

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1829

### Chapter 1829 A Twist Of Events

“Got it. I’ll make the arrangements at once.” Gordon quickly went to make the necessary arrangements.

“Tell Sean to do that,” Danrique commanded. “You should try to dig for more clues regarding that girl.”

“All right.” Gordon hurried off to carry out his orders.

Danrique refused to give up. I searched for seven whole years in Zarain, but she was nowhere to be seen. I can’t believe I bumped into her in Lightspring. Alas, I didn’t recognize her, and we went on separate ways. I don’t want to miss this opportunity. I hope I can find her and bring her back to Erihal before my departure.

For the next two days, Gordon kept searching for that girl.

Sean had arranged for a private jet to bring them back to Erihal. They could depart anytime as long as William’s condition was stable.

Two days of treatment later, William’s condition finally improved. He wasn’t in a precarious situation anymore, but he was still unconscious no thanks to his serious wound.

The force behind Pastor had mobilized its men to find Danrique and William.

Of course, William had been dragged into the mess. As they failed to find Danrique, they thought of capturing William to force Danrique to show himself.

That was why they attacked William and shot him that day.

For the greater good, Danrique decided to return to Erihal.

Of course, that was a huge risk, too. The force behind Pastor had assigned its men to keep watch on the airport. Once Danrique showed up, they would mobilize all men to capture him.

Hence, Danrique planned to split up.

That morning, Danrique ordered Gordon to escort William and his men to the airport. To protect William and to prevent his condition from getting worse, he told Francesca to keep them company.

Francesca was feeling anxious as she hadn't gotten the necklace yet. Thus, she wanted to confront Danrique before leaving.

Danrique was changing his pants when someone suddenly barged into his room.

Turning at his shoulder, he spotted Francesca and immediately pulled his pants up. He staggered in his haste and nearly tripped on his feet.

Francesca spun around hastily. With her back to him, she explained, "I'm sorry. I had no idea you were changing your pants."

"Are you even a woman?" Danrique flushed with anger.

"Yeah, in the flesh," Francesca answered with a straight face.

"You're nuts," Danrique glared at her and put on his pants swiftly. "Why are you here?"

"After I saved you previously, you promised to reward me, but you didn't do that yet." Francesca went straight to the topic. "Now that we're going on separate ways, shouldn't you reward me now?"

"What do you want?" Danrique asked.

"This." Francesca pointed at the necklace around his neck and added, "Don't take it wrongly. I don't want you. What I want is this necklace."

Without a word, Danrique looked at the gold and black cross necklace. He then raised his head to cast her a puzzled look. "So this is what you want?"

"Of course," Francesca replied proudly. "I wanted this from the very beginning, but you kept misunderstanding my intentions."

"Why would you want this?"

Danrique found her request strange, for he had gifted this necklace to Cece. There was nothing extraordinary about it.

This greedy and shameless woman should be asking for money. Why is she interested in this necklace?

"Nothing. I like collecting necklaces, and yours seem unique. That's why I want to get it," Francesca made up an excuse.

She dared not say too much so Danrique wouldn't recognize that she was the person who held him as a hostage back at Casino Inferno.

That was the most humiliating moment of his life. If he knew that she was behind that, he would never let her go easily.

“I can’t give it to you.”

Despite knowing something was wrong with her explanation, Danrique didn’t feel like guessing her motives.

To be exact, he didn’t connect this greedy, shameless, and annoying tomboy with his beloved Cece.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1830**

Chapter 1830 The Future

“Why?” Francesca was flustered. “It’s just a necklace. It isn’t even expensive.”

“You’re noisy,” Danrique said curtly. He was too tired to continue arguing with her. “Get out now.”

“Hey!” Francesca huffed.

Right then, Sean knocked on the door and came in to report to Danrique. He saw Francesca inside and his employer wearing just a pair of pants, his shirt nowhere in sight. Utterly rattled, he spun on his heels to flee the scene.

“Come back!” Danrique demanded.

“Yes.” Sean came to a halt and turned over cautiously. He stood rooted to the spot as awkwardness engulfed his entire being.

“Pay her the medical fee,” Danrique ordered.

“Yes.” Sean instantly offered the check to Francesca. “I’ve prepared the check for you. Here you go.”

Francesca accepted the check. The sight of the amount made her beam in delight. “Besides this, what about the reward I should get after saving you?” she inquired.

Hmm, what excuse should I conjure to get the necklace back?

“I…” Sean shifted his gaze to Danrique.

“I don’t owe you one,” Danrique said in exasperation. “If it wasn’t for you, William wouldn’t have gotten shot, and things wouldn’t be this complicated. How dare you ask for a reward?”

“What do you mean?” Francesca was confused. “Are you being ungrateful?”

“The snake bit Pastor, and he has one foot in the grave. As he is in possession of important information, the force behind him is doing their best to capture Mr. Lindberg and Prince William,” Sean explained.

