

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1925

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Chapter 1925

Like what my dad said, he really has no feelings for me at all.

Hazel was in a turmoil of emotions.

However, she had been taught how to control her emotions ever since she was little.

After composing herself, she smiled and said, "Back then, I was still little, and I would always hurry toward her whenever she was playing the piano. When she knew I liked it, she taught me right away. Frankly, she was the one who got me started!"

"I figured." Danrique nodded.

"Aunt Isabella wanted to teach me as well, but too bad I had never understood music."

"Do you miss her?"

Hazel glanced at him gently.

"I miss her as well. If possible, I'd like to visit her grave with you."

"Okay. I'll bring you along the next time I go there."

Danrique's tone softened when he said, "About your marriage, I think you ought to think it through. If you like Mr. Adams, you should marry him, and I'll wish you all the best. However, if it's for your family's sake, you'll have to proceed with caution!"

With that, Danrique glanced at his watch and asked, "Is there anything else?"

"I..."

Hazel had gone there with plenty to talk about with him, but she was at a loss for words upon getting asked.

Since he had already hinted to her to leave, she had no choice but to stand up and leave. Her purpose for the visit was to spend some time with him and convince him to consider having a relationship with her. She didn't care if it was for the sake of her family or just for the sake of the bigger picture.

All she wanted was to be his woman, and she was willing to do anything in her powers to make that happen.

However, he didn't give her a chance to express her feelings.

"All right, then. I'll go now."

Hazel knew there was no way she could convince him if he had no interest in talking about it.

Indeed, relationships weren't to be forced.

"Okay."

Danrique nodded and called out, "Sean!"

"Mr.Lindberg." Sean hurried in.

"See the guest out"Danrique ordered.

"Yes." Sean walked up to Hazel and uttered politely, "Ms.Atkinson, this way, please!"

Hazel curtsied to Danrique and left with Sean.

When Hazel walked out of the study room, disappointment was written all over her face.

Sean comforted her, "Mr.Lindberg is just cold and indifferent by nature, and he's not good with relationships.Please forgive him, Ms.Atkinson!"

"Well, that's not the case when Ms.Cece is concerned."

Hazel couldn't hide her jealousy.

"For her, he could even miss such an important conference."

"He wasn't left with much of a choice.Mr.Cece was seriously injured, and her situation was dire.Mr.Lindberg had to stay at the hospital to accompany her."

Sean smiled.

"I've heard.Did Ms.Cece get kidnapped?" Hazel asked worriedly.

"What happened?"

"We're still investigating the matter."

Sean changed the topic and said, "It's windy outside.Get in the car first, okay, Ms.Atkinson?"

With that, Sean opened the car door for Hazel to get in.

"Sean, help me convince Mr.Lindberg, will you?"

Hazel continued earnestly, "We're people with a lot on our shoulders.We ought to think of the bigger picture!"

"You're right, Ms.Atkinson." Sean nodded.

"I think so, too."

"Besides, I'm willing to compromise."

Suddenly, she was hinting at a deeper meaning to her words when she said, "I know how egoistic Mr.Lindberg can be.If he wants something, he'll make sure he gets it.I won't stop him from doing that.All I want is a formal identity"

Her intentions were loud and clear.

As long as Danrique was willing to marry her, she wouldn't mind having Francesca around.

Even if Francesca were to live in the castle, she wouldn't mind it either.

"Umm..." Sean froze momentarily.

"You're so kind, Ms. Atkinson. I'll definitely relay your message to Mr. Lindberg!"

"Thank you!"

Hazel slightly raised her brows and said, "If I end up as the lady of the house in the future, I'll do my best to repay you!"

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"Haha! I'll have to thank you in advance, Ms. Atkinson!"

Sean laughed and closed the car door for her. He only went back in after watching her convoy leave.

"How was it?"

Gordon walked up to Sean and asked softly, "What did Ms. Atkinson talk to you about for so long?"

"She asked me to convince Mr. Lindberg. Also, she said she's willing to compromise as long as he ends up marrying her."

Sean proceeded to tell Gordon everything Hazel had told him.

"What? She said that?"

Gordon was shocked.

"She's so kind and generous."

