

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1966

Nobody else dared to make a move.

The subordinates turned their attention to Danrique.

Danrique's brows were locked in a tight frown. He was about to speak when Francesca glared at him furiously.

"What? My words don't count, do they?"

Danrique was fuming with rage, but he clenched his teeth and nodded.

"They do!"

"Release him!"

Francesca yelled.

Gordon and the others retreated.

Anthony lay on the ground like an overturned tortoise and stared at Francesca blankly.

What happened? Why has Francesca seemed to become the master of this place? "Get the medical kit? Francesca instructed Kerrie.

Kerrie looked at Danrique timidly.

Danrique did not answer.

Sean made a gesture with his hand and Kerrie said hastily, "Yes."

Then, she hurried to grab the medical kit.

Francesca tended to Anthony's wounds in Danrique's presence. Her movements seemed rather intimate.

The flames of wrath were about to ooze from Danrique as he stared at Anthony intently.

Anthony glanced at him meekly and looked away once more. He was shuddering in fear.

Sweat trickled down his forehead continuously and blended with his blood.

"Why are you sweating so much?" Francesca wiped his sweat with a wet towel.

Danrique tightened his grip around his cup.

Smash! It was then crushed into pieces.

Anthony was so frightened by the sound that he nearly passed out.

Francesca frowned and glared at Danrique.

“Go back to your room.”

Danrique cocked his head and stared at her in disbelief. How dare she boss me around?

“I told you to go back to your room.”

Francesca gave him a kick.

“I’ll come over in a while”

Her tone had softened when she uttered the last sentence.

Despite Danrique’s displeasure, he still did as he was told.

Before he left, he gave one last bone-chilling stare at Anthony, causing the latter to shiver in fright.

After tending to Anthony’s wounds, Francesca whispered, “All right, I’ll assign someone to take you to Bliss Hotel so that you can meet Layla. Be good, and don’t cause a ruckus again.”

“Aren’t you coming with me, Francesca?”

Anthony held her hand, fearing that he would never see her again.

“I…”

Francesca pondered over it and answered firmly, “I’m not leaving. Don’t you worry about me.”

“As for the medical treatment…”

“We’ll fly to H City tomorrow to take care of it”

Francesca interrupted him and said enigmatically, “Focus on your work, and don’t worry about anything else”

What I really mean is that you take care of matters at the orphanage, and stop interfering with my business.

“Does this mean you want to be with him?”

Anthony scanned his surroundings weakly when he uttered that.

Numerous pairs of eyes were on him communicating a nonverbal cue...If you dare to coax the lady of our house into leaving, we'll skin you alive.

“Yeah.”

Francesca nodded and spoke with a grin.

“I'm the lady of the house now.Didn't you realize this? They obey me.”

“Looks like it...”

Anthony did realize it.

Aside from the subordinates, even the terrifying Danrique listened to her.It looked like Francesca had scaled the ranks.

From the looks of it, she would not be taken advantage of, no matter where she went.

After all, she had managed to tame Danrique! “Go, then.”

Francesca patted his shoulder and reminded Gordon, “Make sure he reaches the hotel safely.If anything happens to him, I'll hold you responsible”

“Yes, Ms.Felch”

Gordon replied with his head lowered.He respected Francesca just as much as he respected Danrique.

“You've got to protect yourself.If you're bullied, or if you break up with him, do tell me about it...”

Anthony spoke.

“Nobody dares to bully Ms.Felch.Let's go.”

Gordon grabbed Anthony and pushed him into the car.He feared Anthony would say something to anger Danrique.

Once Anthony was in the car, he put his head out of the window and cried, “Francesca, don't forget to get the surgery done as soon as possible.Once it's over, let me know...”

“You talk too much!” Gordon rolled his eyes.

“No wonder you always get beaten up!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1967

Francesca stood at the doorway and watched as Gordon's car cruised away.

At least, with Anthony gone, a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Norah had prepared supper, and she asked Francesca whether she would like to have it in her room or the dining room.

Francesca felt discomfort in her stomach, so she thanked Norah before heading upstairs.

As soon as she entered her room and closed the door, a pair of strong arms wrapped around her from behind her back.

“Ah!”

Francesca was startled. She was about to look back when Danrique kissed her from behind.

He even pinned her against the wall to prevent her from resisting his advances.

“Mmm...Mmm...”

Francesca could not move a muscle, so she let herself be ravaged by Danrique's kisses.

Like a dominant beast that would stop at nothing to capture its prey, he wanted to devour her that night.

Francesca struggled for a while before she stopped moving.

She snuggled limply in Danrique's arms and allowed him to do whatever he wanted with her.

Danrique imitated the moves he learned from adult films and lifted her dress.

He was about to advance when he discovered something and stopped moving.

“What...What's this?”

