

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1886 – 1889

Chapter 1886 Pretend To Be Vulnerable

"Did you drink it?" Francesca was still eating.

Eva held the cup of fruit tea and gave Francesca a helpless look.

"You'll be fine, don't worry." Francesca then took a sip of the tea.

"What?"

Eva was stunned. Didn't she say there's poison in the fruit tea? Why did she drink it?

While Eva was working out the logic in her mind, she started feeling dizzy. She cupped her head with her hands and panicked. "M-My head is spinning. Is it because of the poison?"

"Go on, and take a little nap. You'll be fine." Francesca continued taking another sip of the fruit tea as if she was not bothered.

"Help-"

The color drained out of Eva's face. She wanted to run out to get help, but the moment she stood up, she instantly collapsed onto the couch.

"You poor thing. I must have frightened you."

After taking a glance at Eva, Francesca turned around to check the surroundings. There was dead silence outside the room. It looks like someone had distracted the two female bodyguards.

She was determined to find out the culprit who tried to poison her.

Francesca clapped her hands and lolled on the couch. She then shut her eyes and pretended to fall asleep.

Seconds later, someone opened the door and entered the room.

"Quick."

"All right."

Someone walked up to Francesca.

Francesca could feel danger approaching. She opened her eyes and saw a woman standing in front of her.

The woman dressing as a maid was about to inject her with a syringe.

Upon noticing the hard glint in Francesca's eyes, the maid froze and did not know what to do.

She was surprised that Francesca was wide awake.

Another maid, who seemed to be more alert, immediately stepped up and pinned Francesca to the couch. She then turned to her partner and said, "Quick!"

The maid was ready to jab Francesca with the syringe.

Francesca immediately lifted her leg and kicked the maid. She then grabbed the other maid's shoulders and shoved her to the back, causing the maid to collapse onto the coffee table.

"You-"

The two maids' faces turned pallid. They looked at Francesca in disbelief and were taken aback by how strong the petite woman was.

Francesca smirked and looked up at them with a cold look.

When the two maids were about to take her down, Francesca looked out of the room and yelled, "Help-"

Her reaction caught the two maids off guard. They had no choice but to flee from the window.

At the same time, two bodyguards then barged into the room.

One of the bodyguards ran after the two maids, while the other walked up to Francesca to check on her. "Are you all right, Ms. Cece?"

"My head is spinning-" Francesca massaged her temples. She acted as if she was vulnerable.

Soon, Danrique walked in and noticed how frail Francesca looked. His expression turned grim and ordered, "Find them, and bring them back alive!"

"Yes, Sir!" Gordon immediately instructed his subordinates to look for the two maids.

"What happened?"

Kevin and Gerard rushed over and were shocked to see Francesca like this.

On the contrary, Harrier remained calm. "Are you all right? Shall we call a doctor?"

"Eva-" Donald walked up to Eva when he noticed she was lying unconscious on the couch. "What's going on?"

"I want all of you to get to the bottom of this."

"Yes, Sir."

Danrique scanned the room and noticed the coffee table was shoved out of its original position. After studying the mess on the carpet for a few seconds, he turned around and asked Francesca, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Francesca looked like she had jumped out of her skin.

Danrique kept mum. He carried her in his arms and walked out of the room.

Francesca leaned on his chest as if she had found a haven.

After leaving the room, she bumped into Hazel, who looked bewildered.

When their gaze met, Francesca could see the jealousy in her eyes. Nonetheless, Hazel did not give out any other complicated emotions.

I don't think she's the one behind this.

Who is the mastermind then? That few men?

Men are indeed vicious and cunning creatures.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1887

Chapter 1887 Suspicion

When Danrique passed through the hall, he saw there were still a few well-dressed aristocratic ladies who were waiting for their turn. Aside from Hazel, the three great families also planned to introduce a few more ladies to Danrique.

The families didn't expect the banquet to go wrong before the ladies could show up.

At that moment, there was no one else but Francesca in his eyes.

Upon getting into the car, he examined her. "Are you all right?"

"My head's spinning..." Francesca weakly lay in her seat.

"Call Dr. Killian," Danrique ordered.

"No need!" She stopped him. "I'm just a little frightened. That's all. I'll be fine once I sleep."

"Really?" He stared at her clear eyes.

"Mhm." She nodded.

Danrique gestured for his subordinate to drive. "Very well."

At that moment, Kevin and Nathan rushed over to their location to see them off.

"I'm sorry for tonight, Danrique. I promise you, we'll investigate the matter and give you an explanation of what happened to your birthday banquet," Kevin apologized regretfully.

