

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1971

While they were on the way to the airport, Danrique held Francesca in his arms with a heavy heart.

Even though he knew they were going to be apart from one another for only a few days, he felt uneasy for some reason.

On the other hand, Francesca was quite nonchalant.

She was planning to get some nice food and invite her old friends to hang out after reaching H City, not worrying about Danrique at all, and neither did she think about when they would be able to reunite.

Danrique said once again, "I'll get to you right after I settle the things here. Wait for me!"

"There's no hurry. Just focus on your matters."

Francesca did not dwell on that.

Upon hearing her response, he was dejected.

Stupid woman, won't you miss me? Before they knew it, they had reached the airport apron.

By the time they got out of the car, it had stopped snowing.

The airport staff was done making preparations, and Sean was having a word with them while loading the luggage onto the plane.

After folding Francesca's collars, Danrique cupped her face and spoke gently.

"Stay put, and wait for me. Okay?"

His simple words were filled with deep affection and also acted as a reminder for her. He was never one who liked to talk a lot, but he had been reminding her of the same thing a few times that day.

"I got it!"

Francesca stood on her tip-toe and pecked him on the lips.

Danrique was stunned as a wave of exhilaration washed over him.

That was the first time she took the initiative to kiss him.

Just as he was about to kiss her back excitedly, she dashed away.

Like a rabbit, she leaped up the stairs, heading toward the entrance of the aircraft.

Only then did she turn around and wave her hands.

“You should get back!”

Gazing at her with boundless affection, Danrique pursed his lips and recalled the kiss just now.

Warmth and happiness surged within him.

“They are so sweet! I’m jealous!”

While Sean was envious, he also felt happy for Danrique.

All of Mr.Lindberg’s perseverance has finally paid off.

With her cheeks flushed, Francesca boarded the plane and looked outside the window.

Danrique was still standing by the car, not willing to leave.

Looking at one another through the plane window, the couple waved goodbye.

As reluctance filled her heart, she was finally clear that he was the man she loved.

Meanwhile, Danrique couldn’t help but feel anxious.

Perhaps he was worried that Francesca would run away or that there would be trouble.

He reminded Gordon again and again, “You need to protect her well.Nothing can happen to her”

“Mr.Lindberg, don’t worry.I swear on my life I’ll keep her safe”

Gordon promised confidently.

“Keep a close eye on her.Don’t let her escape; Danrique added.

“Haha.Yes, Mr.Lindberg.Don’t worry-“

Gordon bowed to Danrique respectfully before boarding the plane with the subordinates.

Reluctantly, Danrique entered the car.

Sean teased, "Mr.Lindberg, it's my first time seeing you speak so much."

Even when Danrique was dealing with work matters, he would always be brief and concise.

However, that day, he gave similar reminders over and over again.

Now, he was still feeling restless.He was even starting to regret his decision to agree with the president to stay behind.I should have accompanied Francesca to H City and handled the other stuff after her surgery is over.

We've been through a lot to be together.It wasn't easy for us to meet, and it wasn't for her to open up to me and fall in love with me, either.

Yet, we're now separated.

He even had a sense of foreboding that their separation this time would be forever.

As the thought flashed across Danrique's mind, he felt more anxious, his brows furrowed.

When Sean saw him frowning, the former reassured, "Mr.Lindberg, don't worry.Everything will be fine.Zarain is governed by state law, so it's much safer than Erihal.Gordon has brought many people with him.I'm sure they can keep Ms.Felch safe and sound.Besides, she is very capable.She's the one who saves you every time you're in danger.What could happen to her?"

"Because she is capable, I'm worried that Gordon can't keep a close eye on her."

Danrique sighed.

"Maybe I'm overthinking.She won't run away, will she?"

"She won't.I can feel that she's fallen in love with you"

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1972

Upon hearing what Sean said, he recalled how Francesca risked herself to rescue him last night, their intimate moment last night, and their parting kiss just now.

Danrique's heart slowly calmed down as he convinced himself to have faith in her and not overthink things.

Meanwhile, Francesca was spacing out on her seat.

Not moments ago, she was being carefree and didn't feel the melancholy of their parting. She didn't even think of hugging him before her departure.

However, now that she was alone, she felt empty within.

All she could think of was his figure, his handsome face, as well as his warm hug, and his strong arms.

She didn't think much of his presence when she had him, but she felt a sense of dejection now that she no longer had him around. So this is how it feels to like someone.

"Would you like to have something to eat, Ms. Felch?"

A familiar voice came through.

Francesca was surprised to see Sloan when she raised her head.

"You're here too, Sloan!"

"Yes. Mr. Lindberg had me come with Gordon as your escort."

Every time Sloan saw Francesca, he would get all starry-eyed, his gaze full of admiration.

