

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1934

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### Chapter 1934

"Go and guard the door" Layla ordered in a low voice.

"Understood."

Kerrie turned docile all of a sudden. She slowly walked over to the door and stood guard there like a statue.

Layla immediately opened the window, upon which a gust of cold wind hit her in the face.

Phew! Fortunately, it's only the seventh floor here! Then, she pressed the watch on her wrist.

In no time, a familiar voice drifted out.

"Ms. Layla!"

"We're moving now."

"I make the arrangements right away!"

After ringing the alarm, Layla hurried over to Francesco and deftly removed the needle from the back of her hand. She draped a coat over the latter before helping her to the window.

"Can you make it?"

"Yes!"

Francesca strugglingly held on to the window sill to support herself while Layla dropped the rope down.

Subsequently, she grabbed onto the rope and got ready to jump down.

Knock, knock! At that precise moment, a knock suddenly sounded from outside the door.

Stunned for a moment, Francesca reflexively glanced back over her shoulder.

"Ms. Felch, Mr. Lindberg asked us to drive you back. We'll depart in an hour. Is that agreeable to you?"

It was Sean's voice.

At that, Francesca had no choice but to respond to him first.

"Go back? My injury hasn't healed yet, but I'm to go straight back to the castle?"

If I go back to the castle, it'll be difficult if I want to escape again!

"Mr. Lindberg said you're not comfortable staying at the hospital, so he had someone build a clinic in the castle. Dr. Wright will also be moving into the castle with her medical team later"

Sean explained respectfully through the door.

Upon hearing that, Francesca felt a touch perturbed. It turned out that Danrique made so many arrangements for me quietly. With me leaving now, he'll definitely fly into a rage, no? "If you want to leave later, that's fine as well. You have the final say" Sean added.

All of a sudden, Francesca hesitated and was no longer as decisive as before.

Clocking her expression, Layla whispered, "Why don't you reconsider it? I can tell that he cares about you quite a bit."

"The more he cares about me, the more I've got to distance myself." Francesca swiftly steeled her resolve. She clutched the rope tightly, deciding to still jump.

Just then, Layla's watch started vibrating. She instantly answered the call. On the other end of the phone, Anthony shouted anxiously, "Crap! Ms. Layla, I've been-"

Before he had finished speaking, a screeching sound drifted out of the watch.

On the heels of that, the line was cut off.

Aware that things had gone awry, Layla hastily yanked Francesca back. The moment Francesca had her feet on the ground, she urgently instructed before she was even steady on her feet, "Hurry up and remove the communication device! Quick!"

Layla responded very quickly, stripping the watch at once and tossing it into the toilet bowl in the washroom before flushing it away.

At the same time, a series of frantic knocking rang out outside the ward.

"I'm coming in, Ms. Felch!"

Right after that, Sean smashed the door and barged in.

Knocked to the ground, Kerrie gasped in pain as she clutched her forehead.

Meanwhile, Francesca had already shut the window as fast as she could. She collapsed onto the bed and pretended as though nothing had ever happened.

Sean swept his gaze over Francesca at lightning speed, his pupils constricting a fraction when he noticed that she had put on her jacket.

Then, his gaze drifted over to the window and Kerrie on the ground before stalling in the washroom.

Hmm, there's sound from in there...

With his eyes narrowed into slits dangerously, he strode toward the washroom.

At that exact moment, Layla came out of the washroom in a nurse's outfit, looking all calm and unruffled.

That aside, she was even holding a mop in her hand.

"Everything is done" she reported in fluent Erihalean.

"Who are you?"

Sean eyed her warily.

"I'm the new medical staff? Layla replied.

"A medical staff?"

Sean's gaze was colored with suspicion and scrutiny.

"W-What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?"

Layla wore an apprehensive expression.

"It was me who told her to clean the washroom. Is something the problem?"

Francesca spoke out of the blue.

"No, I'm just worried about your safety, Ms. Felch," Sean answered respectfully before turning to Kerrie.

"Were you in the room all along?"

