

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1751

### Chapter 1751 Dangerous Beauty

Though she kept getting glimpses of an explosion and seemed to remember passing out a lot, she was too disoriented to arrange them into a sequence that made sense.

As she strained to remember, her head throbbed painfully.

Aiden was beside himself with glee. Unable to contain himself any longer, he reached out with a greedy hand. "Come here."

As his hand neared her bosom, Francesca's eyes suddenly flung wide open. Her bright eyes glinted murderously as she caught hold of the man's wrist and gave a vicious twist.

"Ah!" Aiden screamed. Despite wriggling for all his might, Francesca afforded him no such opportunity for escape.

With nimble haste, she wrapped the silver chain between her hands around his wrist and heaved him over her shoulder to bring the large man falling onto the floor with an earth-shattering crash.

As Aiden writhed in pain on the ground, the men below the stage were flabbergasted at the unexpected strength and ferocity of so frail a girl.

As creatures craving novelty, they developed an intense interest in the wild woman who had demolished all stereotypes of her gender within the span of several seconds. Some of them had even begun wolf-whistling again.

"Hah! The night hasn't even begun and you're already tapping out, Aiden!"

“I like them beautiful and wild. Start the bidding for her again if Aiden’s not up for it!”

Francesca gave her throbbing head a little shake as she gazed at the men below the stage through the cage bars. Her vision was beginning to regain its sharpness, though there were more questions than answers she had at the moment.

“What am I doing here? What is this place?”

The back of her head seared with sudden sharpness. She reached out to touch it gingerly and found fresh blood on her fingertips.

Even the sight of blood was unable to help her recall what had transpired.

How did I get hurt? What’s my name?

As soon as the thought crossed her mind, her heart gave a leap of horror as she realized that she could not even remember who she was.

“How dare you lay a finger on me, b\*tch!” Aiden stumbled to his feet and lunged at Francesca from behind.

Her eyes narrowed as she swung a devastating kick out to meet his face with a sickening crunch. After crumpling to the floor in a heap, the large man moved no more.

“What’s his problem?” Francesca shouted as she stepped on Aiden’s body on the way out of the cage before realizing that her ankles had been locked together as well.

The chains upon her wrists and ankles bore many tiny bells which tinkered at her every gesture. Though pleasant, it was severely impractical for stealth.

Her eyes swept the audience before falling onto the host. “Who did this?” she demanded, raising a hand to display the padlocked shackles on her wrists.

The host made a gesture. Two large men appeared from the back of the stage and made their way closer to her, sneering at the slight woman before them.

The men on the stage below grew anxious for Francesca.

Aiden was not trained for physical confrontation like the bodyguards of Casino Inferno’s employees were. At that moment, even one of them looked too much for the frail woman to handle.

The poor girl. Both the guards are going to manhandle her.

Francesca did not display the slightest hint of fear. Even more impressively, she strode forward to meet her opponents.

Limping as a result of her injury, her gaze remained steady and severe.

I’ll show them! Women are not to be trifled with!

Seized by a sudden impulse, Danrique felt compelled to stay and see the fight through. Turning back around, he returned to his seat on the red leather armchair and joined the rest of the patrons to spectate the battle below.

Having attained success at an early age, he had been desensitized toward many things. The unorthodox actions of the woman in the cage sparked his interest.

Francesca raised her chin haughtily as she beckoned with a menacing finger.

The man on the left leered at her chest before lunging at her with his arms outstretched.

Francesca sidestepped to the opposite direction from whence he came and deftly snatched the dagger on his hip before swiping downward.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1752

### Chapter 1752 Fearless

As the sound of fabric tearing sounded, A split was formed on the pants of the man in black, and floral-patterned underwear peeked through the wide hole.

“Hahaha!”

The crowd below the stage roared with laughter at the sight of the bodyguard getting pranked by a woman.

“What a useless piece of trash!” A mocking smile appeared on Francesca’s face. Then, she tried to break open the chain on her hand with the dagger but frowned as her attempts were unsuccessful.

