

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2157

Francesca was instantly scared out of her wits and rushed over to stop her.

However, the woman's actions were quicker as she slashed at her wrist.

In a split second, Francesca grabbed the woman's hand, wrestled the knife away from her, and ripped off part of her dress to bandage the cut.

“Let go! Let go of me!”

The woman was struggling so hard that the blade cut Francesca's hand. Even so, Francesca could not be bothered about it as she tried to hold the woman down so she could treat the wound.

“Diana...”

Just then, frantic voices were heard from outside the door. “Hurry up! Open the door!”

Very quickly, someone opened the door of the restroom.

When they saw what had happened, they were shocked.

The first lady came in with a shout, asking her subordinates to subdue her daughter before frantically asking if Francesca was okay.

This confused Francesca. Shouldn't the first lady be more concerned about her daughter? Why does she seem more worried about me instead?

“Let go of me. Let me go! Mom!”

The woman was kicking and screaming for dear life, but suddenly, a man's voice could be heard yelling, "What the blazes is happening here? Take her away!"

It was the president.

His reaction seemed to be out of anger rather than pity toward his own daughter.

Very quickly, the anger dissipated to concern as he shifted his gaze to Francesca. "Ms. Cece, are you all right?"

Francesca shook her head, her expression wary.

Just then, a pair of hands reached out from behind to hug her. Subconsciously, she turned around, only to come face to face with Danrique's gentle expression. "Are you okay?"

"I..."

"Danrique! Danrique..."

Francesca barely had time to speak when the woman wrenched herself free from the maids and lunged at Danrique. Her hands were soaked with blood as she reached up to gently touch his face. "Danrique..."

"Seize her!"

At the president's orders, a few bodyguards stepped forward to promptly drag the woman away. She seemed like she wanted to scream, but she was then gagged.

Suddenly, silence befell the scene.

Francesca stared blankly at the woman, her eyes full of astonishment.

"I apologize for causing you distress, Ms. Cece." The first lady did not excuse herself to pacify her daughter but instead tried to calm Francesca down. "I've sent for a doctor. He'll be here soon to take care of your wound. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine, Ma'am." Francesca returned to her senses and immediately said, "There's no need for a doctor. I can take care of myself. You should see to Ms. Riker instead."

"I..."

"Go on," said the president.

The first lady nodded at both Francesca and Danrique before leaving with an entourage.

"I want her watched!" hissed the president, his expression full of fury.

When he turned around, the anger was replaced by warmth and remorse. "You have my most heartfelt apology, Ms. Cece, Danrique. It must have been distressing."

"It's a small matter." Danrique held onto Francesca and said, "Why does Diana's condition seem to be worsening? I think she should see a specialist."

"You're right. She was fine all this time. Two days ago, however..." The president let out a deep sigh, and his expression turned grave. "How did a simple banquet turn out this way?"

"It's understandable. She is family, after all," said Danrique warmly. "We'll make our way home first. I think you should see to Diana. She needs urgent care."

“Her mother is with her now, so it will be all right.” The president let out another sigh and said, “Let me escort you out.”

It was only as they left that Francesca realized the guests from the three great families, Hazel included, had not shown up. She reckoned that they had stayed in the recreation room to avoid seeing Diana in her current state and also to save the dignities of the presidential couple.

When the president brought Danrique past the recreation room, the guests then came over as if nothing had happened, still discussing the card game from earlier.

Hazel was also unusually calm, as if the incident earlier had nothing to do with her.

This made Francesca feel very afraid. Are the upper classes such cold-blooded and unfeeling people?