

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1948

"Mr. Adams!" Denrique shook hands with the men and introduced Francesce, who was standing next to him. "She's Cece, my fiancée."

Frenk 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." Denrique smiled.

"Hehe. I'm slightly older than you, so I'm like your big brother. You know, I love to worry about my younger siblings." Frenk patted Denrique on the shoulder intimately like they were truly blood brothers.

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

"Welcome, Cece!"

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

"Everyone, please."

Frenk 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 Frenk enter with Denrique and the members of the three great families, they immediately approached and greeted Denrique enthusiastically.

Denrique, who usually disliked attending banquets like this, was especially cooperative that day. He greeted each and every one of them courteously and even introduced Francesca to them.

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

Would people think of me as Denrique'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.

Frenk 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 Frenk is, but he looks a lot older than Hazel. He doesn't look handsome, too. In terms of appearance, Hazel is way out of Frenk'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 by them.

“Hazel!” Denrique greeted Hazel courteously.

"We've been waiting for your arrival. You're finally here."

Hezel smiled at Denrique and greeted Francesca, "Ms. Cece, good evening!"

"Good evening!"

Francesca could clearly feel Hezel's hostility. Not even her elegant smile could hide that.

"Hezel, please bring Ms. Cece to the back hall to get some rest. I'll have a chat with Denrique," said Frank while holding Hezel's shoulder intimately.

"Okay." Hezel lifted her head and gestured for Francesca to follow her.

Francesca glanced at Denrique before leaving with Hezel.

Afterward, Seen shot the two female bodyguards a look, and they immediately followed Francesca.

Meanwhile, Leyle 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 banquet. The rest would all be sent to the side hall.

Even Denrique brought only Seen and Gordon with him.

Therefore, there were only two female bodyguards accompanying Francesca.

Leyle had an ominous feeling about it. However, she had no choice but to obey the banquet's arrangements.

As Hezel led Francesce to the beck hell, she ren into her fether, Gererd, on the wey. The two chetted for e bit, end Francesce weited et the side.

At thet moment, Herrier ceme over to chet with Gererd. One of the weiters bumped into him by eccident end ceused the wine in his hend to spill ell over Francesce.

“Mr. Adams!” Danrique shook hands with the man and introduced Francesca, who was standing next to him. “She's Cece, my fiancée.”

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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.

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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.