Not daring to underestimate his opponent anymore, the furious man swung his fist toward Francesca.

She deftly avoided his attack, then moved behind him and gave him a stab, fooling him just like a game of cat and mouse.

Even after a long time, the man failed to lay a finger on her. On the other hand, he found himself getting more and more injuries as time went on. It was no doubt why he was growing more irritated.

The gamblers below the stage vehemently booed as they were full of despise toward the tall and muscular bodyguard for not being able to defeat a weak woman.

The emcee hastily shot a look at another man in black.

Without hesitation, the other man in black stepped forward to offer his help, and the two surrounded Francesca.

Remaining composed, Francesca nimbly climbed to the top of the cage and waved the dagger in the air.

Upon sensing the imminent danger, one of the men managed to dodge the dagger successfully while the other man was, unfortunately, stabbed.

Blood splattered on her face, but she did not even bat an eyelash. Instead, she took the opportunity to grab the gun on the man's waist and took aim at the emcee. "Pass me the key."

The emcee furrowed his brows and waved his hand in the air again.

Five bodyguards strode up the stage and charged toward Francesca menacingly.

Narrowing her eyes dangerously, she fired a shot toward the emcee without hesitation.

Bang!

"Ahh!"

The bullet hit the emcee on his right calf, and at once, he lost his balance and fell on one knee before Francesca.

"Oh, my God!" The crowd flew into an uproar.

They figured that things had gotten out of control. No one had dared to stir trouble at Casino Inferno since the mysterious boss behind it had massive powers.

This woman is obviously here to create trouble for being so fearless to fire a bullet at the emcee.

“Give me the key!” Francesca held onto the gun and inched toward the emcee.

Following that, the five bodyguards pulled out their guns and aimed at her. Despite that, she had no fear and arrogantly uttered, “Is the boss behind Casino Inferno so useless? All the bodyguards he hired are all losers! They can’t even win against a woman like me!”

She glanced at the row of bodyguards behind the emcee and raised her brows. “Why don’t you all come at me at once?”

“What an insolent brat!” A stern voice that was burning in rage boomed from the corridor on the second floor.

Francesca turned toward the voice but swept her gaze passed the person speaking and landed on Danrique instead.

The man was seated on a deep red-colored leather chair in an exceptionally condescending posture. He was exuding an overwhelming haughtiness and arrogance from tip to toe, almost as if he was God that many greatly revered.

A sense of familiarity hit Francesca while she was still in a daze. I think I’ve seen that guy somewhere...

However, nothing came to her mind except a sharp, intense pain in the back of her head. She shook her head and gathered her thoughts before turning to Danrique for a confrontation. “So, you’re the mysterious boss

behind Casino Inferno? Ask your men to hand me the key and send me out of this place with due respect. Otherwise...”

She pointed the gun at Danrique. “I’ll start shooting and hope for the best!”

A deadly silence filled the atmosphere as the crowd was in astonishment.

Even though they had no idea who Danrique was, they knew he was not someone to be trifled with, given how he could sit in that private room and the fact that even the casino’s owner had to lower himself to serve the man like how a servant would.

Moreover, that intense and domineering aura he was exuding was enough to leave everyone in fear and trepidation. There was an exception, though, and that was none other than Francesca.

That woman is certainly not afraid of death!

Despite Francesca’s threat, Danrique did not even spare her a glance. It was almost as though she was not talking to him.

The sharp, crescent-shaped dagger felt so full of murderous intent as it remained spiraling in Francesca’s palm.

“Insolence! How dare you talk to Mr. Lindberg with that tone? Take her down!”

**Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1753**

Chapter 1753 A Blunder

The boss of Casino Inferno began to panic by the turns of events. He had captured Francesca for auction that night to butter Danrique up but did not expect things to play up this way.

How did things become like this? I might not live to see tomorrow if I angered Mr. Lindberg!

