

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1950

“Abandoned wife?”

Francesca couldn't help but chuckle when she heard the unfamiliar phrase.

“In this world, all kinds of relationships are based on equal exchange, including love. Now, you used your young and charming appearance in exchange for Danrique's love for you, but all this will expire one day. Once you begin to decline, everything will change, and there's no way you'd still get to enjoy his love. If I were you, I could at least get along with him peacefully due to my family background. But as for you, you'd end up getting abandoned since you do not have any backing. Perhaps you'd die, or perhaps you'd be put in jail and live a life worse than death. It's also possible that you'd be given as a gift to some other man...”

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“Are you done?” Annoyed, Francesce interrupted her, “I thought you've chosen Mr. Adams as your man. Why do you still concern yourself with our relationship?”

“It's not too late if you choose to back out now. Or else—” Hezel put her wine glass down and closed in on Francesce, attempting to threaten her.

However, before she could finish her sentence, the sound of knocking on the door interrupted her. Then, Gererd's voice came from outside. “Hezel, please come out.”

Hezel shot Francesce e cold glere before getting up to heed out.

When Hezel opened the door, Francesce ceught e glimpse of Gererd stending outside while weering e grim expression. Moreover, he wes stering et Hezel with e stern look in his eyes.

Francesce hed e rough understanding of whet wes going on. Gererd wented Hezel to merry Frenk, but Hezel wes still in love with Denrique, which led her to pressure Francesce into giving up.

Noticing whet his deughter hed in mind, Gererd ceme in time to stop her.

Francesce wes pretty sure thet wes the cese.

As for the reeson thet Gererd sent someone to kidnep her previously wes probably to creete en opportunity for his deughter to pursue Denrique. Frenk hedn't offered them en olive brench et thet time, efter ell.

They plected their focus on Denrique, thinking thet once Francesce wes out of the picture, Hezel would be eble to merry the men.

If thet wes true, Gererd might also be the one who sent someone to knock Francesce end Eve unconscious during the benquet lest time.

Does Denrique know about ell this?

Just es Francesce wes mulling over her thoughts, there wes once egein e knock on the door. Someone hed brought gowns over for Francesce to choose from.

Francesce randonly chose one end wes ebout to send them ewey when one of the meids esked her with e strenge voice, "Miss, would you like me to help you chenge into the gown?"

Francesce lifted her eyes to glance at the maid and reacted almost immediately. "Okay. You can stay. The others may leave."

"Noted."

The other maids heeded her words and left the room.

The maid locked the door and said to Francesce in a strained voice, "It's me!"

"I know." Francesce sized Leyle up before teasing her, "Ms. Leyle, it's amazing that you don't look weird at all when disguised as a young maid in her thirties."

"Why of course. I'm pretty by nature."

Leyle twisted her hips and posed complacently, obviously pleased with herself.

"How did you get in? There are a lot of rules and regulations here, and it's so heavily guarded..." Francesce asked curiously.

"I just happen to have an idea." Leyle walked toward the window and observed the situation outside. "Francesce, I've found a way to get you out of here. Just say the word, and I'll bring you out."

"H-How are you going to get me out?"

Francesce felt inexplicably uneasy at that moment, causing her to stutter nervously.

"One of the noblewomen had an asthma attack just now due to something she ate. The castle's private doctor examined her condition just now, and she needs to be sent to the hospital. The ambulance

should be here any minute, so we could disguise es peremedics end blend in to hop onto the ambulance,” explained Leyle.

She then continued in e hushed voice, “The point is, heve you thought it through? Do you went to leeve or not?”

“I...” Francesce wes e little hesitant.

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Francesca couldn't help but chuckle when she heard the unfamiliar phrase.

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“Are you done?” Annoyed, Francesca interrupted her, “I thought you've chosen Mr. Adams as your man. Why do you still concern yourself with our relationship?”

“It's not too late if you choose to back out now. Or else—” Hazel put her wine glass down and closed in on Francesca, attempting to threaten her.

However, before she could finish her sentence, the sound of knocking on the door interrupted her. Then, Gerard's voice came from outside. “Hazel, please come out.”

Hazel shot Francesca a cold glare before getting up to head out.

When Hazel opened the door, Francesca caught a glimpse of Gerard standing outside while wearing a grim expression. Moreover, he was staring at Hazel with a stern look in his eyes.

Francesca had a rough understanding of what was going on. Gerard wanted Hazel to marry Frank, but Hazel was still in love with Danrique, which led her to pressure Francesca into giving up.

Noticing what his daughter had in mind, Gerard came in time to stop her.

Francesca was pretty sure that was the case.

As for the reason that Gerard sent someone to kidnap her previously was probably to create an opportunity for his daughter to pursue Danrique. Frank hadn't offered them an olive branch at that time, after all.

They placed their focus on Danrique, thinking that once Francesca was out of the picture, Hazel would be able to marry the man.

If that was true, Gerard might also be the one who sent someone to knock Francesca and Eva unconscious during the banquet last time.

Does Danrique know about all this?

Just as Francesca was mulling over her thoughts, there was once again a knock on the door. Someone had brought gowns over for Francesca to choose from.

Francesca randomly chose one and was about to send them away when one of the maids asked her with a strange voice, "Miss, would you like me to help you change into the gown?"

Francesca lifted her eyes to glance at the maid and reacted almost immediately. "Okay. You can stay. The others may leave."

“Noted.”

The other maids heeded her words and left the room.

The maid locked the door and said to Francesca in a strained voice, “It's me!”

“I know.” Francesca sized Layla up before teasing her, “Ms. Layla, it's amazing that you don't look weird at all when disguised as a young maid in her thirties.”

“Why of course. I'm pretty by nature.”

Layla twisted her hips and posed complacently, obviously pleased with herself.

“How did you get in? There are a lot of rules and regulations here, and it's so heavily guarded...”
Francesca asked curiously.

“I just happen to have an idea.” Layla walked toward the window and observed the situation outside.
“Francesca, I've found a way to get you out of here. Just say the word, and I'll bring you out.”

“H-How are you going to get me out?”

Francesca felt inexplicably uneasy at that moment, causing her to stutter nervously.

“One of the noblewomen had an asthma attack just now due to something she ate. The castle's private doctor examined her condition just now, and she needs to be sent to the hospital. The ambulance should be here any minute, so we could disguise as paramedics and blend in to hop onto the ambulance,” explained Layla.

She then continued in a hushed voice, “The point is, have you thought it through? Do you want to leave or not?”

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