"Haha, that's great"

Francesca huffed a laugh.

"Does this mean Mylo is staying in Xendale alongside Sean?"

"Yes. Mylo was highly regarded, so sir wanted him around."

"Hm, you ain't half bad yourself. Do your best."

Francesca smiled at him.

"Tee-hee..."

Sloan scratched his head shyly while blushing slightly.

"Ms. Felch, would you like to get some rest in the room? The flight will take fourteen hours, asked Gordon with concern.

"Okay. I'll take a nap. Get me when we're about to arrive at our destination"

Perhaps because Francesca was on her period, she was feeling a little lethargic.

All the while, Gordon kept an eye on the situation on board throughout their flight.

Although there was only a slim chance of anything going wrong, he still exercised caution.

After all, he was well aware of just how important Francesca was to Danrique, so he was determined to keep her safe at all costs.

The private jet soared through the clouds and arrived at H City in Zarain after a fourteen-hour flight.

The staff from the local branch came to fetch them.

Gordon escorted Francesca onto the car that drove them to a villa near South Sea.

Francesca admired the view along the way, feeling freshened up and relaxed.

Compared to other countries, she liked Zarain the most, especially H City.

The city was abundant, technologically advanced, yet warm nonetheless. It was a place filled with memories.

The huge LED screens on the highrises that lined up along the road were playing advertisements for technology products by Divine Corporation.

It was evident that the industry under the Nacht family was prospering in Zarain.

On the contrary, there was no longer a trace left of Windt Corporation, which was once the top-ranking corporation in H City.

Just like a ship that went missing in the ocean, there was nothing left to prove that it once existed.

However, advertisements by the Sterling family and the Brown family still showed up occasionally.

Although they weren't as eye-catching as Divine Corporation's advertisements, it was an indication that the two families still had a seat at the table.

Within a little more than a month, the market at H City had undergone a dramatic upheaval.

The same could be said of life, for sudden storms would bring about unpredictable changes.

As Francesca was feeling wistful while her mind ran rampant, her phone rang, which she picked up immediately.

“Hello”

“Have you arrived?”

Danrique’s voice was kind and gentle.

“Mmm, I just arrived and am in the car”

Similarly, Francesca no longer displayed her previous aloofness and rowdiness.

Instead, she sounded demure.

“How did you know my phone number?”

“One learns whatever one wishes to know;” Danrique stated with pride.

“Why didn’t you inform me of your arrival? Do you no longer wish to become the major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation?”

“Hahaha!”

Francesca burst into laughter.

“I want it! Of course, I want it”

“Make sure you call and text me every day.Do you understand?”

Danrique sounded as if he were giving orders and making requests.

“Tee-hee! Sure.”

Francesca blushed a little.So this is how romantic relationships are...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1973

“Danrique! Danrique! Mr.President is awaiting your reply.”

Over the phone, a voice could be heard calling out to Danrique.

“Are you still working? Isn’t it already midnight at Xendale?” asked Francesca.

“Mm, answered Danrique.

“It should be evening at H City. Get rested after you arrive. I have a meeting.”

“I will. Go back to work”

Francesca said quickly.

“Kiss—”

Danrique was initially planning to request a kiss from her, but she hung up before he could finish his sentence.

All he could do was heave a sigh.

That woman. She sure is heartless.

Meanwhile, Francesca was leaning against the back of her seat with her phone in hand as she got all giddy.

I never knew being in a romantic relationship felt so nice.

There is someone whose mind I'm always on and vice versa... She had never felt such bliss and sweetness before.

“I've never seen Mr. Lindberg care so much about another person despite having been working with him for so many years”

Gordon exclaimed with utmost sincerity.

“You're the first person to get him to do that, Ms. Felch!”

“I will also be the last!”

Francesca blurted out before being stunned by her own words.

The fact that I'm having such thoughts and starting to grow desires to claim him as my own means I've definitely fallen for him...

When they arrived at the villa, they found everything to be exquisite.

Danrique's style had always been that of exquisiteness, simplicity, and comfort. He never was after luxury and glamor, and all of his dwellings reflected his taste.

Francesca liked the place. She could get a view of the sea from the balcony in her room. It was evening.

The brilliant rays of the setting sun shone on the ocean, its waves shimmering with breathtaking beauty.

After Gordon and the other subordinates had settled down, they came to report back to Francesca.

“Ms.Felch, I will be heading to Phoenix City while Sloan and the remaining eight of them will stay to protect you.Do you perhaps have any other orders?”

Phoenix City? thought Francesca.

It seems they’ve actually discovered my master’s base, but I wonder if they’ll be able to make him budge.She had hesitated if she should inform Gordon of her relationship with Dr.Felch, but eventually decided against it.

