

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1961

Feeling annoyed, Frank freed himself from those guests' grasp. He grabbed the gun and rushed toward Danrique, wanting to kill him.

Right then, a helicopter flew by from a distance away. It was silver in color with a symbol of a gold snake.

The people on board were the designated army for the president.

Oliver immediately pulled Frank and said nervously, "The president here. We can't act recklessly."

Frank shifted his gaze to the helicopter in the sky and then to Danrique.

Meanwhile, Danrique was staring at him with a gaze that was full of mockery. He uttered coldly, "You have lost!"

Frank stopped in his tracks.

At that moment, he finally realized that the banquet tonight was not a trap he had set up for Danrique but the other way round.

Danrique had deliberately caused a huge ruckus with the intention to trigger Frank.

With that, he could gather the evidence of the crimes Frank had committed and end him completely at once.

"This is such an impressive scheme!"

As William watched the scene with his eyes narrowed, it finally hit him that he had underestimated Danrique. He always thought Danrique was merely skillful but arrogant and less experienced in the

power play.

Now, he finally knew that Danrique could easily keep everything within his control and turn things in his favor.

No one could come close to Danrique's confidence and arrogance.

"He's amazing!"

Harrier was all excited. He felt a sense of fear he had not had in the past when he looked at Danrique again.

Back then, when Harrier had gone against Danrique, Isabella's aides had helped the latter resolve the matter.

Thus, Harrier and Danrique had not had the chance to fight each other head-on.

All these years, Harrier had only seen Danrique's skills in the business field and fighting but not his ability in the power play.

Finally, he got to witness it impressive.

He knows how to place his cards right! Other than his fiancée's appearance which was out of his expectation, every single thing was going according to Danrique's plan.

Frank, the vice president who was ambitious and an expert in the power play, was defeated by Danrique as soon as he made his move, and there was no room for Frank to even fight back.

Be it now or in the future, Frank could never turn things around.

"Harrier, have you figured out the situation? What exactly is going on now?" Gerard asked anxiously.

"Why would the president's army rush here at this time? Could it be..."

As soon as he said that, Gerard widened his eyes.

"Could it be that Danrique had already made an agreement with Mr. President to trigger Frank and take him down without him realizing?"

"You finally catch on to the situation."

Harrier sneered.

"That's why I keep telling you not to fight against Mr. Lindberg because you wouldn't even know when your last breath will be."

Upon hearing that, Gerard felt his legs weaken, and he almost slumped to the ground.

Kevin hastily held him up and said, "Quick! Think of a solution! If not both our families will be doomed"

"How do you expect me to think of a solution? I've given my all this round. I-I..."

Gerard was on the verge of tears.

"Oh no, what should we do?"

“There’s still a trump card”

Kevin cast his gaze upon Hazel.

Right then, Hazel stood rooted to the spot and stared blankly at the sky.

As though everything had finally clicked into place in her mind, she recalled what Danrique had said to her. He told her that if she was fond of Frank, he would not stop her from marrying him.

However, there was no need for that marriage if she only did it for the sake of her family’s benefit.

Hazel finally understood that Danrique had long seen through everything. He was strong and capable enough to fight against any forces. He did not have to sacrifice the person he loved for the sake of his family, and he did it.

Unfortunately, she did not get to understand that earlier.

“Oh, right! Your daughter can still save you.”

Harrier let out a taunting chuckle.

“Considering that Hazel still tried to beg Frank to let Mr. Lindberg off even at the most critical moment, Mr. Lindberg will definitely return the favor!”

Gerard heaved a sigh of relief as soon as he heard that remark.

Thank God! There’s still a way out...

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1962**

Soon, Frank was subdued.

Aside from the helicopter hovering in mid-air, the president had also arranged for other troops to be stationed outside the castle.

Once he had given his order, the soldiers stormed the castle to subdue Frank’s men.

Instantly, the quests testified for Danrique.

They said that Frank framed Danrique and tried to silence him when the former failed to seize the Lindberg family’s assets.

In conclusion, the president, who never liked Frank in the first place, seized the opportunity to take the latter down.

Meanwhile, Danrique placed his arm around Francesca and led her and his trusted subordinates out.

Then, he drove his car out of the presidential palace.

“Did I do all of that for nothing again?”

Francesca muttered as she looked out of the car window.

Both sides of the road were lined with soldiers with their backs straight.

The soldiers were saluting the Lindberg family’s convoy.

Francesca was a bit frustrated.

She recalled how she had saved Danrique twice in M Nation, but she eventually discovered that her husband was already well-prepared to fight the situation.

