

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1949

"I'm sorry!" Harrier apologized right away and turned to reprimand the waiter, "What are you doing? Are you blind?"

The waiter bowed and apologized incessantly, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

"It's okay," said Francesca, not wanting to make things hard for the waiter.

Upon seeing the scene unfold, Hazel and Gerard immediately went over to handle the situation.

A subordinate of the Atkinson family took out his handkerchief and handed it to Francesca, who happened to notice a bruise on the former's left hand.

That was, apparently, a bite wound from a snake.

Francesca's pupils constricted as a cold gleam flashed past her eyes.

It turned out that the person behind her kidnapping was Gerard Atkinson.

That day at the cabin in the mountains, the head of the kidnappers was bitten by the poisonous snake that she had summoned. Although that was a long time ago, it would surely leave a scar.

Therefore, she had been on the lookout for someone who had a bite wound on their hand.

Initially, she had thought it was Harrier, but to her surprise, it was Gerard instead.

Needless to say, a big shot like Gerard would never take matters into his own hands when it came to committing such a crime. He would, of course, send his most trusted assistant.

“Let's go to the back hall, shall we? I'll get someone to bring you a few more gowns for you to choose,” said Hazel, sounding like the matriarch of the place.

“That won't be necessary. I'll just clean the gown.”

Francesca glanced at that subordinate before following Hazel to the lounge in the back hall.

The two female bodyguards of the Lindberg family, Heidi and Samantha, trailed behind them.

Francesca went to the washroom to try cleaning the wine stains on her gown, but after failing to do so, she decided to wait on the sofa in the lounge for Hazel's subordinates to bring her a new gown.

“I'll keep Ms. Cece company. The rest of you, please step out.”

Hazel sent her subordinates away before turning to look at Heidi and Samantha.

The two bodyguards glanced at Francesca and only left after receiving a nod from the latter. They didn't go far. Instead, they stood guard by the door.

Hazel talked on the phone for a while and said to Francesca, “We've taken care of the waiter who bumped into you just now.”

Francesca explained, “The waiter didn't bump into me. He bumped into Harrier, and the wine in Harrier's hand ended up spilling on me.”

Hazel twirled the wine glass in her hand. “How it happened didn't matter. The point is, you were offended. The audacity of him to offend Mr. Lindberg's fiancée! What a heinous act.”

Knowing that she wouldn't be able to talk sense into the woman, Francesca stopped arguing with her about it and asked, "How did you guys take care of the matter?"

Hazel spoke casually. "We put him in jail, of course. What a useless prick for making such a mistake during an important banquet."

Hearing that, Francesca lifted her head and looked at Hazel in utter disbelief.

She thought that the latter was just arrogant by nature, but she didn't expect the latter to be so evil and ruthless.

Perhaps to people like her, the petty lives of waiters weren't worth anything at all.

Such an arbitrary and imperious concept was deeply rooted in her nature, causing her to show that idealism in front of Francesca without reservation.

Francesca felt immensely uncomfortable, but she knew she couldn't reason with Hazel about this.

"Care for some wine?" Hazel handed Francesca a glass of red wine.

Francesca took the wine glass and savored the rich and pleasant scent of alcohol. After taking a sip, she praised, "This wine is good!"

"Oh? Do you have wine-tasting skills? Or are you just being ostentatious?" Hazel curled her lips into a smile.

"What do you mean?" Francesca raised her eyebrows.

“Actually, those who are qualified to become waiters here have good family backgrounds and high-degree educations. Even their height and appearances are taken into meticulous consideration...”

Twirling her wine glass, Hazel remarked meaningfully, “When they came here, they had dreams and ambitions. However, once they made a mistake, things would be different.”

Pausing for a while, she continued, “Mr. Lindberg is currently interested in you because you're like a breath of fresh air for him, and he's willing to give you anything. But who knows what will happen in the future? How long would he stay interested in you? Without support from your family's status, I'm afraid that not long after this, you'd end up like that waiter. Oh, you might even end up worse than him since you've always been the abandoned wife of a wealthy family.”