“That’s right. We’ll investigate it thoroughly,” Nathan added.

“No need,” Danrique replied coldly. “My people will handle it.”

“That...”

“I’m leaving. Goodbye.” Danrique waved before the car left.

At that moment, Francesca shifted her line of sight to the outside of the window. She saw Hazel standing at the side of the road staring at them with a disappointed expression.

Danrique glanced at her for a second before looking away. As he did, his eyes met with Francesca’s sharp look.

His eyebrows furrowed. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Do you like Hazel?” Francesca stared at him coldly.

“No. I like you,” he answered swiftly.

She narrowed her eyes and questioned, “Then why do you keep stringing her along?”

“What do you mean by that?” His Chanaean wasn’t good enough to understand it.

“It’s...” She wanted to explain, but she changed her mind when the words arrived on her lips. “In any case, it’s a problem.”

Instead of answering, he asked, “Do you remember how we first met back then?”

“What?” She couldn’t recall.

“Don’t remember?” He stared at her profoundly. “How about the city? Do you remember which city it is?”

“Didn’t we meet on a mountain?” Francesca replied casually, “It’s been a long time. Who would’ve remembered?”

There was a subtle change in Danrique’s look when he heard that. Ultimately, he chose to stay silent.

She was quite annoyed he refused to answer her question about Hazel truthfully, so she turned her head away and ignored him.

They didn’t say a word to each other on the way back.

Upon arriving home, he wanted to carry her down from the car, but she got off by herself and headed straight into the castle.

He furrowed his eyebrows as he stared at her back and ordered, "Go investigate."

"Roger!" Sean replied. He was smart, so of course, he knew what Danrique was thinking.

Francesca was still huffing slightly when she returned to her room. Soon after, she returned to her senses. Wait, why am I angry? I'm just pretending to be his fiancée. It's not real. He can love whoever he wants. Besides, I'll be leaving sooner or later...

When her train of thought ended there, she crawled up and put all the delicate jewelry in the jewelry box into a bag.

Then she retrieved her backpack from the ceiling of the restroom and shoved the jewelry bag into the backpack. I have to find a way to leave here as soon as possible. No more delays...

Inside the study, Danrique was drinking a cup of cold wine. He stared at the old photo on his pocket watch. Then, he superimposed Cece's image on Francesca's appearance in his mind. Both of them should be the same person, so why didn't she remember? Additionally, her eyes were no longer simple and pure, like back then. The current her has a sharp look, knows how to disguise herself, and even scheme... Is she really Cece?

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1888

Chapter 1888 Seduced

In the middle of the night, Gordon reported, "Eva's drink was drugged. That was why she fell into a coma. The two servants responsible had been caught. One of them ran into a truck when escaping. She's currently in a coma due to her severe injury. The other took a pill and stopped breathing. Both of them were willing to die in order to protect the mastermind. Also, the test results of the poison in the syringe came back. It's a type of poison that can control a person's mind. They probably tried to inject it into Ms. Cece but failed. Thankfully, our people reacted fast and immediately rushed in to prevent that. Otherwise, it would be troublesome."

"No, our people were sent away. They didn't make it in time," Sean informed as he observed Danrique's expression carefully. "I saw the marks on the carpet. The coffee table was smashed, and there were traces of blood on it. Perhaps there was already a fight in the room before she went in..."

"That's strange." Gordon furrowed his eyebrows. "There were only Ms. Cece and Eva inside the room. If Eva fainted, who was doing the fighting?"

Sean silently stared at Danrique.

“Ms. Cece didn’t faint, but with how weak she was, she shouldn’t be...” Gordon was stunned when he said that. “Oh yeah, Ms. Cece also consumed the drugged drink, but she’s fine. What is going on here?”

“It would appear Ms. Cece isn’t an ordinary person.” Sean sighed meaningfully.

“What do you mean?” Gordon was confused.

“There’s a circus show tomorrow night, right?” Danrique abruptly brought it up. “Book a few seats for us.”

“Roger.” Gordon was going to leave to do that, but Danrique stopped him.

“Call Mylo here.”

“Roger.” Gordon promptly brought Mylo into the room. Mylo was pretty excited because at that moment, as he stood in front of Danrique, he felt as though he was more important than any other bodyguards.

He bowed politely upon arriving in the study room. “Mr. Lindberg!”

Danrique asked, “What does one mean by ‘stringing someone along?’”

“Uhm...” Mylo thought about it and replied seriously, “It means a man and a woman have a vague relationship that is not exposed.”