Things were still the same this time.

She gave up her chance at escaping and risked her life to save Danrique.

After doing so much for him, she even thought she would become a real heroine finally.

In the end, Francesca found out that Danrique was capable of saving himself, even if she did not come back for him! In fact, everything was part of his plan, except for her!  
“Mr.Lindberg kept us in the dark this time.”

Gordon felt wronged.

“I wasn’t even aware of his plan.”

“Same here.I wasn’t aware of it, either.”

Sean sighed.

“I was so worried and didn’t have a good night’s sleep.”

“Me too,”

Sloan and Mylo uttered in unison.

“I’ll meet the president alone’ Danrique said blandly, “Frank is very observant and will notice that something’s amiss if you give yourselves away.”

“All right.”

The subordinates dared not object to Danrique's decision.

However, Francesca had something to say about that.

"I should have known not to come back for you! Hmph, it wasn't easy for me to escape!"

"Still thinking of escaping?"

Danrique pinched her petite face and inched forward dominantly.

"Where do you want to run to? Huh?"

"I..."

Francesca was about to answer when Danrique kissed her on her lips.

The rest of the men looked away immediately and refused to watch them.

"What are you doing?"

Francesca was rather embarrassed and blushed.

"Did you really hide a bomb in every corner of the presidential palace?"

Danrique asked as he cupped her face, "You can't be that fast."

"There are only three of them, and they have all exploded."

Francesca raised her eyebrows smugly.

"Hahaha, I see."

Everybody else laughed when they heard her response.

"Looks like Frank was right. You used the three bombs to cause chaos and make those guests pressure Frank..."

Sean was in awe.

"What a power move!"

"Yeah? Gordon asked excitedly, "Ms. Felch, how did you plant those bombs? And who did you get to detonate them?"

"Could it be that medical staff member?"

Sean was curious, too.

“Of course not. Lay...”

Francesca nearly mentioned that Layla had already left the presidential palace, but she bit her tongue at the last minute.

She explained, “Planting the bombs isn’t hard. I came back with a military vehicle, but I didn’t expect it to head inside the armory. Soon, I planted the bombs in the indoor garden and the granary. Moreover, I only needed to install a detonator inside the armory. Besides, there were a lot of hunting dogs in the castle. I summoned them to trigger the detonator...”

“So, your assistants were those hunting dogs?”

Sloan was all excited.

“You’re amazing, Dr. Felch!”

“Yeah, I look up to you”

Mylo said earnestly, “You’re my goddess! My idol!”

“Hahaha, you’re my idol, too...”

The group of subordinates expressed their admiration and respect for Francesca.

Mylo, in particular, kept buttering her up. The men had never behaved that way toward Danrique before.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1963**

Nevertheless, Danrique was not angry. He merely regarded Francesca with a smile, and his gaze was filled with pride.

Although he did not say it out loud, he felt really pleased.

See, that’s my woman! The constant flattery started to make Francesca feel cocky.

Snuggling in Danrique’s arms, she giggled non-stop and forgot about her plan to escape.

When the car returned to the Lindberg residence, she was struck by a sudden realization.

Oh no, I'm back in this cage! It would be impossible to escape now! Beep! Beep! Suddenly, Danrique's phone buzzed. He glanced at his phone's screen and answered the call.

"Hi!"

The person on the other end of the line said something, and a crease appeared between Danrique's eyebrows.

After a moment's silence, he muttered coldly, "Mr. President, I'm going to H City to settle some personal matters. The members of the Nacht family and the Lindberg family are sworn enemies, so how could both families form an alliance?"

The president was different from Frank. He was amiable and spoke in a calm tone.

Moreover, he kept persuading Danrique.

As a result, it was impossible for Danrique to be angry at the president.

Still, he refused to compromise.

"I'll head there for sure. If anything else arises, we'll talk about it again once I'm back!"

The president did not give up.

"Danrique, the issue has become the talk of the town. Frank is a force to be reckoned with. Although we have dirt on him, it'll be very difficult for me to take him down on my own if you don't attend the trial. This is a crucial moment, and you mustn't be absent. Can't you hold off your personal matters for two more days? If you really must attend to them, you can assign someone to do it for you. I can also send someone over to help you. Plus, I can even seek help from Zarain. As long as you stay, the other matters can be settled easily..."

The president's words sounded like a plea, and Danrique found it hard to reject him. He frowned and felt troubled.

"Take care of the important matters" Francesca said.