"Yes, Mr. Lowe." Kerrie had already returned to normal by then.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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"Did anything happen?"

Sean continued asking.

"No. I've been keeping Ms. Felch company all along. Sometime later, there was a series of knocks outside. I was about to open the door when you knocked me to the ground."

Kerrie had a lost expression on her face.

Hearing that, Sean finally dispelled his worry. He didn't only transfer Kerrie back to take care of Francesca but also to keep an eye on her.

After all, she was exceedingly important to Danrique.

If she were to make a run for it again like yesterday and cause a series of kidnappings, things would be troublesome.

"I'm glad everything is fine!"

Sean bowed at Francesca before continuing, "In that case, please excuse me. Rest for a bit, Dr. Felch. I'll have someone come over to help you change."

While saying that, he left the ward.

Layla breathed a sigh of relief before exchanging a look with Francesca.

Francesca frowned, feeling a tad resentful.

"I'll help you change, Ms. Felch."

Kerrie came over to help Francesca change.

Meanwhile, Layla acted as though she was leaving, but her eyes remained fixated on Francesca.

Left with no other choice, Francesca could only put on a show and fib,

"Madam, you do a good job cleaning. Why don't you stay back and take care of me?"

In response, Layla rolled her eyes.

Good Lord! She can't even lie! Is there anyone who would ask someone to stay and take care of her because the person does a

good job cleaning? She should've at least used a better excuse!

"There are already many maids in the house, Ms. Felch. Besides,

Mr. Lindberg doesn't like to employ strangers. For that reason,

every employee needs to undergo multiple rounds of screening"

Kerrie reminded softly.

"So what? I just want to employ her!"

Francesca feigned a chagrined expression.

"Yes, of course."

Kerrie naturally didn't dare to comment further.

"It's fine as long as you're happy!"

Just then, a rich and sonorous voice split the air.

Francesca looked up, only to be greeted by the sight of Danrique. He

probably came over just after his morning meeting at the

office, for he was still wearing a crisp white suit.

"How handsome!"

Layla promptly fell into a trance with stars in her eyes. Her previously

fevered determination to save Francesca from doom was

nowhere to be seen.

Instead, she was gripped by the desire to marry off the latter to the man

right then and there.

"Why are you here?"

Francesca scrutinized Danrique. It's just ten o'clock now, and he has just left this morning.

Considering the journey, he likely didn't even stay in the office for an hour, huh?

"To bring you home!"

Stepping forward, Danrique draped his jacket over her before scooping her up and striding out.

"Mr.Lindberg, everything is ready!"

Sean reported as he hastened over.

"Got it" Danrique replied placidly.

Then, he added, "Bring that elderly woman along"

"Huh?"

Sean was wholly taken aback.

What's happening here? Mr.Lindberg never takes in anyone whose identity is unknown.Why does he suddenly want to bring this peculiar medical staff back?

"Ms.Felch specifically asked for her"

Kerrie murmured before quickly chasing after the couple.

At once, Sean's brows furrowed, and realization dawned upon him.

There must be something off about this medical staff! However, since

Danrique had spoken, he didn't dare ask any questions.He

could only order his subordinates to bring Layla back to the castle as well.

Layla swiftly trotted over and clarified solemnly, "Handsome, I'm only sixty-three years old, so I'm not all that old.Can you please don't refer to me as an elderly woman?"

Following that, silence ensued.

Sean was utterly dumbstruck, but still, he politely replied, "Sure, madam!"

"Heh! This is much better!"

Over the moon, Layla followed behind Sloan and headed to the castle with all the enthusiasm in the world.She was really curious

to know what exactly the castle of such a handsome prince looked like.

When Danrique stuffed Francesca into the car, she caught sight of a familiar figure.

Anthony had been caught, all tied up with his mouth taped shut.

Right then, someone hoisted him up and tossed him into the trunk.He probably took a beating, for bruises marred his face.

There was even blood staining the corners of his mouth.

Verily, he appeared pathetic and pitiful.

"Uh, what's going on there?"

"Your ex-boyfriend wanted to save you, but he was caught by my men.How delusional!"

