

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1881-1885

### Chapter 1881 The Four Great Families

“Birthday party?” Francesca sat up straighter in surprise. “Is it Danrique’s birthday today?”

“Yes, it is.” Gordon nodded.

“That’s weird. Why are other people preparing his birthday celebration instead of his family?” Francesca asked in confusion. “What’s that about?”

“Well...” Gordon trailed off as he thought about it for a second. “You’re going to become part of the Lindberg family eventually, so I had better let you know about the four great families first.”

“Okay!”

Francesca was already intrigued. She really wanted to know why exactly the Lindberg family would have such immense control along with the other three great families. How could these four families be more influential than the royal family?

Gordon began telling her everything.

“There are four great families: The Harringtons, the Yarrows, the Atkinson, and, of course, the Lindbergs. A hundred years ago, the four families founded the Lindberg Corporation.

“This company really took off and eventually became highly renowned because of the cooperation between the four great families, as well as the skillful management by the Lindberg ancestors.

“However, after Old Lady Lindberg passed away, the Lindberg Corporation higher-ups stopped getting along. Once Mr. Lindberg took over at a young age, the four great families began to split apart.

“The Harrington, Yarrow, and Atkinson families refused to be led by the Lindbergs and constantly plotted how to get a bigger portion of the shares. They wanted to be on the same level as the Lindbergs, and at one point even that wasn’t enough. They wanted to overthrow the Lindbergs and take over the company.”

Gordon suddenly paused and said seriously, “They definitely have an ulterior motive for planning this banquet. Of course, they wouldn’t dare to do anything major, but they

certainly didn't have the best intentions. With this in mind, please stick closely to Mr. Lindberg and don't lose sight of him."

"Well, if this is the case, then why did he want me there?" Francesca asked, now uncomfortable with the prospect of her attending. "What if they'll target me from now on?"

"Mr. Lindberg will protect you," Gordon said with a chuckle. "Don't worry. No matter how sinister they may seem, all they're after is money. They wouldn't dare get on Mr. Lindberg's bad side, and they definitely won't bother you."

"Are you sure?" Francesca pursed her lips. "Danrique is too arrogant sometimes. It's always better to be safe than sorry."

"But-

"It's okay. I got it."

Francesca couldn't be bothered to say more. It wasn't as if she was actually going to get married to Danrique. She was simply a last-minute cover-up, so those people probably wouldn't waste too much effort on her anyway.

Gordon didn't say anything else.

Francesca lay against the headrest and closed her eyes to take a nap. However, the moment she began to fall asleep, they arrived at their destination.

One of the subordinates opened the door for her. The moment she stepped out, two female bodyguards reached out to help her, but she was already standing on the ground steadily. Compared to the other female guests, she was extremely comfortable and self-sufficient.

"That's quite the crowd."

She glanced at the flurry of expensive cars parked all around.

Some extravagantly dressed people were already waiting to greet others by the sidewalk.

Francesca was still zoned out looking at the people around her when she heard a few cars approaching. She turned to see some silver cars pull up and the bodyguards immediately rushed over.

The doors opened and a pair of long legs stepped out, followed by the most perfect man she had ever seen. To put the cherry on top, he was currently walking toward her.

Francesca's jaw almost dropped in shock. Danrique was dressed in a white suit, and he looked like he had just walked out of a painting. He was breathtakingly handsome.

"What are you looking at?"

Danrique reached out and caressed her head softly. Their height difference made it seem like he was an adult teasing a child.

"You look great," Francesca said as she looked up at him admiringly.

Danrique smiled and reached out a hand to her.

She hesitated, but couldn't hold herself back from putting her hand in his. He naturally intertwined their fingers together and held her hand tightly.

Almost instantaneously, she felt a surge of warmth rush up her arm and into her heart.

Her heartbeat began to speed up and her pretty little face began to redden.

Danrique couldn't help but feel his heart pump a little faster at the sight of her embarrassed and shy expression. He leaned down to kiss her on the forehead and walked with her hand-in-hand to the palace.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1882**

### **Chapter 1882 I Would Like A Glimpse Too**

"Mr. Lindberg!"

A bunch of people dressed to the nines walked toward Danrique and greeted him in Erihalean.

Francesca hadn't known a lick of Erihalean when she first came, so all she had picked up were a couple of phrases from living in the castle for the past few days.

By the sound of it, she realized that these were the right-hand men of the Harrington, Yarrow, and Atkinson families.

They were still treating him with a lot of respect and Francesca couldn't really tell that anything was up.

Feuds between families were always complicated, though, and Francesca couldn't be bothered to think about it.

She wouldn't have had to think about it if she hadn't sensed that they kept glancing over at her, as if trying to figure out where she came from.

Danrique didn't introduce her to them, and they didn't ask either. They simply continued chatting until they reached the palace.