The five bodyguards approached Francesca, attempting to seize her.

Without hesitation, she pulled the trigger and fired a shot at Danrique.

The crowd widened their eyes in disbelief as they watched the bullet whiz through the air.

It was as though time had come to a standstill, and the air abruptly froze.

At that very moment, a silver glint swooshed through the air.

Following a loud thud and subsequently an agonizing scream, blood was splattered all over the place.

Stumped, Francesca stumbled a few steps back while grasping her injured hand. She was so stunned beyond words that her jaws went slack at how the gun was hacked into two and the crescent-shaped dagger was stuck on the silver cage.

At the same time that she fired the shot, a crescent-shaped dagger came flying in her direction, slicing through the bullet to interrupt its momentum and cleaving the pistol in her grip into two. She had sustained a cut on her hand as a result.

What the hell? Did that really just happen?

As much as Francesca could not believe her eyes, the dagger and the gun were shreds of evidence to prove what had happened moments ago.

Her eyes had not played tricks on her, and neither was that a hallucination.

Francesca directed her gaze toward Danrique. But this time, she was in awe. Who exactly is this guy? How did he manage to have such impressive skills?

Finishing the wine in his glass in one gulp, Danrique looked up and remarked, "You should be secretly relieved that you looked like a clown. Otherwise, I would have aimed for your neck instead of the gun!"

His frosty voice did not have a tinge of warmth in it.

A line formed between Francesca's brows as she instinctively clenched her fists tight.

"You've overestimated yourself!" The owner of Casino Inferno mocked with a laugh. "Are you trying to embarrass yourself in front of Mr. Lindberg with those useless moves? Get her!"

Two men in black went up to her and grabbed her by her shoulders.

Just when she wanted to retaliate, one of the men stepped on the chain cuffed on her legs, leaving her unable to budge.

Several other men stomped up and surrounded her. Francesca could not help but frown since she figured there was no way for her to escape at this point.

“I’ve spent a fortune on you. Even if you’re wild and unruly, I must make you mine tonight!” Aiden walked up the stage with a dozen of his bodyguards, who all had guns in their hands.

Francesca was breaking out in cold sweat. Just when those men in black were about to hand her over to Aiden, she frantically looked up at Danrique.

Unfortunately, the man had already stood up and walked away. Seeing that he was about to disappear from her vision, she suddenly yelled, “Save me!”

Immediately, Danrique stopped and turned around, throwing her a disdainful look. “Give me a reason.”

“I’ll go over and tell you.”

Francesca freed herself from the grip of the bodyguards escorting her, forcefully retrieved the dagger stuck on the cage, and walked barefooted toward Danrique.

Seeing how Danrique had no objections to her actions, no one dared to stop her.

Aiden was reluctant and frustrated about the situation but was apprehensive of saying anything more.

The thin white veil wrapped around her billowed in coordination with her pace, revealing her fair and silky smooth thighs. She was like a budding blossom emanating an alluring and intoxicating scent.

Along her way up, she had attracted the attention of every man present.

Yet, Danrique remained completely indifferent, seemingly unaffected at all.

The crowd was waiting to watch on in amusement. They were in anticipation of what tactics Francesca would use to convince Danrique since anyone could see that the man had no lecherous intents.

Upon meeting the man, Francesca reached her hand out as she said, “Your dagger.”

Looking at her up close, it suddenly occurred to Danrique that she looked somewhat familiar.

While the man was seemingly still in his thoughts, Francesca held the dagger and pressed it against his groin.

Her eyes were glowing with arrogance and satisfaction as she cocked her eyebrows.

Danrique’s lips twitched as he threw a glacial glare toward Francesca. As a surge of adrenaline rushed up to his brain, his frozen heart which had been voided by feelings for many years, suddenly sensed an intense pang of astonishment.

It was the first time in his life that he felt that he had made a blunder.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1754**

### **Chapter 1754 A Citywide Search**

Francesca let out a wicked grin. “Your dagger is so sharp that it could even slice a gun into two. I wonder what your manhood is made of?”