She might not understand Erihalean, but she was aware of what was going on.

Right now, Frank's trial was an urgent issue.

The only person who could make Danrique answer the phone and feel troubled was the president.

“Just let me spend a few days alone, and don’t be so clingy. I’ll return to H City myself. Perhaps, I might even locate that famous doctor”

Francesca eyed Danrique, as if she did not want him to bother her.

“Mr. Lindberg, I can accompany Ms. Felch on her return. Don’t worry. We’ll take good care of her!” Gordon said hastily.

“That is, we’ll head back first, and you can come over once you’ve settled your business”

Francesca added, “Don’t delay it because of me. Otherwise, I would be the one to blame”

“All right.”

Danrique finally gave in and promised the president that he would attend the trial. He told Francesca, “I’ll come over after I send Francesca off at the airport tomorrow.”

“Great, I’ll wait for you.”

The president was overjoyed.

“Please send my regards to Ms. Cece and express my gratitude!”

“Okay,”

Once the call had ended, Danrique pinched Francesca’s chin and warned her sternly, “We’ll get you treated, and don’t ever think of running away again. Got it?”

“Got it” Francesca replied.

As soon as she answered him, she was stunned by her own reaction. She did not expect herself to be so decisive.

Do I really want to stay? But if I don’t leave, I’ll have to marry him.

As she thought of that, Francesca felt melancholic, and her head started to hurt again.

Back at the castle, Danrique carried Francesca back to her room and reminded Norah to look after her.

Then, he went to his study room. He still had some unfinished business to sort out.

Apart from Frank, he also had to deal with the other three families.



Norah instructed a maid to run a bath for Francesca and help the latter to bathe and change her clothes.

After having dinner in her room, Francesca lay on the bed and fell into a deep sleep. She was too exhausted and wanted to sleep when Layla phoned up.

“Francesca, how are you?”

“I’m fine. Where are you, Layla?”

Francesca woke up.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1964**

“I’m still in Xendale. Good to know you’re okay. I was worried sick”

Layla heaved a sigh of relief and said, “I saw a major explosion at the presidential palace, and later, some new military vehicles entered the area. There were even helicopters, and it looked like a war was going on. It was so scary.”

“It’s all settled now”

Francesca whispered, “Apparently, Danrique was already well-prepared.”

“He’s even calmer than I imagined.”

Layla sighed.

“When I saw the helicopters, I knew everything was within his control. Even if you don’t go back for him, he’ll be fine.”

“Right...”

Francesca smiled bitterly.

“I risk my life all the time, but I always end up doing that for nothing!”

“Well, you can’t put it that way”

Layla chuckled.

“At least, you know what you want...”

“What I want?”

Francesca was taken aback.

“You’ve fallen in love with him.Don’t you know that?”

Layla sighed.

“Francesca, you can’t ignore my prior advice to you.Do whatever you want.I just want you to be happy!”

Francesca was touched by Layla’s words.

“Francesca, you should head back to H City as soon as possible and look for your master to perform surgery on you.We can talk about other things later.You can’t put this matter off anymore, do you understand?”

Layla advised solemnly.

“Understood.”

Francesca nodded.

“Right, there’s also Anthony.I’ll look for Gordon at once and make them release Anthony.Where should Anthony look for you?”

“Bliss Hotel!”

“Noted.”

After ending the call, Francesca looked for Gordon and told him to release Anthony.

Gordon did not even ask any questions.He merely ordered someone to take care of the matter.

On the contrary, Francesca was curious.

“You didn’t even hesitate over this.Aren’t you worried that Danrique would berate you?”

“Before Mr.Lindberg went out, he had already told us to follow your orders,”

Gordon answered with a grin, “That includes releasing your ex-boyfriend!”

“Pfft!”

Francesca was not sure if she should laugh or cry at that remark.

“Fine, release him immediately and send him to...”

“Bliss Hotel.I know”

Gordon interrupted.

“How did you know?”

Francesca was puzzled. Are they also aware of Layla’s hiding place?

“Hehe...”

Gordon chuckled sheepishly and lowered his head.

“I’ll send him there personally. Don’t worry.”

Following that, he hurried away.

Francesca watched as Gordon left.

Conflicting emotions welled up inside her. It seemed like Danrique had already known that Layla was her accomplice.

Does this mean he’s also aware of Anthony’s identity? Has he discovered the truth about Lovely Care Foundation and the orphanage as well? An anxious Francesca returned to her room while various thoughts raced across her mind. She had to admit that she had a slight change of heart.