Master might feel more reluctant if I revealed our relationship.it would be better if Gordon visited him as a stranger.

Master might just come to H City if he deems Gordon sincere enough.

After all, Phoenix City isn’t too far away from H City, and Master had some close acquaintances staying here.

Besides, he’s a kind doctor despite his obstinance.

“Indeed.The doctor we found lives in Phoenix City, but we’re still investigating the exact location of his dwelling, so I need to bring my men along” replied Gordon.

“Doctors like him tend to live in seclusion on mountains.You can give that a try”

Francesca offered him a tip.

“You’re right.I’ll look into it immediately”

Gordon seemed to have gotten a grasp of something.

“I’ll be heading off now.Get Sloan to run any errands that you might have,”

“Okay.Go on”

Francesca nodded.

Gordon left in a hurry, but Francesca stopped him as she recalled something.

“Hold on...”

Gordon stopped in his tracks and turned around to look at her.

“Do you have any other orders, Ms.Felch?”

“Don’t tell the doctor who I am if you do get to meet him.Don’t tell him my name and past either.Just inform him of my age and injury”

Francesca instructed solemnly.

“Got it.”

Gordon nodded.

“Mr.Lindberg had said the same thing.After all, you have a unique status now, so it would be better to keep a low profile when it comes to these things”

“Mm.You can leave now.”

“Understood.”

Gordon left with his men.

The thought that she would soon be meeting her master again made Francesca feel both expectant and uneasy.

While she wished to see her master and gain his approval, she was also worried that he might recognize her and still harbor a grudge against her.

She wouldn’t know how to face him if that was the case.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1974

Just when Francesca was in deep thought while relaxing in her recliner, her phone vibrated once more.It was Layla trying to reach her.

In a haste, she answered the call.

“Ms.Layla!”

“Are you back in H City already, Francesca?”

When Layla was speaking, Anthony’s voice could also be heard rather faintly on the other end of the line.

“Let me talk to her.Give me the phone”

Layla bellowed right away, "Zip it."

"Yes, I just reached," replied Francesca with a grin.

"I'm at the beach. It's so beautiful here..."

"Have you contacted your master? When's your surgery?"

As always, Layla cut straight to the subject.

"Gordon will sort that out for me. I told him the clues, so I suppose he'd find out soon enough."

"Soon enough? He ought to get it done at once."

Anxious, Layla added, "I've got wind that you-know-who was released from prison already."

"What?"

Francesca's visage did a one-eighty at the news.

"Wasn't he sentenced to life imprisonment? How did he get out so suddenly?"

"Only God knows how... His organization is still in power, after all?" said Layla in a deep voice.

"That person's a highly dangerous lunatic. He'll definitely seek you out to have his revenge. You'd better keep your guard up!"

Francesca was stumped for words upon hearing that.

"Hey, Francesca! Are you listening to me?" questioned Layla ever so nervously.

"The Lindberg family has your back for now, so I'm not that worried. This is a critical juncture, so you make sure to dismiss any thought of escaping again. Don't fret. Continue your daily activities under their protection. When Dr. Felch arrives, you can then undergo the treatment. Your recuperation comes first. Everything else can wait, you hear?"

"Yes, I understand."

Francesca heaved a sigh.

"Even so, I'm the one responsible for that kid's life..."

"Don't think of it that way. It was an accident; consoled Layla hurriedly.

“Every human in this world makes mistakes. Doctors are humans, too. Wait, no... Technically, it wasn't your mistake anyway. You told him before that the surgery's rate of success was eighty percent. That means there's still a twenty percent probability of failure. You're not at fault just because the surgery failed. Not even the best surgeons could guarantee a hundred percent survival rate”

Francesca covered her forehead.

A stinging pang of sadness overwhelmed her heart.

“If only she hadn't handed me the candy, she wouldn't have been shot. It was all my fault that she got hurt in the first place. I've given her my word to cure her wound, yet I failed in the end. All I could do was watch her breathe her last in front of me. I... That child's so young and adorable. Her smile's so sweet and innocent. I'm the reason she lost her life..”

Panic-stricken, Layla quickly explained, “You really should stop thinking like this. It was all purely an accident. If you weren't injured in the first place, hardly anyone in this world could lay a hand on you. That said, if you ever pitied that lunatic, you yourself would be in great danger.”

“But... He's gotten into that state due to his daughter's death.”

Francesca let out a long sigh before continuing, “Maybe... Maybe I should lend him a hand!”

Flying off the handle, Layla fumed, “Are you nuts? You need to come to your senses! He's always been a killer, and he's been the target of vengeance all along. If you weren't there that day, Candice would still end up getting hurt one way or another. For you to have bumped into her and helped her was simply coincidental. In return, she gifted you candy but then got shot in the process.”

