return.

Francesca then got out of the other side of the car.

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Oliver was not shocked upon seeing her and instead greeted her with due respect.

He was clearly aware that Danrique intended to bring her along.

Francesca instinctively extended her hand and placed it in Danrique's as he reached out his hand before following him to welcome the others.

Despite still wearing her favorite sneakers that night, Francesca did not look bad.

Instead, paired with the elegant gown, she somehow looked like an enchanting fairy.

In addition, many people thought she lacked manners and would struggle to adjust to the setting.

But to their amazement, she acted with grace. She was confident and natural without losing her charm! Even Sean and Gordon were taken aback by Francesca's poise and began to view her differently.

After entering the castle, Francesca realized that William, too, was present.

Nevertheless, Donald, who was usually the life of the party, was absent.

In a way, it was understandable given that William was still a prince despite his tense relationship with the king.

Therefore, it was only appropriate for Frank to extend an invitation to William to

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the banquet after learning about the latter's presence in Xendale.

Donald did not deserve a spot at Frank's banquet, even though he was frequently invited to events thrown by the four great families. He could not attend even if he really wanted to.

Thus, he had nervously gone to see Danrique earlier on.

Unfortunately, Danrique ignored him.

Ever since Francesca's identity had been brought to light, William had left Danrique Castle and went to the other castles without keeping in touch with her. His gaze was all on Francesca as it was a rare opportunity for him to see her.

However, he had no courage to start a conversation.

Francesca, on the other hand, did not hold back as she took the initiative to greet him.

"William!"

"Francesca; William murmured gently, looking at Danrique with unease. However, he was immediately relieved when he noticed that the latter's face showed no traces of displeasure.

"Do you know Ms. Cece, Prince William?"

Harrier finally inquired after a period of silent observation. William said nothing in

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return.

Francesca, on the other hand, was upfront about it.

“Yes, we are acquainted. Do you have a problem with that?”

“No. Not at all. It’s an honor to be acquainted with you, Ms. Cece; Harrier

explained humorously.

“Thank you!”

Francesca exclaimed. She gave his wrist a fleeting glance before averting her

gaze and following Danrique inside the castle.

The three great families immediately followed suit, with Robin pushing William

along.

Danrique and William exchanged a few words. He even asked the latter if he

was used to the climate in Xendale.

It seemed that the two were still good friends.

Francesca scanned the area and caught no sight of Hazel; only her father,

Gerard, was there. He was walking alongside Kevin and Harrier.

Is the marriage between Mr. Adams and Hazel actually happening tonight? If so,

won’t Danrique’s status be affected? Francesca could not help but feel slightly

unsettled by the thought.

“Danrique!”

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A deep voice called out just as Francesca was deep in thought. She lifted her head and saw a well-dressed middle-aged man striding over.

This must be Frank.

Frank was tall and looked rather ordinary.

Despite the kindness in his eyes, the underlying gleam of shrewdness did not go unnoticed.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1948

“Mr. Adams!”

Danrique shook hands with the man and introduced Francesca, who was standing next to him.

“She’s Cece, my fiancée.”

Frank wasn’t surprised to hear that at all.

Instead, he teased playfully, “Your fiancée is pretty! We’ve been worried about your future, but it looks like you’ve already found yourself a significant other.”

“Sorry. I should’ve told you guys sooner.”

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Enter title...

Danrique smiled.

“Haha.I’m slightly older than you, so I’m like your big brother.You know, I love to worry about my younger siblings.”

Frank patted Danrique on the shoulder intimately like they were truly blood brothers.

Danrique lifted the corners of his lips and flashed a polite smile.

“Welcome, Cece!”

Frank stretched out his hand toward Francesca, who shook his hand while observing it, making sure there was no wound on it.

“Everyone, please.”

Frank welcomed everyone into the castle.

There were colorful lights and romantic music playing in the castle.

The nobles and aristocrats who were dressed in formal outfits were chatting quietly with each other.

Upon seeing Frank enter with Danrique and the members of the three great families, they immediately approached and greeted Danrique enthusiastically.

Danrique, who usually disliked attending banquets like this, was especially cooperative that day.He greeted each and every one of them courteously and

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even introduced Francesca to them.

Francesca linked arms with Danrique and felt inexplicably uneasy. She never intended to marry Danrique, but the latter still introduced her to everyone.

Would people think of me as Danrique's fiancée when they see me in the future?

"Mr. Lindberg!"

Just as Francesca's thoughts were running wild, a melodious voice rang out.

Francesca lifted her head and saw Hazel strolling over in a gorgeous silver gown. She was slender and tall with an air of elegance, and coupled with the gown she was wearing, she exuded the natural aura of a noble.

Frank reached his hand out to the woman, who placed her hand in his without hesitation.

The two of them didn't look like a good match at all.