“How dare you!” A deadly glint appeared in Danrique’s amber pupils as he balled his hands into fists, his knuckles cracking.

Luckily, both of them had their back facing the main hall, blocking the gamblers from the view. Nevertheless, Danrique's subordinates that were standing close to the two had seen everything. Disbelief was written all over their faces as they gawped at the scene before them.

Their almighty superior, Danrique Lindberg, who had unmatched phenomenal power in the business world, and whose presence alone was enough to leave everyone in fear, had fallen prey to a woman in a spectacularly miserable fashion.

When Danrique threw his subordinates a bone-chilling glare, they immediately shifted their sights away, so terrified they did not even dare to breathe.

“Didn't you ask me to give you a reason?” Francesca brazenly raised her brow.

Indeed, the place where she was aiming the dagger was her reason.

Even if she might not stand a chance to hurt the man given how skillful he was, she reckoned it would still bring him shame and demoralization if the others saw the scene.

“You're dead meat, you hear me?” Fury was burning in Danrique's eyes.

If one's eyes could kill someone, Francesca would have long been reduced to ashes.

“I'll drag you along if I have to die!”

And with that, Francesca managed to escape from the situation successfully.

Danrique shot her daggers before he took her and treaded out of Casino Inferno.

Having spent so much money to bid for Francesca, Aiden was undoubtedly unwilling to concede defeat. Nonetheless, there was nothing he could do except watch them stride out.

After all, no one could afford to get on the bad books of that mysterious man in white.

Outside, the sky was drizzling, and a devastating cold permeated the atmosphere.

It was so chilly Francesca could not help but sneeze. Her body was shivering in the cold as there was not enough clothing to keep her warm.

With her eyes on the bustling roads, she bid goodbye and leaned into an oncoming sports car. Squeezing herself into the driver's seat and taking over the steering wheel, she stepped on the accelerator and sped off without hesitation.

When Danrique attempted to chase after her, a deafening blast sounded from inside the casino. The shattered pieces from the explosion scattered in all directions. Simultaneously, a siren from a car resonated through the air.

The noises were ridiculously thunderous and ear-shattering.

“Mr. Lindberg, it's an ambush! They must be coming for us!”

“Let's leave now!” By the time Danrique slowed his racing mind down and turned around, Francesca was long since gone.

Gritting his teeth in anger, he commanded, “Darn that g\*ddamned woman! I must find her! Run a citywide search to look for her!”

“Understood!”

On the other side, after speeding through over ten kilometers of road, Francesca jumped out of the sports car and scurried off into the streets like a wisp of vapor.

After that sudden episode, the sports car’s owner was shell-shocked. He had merely decelerated while passing by the casino, yet an unknown, petite figure took the opportunity and jumped in without warning. Even more absurd was how she had taken charge of the car and whizzed it through the roads like a bolt of lightning.

Before he had time to react, she had stomped on the brakes impulsively and vanished from sight.

Puzzlement swamped him the entire time, and therefore he did not take a good look at Francesca’s face.

Everything occurred so quickly that he thought that his mind had wandered off to a mysterious illusion for a short while.

How did the car bring me to an entirely new place within seconds? How amazing.

After getting herself a new set of clothing at the mall, Francesca headed to the washroom to change. Upon seeing her reflection in the mirror, she nearly jumped with fright, as if she had seen a ghost.

“What the f\*ck. I look like this?”

Francesca pulled off the wig from her head and those fake-looking false eyelashes. She freshened herself up with the cold tap water and changed into new clothes.

She took another look at her appearance in the mirror. Mmm, so much better.

Her current style resembled that of a handsome, energized teenager with a unisex casual outfit, charming short hair, and a cap on her head.

In contrast to her glamorous and captivating style earlier, she looked like a completely different person.