Sean analyzed out loud, "Well, she's a girl from a prominent family, so she had been taught this concept ever since she was little. The moment Ms. Atkinson turned six, she was frequently sent to the Lindberg residence to spend time with the family. Hence, they had been saving her for Mr. Lindberg. In order to make their family stronger, the Atkinson family was willing to sacrifice anything. Besides, Ms. Atkinson likes Mr. Lindberg. Since every girl yearns for strong and capable men, she's not losing out on anything if she were to end up together with Mr. Lindberg. In addition, girls from prominent families are into power and status, so they had long abandoned the concept of love. They are after personal gains and titles. Mr. Lindberg, however, is still a simple and pure person when it comes to relationships."

"Right." Gordon nodded.

"There aren't many people left who are simple and pure like Mr. Lindberg." Sean heaved a sigh.

"Although that's true, Mr.Lindberg is facing threats from every direction at the moment.If he insists on doing things his way, he'll have to face the consequences in the future."

"That's right" Gordon agreed.

"The Nacht family hasn't acted yet.Once they do, things are bound to get dicey"

"Mr.Lindberg knows that as well.That's why he wanted to settle our internal affairs before the Nacht family act.However, who would've thought Mr.Adams would show up out of nowhere? Besides, Ms.Felch's appearance had severely messed up Mr.Lindberg's plans," Sean said softly because he was afraid that Danrique would hear him.

Mr.Lindberg is a protective person.He can scold her all he wants, but he can't tolerate people talking badly about Francesca.

"I felt it, too," Gordon whispered.

"Before this, Mr.Lindberg was fearless and ruthless because he had no liabilities.Now that he has a weakness, someone might end up using it against him."

"Exactly." Sean nodded.

"What happened today is just the beginning.No one knows what's coming up next."

"What should we do now, then?" Gordon asked solemnly.

"What else can we do?" Sean retorted.

"It's not like we can convince Mr.Lindberg otherwise.Also, who can tell him to do something he doesn't want to?"

"Things are going to get worse if Hazel really ends up marrying Mr.Adams." Gordon was growing anxious.

"Why don't you try to convince Mr.Lindberg?"

"Forget about it.Not only will I fail, but I'll also get scolded."

Sean rejected the idea unhesitatingly.

"Sometimes, he has to learn it on his own.We should let Mr.Lindberg figure it out"

"Okay, then."

Gordon didn't comment further.

"I'll get going now."

"Okay."

When Sean was about to head upstairs, he saw Danrique had changed, and he was heading down the stairs.

"Mr.Lindberg? Where are you going at this hour?" Sean asked.

"I'm going to the hospital to keep Cece company."

As Danrique was walking down the stairs, he ordered, "Get the car ready"
"Yes."

His subordinates went to fetch the car.

Sean quickly followed him from behind.

"Since it's already so late, Ms.Felch is most probably asleep now.You still
have to go to work early tomorrow morning,

Mr.Lindberg.Why don't you rest—"

"You're full of rubbish"

Danrique interrupted and headed out.

"Mr.Lindberg, I'll come with you, then."

Sean hurried after him.

"That won't be necessary."

Danrique got into the car.

Sean couldn't help but let out a sigh when he watched the car leave.It
seems like Mr.Lindberg has fallen in love.

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The security was tight in the corridor of the hospital.

Not only were there bodyguards everywhere, but medical staff and maids
were also seen standing by.

When they saw Danrique, they all lowered their heads to bow at him in
unison.

Danrique merely gestured at them before walking into the ward.

At that moment, Francesca was deep asleep in the hospital bed, and she
didn't even notice it when Danrique went into the ward.

The light in the room was very dim, and it shone on Francesca's face,
making her seem particularly calm.

Danrique took off his coat and sat on the sofa beside the bed.

With his hands under his chin, he sat there and watched her in silence.

Seven years ago, she was only fourteen.

Indeed, she has grown up now.

Although her appearance has changed a little, she still looks the same as
before.It's just that now her hair is longer, and she

looks pure and elegant in that white gown.

However, she now has a wild and uninhibited temperament.I wonder what
she has been through all these years.

She has a different demeanor now.

