

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1841

Could It Be Me

H City was a place Francesca knew like the back of her hand.

The first city she had gone to after going down the mountain had been H City.

Although she had lost most of her memories from the explosion, a sense of familiarity still washed over her when she went back to H City.

Still, that did not mean she could recall most of her memories.

Once they were out of the airport, Francesca and Anthony took a cab to the hotel.

Anthony then pointed at the infrastructure outside and said to Francesca, “Francesca, look. That’s Storm Hotel—the place we’ll be staying at tonight. You liked this hotel in the past. Although it’s in the middle of the city, it’s the eye of the storm, and it has convenient transportation systems nearby. The tallest building over there is the Nacht family’s Divine Corporation. I heard that it’s the first branch company that Zachary Nacht established in Zarain’s market. It specializes in technology, and it’s quite impressive. The white building opposite it is the Windt Corporation’s office. Although it’s not as almighty as Divine Corporation, it’s still quite famous. The CEO of Windt Corporation, Richard Nacht, is the richest man in H City. Back when the medical school rejected your admission, he was the one who told them to take you in. Do you still remember that?”

Francesca could vaguely recall a little about those things, but none of those memories were in detail.

“Richard’s a good man, and he has done many good things in his life,” the driver chimed in. “He has donated to children’s homes and nursing homes, and he even funded the construction of various schools. As a matter of fact, my nephew is working as a security guard in his company. Oh, right. It’s his daughter’s engagement today. The ceremony is grand, and my nephew even went to the event to help out.”

“Is that so? That’s good to hear.”

Anthony recalled Francesca’s benefactor, Richard, well. He then smiled and said to her, “Francesca, why don’t we send him a congratulatory gift?”

“Let’s not.” Francesca shook her head. “Maybe he doesn’t even remember us. Let’s not disrupt the ceremony abruptly.”

“True.” Anthony nodded. He then asked, “Whose son is she marrying?”

“The Sterling family’s son,” the driver replied. “I heard that the families are of equal status, and the two of them are really good childhood friends.”

“I’m envious...”

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Anthony then hooked his arm around Francesca’s shoulders and teased, “Francesca, when are we going to get married too?”

Like Francesca, Anthony was a genius orphan—he could pick up any skills after one mere try. At that moment, he held two PhDs in business management and economics. Although he had a company to run, he was also managing the charity for Francesca.

He had a baby face, but he was handsome as well. Moreover, his eyes were bright, and he always gave others a feeling that he was an extroverted, cheerful person.

“Did you lose your marbles?” Francesca glared at him. “We’re good friends. How can we possibly get married?”

“Um...” Anthony was evidently disappointed, but in the next second, he began laughing boisterously. “Right. You haven’t matured enough yet.”

Francesca ignored him and continued messaging William. William and the others were only going to reach at night, but it was only four in the evening. Therefore, Francesca still had a few hours more to spare.

“Francesca, why don’t I meet Danrique on your behalf? I’ll tell him that the necklace is ours, and I’ll ask him to return it to me,” Anthony suggested. “He’s the CEO of Lindberg Corporation. I’m sure he’s a reasonable man who won’t forcefully hold onto someone else’s belongings.”

“The thing is that the necklace is the keepsake he gave to his first girlfriend. It’s special to him,” Francesca replied, frowning. “But that doesn’t make sense. That necklace is clearly mine, so how can that be a keepsake between him and his first girlfriend?”

Could it be that he has made a mistake, or could it be that I’ve forgotten something? If he hasn’t made a mistake, then... I’m his first girlfriend? What?

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1842

Look For Him

“How is that possible?” Anthony exclaimed, quickly dispelling her thoughts. “We’ve always been together, and we talk about everything under the sun. How could I possibly not know if you’ve got a lover?”

“Uh...” Francesca nodded in agreement and said, “Well, maybe I knew him before I knew you?”

“You were only sixteen when I became friends with you. Back then, you were constantly working on the mountain, while he’s been working in Erihal. So, how did you guys get to know each other and even fall in love?” stated Anthony, analyzing the situation rationally. “Besides, even if you knew Danrique, you can’t possibly be his first love. Both of you are of different worlds, to begin with.”

“That’s right.” After giving it some thought, Francesca, too, found it quite impossible. She and Danrique were indeed two different people. Be it their identity, social status, family background, or even their character, there was a major contrast between them.

“Maybe I should talk to him.” Anthony was worried about letting Francesca face him again. “I’ll just make the situation clear and retrieve the necklace. Let’s not make things complicated.”

“Okay.” Francesca nodded. “Don’t let him know about our relationship. Just try it out using only your name. It’ll make things easier for me if you can get it back.”

“All right.”

Soon, both of them settled down at the hotel. Francesca stayed in the hotel to get some rest while Anthony contacted Danrique right away.