Making her way out of the mall, Francesca ran into that group of bodyguards from earlier. They were moving around in an orderly manner, and it was easy to tell that they were well-trained. They maneuvered among the crowd, seemingly looking for someone.

Francesca peeked at the photo in their hand.

Isn't that me? Huh... I guess they're looking for me.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1755**

### **Chapter 1755 Ran Into His Embrace**

Francesca pulled her cap lower and calmly walked past the bodyguards, who did not spare her a glance as they had all their attention on the beautiful women in the crowd.

As soon as she waltzed out of the mall, she saw a silver Pagani right in front.

Inside the car was none other than the man in white whom she had threatened earlier.

With the windows wound halfway down, all that was within her vision was the man's darkened yet charming gaze and a bone-chilling glint in his amber pupils.

In that instance, it felt like every molecule in the air had frozen on the spot.

Francesca pursed her lips, and as she walked off, the corners lifted into a scornful smirk.

I bet that guy must be so mad!

Inside the car, Danrique was fiddling with the crescent-shaped dagger between his fingers as he narrowed his eyes while carefully recounting the face he had seen earlier.

Have I seen her somewhere before? But where exactly? Why can't I seem to recall anything?

Successfully avoiding being tracked down, Francesca hopped into a taxi and was about to leave when she felt a sharp pain in the back of her head.

A wave of dizziness followed thereupon that she quickly held onto her head.

Pieces of memory regarding an explosion flashed across her mind once again. She vividly recalled how she had lost her consciousness after something crashed onto her from the back.

At that instance, she had a sudden revelation that she must have lost her memory because of the injury.

“Where are you heading?” the driver asked in Ustranasion.

“The hospital.”

After arriving at the hospital, it took her some effort before she could find a surgeon.

Francesca illustrated her issue in Ustranasion, and the doctor told her to go for an X-ray before they proceed with a diagnosis.

Reckoned that it was too much of a trouble, she grabbed the knife, gritted her teeth, and slit open her wound to retrieve the metal chip with forceps.

“Oh, my God!” The people present were scared witless by the gruesome sight before their eyes.

The surgeon and several nurses hurriedly stopped Francesca, snatched the tool from her hand, and got someone to call for the security.

Rendered speechless, Francesca freed herself from their grip, grabbed a bag of medical tools, and ran outside.

She had wanted to look for a quiet spot to stitch up her wound, but because the hospital’s guard had followed behind her at full speed, she had no choice but to flee the scene.

Throughout this, she had a question running through her mind. Her instincts told her that she was naturally born with a flair for medicine.

It was so that she had a sense of familiarity and confidence that rose within her when she saw the medical equipment and tools. It almost felt like she was acting on her reflex while believing that she could solve the problem by herself.

She could even skillfully grab a scalpel to cut open the wound on the back of her head and use forceps to remove the metal piece stuck in it.

Unfortunately, the others had thought she was insane and even called the security guards to chase after her.

What a bunch of brainless fools...

Running out from the back of the hospital, Francesca was ready to jump into a taxi when a beam of silver lights shone in her direction.

Following that, several black jeeps rushed toward her like freed horses.

Shocked, Francesca hastily backed away.

Upon a closer look, she realized that the silver glare was coming from that same Pagani she had seen earlier.

The black jeeps surrounded the silver Pagani, and in no time, a fierce gun battle ensued between the two parties.

Nonetheless, Francesca could not be bothered about it, as all she was concerned about was running for her life.

Just as she took a detour in an attempt to get herself out of the situation, the silver Pagani sped toward her like a gust of wind.

As the car hood thrust Francesca into the air, all she could feel was an intense collision against her. In the next second, her whole body crashed through the windscreen and landed right inside the car.

Appearing within her line of sight was that man in white from earlier, staring at her icily. Then, her vision faded, and she fell unconscious.

Danrique pushed Francesca away from his embrace and yanked the steering wheel to swerve the car endlessly.

The Pagani made a skillful drift, leaped off the ground, rolled over the roof of a jeep, and flew into the air.