Danrique put Francesca down quickly and turned her over.

“Are you hurt?”

“What?”

Francesca stared at him blankly.

“Why is there blood on your butt?”

Danrique raised his hands.

When he ran his hands over her earlier, he ended up touching blood.

“Uh...”

Francesca blushed violently and ran to the bathroom.

“Cece, are you okay?”

Danrique rushed forward to ask her, “Should I get a doctor?”

“No need!”

Francesca wished the earth would open up and swallow her.

A moment ago, she had already felt unwell, and she wanted to examine herself when she entered her room.

However, as soon as she had shut the door, Danrique hugged and smooched her. He’s so clueless! He thinks I’m hurt.

In fact, Francesca was on her period.

“Cece, Cece...”

Danrique was panic-stricken.

“Are you all right?”

Bleeding from the butt is a major issue. Did she get shot when she saved me? Or is she injured? Whatever it is, she must see a doctor.

Francesca was annoyed by Danrique’s constant cries of concern.

There was no sanitary pad inside the bathroom, so she had to open the door.

“How are you?”

Danrique pulled her closer to examine her.

“Have you been shot?”

“Of course not!”

Francesca was amused by his reaction.

“It’s just that time of the month…”

“What?”

Danrique had never interacted with women since his teenage years, so he did not understand women at all.

Nonetheless, he still had some common sense. He regained his composure after noticing Francesca’s look of embarrassment.

“Oh, I get it”

“Get Mdm. Norah over”

Francesca cried, “Quickly!”

Danrique ordered a maid to summon Norah.

Norah brought two maids over, for she assumed they were required to make the bed.

As they walked, she whispered, “That was fast, but it’s no surprise as it’s Mr. Lindberg’s first time. He’s inexperienced, after all. Don’t make any remarks about him, you hear me?”

“Yes,” the two maids replied cautiously.

The three women entered the bedroom and were about to make the bed when they realized how clean and tidy it was.

“She’s in the bathroom”

Danrique muttered before heading out.

Norah was shocked.

“Oh, dear. Did Mr. Lindberg hurt Ms. Cece because he was too inexperienced and rough?”

She rushed into the bathroom and found Francesca sitting on the toilet bowl and staring into space.

When she saw Norah, Francesca said, "Mdm.Norah, I'm on my period.Please get some sanitary pads for me!"

"Uh..."

Norah and the two maids were stunned.

"Quick, quick! Get them ready!"

Soon, Norah snapped back to her senses and urged the maids to get the items ready.

"Also, tell the cooks to prepare something nourishing."

"Yes"

After that, the maids hurried outside.

"Ms.Cece, I'll run a bath for you.Take a hot bath, and the items will be ready once you're done,"

Norah said.

"Thank you, Mdm.Norah.After running the bath, Norah exited the bathroom and shook her head disappointedly.

"Poor Mr.Lindberg.He hasn't even lost his virginity yet..."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1968

Francesca took another shower before she slipped herself into a set of clean and comfortable sleepwear.

After she drank the warm soup Norah had prepared for her, she went on to nestle herself snuggly into the bed, ready to turn in for the night.

That was when the door crept open.

Good grief.

Here he comes again!

"Don't you already know that I'm on the rag?"

Sitting up swiftly, Francesca aimed a pillow at him.

The projectile was snatched out of the air.

Placing it underneath his own head, Danrique then laid himself down next to her in the same fluid sequence.

Following that, he reached out to reel her petite frame into his arms so that he may cradle her like a kitten.

“Leave me alone!”

Francesca struggled in exasperation as she feared he would be unable to keep his own primal urges in check.

“I just want to cuddle, that’s all” whispered Danrique into her ears as he playfully pinched her behind with his huge mitt.

“But no guarantees if you are going to keep up with your squirming like this.”

Upon hearing that, Francesca settled herself down and docilely submitted herself to his embracing.

“Does your abdomen hurt?”

Reaching his warm hand inside of her clothes, he gently massaged her belly in a way that felt oddly soothing for her.

“Not anymore”

Francesca raised her dainty head to regard him. His well-defined features appeared especially charming when illuminated by the mellow light cast against the duskiness of the room.

Those amber eyes of his sparkled gloriously even in the darkness.

Arising impulse to kiss him caused her to purse her lips.

“Francesca Felch!”

Oblivious to her sentiments, he continued to hail her softly under his breath.

“It’s a lovely name, but I still prefer to call you Cece!”

“How did I used to address you?”

Though unable to recall some of the subtleties from their past, she could still remember that they had indeed shared a delightful first love together.

Those fragments came back to her quite often, sans some of the details which had eluded her.

“You were so rude back then!” scoffed Danrique, rolling his eyes.

“Calling me ‘hey you’ whenever you saw me,”

“Hahaha.Yeah.That does seem like something I’d say” said Francesca with a laugh.