Francesca sighed inwardly. I don't know how old Frank is, but he looks a lot older than Hazel. He doesn't look handsome, too.

In terms of appearance, Hazel is way out of Frank's league. It's okay if Hazel admires his capability, but if she's only with him for the money...

Francesca had always thought that ambitions were like quicksand.

When a person's ambitions were too wild, he or she would be swallowed whole

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by them.

“Hazel!”

Danrique greeted Hazel courteously.

“We’ve been waiting for your arrival.You’re finally here.”

Hazel smiled at Danrique and greeted Francesca, “Ms.Cece, good evening!”

“Good evening!”

Francesca could clearly feel Hazel’s hostility.

Not even her elegant smile could hide that.

“Hazel, please bring Ms.Cece to the back hall to get some rest.I’ll have a chat

with Danrique” said Frank while holding Hazel’s shoulder intimately.

“Okay-”

Hazel lifted her hand and gestured for Francesca to follow her.

Francesca glanced at Danrique before leaving with Hazel.

Afterward, Sean shot the two female bodyguards a look, and they immediately

followed Francesca.

Meanwhile, Layla and Kerrie were about to go with them too but were stopped

by people in the castle.

Oliver sent someone to bring them to the side hall and even explained to them

that everyone was only allowed to bring two subordinates with them during the

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banquet.

The rest would all be sent to the side hall.

Even Danrique brought only Sean and Gordon with him.

Therefore, there were only two female bodyguards accompanying Francesca.

Layla had an ominous feeling about it.

However, she had no choice but to obey the banquet's arrangements.

As Hazel led Francesca to the back hall, she ran into her father, Gerard, on the way.

The two chatted for a bit, and Francesca waited at the side.

At that moment, Harrier came over to chat with Gerard.

One of the waiters bumped into him by accident and caused the wine in his hand to spill all over Francesca

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"I'm sorry!"

Harrier apologized right away and turned to reprimand the waiter, "What are you doing? Are you blind?"

The waiter bowed and apologized incessantly, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

"It's okay," said Francesca, not wanting to make things hard for the waiter.

Upon seeing the scene unfold, Hazel and Gerard immediately went over to handle the situation.

Enter title...

A subordinate of the Atkinson family took out his handkerchief and handed it to Francesca, who happened to notice a bruise on the former's left hand.

That was, apparently, a bite wound from a snake.

Francesca's pupils constricted as a cold gleam flashed past her eyes.

It turned out that the person behind her kidnapping was Gerard Atkinson.

That day at the cabin in the mountains, the head of the kidnapers was bitten by the poisonous snake that she had summoned.

Although that was a long time ago, it would surely leave a scar.

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Therefore, she had been on the lookout for someone who had a bite wound on their hand.

Initially, she had thought it was Harrier, but to her surprise, it was Gerard instead.

Needless to say, a big shot like Gerard would never take matters into his own hands when it came to committing such a crime. He would, of course, send his most trusted assistant.

“Let’s go to the back hall, shall we? I’ll get someone to bring you a few more gowns for you to choose” said Hazel, sounding like the matriarch of the place.

“That won’t be necessary. I’ll just clean the gown.”

Francesca glanced at that subordinate before following Hazel to the lounge in the back hall.

The two female bodyguards of the Lindberg family, Heidi and Samantha, trailed behind them.

Francesca went to the washroom to try cleaning the wine stains on her gown, but after failing to do so, she decided to wait on the sofa in the lounge for Hazel’s subordinates to bring her a new gown.

“I’ll keep Ms, Cece company. The rest of you, please step out.”

Hazel sent her subordinates away before turning to look at Heidi and Samantha.

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The two bodyguards glanced at Francesca and only left after receiving a nod from the latter.

They didn't go far.

Instead, they stood guard by the door.

Hazel talked on the phone for a while and said to Francesca, "We've taken care of the waiter who bumped into you just now."

Francesca explained, "The waiter didn't bump into me. He bumped into Harrier, and the wine in Harrier's hand ended up spilling on me"

Hazel twirled the wine glass in her hand.

"How it happened didn't matter. The point is, you were offended. The audacity of him to offend Mr. Lindberg's fiancée! What a heinous act."

Knowing that she wouldn't be able to talk sense into the woman, Francesca stopped arguing with her about it and asked, "How did you guys take care of the matter?"

Hazel spoke casually.

"We put him in jail, of course. What a useless prick for making such a mistake during an important banquet."

Hearing that, Francesca lifted her head and looked at Hazel in utter

disbelief. She thought that the latter was just arrogant by nature, but she didn't

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expect the latter to be so evil and ruthless.

Perhaps to people like her, the petty lives of waiters weren't worth anything at all.

Such an arbitrary and imperious concept was deeply rooted in her nature, causing her to show that idealism in front of Francesca without reservation.