Danrique sneered derisively.

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### Chapter 1936

Words eluded Francesca. She had long since known that Danrique was a formidable opponent.

Although Layla managed to sneak in, and Anthony backed them up outside, she still couldn't escape the fate of being caught.

Argh! This is bad, with everyone having been made! Anthony has been detained, and even Ms. Layla is now being brought back to the castle.

It'll be practically impossible for me to do a runner in the future! Oh well! Could it be that this is my destiny? But then, Ms. Layla is still fine.

On the other hand, things aren't looking too good for Anthony.

At that thought, Francesca hastily urged, "Hurry up and let him go!"

"Why are you feeling anguished on his behalf? Is such a piece of trash worthy of your regard?"

Danrique frowned in displeasure.

"I just don't want to drag him into the mess. He had good intentions and didn't cause any harm, so hurry up and let him go."

Truth be told, Francesca was worried that Anthony would die at the man's hands.

"I can do that, but only after we get married"

Danrique's tone was extremely firm, with no room for negotiation.

"He's no more than an irrelevant person!"

Panicked, Francesca threatened, "So, are you releasing him? If not, don't even think of getting married!"

Alas, Danrique wasn't intimidated at all.

Instead, he scoffed, "You don't want to get married? Then, I'll cut off his fingers, one at a day. When all his fingers are severed, I'll move on to his hand before proceeding with his legs. All this will continue until you agree to marry me!"

"How dare you?"

Francesca instantly blew her top.

"You can try me. You're my woman, so I naturally won't lift a hand against you. As for those around you, however, I can make any promises."

Danrique merely smirked. His voice was mild, but it carried a bone-deep chill.

As Francesca stared into his cold eyes, she knew that he was indeed capable of doing so.

Thus, she faltered slightly. It looks like I can't go head to head with him. Instead, I'll have to employ a strategy of some sort.

"Oh yes, Norah informed me that you hadn't much appetite this morning? I hired eight Zarain chefs for the eight major cuisines in Zarain. Each chef brought six assistants with them. All of them went through multiple rounds of assessment, so their cooking skills are superb. You can order whatever you want when we arrive home!"

Danrique then changed the subject to ease the atmosphere.

Hearing that, Francesca was rendered speechless.

"Can I eat that much when I've only got one mouth? Yet, you actually hired chefs for all eight major cuisines? Did you think you were gathering the Seven Dragon Balls?"

"What's that?"

Danrique didn't understand the meaning of Seven Dragon Balls.

"Danrique, you don't need to be so good to me."

Francesca was at an utter loss for words.

At the same time, she was also rather helpless. The more meticulous care he showed her, the greater her pressure.

"You're my woman, so I want to be good to you"

Danrique countered matter-of-factly, looking all serious.

At that, Francesca didn't know how else she should refute that.

"Do you like the Seven Dragon Balls?"

Danrique inquired further.

"Huh?"

Francesca was still in a daze then.

Danrique picked up his phone right away and made a call to Gordon.

"Find me the Seven Dragon Balls immediately!"

"Understood!"

After hanging up the phone, Danrique turned to Francesca, only to see that she was gaping at him with astonishment written all over her face.

"I'll give you whatever you want. When we arrive home, rest and recuperate well. I've already found a doctor who can perform the operation on you and sent my men to seek him out!"

Danrique pinched her cheek, his movements tender and loving.

"Who is that?"

Francesca was very surprised.

There's actually some miracle doctor in this world unbeknownst to me?

"He also has the family name of Felch and is a veteran in traditional medicine. Rumor has it that his medical skills are stellar, and he can also perform surgery. However, he lives in seclusion. I've already sent people to seek him out."

Danrique made it sound simple, but Francesca still managed to discern the identity of the person he was referring to.

Whoa! He actually managed to find my master! In that case, he must have expended tremendous effort.

Otherwise, he couldn't have possibly managed to determine his whereabouts.

"What's wrong? Don't worry. I mobilized all my resources, so we'll definitely be able to find him in the shortest time" Danrique consoled gently upon clocking her thoughtful look.

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