“In that case, why did you call me Cece then?”

“Cause that’s what you said your name was when I asked!” replied Danrique, nudging her on the nose.

“That doesn’t...”

Francesca narrowed her eyes in concentration.

“Cece does sound familiar, but I don’t think that’s my name.”

“Enough of that.”

Unbothered by such trivialities, Danrique leaned in to suck on her tender lips.

“Mmph...”

Eyes widening in astonishment, Francesca resisted with both hands on his shoulders, petrified by the thought of what else he might do.

Danrique’s kiss only grew in intensity while his scintillating presence and fiery passion threatened to dissolve her.

In her anxiety, tension mounted throughout Francesca’s body, prompting her to pound hard upon his back with both fists.

His body, however, was tough as steel and impervious to the resistance she was putting up.

He finally relinquished his hold on her a while later with a final peck on the chin.

“Relax.We’re just going to kiss, and nothing else...”

“But...”

Unable to resist his ardor, the strength all over her body had already deserted Francesca.

She could only endure it silently with her eyes shut.

As those two hearts mirrored the purity of one another, the night was as pristine as water.

Outside, florets of snow drifted down into the castle until the entire place was transformed into a picturesque whiteness.

Having been tormented for an undetermined amount of time, Francesca was being pushed to the brink until Danrique reluctantly let go of her.

Then, he shot onto his feet and dashed into the bathroom.

Hugging the pillow in bewilderment, Francesca stared at the bathroom door. She had no idea what was going through his mind.

A while later, Danrique came back out exuding a chilliness, with beads of wetness about him not completely towel-dried.

“Did you just go in for a bath? Heavens.

Was that a cold shower you took?”

Francesca could sense that he was frigid as an ice cube and got so upset with him that she pounded on his chest.

“Aren’t you worried about catching a chill?”

“I’d have you to blame for that!”

Danrique then pulled her in and buried her head into his own chest.

“Let’s sleep!”

“You’re so annoying!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1969

Unsure if it was because she had Danrique’s arms around her, Francesca felt exceptionally secure and thus slept very well that night.

Undisturbed by dreams, she rested all the way till she roused on her own at dawn.

Feeling completely invigorated, Francesca habitually stretched her back and let out a yawn.

Then, she flipped her body around like an indolent little feline.

That was when she discovered the absence of the person next to her.

When she opened her eyes, she realized that he was really gone, and as far as she could tell, the water in the bathroom was not running either.

“Danrique! Danrique Lindberg!” Francesca called.

“Are you here, you rogue?”

That yielded no reply.

Okay.

I suppose he must have gotten out of bed early.

She could sense that he had not managed to sleep well the night before.

Although he hardly moved, his body felt stiff and tensed against hers, as though he was unable to relax.

Conversely, she had slept quite soundly herself; it was as though his presence had a hypnotic effect on her.

In a jolly fine mood, Francesca hopped out of bed to freshen up.

At that moment, someone came knocking at her door.

Norah’s voice emanated from the other side.

“May I come in, Ms.Cece?”

“Please enter!”

In the midst of brushing her teeth, Francesca’s mouth was bubbling with froth.

Enter Norah at the lead of two maids to tidy the room and also to bring Francesca some ginger tea to warm her belly with.

“Please come downstairs after you have finished your drink, Ms.Cece.Mr.Lindberg is waiting to have breakfast together with you.”

“Okay.”

Getting her own attire in order, Francesca then went along with Norah.

Seated prim and proper inside the dining room, Danrique was helping himself to some breakfast.

On the table was a generous spread of offerings in the Chanaean style, all of them Francesca's favorites.

"Good morning!"

With a pep in her step, Francesca bounded into the dining room and sat down to eat, almost childlike in her exuberance.

"Morning!"

Danrique regarded her smilingly and with affection in his eyes.

"There's no rush. It's not a contest."

"This is so good. That one too..."

Francesca stuffed her mouth and spoke while she ate.

"Come to think of it; I think I haven't had anything to eat last night."

"Haha..."

Danrique could not stifle a laugh.

"That must have been hard on you!"

Rolling her eyes at him, Francesca resumed with her feasting.

Elegantly sipping away at his tea, Danrique looked rather pleased while he watched her eat, as though it was enjoyable for him to do so.

"Ms. Atkinson has requested an audience, Mr. Lindberg!"

At that moment, a subordinate approached to report.

"Tell her that I'm busy right now."

Danrique took a glance at his watch.

"Have her come back in the evening instead."

"Understood."

The subordinate went to relay his message.

Come back in the evening...

Those words jugged against Francesca's throat like fish bones, and she found them hard to swallow.

Having lost her appetite, she placed down her utensils, wiped clean the corner of her lips, and glared at Danrique.