Francesca felt immensely uncomfortable, but she knew she couldn't reason with Hazel about this.

"Care for some wine?"

Hazel handed Francesca a glass of red wine.

Francesca took the wine glass and savored the rich and pleasant scent of alcohol.

After taking a sip, she praised, "This wine is good!"

"Oh? Do you have wine-tasting skills? Or are you just being ostentatious?"

Hazel curled her lips into a smile.

"What do you mean?"

Francesca raised her eyebrows.

"Actually, those who are qualified to become waiters here have good family backgrounds and high-degree educations. Even their height and appearances are taken into meticulous consideration..."

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Twirling her wine glass, Hazel remarked meaningfully, "When they came here, they had dreams and ambitions. However, once they made a mistake, things would be different."

Pausing for a while, she continued, "Mr. Lindberg is currently interested in you because you're like a breath of fresh air for him, and he's willing to give you anything. But who knows what will happen in the future? How long would he stay interested in you? Without support from your family's status, I'm afraid that not long after this, you'd end up like that waiter. Oh, you might even end up worse than him since you've always been the abandoned wife of a wealthy family"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1950

"Abandoned wife?"

Francesca couldn't help but chuckle when she heard the unfamiliar phrase.

"In this world, all kinds of relationships are based on equal exchange, including love. Now, you used your young and charming appearance in exchange for Danrique's love for you, but all this will expire one day. Once you begin to

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decline, everything will change, and there's no way you'd still get to enjoy his love. If I were you, I could at least get along with him peacefully due to my family background. But as for you, you'd end up getting abandoned since you do not have any backing. Perhaps you'd die, or perhaps you'd be put in jail and live a life worse than death. It's also possible that you'd be given as a gift to some other man..."

Enter title...

life worse than death. It's also possible that you'd be given as a gift to some other man..."

"Are you done?"

Annoyed, Francesca interrupted her, "I thought you've chosen Mr. Adams as your man. Why do you still concern yourself with our relationship?"

"It's not too late if you choose to back out now. Or else—"

Hazel put her wine glass down and closed in on Francesca, attempting to threaten her. However, before she could finish her sentence, the sound of knocking on the door interrupted her. Then, Gerard's voice came from outside.

"Hazel, please come out"

Hazel shot Francesca a cold glare before getting up to head out.

When Hazel opened the door, Francesca caught a glimpse of Gerard standing outside while wearing a grim expression.

Moreover, he was staring at Hazel with a stern look in his eyes.

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Francesca had a rough understanding of what was going on.

Gerard wanted Hazel to marry Frank, but Hazel was still in love with Danrique, which led her to pressure Francesca into giving up.

Noticing what his daughter had in mind, Gerard came in time to stop her.

Francesca was pretty sure that was the case.

As for the reason that Gerard sent someone to kidnap her previously was probably to create an opportunity for his daughter to pursue Danrique.

Frank hadn't offered them an olive branch at that time, after all.

They placed their focus on Danrique, thinking that once Francesca was out of the picture, Hazel would be able to marry the man.

If that was true, Gerard might also be the one who sent someone to knock Francesca and Eva unconscious during the banquet last time.

Does Danrique know about all this? Just as Francesca was mulling over her thoughts, there was once again a knock on the door.

Someone had brought gowns over for Francesca to choose from.

Francesca randomly chose one and was about to send them away when one of the maids asked her with a strange voice, "Miss, would you like me to help you change into the gown?"

Francesca lifted her eyes to glance at the maid and reacted almost immediately,

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“Okay.You can stay.The others may leave.”

“Noted.”

The other maids heeded her words and left the room.The maid locked the door and said to Francesca in a strained voice, “It’s me!”

“I know.”

Francesca sized Layla up before teasing her, “Ms.Layla, it’s amazing that you don’t look weird at all when disguised as a young maid in her thirties.”

“Why of course.I’m pretty by nature”

Layla twisted her hips and posed complacently, obviously pleased with herself.

“How did you get in? There are a lot of rules and regulations here, and it’s so heavily guarded...”

Francesca asked curiously.

“I just happen to have an idea”

Layla walked toward the window and observed the situation outside.

“Francesca, I’ve found a way to get you out of here.Just say the word, and I’ll bring you out.”

“H-How are you going to get me out?”

Francesca felt inexplicably uneasy at that moment, causing her to stutter nervously.

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“One of the noblewomen had an asthma attack just now due to something she ate. The castle’s private doctor examined her condition just now, and she needs to be sent to the hospital. The ambulance should be here any minute, so we could disguise as paramedics and blend in to hop onto the ambulance; explained Layla.

She then continued in a hushed voice, “The point is, have you thought it through? Do you want to leave or not?”

“I..”

Francesca was a little hesitant.

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