Also, why does she need to hide her identity? Why doesn't she want to acknowledge me? His mind was filled with a myriad of questions.

Just as he was deep in his thoughts, Francesca suddenly shuddered and woke up from a nightmare.

"What's wrong?" Danrique quickly approached her and asked.

Francesca only regained her senses after a long while.

As she was staring at him blankly, she frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

"I came to keep you company."

Danrique used his sleeves to wipe off the beads of cold sweat on her forehead.

"Are you all right? Do you want me to get the doctor?"

"There's no need for that."

Francesca pursed her lips and uttered, "I want some water."

Danrique took a bottle of water and fed her.

Since he had never taken care of somebody before, he opened the bottle and shoved it into her mouth. She ended up choking herself and coughing profusely.

Danrique hurriedly took a tissue and wiped her mouth before frantically patting her chest.

Francesca was coughing so hard that she could barely catch a breath. She then pointed at her back instead.

Danrique held her up aggressively and started hitting her back.

Francesca was getting breathless, and she looked awful.

In the end, Danrique had no choice but to call out, "Somebody, come here!"

Two nurses rushed in at once.

"Mr. Lindberg?"

"Have a look at her. Why is she coughing?"

Danrique looked like a fish out of water.

The nurses quickly attended to Francesca.

Soon, she calmed down and breathed heavily while lying in bed.

The two nurses were taking care of her, and Danrique wanted to help.

When Francesca saw that, she put up her hand to stop him.

I almost died from choking, and I wish to stay alive for a few more years!

Seeing that, Danrique had to stand down and not intervene.

After a long time, Francesca finally caught her breath.

The nurse fed her some water again, but she was fed gently this time around.

After drinking a few mouthfuls of water, she felt a lot better.

"Are you hungry? I can get someone to get you food."

Danrique realized he was too rough prior to that, and he wanted to make it up to her.

"A little."

Francesca was famished. She had only had Norah's oatmeal in the morning, and she hadn't eaten anything since.

"I'll get them to get you food right away."

Danrique immediately ordered his bodyguards to get them supper, and he also told them to be quick.

After giving them his order, he quickly went back inside the ward.

"I've already told them to get food. They'll be back soon"

"Okay. Thank you."

Francesca was touched when she saw how attentive he was.

"You don't have to take care of me. Since I have so many nurses and maids here, they'll be able to look after me."

"It's not the same"

Danrique uttered in a serious tone.

"I want to take care of you myself."

He had no idea how to talk to the opposite sex, so he was clueless about sweet-talking. All he could say to her was that he wanted to take care of her.

"Thank you!"

Francesca closed her eyes to rest.

Danrique gestured at the nurses to get them to leave. He then sat on the sofa and asked softly, "By the way, I have a few questions for you."

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"Go ahead." Francesca turned toward him.

"Why do you not want to acknowledge me?" Danrique asked directly.

"Back then, you knew I was looking for you in M Nation. Why did you keep hiding your identity?"

"I've suffered an injury to my head back then, and I've lost my memory"
Francesca answered truthfully.

"I didn't know I was the person you were looking for."

"Since you don't remember, then why did you want to find that necklace so badly?"

"Well..." Francesca didn't want to tell him the necklace was the key to her safe.

"That necklace is very important to me."

Danrique was thrilled when he heard that. Since she cares about the necklace so much, that means she cares about me, too.

"What else do you want to know?" Francesca asked.

"After you've arrived in Xendale, why did you not want to reveal your identity?"

"I didn't dare to tell you because I was afraid that you might think I've lied to you in M Nation. Besides—"

Francesca froze for a while before telling him the bleak reality.

"I'll never marry you, so sooner or later, I'm going to escape. If you were to find out about my real identity, I'll never be able to leave."

"Why don't you want to marry me?" Danrique was bewildered.

"Do you know how many women in the world are eager to marry me?"

"You should marry them, then" Francesca uttered.

"I'm not the right woman for you."

"Why not?" Danrique was getting anxious.

"We're each other's first crush, no? Now that we've met again in a foreign land, don't you think this is fate? How could you not be the right woman for me?"

"I've told you about this a lot of times before." Francesca's patience was running thin.

"I'm not getting married, okay? You should find someone else."

