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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1855

Chapter 1855 Lady Of The House

Francesca was stunned. She looked out of the window with a dumbfounded expression. W-What's going on?

"The man who shot you had just been executed, Ms. Cece," Sean informed politely. "Do you want to take a look?"

"Uh, there's no need for that." She shook her head.

"No need to worry." He smiled and explained, "This is Erihal. Nobles in Erihal have the right to possess weapons and kill people."

She stared at him as she was certain that there was a hidden meaning behind the lines.

It seemed like he was reminding her that if she pissed off Danrique, she might not be able to leave the building alive...

"No need to be scared." Danrique looked at her gently. "I won't let anyone hurt you!"

"Uh, about that..." She wanted to tell him that she didn't block to bullet for him on purpose.

It was just her being unlucky enough to fall into his embrace moments before the hostile gunmen fired at him.

She decided not to tell him that because being alive was far more important than setting the record straight.

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Since he was taking care of her at that moment, she was going to recover first before finding an opportunity to escape.

“Just rest, all right?” Danrique said before leaving.

She stared at his back speechlessly. This guy looks tall, big, and handsome, yet he has a one-track mind. How can he think I that I used my body to block a bullet for him? Is he delusional?

“You seem quite familiar, Ms. Cece. Have we met somewhere before?” Sean stared at her deeply.

He couldn’t shake the feeling that she looked really familiar, but he couldn’t recall where he saw her.

“No, I don’t think we’ve met before,” Francesca denied.

If Danrique knew she was Francesco, he might think she was playing him.

Additionally, once he knew her true identity, she might really be unable to escape.

“Okay.” Sean didn’t have the nerve to ask her any more questions or even look at her any further.

He lowered his head and left.

Francesca lay on the bed; her brain was a mess. I didn’t wear a mask before when I was posing as a dancer. There was only a wig disguising my appearance. Now that I’m not wearing any makeup or wigs, there’s no doubt I resemble Francesco now. Hell, even Sean’s getting suspicious. It’ll only be a matter of time before Danrique figures out who I am, even with his love-obsessed mind. So, I need to figure out how to leave this place as soon as possible.

Luckily, he was pretty busy for the next few days. She rarely saw him, which meant she could recuperate in peace.

All the maids and bodyguards treated her with great respect, as though she had become the lady of the castle.

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Francesca was too lazy to explain herself. She only wanted her wound to recover as soon as possible so she could book it out of the place.

Five days passed in a blink of an eye. Her wound had recovered a lot, so much so that she could walk freely. That day, she asked for a phone from a maid and called Anthony.

"Hello? It's me!"

"Oh god! Francesca! Are you all right? I was worried sick about you!" He sounded exaggerated.

"I'm not dead yet. There's no need to shout." She asked coldly, "So, did you open the box? Has the issue with the orphanage been dealt with yet?"

"I did open it and sold a couple of things inside in an auction. The money is in my possession. Right now, Mr. Lincoln and Ms. Layla are taking care of the orphanage. Still, I suspect that there's going to be a problem with the foundation. I'll tell you more about it in detail once you return..."

"The foundation is definitely funneling my money into their pockets. In fact, they might be deliberately creating problems to extract funds. Investigate the matter in secret first. I'll take care of it once I come back."

"So you knew about it already..."

"Of course I knew! Do you think I'm stupid?"

"Where are you right now? When are you coming back?"

"We'll see... I'll hang up now!"

"Wait." Anthony quickly stopped her. "I have something I need to report. It's about the Windt family."