

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2156

“Are you here to attend the banquet?” A pair of lovely eyes were affixed onto Francesca as the woman asked again, “Have you seen Danrique?”

“Uh...” Francesca sputtered. “Y-yes!”

“Is he outside?” The woman frantically pointed toward the door.

“Yes.” Francesca nodded. “You...”

“I’m going to see him.” The woman lifted her skirt and was about to run out. Just then, the door to the restroom opened, and a tall, slender figure blocked the entryway. “Ms. Riker!”

“Hazel!” The woman held Hazel’s hands and happily said, “Bring me to Danrique! Isn’t he outside?”

“He is outside, but...” Hazel stopped herself from saying anything further. With a pointed look at Francesca, she gently went on, “Be good and stay here. I’ll bring your mother over.”

“No! I don’t want to see Mom! I want to see Danrique!”

The woman immediately became agitated again, wanting to burst into the hall to seek out Danrique. However, Hazel held her in a vice-like grip and refused to let her out. Hurriedly, she said, “Ms. Riker, be good and stop causing a scene. Otherwise, your parents will be displeased.”

“Let go! Let go of me!”

The president’s daughter pushed and struggled with all her might before finally becoming enraged.

"I remember now! You were constantly competing with me over Danrique! You did awful things and tried to sabotage our relationship! If not for you, I would not have ruined my relationship with Danrique, nor would I have married that wretched man!"

"It's not that..." Hazel was about to explain, but the other woman suddenly gave Hazel a hard slap. "I said, let go!"

The sound of the slap reverberated through the corridor, and a red mark soon appeared on Hazel's pale skin. Soon, her cheek turned red, but she simply tilted her head aside and refused to fight back, managing to keep her cool.

"Ms. Riker, please calm down! I'm going to fetch your mother!"

Having said this, she looked at Francesca, pushed the unstable woman into the restroom, and hurried away after closing the door.

A clicking sound could be heard from the other side of the door, indicating it had either been locked or barred. With all her might, the woman pushed and tugged in vain, but the door did not budge.

However, this series of actions, which only lasted a minute or two, had happened very quickly.

Seeing how fast Hazel acted, one could tell that Hazel was used to doing such things.

"Let me out! Let me out!"

In her agitation, the woman started banging against the door while screaming, "Hazel Atkinson! You vile, shameless, coward! Back then, you were the one who locked Steve and me in the same room! You set me up! It was you!"

Francesca looked upon all this in astonishment, her mind completely blank.

From what she could infer, this woman and Hazel both liked Danrique back then.

In order to have Danrique to herself, Hazel played a dirty trick to have this woman and another man locked in the same room. Perhaps this resulted in the woman losing her virginity and being separated from Danrique, and she was then married off to Dartan.

However, the marriage did not work out, and she came back.

If this was true, then Hazel was truly a terrifying person. This woman was simply a poor victim of Hazel's schemes.

However, there was something Francesca did not understand. As the president's daughter, her status was much higher than that of Hazel. How could Hazel do such things to her and get away with it?

On the other hand, it was not impossible. Hazel was deeply manipulative, while this woman seemed quite innocent. It could be that she was indeed framed.

Even so, if this woman was telling the truth, why did the president and first lady not deal with Hazel? In fact, they seemed to get along quite amiably.

As such, the finer details of the situation remained unclear.

As Francesca pondered this, the woman suddenly slumped to the ground, crying in despair.

Francesca felt so sorry for the woman in this state that she could not help but want to comfort her. However, the woman suddenly took out a blade and sliced a part of her hand.