The palace was practically shimmering with gold and bright lights. The opalescent diamond chandeliers glittered and the music flowed gently among the large hall. It created an elegant, romantic atmosphere along with the soft chatter from the well-dressed guests.

It was quite the grand sight.

However, the moment Danrique walked into the hall with Francesca, everyone turned to look and bowed at them.

Two middle-aged men walked over and greeted Danrique enthusiastically.

Francesca didn't really understand, but she managed to catch that they were the heads of the Yarrow and Atkinson families.

They weren't as humble as the right-hand men from before, but they were enthusiastic and friendly, as if they were a pair of uncles who were proud of their successful nephew. They even asked about Francesca.

Danrique placed an arm around her shoulder and said, "This is my fiancée, Cece."

"Fiancée?"

The Yarrow and Atkinson families were both extremely shocked and their expressions became almost theatrical.

"Wow! The two of them were busy picking out suitable candidates for you. To think that you've already got a fiancée!"

Francesca looked up at the sound of a casual voice and saw a tall, handsome man.

He looked to be about thirty to forty years old and his eyes were extremely deep-set. His features were chiseled like that of a Roman bust and he had a dangerous aura radiating from his gaze despite the fake smile on his lips.

The fake smile remained as he looked Francesca up and down.

She wasn't scared in the slightest. On the contrary, she stared back with a raised eyebrow, looking for all the world as if she was ready to challenge him.

After all, she had already seen a countless number of carnivorous beasts in the wild. Why would she be afraid of any human being?

She wasn't even afraid of Danrique, so she certainly wouldn't be afraid of him.

"We were planning to announce it soon. What's the rush, anyway?"

Danrique brought Francesca in closer to his embrace as he spoke and stared at the other man coldly. "Hello, Harrier."

"Where did you find your little girlfriend, Danrique?" Harrier finally looked away from Francesca and at Danrique instead. "She's pretty cute."

Danrique frowned.

Kevin immediately spoke up to get rid of the tension. "Harrier, you know Danrique doesn't appreciate jokes like that. You should know better as an elder."

"Yes!" Gerard said. "Since Danrique already has a fiancée, we—"

"Come on, Mr. Atkinson, you already brought your daughter to the banquet. He has to at least take a look, doesn't he?" Harrier said with an ambiguous smile. "And you too, Mr. Yarrow. You may not have a daughter, but I heard that you brought your niece here to be part of the line-up. How could we simply cancel such an extravagant pageant for the one and only Danrique Lindberg?"

"Harrier!"

Danrique was already on the verge of losing his temper.

"Danrique, everyone got this ready just for you. You can't just chase them away now, right? Just take a look. I'm sure this future missus won't mind, right?"

Harrier sounded completely nonchalant, as if he were trying to coddle Danrique.

It would have been hard to get angry at him without a concrete reason.

Danrique was about to speak when Francesca opened her mouth. "Sure! I'd love to see them."

Everyone turned to look at her. She may have been petite, but her eyes gleamed and she seemed completely at ease in such a difficult situation.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1883**

### **Chapter 1883 Rivals**

Danrique looked at Francesca deeply and gestured nonchalantly.

Essentially, he was saying to let them do whatever his fiancée wanted.

Harrier looked at Francesca meaningfully before clapping his hands twice. The music immediately stopped and the chattering guests retreated knowingly.

The curtains raised up and the stage lit up brightly.

Kevin and Gerald started to bring Danrique to his seat.

Everyone else only dared to sit down after Danrique and the other three great families had been seated.

Only then did Donald come over to greet them.

Danrique finally replied to someone for the first time that night and even invited him to sit down with them.

Only then did Francesca realize that he had always been there. Even though he was a shareholder of the company as well as a member of the Lindberg family, he still ranked below the three great families.

He was only able to sit down after Danrique and the other three great families sat down.

This only served to show how seriously Erihal took its hierarchy.

Francesca glanced over but failed to catch a glimpse of Eva. She wondered if she was about to take part in the selection as well.

Still, Francesca didn't know what everyone meant by 'selection'. Was he supposed to select a girlfriend, a fiancée, or was Erihal simply a country wherein he was allowed to get married to more than one woman?

She was in the midst of her thoughts when the lights dimmed and the music smoothly switched from a gentle, romantic piano piece to a classy jazz number.

Some dancers dressed in sexy tight dresses began dancing to a seductive jazz choreography. Every single movement, expression and gaze was meant to unleash their most alluring self.

The three great families never stopped staring at Danrique for his reaction.

Danrique, however, wasn't the least bit interested in them. He simply stared at the performance with a cold stare as he sipped his wine.

Francesca, on the other hand, widened her eyes and admired the performers boldly. In Chanaean, she marveled, "Wow! Erihal ladies have great assets. Not only are their hips curvy, but their chests are too and their legs are so long!"