“If your girlfriend said you’re stringing another woman along and looked unhappy, what does that mean?”

“It’s a good thing.” Mylo quickly added, “It means she’s jealous.”

“Jealous?” Danrique expression looked better. “So that’s what it means...”

“Yes, yes. If a woman is jealous of a man, it means she has started to like him. It’s a good sign. In fact, one should make their partner jealous a lot during the initial stage of a relationship to stimulate her possessiveness!”

Danrique nodded, even though he didn’t fully understand it. “Seems like that is the case. You can leave now.”

“Understood.”

Francesca didn't at all sleep well. She had a dream where Danrique married Hazel while she was watching from afar. She wanted to stop it, but something was preventing her from moving.

It made her panic. She tried to shout at him, but no voice leaped out of her throat.

She watched him and Hazel exchange their vows and wedding rings. Right as he was about to kiss Hazel, she got so angry that she woke up.

When she opened her eyes, a ball of rage was still burning in her heart. Why do I have a reaction like this? Even if Danrique does love Hazel, why does it matter to me? I never wanted to stay with him, and I have to leave this place eventually... Wait, is it because I was seduced by his good looks and fell in love with him without noticing?

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1889

Chapter 1889 Escape

When that thought crossed Francesca's mind, she shuddered. No! I can't make that mistake right now! I have already made up my mind to never marry, never give birth to a child, and never be bound to anyone by a vow. I don't want to be kept in this castle, this luxurious cage. That's why I mustn't be moved by Danrique. I need to leave as soon as possible.

She took in a deep breath and kept reminding herself to find an opportunity to escape.

Danrique had already left for his company when she woke up.

Upon washing herself and finishing her breakfast, a doctor came to check her wound and change her medicine.

After resting for a few more days, her wounds had more or less recovered. The doctors were surprised by how quickly her wound healed.

She also felt that her injury recovered really quickly. However, the metal pieces in her brain were still lodged in there, which was a problem.

"Are you feeling discomfort anywhere else, Ms. Cece? Mr. Lindberg asked me to give you a full-body examination. If there are other problems, we can take care of them together," Killian asked politely.

"No," Francesca immediately replied. "I'm feeling quite well. I don't need a check-up."

"Your wound may be healing, but you aren't looking any better. I'm afraid there are still issues affecting your health. It will be for the best if you go through the examination and receive early treatment—"

"I said I don't need it." She cut him off. "I know my own body."

"Very well." Killian lowered his head.

She was a little ticked off. Has Danrique started to suspect my identity? Is that why he intentionally sent this doctor to test me?

It was then Norah walked in with a smile. "Mr. Lindberg is taking you to a circus later, Ms. Cece. You should get prepared. You'll be leaving in an hour."

"A circus?" Francesca was excited. "Where?"

"In Xendale Theater." Norah laughed. "It's where the biggest performances are held."

"Is the theater in the middle of the city?" Francesca asked.

"It's on the southern side, near the airport..." Norah continued to introduce the specialty of the circus.

Naturally, Francesca wasn't interested in that as she planned her escape route. There's going to be a lot of people in the theater, and I bet I can make use of the animals there. It's near the airport too! I feel like this is the best opportunity the heavens had given me. I mustn't waste it.

"Ms. Cece. Ms. Cece..." Norah's voice interrupted Francesca's line of thought. The latter returned to her senses. "Mhm?"

"I'll ask someone to help you get dressed," Norah informed caringly.

"No need. I'm just going to a circus, not a banquet." Francesca waved her hand. "I can take care of myself. You lot head out first and help me prepare some snacks to eat in the car."

"Very well." Norah nodded and headed out.

Once there was only Francesca left in the room, she locked the door. She wanted to change into a casual outfit, but she soon realized her wardrobe was filled with pretty dresses. Even clothing meant to be worn in the house were dresses.

She picked a white, long dress and a white coat. Then, she wore a pair of boots and put on her backpack.

Inside the backpack were her documents and the jewelry Danrique gifted her. I have to escape successfully tonight.

When she arrived on the ground floor, Norah had already prepared the snacks.

Francesca entered the car and used her phone's GPS to find the shortest path to escape from the theater to the airport.

After a while, she completed her escape preparation. All that was left was the escape itself.

The car promptly left the castle and headed to the theater.

There were only Sloan and Mylo in the car. However, there was an additional car in the front and back of the one she was sitting in. Therefore, escape wouldn't be easy.

Even if she managed to do that, they would chase after her quickly. It was still difficult to leave Xendale, so she planned to come up with another idea upon arriving at the theater.