

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1841

H City was a place Francesca knew like the back of her hand.

The first city she had gone to after going down the mountain had been H City.

Although she had lost most of her memories from the explosion, a sense of familiarity still washed over her when she went back to H City.

Still, that did not mean she could recall most of her memories.

Once they were out of the airport, Francesca and Anthony took a cab to the hotel.

Anthony then pointed at the infrastructure outside and said to Francesca, “Francesca, look. That’s Storm Hotel—the place we’ll be staying at tonight. You liked this hotel in the past. Although it’s in the middle of the city, it’s the eye of the storm, and it has convenient transportation systems nearby. The tallest building over there is the Nacht family’s Divine Corporation. I heard that it’s the first branch company that Zachary Nacht established in Zarin’s market. It specializes in technology, and it’s quite impressive. The white building opposite it is the Windt Corporation’s office. Although it’s not as almighty as Divine Corporation, it’s still quite famous. The CEO of Windt Corporation, Richard Nacht, is the richest man in H City. Back when the medical school rejected your admission, he was the one who told them to take you in. Do you still remember that?”

Francesca could vaguely recall a little about those things, but none of those memories were in detail.

“Richard’s a good man, and he has done many good things in his life,” the driver chimed in. “He has donated to children’s homes and nursing homes, and he even funded the construction of various schools. As a matter of fact, my nephew is working as a security guard in his company. Oh, right. It’s his daughter’s engagement today. The ceremony is grand, and my nephew even went to the event to help out.”

“Is that so? That’s good to hear.”

Anthony recalled Francesca's benefactor, Richard, well. He then smiled and said to her, "Francesca, why don't we send him a congratulatory gift?"

"Let's not." Francesca shook her head. "Maybe he doesn't even remember us. Let's not disrupt the ceremony abruptly."

"True." Anthony nodded. He then asked, "Whose son is she marrying?"

"The Sterling family's son," the driver replied. "I heard that the families are of equal status, and the two of them are really good childhood friends."

"I'm envious..."

Anthony then hooked his arm around Francesca's shoulders and teased, "Francesca, when are we going to get married too?"

Like Francesca, Anthony was a genius orphan—he could pick up any skills after one mere try. At that moment, he held two PhDs in business management and economics. Although he had a company to run, he was also managing the charity for Francesca.

He had a baby face, but he was handsome as well. Moreover, his eyes were bright, and he always gave others a feeling that he was an extroverted, cheerful person.

"Did you lose your marbles?" Francesca glared at him. "We're good friends. How can we possibly get married?"

"Um..." Anthony was evidently disappointed, but in the next second, he began laughing boisterously. "Right. You haven't matured enough yet."

Francesca ignored him and continued messaging William. William and the others were only going to reach at night, but it was only four in the evening. Therefore, Francesca still had a few hours more to spare.

“Francesca, why don't I meet Danrique on your behalf? I'll tell him that the necklace is ours, and I'll ask him to return it to me,” Anthony suggested. “He's the CEO of Lindberg Corporation. I'm sure he's a reasonable man who won't forcefully hold onto someone else's belongings.”

“The thing is that the necklace is the keepsake he gave to his first girlfriend. It's special to him,” Francesca replied, frowning. “But that doesn't make sense. That necklace is clearly mine, so how can that be a keepsake between him and his first girlfriend?”

Could it be that he has made a mistake, or could it be that I've forgotten something? If he hasn't made a mistake, then... I'm his first girlfriend? What?