"Pft-" Danrique almost spat out his drink.

What is up with this woman? The others were trying to get him to choose another wife, and yet she was simply admiring the performances.

"Check out the bodies on those girls!"

She continued watching excitedly with a bright smile on her face. It was starting to seem as if these performances were meant for her and not Danrique.

Both the Yarrow and Atkinson families were staring in surprise while Harrier simply continued observing them with a hard-to-read smirk on his face.

As for Donald, he glanced at Francesca and turned to apologize to Danrique.

"I'm sorry, Danrique. Yesterday, Eva brought Ms. Cece out but she ended up getting drunk herself and didn't manage to take good care of Ms. Cece. I've already sternly reprimanded her earlier today and also punished those bodyguards."

Here, he paused and turned to apologize to Francesca. "Ms. Cece, I wish to apologize on behalf of Eva's irresponsibility. I can't let this just pass as a senior of the family. Please give me a time and date so that I can treat you and Danrique properly this time."

"Don't worry about it. Eva was great-"

Francesca didn't get to finish her sentence as a loud round of applause washed over her voice.

The jazz choreography had finished and a Latin dance performance was now going onstage.

The cheerful music lit up the atmosphere, but Danrique seemed completely unaffected. He even began entertaining the idea of leaving.

Francesca, however, continued to watch enthusiastically and clapped along to the rhythm of the music.

Danrique smiled at the sight of her happiness. So she likes to watch these performances, he mused.

Gerard and Kevin glanced at each other and signaled for the butler to arrange to cut the performances short and push the real purpose of the show forward.

Harrier just smirked coldly as he continued observing everything quietly.

Soon enough, the Latin choreography finished as well.

The lights switched from the exciting flashing lights from before to a soft but bright glow of spotlights directed right at a white piano in the center of the stage. A lady dressed in a floor-length champagne gold gown walked toward it gracefully and sat down before beginning to play.

The woman was tall and slender, and her features were delicate and breathtakingly beautiful. Even the way she lifted her fingers screamed elegance and riches. She was obviously from a well-off family.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1884**

### **Chapter 1884 Malnourished**

“Danrique, that’s your Uncle Atkinson’s daughter, Hazel.”

Kevin began to introduce her hurriedly. “She just returned from her studies in M Nation. She has two PhDs and is fluent in five languages. She’s extremely skilled in many areas.”

“Do you remember Hazel, Danrique?” Gerard said with a chuckle. “You used to turn down the other kids who came to play with you, but you would always talk to Hazel.”

“I vaguely remember that, yes.”

Danrique looked toward the stage and his cold, indifferent stare became one of admiration.

Francesca began to feel a little bit unhappy. Before this, when Eva tried to flirt with Danrique, he hadn’t even looked at her.

However, he seemed to feel differently toward this Hazel girl.

“Hazel just got back, so I wanted to get her into the company as soon as possible,” Gerard said. “I only have one daughter, after all. She’s going to take over my place in the company one day. What do you think about that?”

“It’s your position. You can decide what you want to do with it,” Danrique explained mildly.

“Well, it’s courtesy to run it by you first.” Gerard looked at his daughter with a proud gaze. “Hazel is truly the apple of my eye. Apart from work, I do wish she would have a proper home to go to one day. Perhaps a family of her own.”



Suddenly, he paused as if he had just remembered something and turned to look at Francesca with an awkward smile. "Ah, I forgot that you already have a fiancée. Just forget I said anything."

Francesca hadn't even wrapped her head around whatever Gerard had just said, but at the sight of his stare and his reaction, she could get a hint.

He obviously wanted to set his daughter up with Danrique.

"Hazel is a fine young woman. She'll find her Romeo one day."

Danrique's answer didn't seem simply courteous or polite. Instead, it seemed as if he was being genuine.

"Has Danrique and Ms. Cece already gotten engaged?" Kevin asked. "I hadn't even heard about you two beforehand, much less the fact that she's now your fiancée."

Kevin smiled at Francesca. In his head, he was thinking, She can't even understand me, so it doesn't matter.

"Yes. Don't let any random person take advantage of you," Harrier cut in. "You just took over the Epea and Adrune market, so they probably hate your guts. That pastor might already have begun laying down his trap."

"You're really quite full of rubbish today," Danrique said coldly as he glared at Harrier with a stare full of knives.

Harrier shrugged, finally falling silent.

The sound of the piano finally drifted to a close. Once the song finished, Hazel took a graceful bow and began walking toward Danrique.

The spotlight shone on her and everyone in the room turned to stare.

"Hello, L. It's been awhile. Do you remember me?"

Hazel automatically greeted Danrique in her honey-like voice.