“Is that even my fault?” Francesca was dumbfounded. “If I didn’t take action, you would’ve been controlled by Pastor. Even if you had a plan and killed all the assassins out there, his men were inside the room...”

“Mr. Lindberg could take care of those minor figures easily,” Sean revealed with a grin. “Even if you didn’t take action, we were certain of our win!”

“Do you mean I made things worse?”

Comprehension dawned on Francesca. If I didn’t butt in, everything will still be under Danrique’s control. He would’ve cowered Pastor into submission without hurting the man. That way, the force behind Pastor would show themselves. After getting bitten, Pastor is on the brink of death. Things had gotten out of control.

Sean let out a cough. He didn’t dare to offend Francesca and had to be tactful.

“Anyway, you were kind enough to offer help.”

“Wait a minute.” Something occurred to Francesca. “The force behind Pastor is going after you to get the antidote to save him. Will you hand me to them when we land in danger?”

“You’re thinking too much,” Danrique hissed in displeasure. “If I have a dog, I won’t leave it behind!”

“Great.” Francesca heaved a sigh of relief before belatedly realizing the underlying meaning of his words. “You’re the dog!” she retorted.

“No matter what, Prince William was dragged into the mess because of Mr. Lindberg. We need to send him home to Danontand safely.”

Sean gave another check to Francesca.

“Thanks for your help. Mr. Lindberg’s poison had been expelled, and his wound is recovering well. Please take good care of Prince William and make sure he recovers before you leave. This is your reward for treating him.”

“What do you mean?” Francesca took the check and asked uneasily, “Is this goodbye for us?”

“See you never!” Danrique announced before striding into the bathroom.

A wave of fury crashed through Francesca. Is he that eager to get rid of me? See me never?

“Dr. Felch, we’re running out of time. Let’s not delay any further, shall we? I’ll see you out,” Sean urged and gestured for her to leave.

A deep line appeared between Francesca’s brows as she gazed at the bathroom. Inwardly, she felt really agitated. In ordinary circumstances, she would’ve kicked the door to the bathroom open to get the necklace from him.

However, after getting the necklace, she wouldn’t be able to escape.

As Pastor’s men were searching for them, she was most probably their target too. If I were to leave alone, I’ll be in danger. Forget it. The odds are against me, and a wise man knows when to back down. There will be more chances for me to get it back in the future.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1831**

### **Chapter 1831 Intercepted**

Francesca got into a car among William’s convoy, and Gordon escorted them to the airport.

After two days of receiving treatment, William finally regained consciousness. He was still weak, but he was in a good mood as Francesca was keeping him company. Thus, his condition was improving steadily.

Before the convoy left, Danrique came to bid goodbye to them. William was gazing at Francesca gently, and Francesca was wiping his sweat off using a warm towel. She paid no heed to his gentle gaze.

They seem intimate...

“Your Highness, Mr. Lindberg is here,” Robin reported in a low voice.

William snapped back to reality and turned to look out of the window. “Are you leaving with us?”

“You should leave without me.”

After glancing at Francesca, Danrique gave some orders to Gordon in a soft voice before turning to leave.

“Take care,” William said feebly.

Danrique waved without bothering to turn.

As the engines roared to life, Danrique thought, I should feel relaxed after sending that nemesis off. But why do I feel somewhat disappointed? No, this must be an illusion.

“Mr. Lindberg,” Sean called out and opened the door to the car.

Danrique got into his car. This time, he occupied the driver’s seat.

He would be distracting Pastor’s men so William and the rest could reach the airport safely.

Sean took the passenger’s seat while Sloan and two other subordinates sat behind them. They were all armed, prepared to face their enemies.

With the three men in tow, Danrique drove in the opposite direction.

There were ten cars tailing William’s convoy stealthily to protect them.

Through the window, Francesca spotted a silver glint disappearing from sight. She knew Danrique and the rest had also departed.

Her forehead creased as indescribable emotions welled up in her heart.

After spending some time with Danrique, she grew to realize that his cool demeanor masked his kind heart underneath.

Previously, when they ran into Mafia’s trap, he told Sean and Sloan to head down the mountain to send a signal and get help, but in fact, his plan was to stay behind and get rid of those men.

To make sure William got to leave safely, he assigned his men to protect William and went to distract Pastor’s men with only three men by his side.

No one knew that Danrique Lindberg, who was rumored to be vicious and ruthless, was actually an honorable man.

“Francesca,” William called gently. “May I know what is in your mind?”

“It’s nothing.” Francesca flashed a smile. “Get some rest. We’ll arrive at the airport soon.”

“Mm.” William gazed at her hesitantly.

Francesca scrolled through her phone in her seat.

For the past few days, she was bus treating William and didn't have time to go through her phone. Now that she was about to leave, she wanted to see if Anthony had sent her any texts or called her.