"It's all right. Perhaps you just don't want to get married now, but I think that'll change."

Danrique was unwilling to give up.

"Now, we'll focus on getting you well first. We'll talk about the rest in the future."

"I ..." Francesca was about to say something, but she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

The subordinates said, "Mr. Lindberg, supper is here!"

"Come in; Danrique uttered. Those two subordinates gently opened the door. Behind them, a chef and a few waiters were seen

pushing two carts into the ward. After bowing at Danrique politely, they laid out all the sumptuous food on the dining table. It took them half an hour to lay out all the luxurious dishes on a rectangular dining table in the ward.

Francesca was dumbstruck when she saw the whole table of dishes. I just wanted a few quick bites! Is he crazy? What did he do this for? Danrique dismissed the others with a wave.

"What would you like to eat first? I'll feed you."

Danrique pointed at the dishes on the table.

Francesca let out a deep sigh after taking a glance at the food.

Meat and seafood? These are all luxurious dishes! However, I can't even have any of them.

"I remember hearing that you should eat something light, am I right?"

Danrique looked around and brought a bowl of seafood oatmeal for her.

"You can eat oatmeal, right?"

Words eluded Francesca. I have a wound, so I'm not supposed to eat seafood. Doesn't he know that? It's general knowledge!

"How about steak?"

Danrique offered her another dish.

"No. Forget about it"

Francesca closed her eyes.

"Give the food to the bodyguards. I'm tired, and I want to sleep."

"Didn't you say you were hungry?"

Danrique was feeling somewhat helpless.

Women are such a hassle! They just can't make up their minds! Despite his thoughts, he patiently told the others to bring the food away.

After cleaning up, he washed his hands and went into bed to lie down next to Francesca.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

If she wasn't heavily injured, Francesca would've already jumped out of the bed.

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"Rest now" instructed Danrique matter-of-factly.

Lying beside her and propping his head with his arm, he gazed at her gently.

"When I fell sick, you climbed into my bed and kept me company just like this..."

"I simply wanted to get my necklace back."

Francesca stared at him warily.

"Did you misunderstand anything?"

"No..."

Danrique moved closer to her.

"You even kissed me"

" Before Francesca could say anything, Danrique's cold lips touched on her forehead.His gentle kisses landed on her brows, eyes, cheeks and finally, her lips.Francesca was stunned.Her heart started pounding rapidly as her mind turned blank.

For some reason, she did not have the urge to push him away.Is it because I'm injured and can't move my arm?

"See, you still like me"

Danrique remembered clearly what the book said—if a girl did not refuse a guy's intimate acts, it meant that she liked him.

A girl's body was very honest.

"Danrique...Mmm..."

Just when Francesca was about to speak, Danrique kissed her lips.His passionate kiss took her by storm, stealing her breath away.

Her heart pounded quickly and her body tensed.

Widening her eyes, she stared at him in shock.

Feeling his bodily reaction, she wanted to push him away but could not move at all.

One of her arms was pinned beneath his body, while a needle was stuck to her other arm.It was so numb with pain that she could only place it over his shoulder.

She could not exert any force at all.

However, to Danrique, her actions were simply in sync with him.

It meant that she liked him and could not control her actions—her true feelings were overflowing.

Danrique became even more engrossed in the kiss.

Blood surged through his body as he felt a primitive urge to pull Francesca into his embrace and become one with her.

He was already trying his best to control himself but he still accidentally hurt Francesca.

"Ah..."

Francesca was in such pain that she trembled uncontrollably. Her tears were almost streaming down her cheeks.

Panicking, Danrique quickly let her go and moved aside. He called for the doctor in a flustered manner.

"It's fine."

Francesca quickly stopped him.

"It's just the needle poking me. It's no big deal."

Only then did Danrique realize that the needle had pierced her skin, causing her to bleed. He quickly summoned the nurse over to tend to her wound.

After taking out the needle and treating the wound, the nurse left quietly.

This time, Danrique did not dare to sleep on the bed anymore.

He sat on the sofa at the side and stared at her silently.

After a long while, he said softly, "I didn't do it on purpose."

"You scum!"

Francesca glared at him furiously.