"Huh? Are you done already?"

Danrique's brows perked at her.

"Planning to hook up with someone else while I'm away?"

Francesca looked askance as she called him out.

"You got it all worked out, haven't you?"

"Umm..."

Stunned at first, Danrique subsequently broke into a boisterous guffaw.

"Is this jealousy I'm seeing from you?"

"Hmph!"

Francesca shot him a look as she set herself upright and looked to storm off.

Danrique immediately reached out to grab ahold of her before he instructed his subordinate, "Tell her not to come over at night either, and send Sean over to inform her of my decision in the afternoon."

"Understood."

The subordinate then promptly went out after her.

"Happy now?" said Danrique, looking gleefully at Francesca.

Sitting back down, Francesca then became self-conscious of her own overreaction.

Considering that he would not have said what he did in front of her otherwise, it occurred to her that it might be more probable that Danrique had no interest in Hazel whatsoever.

Perhaps it might be work related? The thought of that made her change her tone.

“Actually, that was not what I meant. You’re just going to meet with her to talk business. I get that.”

“What business has she and I have to discuss?” said Danrique casually.

“She’s in no position to talk business with me, to begin with.”

“Does that mean that it’s personal, then?” asked Francesca in displeasure.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1970

“I guess so,” Danrique answered casually.

Francesca’s expression darkened again, her lips curled.

“Try this...”

Danrique placed a slice of angel food cake on her plate.

“It’s made by the new chef.”

Francesca had lost her appetite.

Just as she was about to speak, a subordinate reported again, “Mr. Lindberg, the private jet is ready.”

“Okay; Danrique responded before turning to Francesca.

“After you get to H City, be good and don’t go anywhere. Gordon will find Dr. Felch. By the time he finds the doctor, I should be done with the matters here and go there.”

“All right.”

Francesca felt reluctant to be apart from him.

“You should attend to the matters. Don’t worry about me. Actually, I—”

“Mr. Lindberg, you have a call from the president... Francesca was about to tell Danrique that she was actually Dr. Felch’s apprentice, but just then, Sean came in hurriedly with a phone in his hand. Danrique took over the phone and answered it.

“Mr. President, I will go to the airport immediately. Yes, we’ll reach at ten o’clock. What’s the hurry? Sure, I’ll do it as soon as possible”

After ending the call, Danrique glanced at his watch while speaking to Francesca unhurriedly.

“You should eat more. We’re not rushing.”

“Nah, I’m fine. Let’s go.”

Francesca knew that he still had many important things to attend to.

The issue with Frank was complicated, so Danrique had to settle every aspect of it.

Besides, he also needed to deal with the three great families.

At a time like this, she didn’t want to distract him.

“Okay. I’ve arranged for the chef to board the plane with you so that you won’t be hungry while you’re on the way there.”

Danrique kissed her on the forehead before instructing the subordinates to get ready.

Norah took Francesca’s backpack from upstairs.

Francesca checked it, finding her jewelry and identity document inside.

When Danrique saw her checking the jewelry, he couldn’t help but chuckle and say, “Look at you. You can get half of my property as my wife. Those are nothing.”

“Oh, I think you’re right.”

Realization struck Francesca instantly.

“Then how many properties do you own?”

“I can’t give you an answer now. I didn’t calculate them.”

He thought about it seriously.

“But you buying jewelry every day won’t be a problem to me”

“I can buy jewelry that costs over one hundred million every day?”

Francesca widened her eyes in shock.

“Just how much money do you have?”

“I earn money every day.”

Danrique suddenly realized something as he continued, "But if you're really driven to spend, I'll have to work all the time..."

"We'll have children to look after us when we get old. They'll be our provider at that time"

Francesca blurted out.

"That works."

Danrique raised his eyebrows.

"Then you have to bear more sons for me to inherit my assets."

"Why sons?" she inquired curiously.

"In Erihal, only sons inherit the family fortune? Danrique replied with a serious expression.

"Otherwise, with my aunt's ability back then, she would have been the head of the family and would not have been ostracized by others"

"Oh, really?"

Francesca was indignant.

"By the way, property acquired before marriage is not considered separate property in Erihal, am I right?"

Danrique nodded.

"Legally married wives in Erihal have high status!"

"Really?"

Francesca was elated with the revelation, suddenly feeling that it was not a bad thing to marry Danrique.

"Think about it."

He stroked her hair dotingly.

"Once you're healed, marry me and become Mrs. Lindberg. You'll be a major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation like me."

"Haha! That sounds good..."

Thrilled, Francesca started imagining her life after being a major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation.

By then, she would establish a foundation.

With that, she would no longer be worried about funds for her orphanages.

Seeing that she was on cloud nine, Danrique suddenly thought of a way. I probably can make it happen if I work on this.