That night, Francesca was awakened by a phone call. It was from William. Still feeling groggy, she answered, “Hello?”

“Francesca, I’ve just got off the plane. Where are you? I’ll go over to your place.” He sounded rather excited.

“I’m sleeping at a hotel.” Francesca yawned. “Meet me later...”

“Okay. You carry on sleeping then. Come see me once you’re awake, okay?” William sensed she was still sleepy and did not want to interrupt her rest.

“Okay.” After ending the call, she squinted her eyes for a while to make herself sober up. Then, she gave Anthony a call. “How did it go?”

"I contacted Danrique's subordinate, Sean. But he rejected my request to meet Danrique right away without even waiting for me to finish. He even blocked my number." Anthony was annoyed. "Looks like these so-called important people are really arrogant. They don't even bother giving any chances to people they don't know."

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"I knew it." Francesca smiled. "It's okay. I'll deal with it on my own. You should go back to the hotel and get some rest."

"But won't it be dangerous if you go there alone? Maybe I should go with you—"

Before Anthony could finish, Francesca hung up and called William. "Where are you meeting up with Danrique?"

"I've just received a call from him saying he's got some matters to deal with tonight. So, he won't be meeting me. Francesca, where are you? I'll go to you—"

"He's got matters? What kind of matters?" Francesca interrupted William. She then demanded, "Do you know where's he going?"

William, who was on the other end of the call, fell silent. After some time, he finally asked softly, "You didn't return to H City to see me. You're here to meet him, aren't you?"

"Exactly. I need to talk to him about some matters," she admitted unhesitatingly. "Do you know his whereabouts?"

Silence resounded through the speakers, but it did not take long for William to answer, "All I know is that he'll be going to Sultry Night around ten o'clock."

"Sultry Night?" Francesca did not know what kind of place that was.

"It's H City's most famous bar," William explained.

"Oh. I see. Thank you!" Francesca thanked him and ended the call right away.

She glanced at the time, realizing it was nine o'clock at night. Hence, she quickly got off the bed, washed up, got changed, and put on her mask, getting ready to head to Sultry Night to look for Danrique.

When she thought further about it, she recalled how Danrique was already suspicious of her when she went to see him directly to get the necklace. However, they were faced with a precarious situation at that time, and he did not have the time or energy to look into the reason.

If she were to ask it from him again, he would definitely get to the bottom of the matter. Perhaps he would even remove her mask to find out what she looked like.

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1843

The Meeting

At the thought of that, Francesca took a cab and made her way to a street near Sultry Night. She bought some equipment and dressed herself up, disguising as one of the seductive women at Casino Inferno before entering the bar.

Sultry Night was crowded with people and deafening heavy metal music filled the air. The place was livelier than Casino Inferno.

As Francesca searched for Danrique among the sea of people, she noticed a man dressed in a suit was leading a group of male models that were wearing face masks, walking toward the section of private rooms.

The group of men chatted as they walked. They mentioned something about an honorable guest who had come to the bar that night and was choosing a male model in the VIP room.

It was her first time at the bar, so she did not know what a VIP room was. Despite that, when she heard the words “honorable guest,” she wondered if it was Danrique.

Hence, she followed the group of male models into the private room section.

Along the way, she passed by a luxurious VVIP room, and she saw the suited man guiding the male models into the room.

Francesca leaned over and took a glance; two women sitting on the sofa came into view.

One of them was gorgeous, fair-skinned, and dressed in a white skirt. No doubt, everyone’s eyes would light up at the sight of her. However, she was drunk and was lying on the sofa muttering nonsense.

The other woman was dressed in a yellow skirt and looked rather pretty. Yet, she was way out of the white-skirt woman’s league.

At that moment, she was tugging at the woman dressed in a white skirt, consoling, “Don’t be sad. Hector is on the way—”

“I won’t forgive him even if he comes. What nonsense is this?” The woman in the white dress was enraged. “His parents announced the engagement was called off, while he said nothing...”

“Calm down. That’s how men are. They just don’t know how to appreciate things. This time, our purpose is to make him angry and nervous. Look, these are all the male models I’ve hired. Go ahead and pick one. Once Hector is here and sees another man pursuing you, he’ll definitely panic.”

Francesca rolled her eyes as she watched the scene. That woman in the yellow skirt is obviously setting the white-skirt woman up. But the latter is quite stupid as well. I can’t believe she actually fell for such a cheap trick.

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When she was about to go in and expose the yellow-skirt woman, a familiar figure passed her by. It was Danrique. Seeing that, she hurried after him.

Once Danrique, Sean, and the others entered the private room, Gordon brought a group of men and guarded the outside. Francesca was about to enter before the security guard of the bar stopped her. “This is the VIP room. No outsiders are allowed.”

“I’m looking for—” Francesca paused halfway and rephrased her sentence. “I’m looking for that man who entered earlier. He’s my friend.”

