

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1949

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"I'm sorry!"

Harrier apologized right away and turned to reprimand the waiter, "What are you doing? Are you blind?"

The waiter bowed and apologized incessantly, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

"It's okay," said Francesca, not wanting to make things hard for the waiter.

Upon seeing the scene unfold, Hazel and Gerard immediately went over to handle the situation.

Enter title...

A subordinate of the Atkinson family took out his handkerchief and handed it to Francesca, who happened to notice a bruise on the former's left hand.

That was, apparently, a bite wound from a snake.

Francesca's pupils constricted as a cold gleam flashed past her eyes.

It turned out that the person behind her kidnapping was Gerard Atkinson.

That day at the cabin in the mountains, the head of the kidnapers was bitten by the poisonous snake that she had summoned.

Although that was a long time ago, it would surely leave a scar.

Therefore, she had been on the lookout for someone who had a bite wound on their hand.

Initially, she had thought it was Harrier, but to her surprise, it was Gerard instead.

Needless to say, a big shot like Gerard would never take matters into his own hands when it came to committing such a crime. He would, of course, send his most trusted assistant.

"Let's go to the back hall, shall we? I'll get someone to bring you a few more gowns for you to choose" said Hazel, sounding like the matriarch of the place.

"That won't be necessary. I'll just clean the gown."

Francesca glanced at that subordinate before following Hazel to the lounge in the back hall.

The two female bodyguards of the Lindberg family, Heidi and Samantha, trailed behind them.

Francesca went to the washroom to try cleaning the wine stains on her gown, but after failing to do so, she decided to wait on the sofa in the lounge for Hazel's subordinates to bring her a new gown.

"I'll keep Ms. Cece company. The rest of you, please step out."

Hazel sent her subordinates away before turning to look at Heidi and Samantha.

The two bodyguards glanced at Francesca and only left after receiving a nod from the latter.

They didn't go far.

Instead, they stood guard by the door.

Hazel talked on the phone for a while and said to Francesca, "We've taken care of the waiter who bumped into you just now."

Francesca explained, "The waiter didn't bump into me. He bumped into Harrier, and the wine in Harrier's hand ended up spilling on me"

Hazel twirled the wine glass in her hand.

“How it happened didn’t matter. The point is, you were offended. The audacity of him to offend Mr. Lindberg’s fiancée! What a heinous act.”

Knowing that she wouldn’t be able to talk sense into the woman, Francesca stopped arguing with her about it and asked, “How did you guys take care of the matter?”

Hazel spoke casually.

“We put him in jail, of course. What a useless prick for making such a mistake during an important banquet.”

Hearing that, Francesca lifted her head and looked at Hazel in utter disbelief. She thought that the latter was just arrogant by nature, but she didn’t expect the latter to be so evil and ruthless.

Perhaps to people like her, the petty lives of waiters weren’t worth anything at all.

Such an arbitrary and imperious concept was deeply rooted in her nature, causing her to show that idealism in front of Francesca without reservation. Francesca felt immensely uncomfortable, but she knew she couldn’t reason with Hazel about this.

“Care for some wine?”

Hazel handed Francesca a glass of red wine.

Francesca took the wine glass and savored the rich and pleasant scent of alcohol.

After taking a sip, she praised, “This wine is good!”

“Oh? Do you have wine-tasting skills? Or are you just being ostentatious?”

Hazel curled her lips into a smile.

“What do you mean?”

Francesca raised her eyebrows.

“Actually, those who are qualified to become waiters here have good family backgrounds and high-degree educations. Even their height and appearances are taken into meticulous consideration...”

Twirling her wine glass, Hazel remarked meaningfully, “When they came here, they had dreams and ambitions. However, once they made a mistake, things would be different.”

Pausing for a while, she continued, “Mr. Lindberg is currently interested in you because you’re like a breath of fresh air for him, and he’s willing to give you anything. But who knows what will happen in the future? How long would he stay interested in you? Without support from your family’s status, I’m afraid that not long after this, you’d end up like that waiter. Oh, you might even end up worse than him since you’ve always been the abandoned wife of a wealthy family”

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“Abandoned wife?”

Francesca couldn’t help but chuckle when she heard the unfamiliar phrase.

“In this world, all kinds of relationships are based on equal exchange, including

love. Now, you used your young and charming appearance in exchange for Danrique's love for you, but all this will expire one day. Once you begin to decline, everything will change, and there's no way you'd still get to enjoy his love. If I were you, I could at least get along with him peacefully due to my family background. But as for you, you'd end up getting abandoned since you do not have any backing. Perhaps you'd die, or perhaps you'd be put in jail and live a

life worse than death. It's also possible that you'd be given as a gift to some other man..."

"Are you done?"

Annoyed, Francesca interrupted her, "I thought you've chosen Mr. Adams as your man. Why do you still concern yourself with our relationship?"

"It's not too late if you choose to back out now. Or else—"

Hazel put her wine glass down and closed in on Francesca, attempting to threaten her. However, before she could finish her sentence, the sound of knocking on the door interrupted her. Then, Gerard's voice came from outside.

"Hazel, please come out"

Hazel shot Francesca a cold glare before getting up to head out.

When Hazel opened the door, Francesca caught a glimpse of Gerard standing outside while wearing a grim expression.

Moreover, he was staring at Hazel with a stern look in his eyes.

Francesca had a rough understanding of what was going on.

Gerard wanted Hazel to marry Frank, but Hazel was still in love with Danrique, which led her to pressure Francesca into giving up.

Noticing what his daughter had in mind, Gerard came in time to stop her.

Francesca was pretty sure that was the case.

As for the reason that Gerard sent someone to kidnap her previously was probably to create an opportunity for his daughter to pursue Danrique.

Frank hadn't offered them an olive branch at that time, after all.

They placed their focus on Danrique, thinking that once Francesca was out of the picture, Hazel would be able to marry the man.

If that was true, Gerard might also be the one who sent someone to knock Francesca and Eva unconscious during the banquet last time.

Does Danrique know about all this? Just as Francesca was mulling over her thoughts, there was once again a knock on the door.

Someone had brought gowns over for Francesca to choose from.

Francesca randomly chose one and was about to send them away when one of the maids asked her with a strange voice, "Miss, would you like me to help you change into the gown?"

Francesca lifted her eyes to glance at the maid and reacted almost immediately, "Okay. You can stay. The others may leave."

"Noted."

The other maids heeded her words and left the room. The maid locked the door and said to Francesca in a strained voice, "It's me!"

"I know."

Francesca sized Layla up before teasing her, "Ms. Layla, it's amazing that you

don't look weird at all when disguised as a young maid in her thirties."

"Why of course. I'm pretty by nature"

Layla twisted her hips and posed complacently, obviously pleased with herself.

"How did you get in? There are a lot of rules and regulations here, and it's so heavily guarded..."

Francesca asked curiously.

"I just happen to have an idea"

Layla walked toward the window and observed the situation outside.

"Francesca, I've found a way to get you out of here. Just say the word, and I'll bring you out."

"H-How are you going to get me out?"

Francesca felt inexplicably uneasy at that moment, causing her to stutter nervously.

"One of the noblewomen had an asthma attack just now due to something she ate. The castle's private doctor examined her condition just now, and she needs to be sent to the hospital. The ambulance should be here any minute, so we could disguise as paramedics and blend in to hop onto the ambulance; explained Layla.

She then continued in a hushed voice, "The point is, have you thought it through? Do you want to leave or not?"

"I..."

Francesca was a little hesitant.