She paused for a bit before adding, “I understand your guilt and your yearning to save her life. Failing the surgery was also an accident, and it has nothing to do with you. That guy turned himself crazy because of Candice's passing and went on to claim thirteen lives at the hospital. You would've been gone with the wind as well had you not been fast enough to escape.”

“Stop... Just stop talking...”

“I insist to!”

Layla wanted Francesca to face the hard truth.

“That kid's really innocent, I know. I, too, feel so sorry for her. But, no matter what, it wasn't your fault, so don't even think about being a saint!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1975

Layla went on, "As for that insane fellow, he's already on a killing spree. He's got his mind set on you that you were the root of his daughter's mishap, so he'd never let you off the hook. The likes of him wouldn't be of sound mind. If you run into him somehow, don't waver!"

She stopped to ponder before going on, "If you cave in, you'll be the one who'll suffer in his stead. What would be of Danrique if you were dead? Ever thought of that? And what should we all do by then? How about the children? As long as that person is alive, he'll always be out for blood—"

"Okay, okay! I hear you; interrupted Francesca. She felt that her head was about to crack from all the pain, so she blurted out, "I'm having a migraine right now. I'll talk to you later..."

"All right, I won't disturb you anymore."

Layla's heart ached for Francesca.

"Get proper rest and remember my words..."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Francesca held her throbbing head as she lay on the recliner, trying to sleep her worries away.

Still, sleep eluded her as the scene where Candice got injured popped right back into her head once more.

That past event fired into her mind all of a sudden like a bullet, making her life a living hell.

As she placed her palm on her head, she struggled to make her way back into the bedroom before retrieving the medical kit and opening it up.

She fished out the acupuncture needle and used it on herself so that she could fall into a deep slumber and escape her messy thoughts.

Little did she know that there had been someone in the villa next to her home peeping at her every move via a pair of binoculars.

Meanwhile, Layla and Anthony just got back home in S Nation.

They were still on pins and needles, dwelling on the matter regarding Francesca.

“Why won’t you let me have a word with her?”

Anthony was displeased because he didn’t get to speak to Francesca on the phone earlier.

“You son of a—are you a moron? Do you think we’re interested in listening to your nonsense at a time like this?”

Layla smacked the back of Anthony’s head with all her might as she spoke. She exerted so much force that the latter dropped to the floor from the impact.

Anthony climbed back up to his feet pathetically.

His cheeks flushed red like a tomato, hollering, “Danrique always smacked me like this. And now, you, too, followed suit. I’d rather you guys just beat me to death.”

“I’ll throw you out the door if I hear one more word coming out of your bloody mouth”

Layla wasn’t in a good mood that day, so naturally, she would throw a fit.

Feeling indignant, Anthony pouted and held back his tears.

He then pulled himself together and cautiously uttered, “I also wished to show her some concern and talk some sense into her...”

“What kind of sense could you possibly offer? You’re full of nonsense yourself. Would you ever have anything useful to say?”

A glint of disdain flashed across Layla’s eyes as she looked down on Anthony as usual.

“You!* A wave of anger erupted like a volcano within Anthony’s heart.

“Why do you keep treating me this way since I was a kid? Do I really mean nothing to you?”

“Enough. Save it.”

Layla was annoyed.

“Go video call Mr. Lincoln and tell him to get his butt here at once. I need to discuss with him a plan to deal with all this. That maniac isn’t a normal being. He’s one of those elite assassins, and he’s even backed by the world’s top assassin organization. If he really got to Francesca, she’d be in grave danger”

“I’m on it”

With that, Anthony hastily went off to do her bidding.

Lighting a cigarette, Layla sat on the balcony and puffed to her heart's content. She then jogged down memory lane to that fateful scene two years ago. Her heart sank to her stomach.

Out of the blue, a bold idea came to her mind.

If I tell Danrique everything and let him protect Francesca, wouldn't it be better? However, she perished the thought almost immediately.

That would make sense, for Danrique might seem to be true to Francesca, but nothing was certain when it came to relationships and feelings.

If things were to take a turn for the worst in the future, he would only have gotten dirt on her. I'd rather not take a risk like that...Bah! Forget it. I'll just handle it myself.

At the thought of that, Layla began running a background check on a direct flight to H City. She was contemplating making a trip there personally.

Even so, she had to first wait for that old man to return for a discussion.

In a flash, Anthony rushed back to report to Layla after ending the video call.

"Mr. Lincoln is on his way back right now as we speak. He'll arrive tonight."

"That old geezer is always so tardy like a tortoise!"

Layla went through the roof again.

"Go book us three tickets to H City. We'd better have another string to our bow!"

"All right!"