Her phone battery was flat, so she plugged it to the charger and started nodding off with her phone in her hand.

William signaled the maid, who quickly took a blanket and draped it over Francesca.

Francesca soon fell asleep. She slept soundly and didn't stir.

William gazed at her tenderly.

Robin and his other subordinates kept their guards up nervously.

They knew Pastor's men had set traps all over to capture William. Once they left the mountain, his men would discover them soon.

Indeed, they ran into an ambush after their car arrived at the foot of the mountain.

Gordon immediately told the driver to speed up before informing the other bodyguards to intercept the attackers.

Right then, the convoy was in a state of panic. The drivers alternated between speeding up and hitting the brakes.

Everyone was worried about each other. Robin and a subordinate kept an eye on William, worried that the sudden attack would affect his wound.

Francesca drew the curtains and looked out. There were a lot of enemies, and it seemed like a tough battle.

Fortunately, Gordon was a capable leader. Under his instructions, the Lindberg family's bodyguards managed to stop the assassins.

He then joined William, and they continued on their journey to the airport.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1832**

Chapter 1832 Go Ahead

On their way there, they were ambushed again.

This time, the concrete truck rushed toward them like an untethered horse.

"Turn right to avoid it! Hurry!" Gordon bellowed.

The bodyguard who was driving hastily turned the steering wheel to dodge it, but the rear of the concrete truck still slammed into the car. Spinning out of control, the car crashed against the guardrail.

Bang! came the thunderous noise. The hood of the car was dented inward.

The one in the front passenger seat flew out, and Gordon immediately took his gun and went down from the car to fight against the attackers.

The bodyguards pried open the door to rescue William and Francesca. They then went into another car. At the same time, Gordon brought his subordinates to defend them against the assassins.

It was then Francesca saw that the attackers came in a large group, and they were all heavily armed.

“Danrique’s not in the car!” one of the assassins cried out.

“Capture Prince William and the masked youth beside him!” another shouted.

“Understood!”

All of them rushed toward them.

Just as Gordon and his men were about to falter, a silver light rushed toward them.

When the window wound down, Danrique gave them a thumbs-down as he supported himself with the other hand on the window. It was a gesture saying that they were too weak.

“It’s Danrique!”

“Catch him!”

Immediately, everyone swarmed toward Danrique.

In seconds, few were around Francesca and William.

Thus, Gordon instantly led the bodyguards to escort William and Francesca away from the scene.

“Will he be fine?” Francesca asked, her brows drawing together.

“Mr. Lindberg can handle it. He should be fine,” Robin replied. “Let’s hurry to the airport. Perhaps Mr. Lindberg will come and meet us there soon.”



“Right...”

“Wait!”

Just as William was about to say something, Francesca cut him off. “Those people are holding onto heavy weaponry. If they’re really after Danrique’s life, his nimbleness won’t help him at all.”

“But there’s nothing we can do even if we were to stay,” Robin weakly pointed out. “In fact, we’ll be a burden.”

“Don’t worry. Mr. Lindberg has plans of his own,” Gordon told them. He then urged, “Drive now!”

“Understood!”

The fleet of cars sped off toward the airport.

Francesca stared out of the window the entire time, distracted. She had never felt that way before.

Technically, she did not even know Danrique that well. They were not close, and sometimes, she even found him annoying.

However, when she thought about how he might be in danger, she became anxious.

As a matter of fact, there was an urge that told her to get down from the car to save him.

Those emotions she was experiencing did not escape William’s notice.

Although he said nothing about it, his eyes dimmed.

Just as Francesca was lost in her thoughts, something vibrated. Subconsciously, she reached out to touch her pocket and realized it was her phone.

She had charged her phone on the car earlier, and when she rushed down the car a moment ago, she had grabbed it and kept it in her pocket.

Upon lifting her phone, she realized that it was a call from Anthony.

Immediately, she accepted the call. “Anthony.”

“Where are you?” Anthony anxiously asked.

“What’s the matter?” Francesca asked, frowning.

“The charity is urging us for the money. If we don’t send them the money soon, the children’s homes with issues will be closing down. I’ve been trying to contact you for days, but I somehow can’t get through to you.”

“How much do you need?” Francesca queried.

“Seven hundred million in M Nation’s currency.”

“Try to buy us a few more days’ time. I’ll think of a way to resolve this.”

“What way? Hurry and bring the necklace to S Nation. I’ll be waiting for you here.”

“I got it. Give me a few days’ time.”

Francesca then ended the call. She lifted her head and asked Gordon, “Will it be safe for us to go to the airport now?”

“The airport is just up ahead, and we’ll be reaching soon. All the arrangements have been made, and Mr. Lindberg has led them away. It’s unlikely that they’ll come after us anymore.”

“Good. Stop the car there, and you’ll leave first.”