A split second later, it landed back on the ground steadily, and with a speedy swerve, it disappeared from the scene.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1756**

### Chapter 1756 An Apology And Compensation

Ouch... It hurts... It hurts so much...

Francesca felt her head throbbing in pain and her body so sore as if it would crumble at the slightest bit.

A conversation in hushed voices rang in her ears.

Even though she could not make out what the voices were talking about, her strong consciousness forced her to stay awake.

Gradually opening her eyes, Francesca realized she was lying in a room painted in a cool color theme. Beside her bed stood a medical staff, who asked in Ustranasion upon seeing her regaining consciousness, "You're finally awake. How are you feeling?"

"Where am I?" Francesca tried to sit up but found that she barely had any strength to move. She was experiencing a splitting headache and excruciating pain throughout her whole body.

"This is the Lindberg residence," the nurse answered. "Do you remember what happened?"

Hearing the nurse's question, Francesca began racking her brain to recall the series of events from earlier.

I escaped from the hospital, ran into a gun battle outside, and a silver Pagani came crashing toward me. I lost my footing and fell straight into the car... The person inside was the man in white...

That was all that she could remember before she had subsequently fallen unconscious.

"You jumped into Mr. Lindberg's car, so he brought you home." The nurse played down her explanation. "Dr. Henderson has treated your wound. All you have to do now is to get some rest to recuperate."

"What do you mean by jumping into his car?" Francesca snapped in frustration, her brows scrunched. "He was the one who hit me with his car as I was walking out of the hospital! He bumped me with the car hood, and I fell into his car because I lost my balance. He's the one who's at fault here!"

"Um..." The nurse was beyond stunned at how Francesca dared to make those remarks.

"Where's the perpetrator? Ask him over; we need to have a proper discussion about compensation matters." Despite her weakened state, Francesca was unyielding.

"Do you have any idea who Mr. Lindberg is?"

"I don't care who he is." Francesca was fuming with rage. "No matter who he is, he has to apologize and compensate for hurting me!"

"Um..." The nurse was dumbfounded.

Right then, Danrique happened to overhear the conversation as he was passing by the room. He stopped in his tracks and strode in.

The room was dimly lit and was made apparent by the stark contrast of the brightly lit corridors outside.

The man stood at the door, and under the contrasting rays, he resembled an angel from hell—a paradoxical representation of both good and evil.

Lifting her gaze to look at the man, Francesca was dazzled for a split second.

There was an inexplicable sense of familiarity when she first saw him at Casino Inferno, and it was made more intense at this point.

I'm sure I've seen him somewhere... But where is it?

Nothing came up her mind nonetheless.

“You're quite full of yourself, huh?” Danrique stood by the door as he threw her a cold glare.

He looked like a ferocious beast—indifferent and arrogant on the outside, yet carved deep within his bones was a grim and murderous vibe.

“Aren't you suppose to show some regret for causing injury to a mere innocent passerby like me?”

Francesca showed no weakness and looked straight into his eyes. Yet, that did not last for too long.

Crap. Will he recognize that I'm the one who made a fool out of him at Casino Inferno? If he does, then not only will he not compensate and apologize, but he might even settle scores with me.

Danrique only stared grimly at her and turned to leave without uttering a single word.

As he walked out of the room, he turned to his subordinate beside him and left him an order.

“Hey...” Francesca wanted to stop him, but the subordinate approached and tore a blank check before passing it to her. “Here, decide how much compensation is sufficient and fill it in yourself.”

“Uh...” She hurriedly accepted the check from him. “What’s the maximum limit?”

“Ten million.” Sean lifted the corners of his lips slightly.

“Hehe...” Francesca was delighted to hear those words. “It’s good to see that you guys are steady and straightforward!”

“Since your injuries are quite serious, have some good rest here first,” Sean reminded. “I’ll transfer you to the best hospital in Summerbank later to see if you’re still curable.”

Francesca was taken aback. “What do you mean by that?”