"Of course," Danrique said with a slight smile. "Nice to finally see you again."

"Yes, it is."

Hazel stared at him admiringly and was about to speak when she spotted Francesca next to him.

"This is...?"

"This is my fiancée." Danrique put an arm around Francesca and introduced her in Ustranasion. "Her name is Cece."

Francesca's heart surged with warmth and she smiled graciously.

"Ah." Hazel was stunned. She hadn't known about Danrique's fiancée at all.

"Cece, this is Hazel. She's Mr. Atkinson's daughter," Danrique introduced in Ustranasion.

"Ah, hello!" Francesca greeted Hazel.

"Hello," Hazel hurriedly replied, reaching out to shake Francesca's hand.

Francesca wasn't used to such a greeting, but she followed along nonetheless.

She couldn't help but glance at Hazel and look her up and down, from her pretty face to her chest, waist and legs.

Then, she looked down at her own unassuming slopes.

She used to think she had quite a decent figure, but here in Erihal, she looked like a malnourished kid.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1885**

### **Chapter 1885 You Must Be Careful**

Francesca couldn't help but feel threatened. She had heard that men all liked ladies with full, sexy figures. Could Danrique be the same?

She turned to look at him, and he happened to be staring at her as well. "Are you hungry? Do you want to get a bite to eat in the lounge?"

"That sounds great."

Francesca was starting to want to leave. She was beginning to feel the stares of countless people just focused on her, and she didn't like it.

Danrique gestured subtly and two female bodyguards showed up to bring Francesca away.

Francesca turned around after a few steps only to see Hazel sitting in what had been Francesca's seat, elegantly having a conversation with Danrique.

She frowned, feeling her heart clench a little bit. Did Danrique just want to get me away so he could talk to other women?

“Cece!”

Suddenly, a cheerful voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

She looked at and saw Eva.

Eva was dressed rather subtly today. She was in a pale lavender gown and had been sipping wine with a few other socialites in the corner. All this time, she hadn't dared to go near Danrique.

After all, the three great families were here. She wasn't important enough to steal the spotlight.

“Hi!” Francesca said before asking teasingly, “Why aren't you going to talk to Danrique?”

“Ahem!” Eva cleared her throat awkwardly. “Anyway, I'm sorry for getting drunk yesterday and not taking better care of you.”

“That's alright,” Francesca said with a chuckle. “I'm going to rest in the lounge. Do you want to follow me?”

“Okay!” Eva said excitedly.

The two of them arrived at the lounge, where the caterers had already laid out a table of exquisite dishes.

Francesca started eating the moment she sat down, not caring about her supposed elegant image in the least.

Eva couldn't help but stare in surprise. “Cece, who exactly are you?”

“What?” Francesca raised an eyebrow in confusion.

“Well, I-” Eva stuttered, not knowing if she should be honest.

“You must be wondering, if I'm from some important organization who put me through rigorous training for this role, then why don't I have the elegance or manners to show for it? But if I'm not, how come I still seem like such a handful to pick with?”

Francesca was right on the money.

“Yes!” Eva nodded.

“Well,” Francesca giggled and placed a pastry onto Eva’s plate. “What’s the name of that pianist lady again?”

“Her name is Hazel,” Eva replied. “She’s Mr. Atkinson’s only daughter, and he spent a lot of time shaping and perfecting her into the ideal woman. She did well despite those expectations and is extremely skilled and talented. In fact, she’s the top pick for all three great families.”

“Pick? Picked for what?” Francesca frowned.

“About that…” Eva trailed off hesitatingly.

“Are men allowed to have more than one wife here in Erihal?”

“No. We’re strictly monogamous,” Eva rushed to clarify. “The men in Erihal may be intimidating, but women aren’t taken lightly either.”

“That’s weird.” Francesca said in confusion. “Danrique already told them he had a fiancée, so why are they trying to push a girlfriend onto him?”

“I’m sorry for being straightforward,” Eva said as she looked down on the ground. “But you and Danrique haven’t gotten married yet. You also don’t have any important background- actually, they can’t even figure out where you came from. They couldn’t care less about you.”

“Oh. That makes sense.” Francesca nodded.

Eva sighed. “That’s why you have to be careful.”

With a curious frown, Francesca asked, “Careful about what?”

Eva looked at her, a little bit lost for words. “You don’t understand, do you? Think about it. If they want to reach Danrique, they have to get rid of you first.”

“Oh!” Francesca’s eyes widened. “That also makes sense!”

Eva suddenly thought of something and hurriedly tossed the pastry away. “Crap, these pastries wouldn’t have been poisoned, would they?”

“Probably not,” Francesca said as she continued munching away. “The pastries are fine. The fruit tea, however, is not.”

“What?” Eva widened her eyes in shock. “Are you serious? Don’t mess with me!”