"Don't touch me in the future!"

"Why?"

Without thinking it through, Danrique blurted, "I thought that you enjoyed it earlier..."

"I didn't!" rebuked Francesca angrily.

"I didn't manage to react..."

"But you didn't push me away."

Danrique pursed his lips, reminiscing the earlier kiss. His cheeks turned red.

"Obviously, you liked it."

"I didn't!" rebutted Francesca firmly.

"I couldn't shove you away because I'm injured!"

"I don't believe you," interrupted Danrique.

"You liked it!"

Francesca was at a loss for words.

"When we were at the hot spring in Summerbank, you kissed me first. That was my first kiss. You also fed me the medicine and crawled into my bed..."

Danrique started listing out the times when Francesca acted intimately with him. The more he spoke, the more delighted and confident he became.

"You like me, but you're refusing to admit it!"

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"I already said that I don't..."

"All right. Facts are facts. It's useless even if you refuse to admit it"

Without giving Francesca a chance to speak, Danrique concluded, "I won't touch you tonight. Just sleep."

Francesca was speechless. He's so narcissistic! Danrique stood up again and moved closer.

"What do you want to do now?"

Francesca immediately became nervous.

Without saying anything, Danrique tucked her in and flicked away the hair on her forehead. Then, he sat on the sofa and gazed at her gently, propping his chin with his hand.

"Sleep!"

"Aren't you leaving?"

For some reason, Francesca felt nervous.

"I keep you company here."

Danrique leaned against the sofa lazily and placed his feet on the hospital bed.

Patting her shoulder with a foot, he repeated, "Sleep!"

"What are you doing?"

Francesca turned her head and stared at his foot in shock.

Although his foot isn't smelly and in fact, looks quite nice, why is he patting my shoulder with it?

"I'm coaxing you to sleep" replied Danrique matter-of-factly.

"If I pat you, you'll fall asleep quickly."

"With your foot?"

Francesca stared at him in astonishment.

Without replying to her, Danrique closed his eyes and rested.

Francesca did not know what to say.

This man is so odd! Everything he does is different from a normal person.

However, she could not be bothered to argue anymore. She was exhausted and wanted to rest.

Her stomach suddenly grumbled.

Stroking her stomach gently, she thought about Norah's oatmeal and glanced at the clock on the wall.

There were still eight more hours to go before Norah would come.

Francesca sighed quietly.

Turning around and looking at Danrique, who was falling asleep, she felt conflicted.

When he forced her to take the vow on the hill, she was filled with hatred and wished for nothing more than to strangle him.

However, after arriving at the hospital, she heard what Sean said to him. Even though he was so busy, he cast everything aside and kept her company. He even got Helen over from M Nation.

After finishing his work, he returned to take care of her again.

Although he was bad at everything else, she could tell how nervous and concerned he was from his sincerity.

She would be lying if she said that she felt nothing at all.

In fact, she realized that she was not repulsed by his intimacy.

When he hugged and kissed her, she did not find that disgusting.

Instead, she would feel nervous, shy, and uneasy.

As she had never dated before, she did not know if she liked him.

However, she did not seem so anxious to leave like before.

Upon that thought, Francesca was startled.

No! This can't do! I'm determined to leave! Don't be stupid! The colder and decisive she was, the better it would be.

Otherwise, they would just be entangled with each other even more.

Just when all those wild thoughts were flying across Francesca's mind, Danrique's foot stopped moving.

When she turned around to look at him, she realized that he had fallen asleep. He leaned against the sofa and slept quietly.

Even though he looked so casual, he was still so handsome.

It was like he had just come straight out of a painting.

As Francesca stared at him silently, memories emerged in her mind.

They were scenes of a young girl and guy holding hands and running in the hills.

Bright smiles were plastered over their faces as a loving atmosphere enveloped them.

She did not know if it was because she had suffered a blow to her head, but she seemed to have recalled some things. She could almost be certain that she and Danrique had shared a beautiful relationship before.

Seven years had passed and she could not quite remember anymore.

However, it was like he had never forgotten the promise—he had been looking for her constantly.

In comparison, she seemed heartless.

Upon that thought, Francesca felt a bit conflicted.

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