

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2155

Francesca found it difficult to fit into this environment. She decided to find a quiet corner and busied herself with playing darts alone.

“Not a bad technique!”

Just then, a voice came from behind her. Francesca turned around and saw that it was Harrier who spoke.

He held a glass of wine and gracefully strolled over, eyeing the darts on the board. With a smile, he said, “You've hit a number of tens. You've got some skill, Ms. Cece!”

“It's all right.”

Francesca glanced at Danrique. He was betting against the president under the watchful eyes of everyone else. It was quite a tense and heated round.

As such, Danrique wasn't paying attention to her.

“I heard Prince William mention that you're loyal to your friends and quite skilled too. I'm glad I got to see this today.”

Harrier stood about a meter away with a smile etched on his face, speaking in a hushed tone.

Francesca was slightly taken aback. She turned around and asked, “You know William?”

“Prince William's conglomerate had worked with Lindberg Corporation before. There have been business dealings, and he even attended Mr. Adams's banquet. Have you forgotten?”

Harrier smiled gently at her.

“Oh, you appear to be right.”

Upon hearing him bring up the subject of William, Francesca could not help but feel guilty. She thought of how she initially came to Xendale to rally soldiers to save him, but she was so focused on her relationship with Danrique that this matter soon slipped through the cracks of her mind.

She wondered how he was at the moment.

“I've heard that Prince William was captured and is being held at the palace. His situation is unclear...” Harrier inched closer to Francesca and sighed. “It's a shame. He's a good prince and an exemplary person...”

“What do you mean by his situation is unclear?” asked Francesca, clearly shocked by the revelation.

“Think about it.” Harrier brought the glass to his lips and murmured, “Prince William's cousins have always wanted him dead. This is the perfect opportunity to do so. Why wouldn't they act?”

Harrier took another sip and continued, “I heard something else. Before he was placed under house arrest, he went to plead his case before King Federico. However, old wounds run deep. I think they have venom deep in their hearts. I fear that Prince William won't live past Christmas.”

Hearing this, Francesca trembled. Christmas was a mere seven days away...

She had truly not considered this at all. Now that Harrier had brought this up, she suddenly realized that the longer she tarried here, the closer William inched toward danger.

“Mr. Harrington!” Just then, Sean suddenly walked over. “Mr. Lindberg has summoned you.”

Harrier immediately stepped back, bowed toward Francesca, then hurried back to the cards table.

In a low voice, Sean asked, “Ms. Felch, is everything all right? Did he behave indecently?”

“I’m fine.” Francesca turned to look at Danrique. He returned her gaze, and she beamed at him before turning to look at Sean again. “I’m going to the restroom. You go ahead and have fun. There’s no need to worry about me.”

“I’ll ask Monica to accompany you then.”

Sean was not too keen on Francesca going alone, so he went upstairs to fetch Monica.

As Francesca made her way to the restroom, thoughts of William weighed heavily on her mind. I have to find a way to save him, but how can I manage this alone? I can’t possibly pull this off by myself. Also, how am I going to convince Danrique?

She was deep in thought when suddenly, a figure emerged from the storage room in the restroom.

Francesca was startled. When she turned around, she found herself face to face with a beautiful young woman.

She had milky white skin, beautiful features, and a pair of bright eyes. Her beauty was so surreal that she could have walked out of an oil painting.

Dressed in resplendent clothing, she seemed quite frantic as her hair was ruffled. Nervously, she apologized to Francesca, saying, “I’m sorry! I’m so sorry! I did not mean to frighten you. I was worried Mom would find me, so I hid here.”

Francesca gave the woman a once over, thinking that she looked like the person she had seen outside the banquet hall. Is this the president’s daughter?