“Who are you, ma’am? How are you associated with the honored guest?” The security guard showed no respect for her.

At that time, Francesca was dressed in a red lace dress and had delicate makeup, which was precisely the look of a dancer at Sultry Night. Naturally, she did not look like she was someone of high status.

Francesca wanted to charge in there, but a few more bodyguards came over and threw her out.

Infuriated, Francesca gritted her teeth. However, she had no choice. Danrique was too vigilant, and the security around the area was too strict. There was no way she could get close to him.

She had no choice but to think of other options.

Meanwhile, Danrique was meeting a middle-aged man in the private room.

The latter's gaze was alert and filled with wisdom. "Mr. Lindberg, I know you're both rich and powerful, but the country's market is being controlled completely by Zachary. I'm afraid no one is able to take it away from him. Besides, my business is encountering some issues. How am I supposed to help you when I can't even protect myself?"

Danrique merely sipped his wine in silence.

"I heard you're venturing into Epea and Adrune's markets. Why don't you put your effort in there for the upcoming years? I bet the markets there will be enough for you to earn for the next four to five years. It's still not too late to consider entering our country's market after the foundation there is stable," the middle-aged man uttered those words half-heartedly.

With that, he got up and excused himself. "I might have said too much today. Of course, if you think my words don't make sense, you can ignore them. I'm sorry. I still have other matters to deal with at home. I'll be leaving now."

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1844

The Hidden Truth

At that, the middle-aged man prepared to leave.

"Please hold on!" It was rare for Danrique to use the word "please" with such great respect.

The middle-aged man stopped in his tracks, lowering his head with a conflicted expression.

Danrique put his glass down and stared at him. "I know the Nacht family is attacking you. As long as you give me the word, I'll definitely help you."

Astonished, the middle-aged man lifted his gaze from the ground and looked at Danrique. "You—"

"You're the man Aunt Isabella loved in the past. Now that you're facing some trouble, I can definitely help you," Danrique said seriously. "But I hope you can tell me if she has a daughter. And if she does, where is her daughter?"

“How do you know about your aunt’s relationship with me?” Richard was shocked. “This has always been a secret. Only a handful of people on earth know about this.”

“I received the items left by Aunt Isabella not long ago,” Danrique said grimly. “She passed away due to an illness many years ago. She even quietly spent her final days by the sea to not make us worry.”

“What?” Richard froze and widened his eyes in disbelief. “You’re saying Isabella’s dead?”

For years, he had been constantly searching for her. He never expected to hear such news.

“Yes.” Danrique looked extremely upset at the mention of the matter. “I rushed over right after receiving the news, but I still did not get to see her for the last time. I could only handle her funeral and bring her ashes back to Xendale.”

“Oh, Isabella...” Richard could not bring himself to believe that the wife he had been searching for was no longer on earth.

For many years, he had been facing everything with determination and bravery no matter what the matter was. That was because he had been hanging on to the hope of finding his beloved wife and reuniting the family.

It was like a faith that kept him going on.

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However, at that moment, his faith was crushed completely.

“One of the items Aunt Isabella left was a picture of her holding a baby. She was dressed like a girl. For the past few years, I’ve been searching for the child.”

“It’s true that Isabella and I dated, but it only lasted for a while,” Richard said sadly. “I’ve let her down. I didn’t have the ability to protect her. That’s why she chose to leave...”

“She left, probably because she did not want to put you in trouble.” Surprisingly, Danrique understood the situation well. “Back then, the Nacht family was in chaos. Harrison had just died, and the Nacht family was looking for her to get revenge. That was why she chose to disappear.”

“Really?” Richard looked as though he was slightly relieved. “That means she doesn’t hate me—”

“Yes, she doesn’t,” Danrique said with confidence. Softly, he continued, “Aunt Isabella left me a letter. She said you’re the best man on earth and that I should help you out if you’re in danger.”

He said those words with the utmost respect. Clearly, Isabella had expressed her deep feelings for Richard through the letter.

“Thank you, thank you,” Richard choked. His eyes were red, and he did not dare to look at Danrique.

“You still haven’t answered my question. Does Aunt Isabella have a daughter?” Danrique asked again. “Is that the child you had with Aunt Isabella?”

“No,” Richard denied at once. “Isabella was only with me for three months. How could she possibly be pregnant with my child? I do have a daughter, but she’s born of my other girlfriend.”

“Okay.” Danrique did not want to ask further when he saw how firm Richard’s attitude was. Instead, he took out a black card and wrote his phone number on it before handing it to the latter. “This is my phone number. Please call me if you’re in danger or if you need anything.”

“Thank you!” Richard took the card, gave Danrique a grateful look, and left the room.

Meanwhile, Danrique watched him leave with a complicated expression.

“Mr. Lindberg, should we look into Mr. Windt’s daughter?” Sean whispered.

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