

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1885

Francesca couldn't help but feel threatened. She had heard that men all liked ladies with full, sexy figures. Could Danrique be the same?

She turned to look at him, and he happened to be staring at her as well. "Are you hungry? Do you want to get a bite to eat in the lounge?"

"That sounds great."

Francesca was starting to want to leave. She was beginning to feel the stares of countless people just focused on her, and she didn't like it.

Danrique gestured subtly and two female bodyguards showed up to bring Francesca away.

Francesca turned around after a few steps only to see Hazel sitting in what had been Francesca's seat, elegantly having a conversation with Danrique.

She frowned, feeling her heart clench a little bit. Did Danrique just want to get me away so he could talk to other women?

"Cece!"

Suddenly, a cheerful voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

She looked at and saw Eva.

Eva was dressed rather subtly today. She was in a pale lavender gown and had been sipping wine with a few other socialites in the corner. All this time, she hadn't dared to go near Danrique.

After all, the three great families were here. She wasn't important enough to steal the spotlight.

"Hi!" Francesca said before asking teasingly, "Why aren't you going to talk to Danrique?"

"Ahem!" Eva cleared her throat awkwardly. "Anyway, I'm sorry for getting drunk yesterday and not taking better care of you."

"That's alright," Francesca said with a chuckle. "I'm going to rest in the lounge. Do you want to follow me?"

"Okay!" Eva said excitedly.

The two of them arrived at the lounge, where the caterers had already laid out a table of exquisite dishes.

Francesca started eating the moment she sat down, not caring about her supposed elegant image in the least.

Eva couldn't help but stare in surprise. "Cece, who exactly are you?"

"What?" Francesca raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"Well, I-" Eva stuttered, not knowing if she should be honest.

"You must be wondering, if I'm from some important organization who put me through rigorous training for this role, then why don't I have the elegance or manners to show for it? But if I'm not, how come I still seem like such a handful to pick with?"

Francesca was right on the money.

“Yes!” Eva nodded.

“Well,” Francesca giggled and placed a pastry onto Eva's plate. “What's the name of that pianist lady again?”

“Her name is Hazel,” Eva replied. “She's Mr. Atkinson's only daughter, and he spent a lot of time shaping and perfecting her into the ideal woman. She did well despite those expectations and is extremely skilled and talented. In fact, she's the top pick for all three great families.”

“Pick? Picked for what?” Francesca frowned.

“About that...” Eva trailed off hesitatingly.

“Are men allowed to have more than one wife here in Erihal?”

“No. We're strictly monogamous,” Eva rushed to clarify. “The men in Erihal may be intimidating, but women aren't taken lightly either.”

“That's weird.” Francesca said in confusion. “Danrique already told them he had a fiancée, so why are they trying to push a girlfriend onto him?”

“I'm sorry for being straightforward,” Eva said as she looked down on the ground. “But you and Danrique haven't gotten married yet. You also don't have any important background- actually, they can't even figure out where you came from. They couldn't care less about you.”

“Oh. That makes sense.” Francesca nodded.

Eva sighed. “That's why you have to be careful.”

With a curious frown, Francesca asked, "Careful about what?"

Eva looked at her, a little bit lost for words. "You don't understand, do you? Think about it. If they want to reach Danrique, they have to get rid of you first."

"Oh!" Francesca's eyes widened. "That also makes sense!"

Eva suddenly thought of something and hurriedly tossed the pastry away. "Crap, these pastries wouldn't have been poisoned, would they?"

"Probably not," Francesca said as she continued munching away. "The pastries are fine. The fruit tea, however, is not."

"What?" Eva widened her eyes in shock. "Are you serious? Don't mess with me!"