

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1891

"Let's ask Mr. Lindberg." Eva turned to Danrique.

She wanted to say something, but she was afraid of cutting him off.

"Are you bored, Ms. Cece?" Surprisingly, Hazel took the initiative to ask Francesca about it.

She stood up and approached them with a smile. "There's still half an hour before the show starts. I can accompany you two for a walk."

"Sounds good to me," Francesca accepted.

The three women stepped out of the lounge and strolled down the theater's corridor.

A dozen of bodyguards followed behind them.

"I heard that Ms. Cece is from Zarain." Hazel started a friendly chat with Francesca. "My mother is from Zarain, too. I like it there. I visit the country once every year..."

"I see." Francesca was looking around, searching for a spot to escape.

"What do you do, Ms. Cece?" Hazel asked again. "My specialty is business management, though I also have some interest in arts. What about—"

"I don't have any specialty," Francesca replied plainly. "I do have some interest in jewelry and real estate, though."

“That's pretty good.” Hazel was surprised. “So you studied jewelry and architectural design?”

“No, I just want to turn them into money,” Francesca answered casually.

Eva snorted. I've seen just how eccentric Francesca can be. You'll never guess what she'll say next, Hazel. Her mind is different from normal people's.

As expected, Hazel was taken aback by the answer. Still, she asked, “So you're in the business sector?”

“No, no, no.” Francesca shook her head. “I don't know how to do business. I just want to make money!”

Eva couldn't hold back any longer and laughed.

Soon, Hazel's expression darkened for a split second, because she felt she was made fun of. But, she quickly returned to her usual graceful self and smiled. “You're so funny, Ms. Cece.”

“Hehe!”

Francesca turned around to see the path not too far from her and saw a bunch of actors walking onto the stage. It would appear the show was starting.

A few actors were pushing cages with protective covers on them. The low growling of beasts could be heard from within.

An idea suddenly popped into her mind.

“What are you looking at, Ms. Cece?” Hazel followed Francesca's line of sight.

“It's nothing.” Francesca looked away. “I'm going to the restroom.”

“There's one in the lounge—” Just as Eva suggested it, Francesca had already entered the restroom in the corridor.

So, she followed Francesca in.

“I'll wait for you two outside,” Hazel said and waited.

“What do you think about Hazel?” Francesca asked after Eva joined her.

“She's pretty good. She had always been the top student ever since she was a kid. No one can stop talking about how great she is. She's also pretty prideful and never once took me seriously. I don't talk with her much, so I don't know her personality...” Eva's answer was pretty to the point. “However, because she's the direct descendant of one of the three great families, everyone will do their best to make her marry Danrique!”

“How, though?” Francesca found it funny. “Danrique doesn't like her. It doesn't matter how excellent she is.”

“That's hard to say.” Eva glanced at the door and lowered her voice. “In recent years, the four great families' relationship had been shattered pretty badly. If Danrique marries her, then that relationship will be restored, and peace will return. If he doesn't, that means he wants sole control of everything. In that case, the other three great families will work together to go against Danrique.”

“That's so complicated.” Francesca washed her hands. “Where does your uncle stand?”

“Uhm...” Eva was taken aback for a second before replying, “My uncle's family name is Lindberg, so of course, he's going to side with Danrique.”

“Your uncle taught you to say that, right?” Francesca smirked. “I think he's just going to watch the fight unfold before siding with the winner.”