Initially, Francesca had firmly believed that she would never get married in this lifetime and never be tied down by someone else. She wanted to devote her life to fulfilling her personal missions.

Yet, she suddenly realized that she was reluctant to leave Danrique.

Francesca was used to his closeness and seeing him every morning.

When he was in danger, she would panic and feel anxious.

Furthermore, she would risk her life to save him.

Layla’s words made her reconsider her relationship with Danrique. I think I’ve fallen in love with him for real...

As these thoughts crowded her mind, Francesca lay on the bed and drifted into sleep.

While she was sleeping, she sensed someone kissing her.

The tender kiss landed on her forehead and spread across her eyes, cheeks, lips, and neck. The kisses traveled down her body, and they felt warm.

Francesca knew from the familiar scent that Danrique was back. He had seemed to consume some liquor that night.

The strong smell of liquor drifted in the air as he breathed, carrying with it the flames of passion as if he was trying to ignite her.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1965**

Francesca opened her heavy eyelids and saw Danrique. He was kissing her and unbuttoning his shirt.

His enamored expression seemed charming yet terrifying.

Francesca pushed his shoulders away nervously.

She was about to speak when he slid a hand under her dress.

“Ah!”

Francesca shrieked, and her eyes went wide.

Her entire body stiffened, and she tried pushing him away frantically.

However, a series of warm, passionate kisses began to rain on her.

She was caught off guard! At first, Francesca wanted to resist Danrique’s advances, but her body slumped under his weight like a puddle of water.

There was simply no chance of fighting back.

The flames of passion burnt like wild fire...

Beads of sweat had formed on Danrique’s forehead, and the droplets landed on Francesca’s body.

Francesca shut her eyes nervously and bit her lip, refusing to look at him.

Danrique was about to take things further when a car’s alarm went off outside.

Next, all of the cars’ alarms rang as if something had triggered them.

The noise was deafening.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and shoved Danrique away frantically. The unexpected commotion had spoiled Danrique’s mood. He put on his pants and went to the window to have a look.

Instantly, his expression sank. He picked up his shirt and wore it as he walked outside.

When he opened the door, one of his subordinates came forward to report,  
“Mr. Lindberg, it’s Anthony!”

“Where is he?” Danrique asked firmly.

“We’ve captured him,” the subordinate replied with a lowered head.

“Bring him in.” Danrique headed downstairs.

“Yes”

When Francesca overheard the conversation, she quickly got dressed and headed outside. Anthony got beaten up again. He curled up like a helpless little rabbit and looked extremely pitiful.

Danrique’s blood boiled at the sight of Anthony, and he was about to kick him when a panicky Francesca cried, “Stop it!”

Although Danrique was furious, he withheld his force and kicked Anthony to the ground.

Francesca ran forward and helped Anthony up anxiously. She was alarmed when she saw the blood on his face.

“Anthony, why are you...”

She turned around and asked, “Who hit you?”

Mylo walked forward meekly.

“I’m sorry, Dr. Felch. It was me!”

“Why did you hit him?”

Francesca glared at Mylo angrily and turned to regard Gordon.

“Didn’t you say that you would send him to Bliss Hotel personally?”

“It was like this, Ms. Felch”

Gordon explained hastily, “Two hours ago, I said I would take him away, but he refused to come with me. He told me his injuries were serious, and he would die along the way. Thus, he needed to see a doctor. I got a doctor to examine him and bring him inside the car, but he used the opportunity to escape. He hit the cars to create a disturbance...”

“Anthony; Francesca asked him with a frown, “why didn’t you leave? What are you trying to do?”

“I’m not leaving you behind!”

Anthony grabbed Francesca’s hand tightly. His gaze was steady and unwavering, even though he had been beaten up.

Anthony was touched by his own righteous and loyal expression. It was as if Francesca was a captive, and he had rather die with her than leave her behind.

Francesca was at a total loss for words.

“Have you got a death wish?”

Danrique stared at Anthony’s hand and bellowed, “I’ll grant you your wish!”

“Danrique...”

“Gordon!”

“Yes”

“Cut off that bast\*rd’s hand!”

Danrique pointed at the hand used to hold Francesca’s hand.

“Yes!”

Anthony went pale, but he stood in front of Francesca and cried, “Cut off my hand if you want to, but don’t touch her...”

“You come here!”

Gordon dragged Anthony over and shoved him to the ground.

A few subordinates stepped on Anthony’s limbs to prevent him from moving.

Gordon raised his blade and was about to lower it when Francesca roared, “Stop it! Back down at once!”