

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 2311

### Chapter 2311

After taking the medicine, Danrique was a little groggy and fell asleep leaning against the sofa in a daze.

Worried that he might catch cold, Norah covered him with a blanket, then turned out the light and quietly retreated to one side.

Although Norah didn't understand a lot of things, she knew that tonight was a crucial moment: Mr.Lindberg and the president had reached a settlement, and as long as Sean could get Uncle Lincoln back, Ms.Felch could go home and things could come to an end.

So, Norah kept looking at the clock on the wall, silently calculating the time in her mind.

A minute, ten minutes, half an hour, passed.

She reckoned that by now, Sean should have almost reached the presidential palace and should be able to receive someone soon, right?

As she was thinking, Danrique suddenly woke up with a start and hurriedly picked up his mobile phone to make a call.

Sean: "Sir..."

Danrique: "Have you received Uncle Lincoln?"

Sean: "Not yet, almost to the back door of the presidential palace."

"Let you pick it up at the presidential palace?" Danrique's face changed dramatically.

Sean: "Yes."

"Make sure you get Uncle Lincoln before the President goes back." Danrique urged, "If you see Francesca, have someone stop her immediately!"

"Yes."

"Bang Bang Bang Bang!!!"

Before Sean could finish his words, a burst of gunfire came from not far away.

He turned around and saw that not far from the doorway, a slim figure had fallen down after being hit by a random shot, while another person had also fallen in a pool of blood.

“No – Uncle Lincoln —— ”

Then came the excited screams of Francesca in the night air.

Sean’s eyes widened in shock, his whole body froze in place, his brain boomed, there were only two words, it’s over, it’s late.

Danrique’s order was late, his action was late, therefore, the president’s ploy had succeeded.

At the other end of the phone, Danrique listened to the voice and was so angry that he kicked over the coffee table, immediately hung up the phone and hurried over with his men.

Norah followed behind and warned, “Sir be careful with your injuries.”

Danrique could no longer listen to it, without even putting on his jacket, he hurriedly got into the car.

The back door of the presidential palace.

Blood stained the clean white snow, two bodies fell in front of him, but the president did not react.

Even though it was his wife, whom he had shared his bed with for decades, who fell at his feet, he did not look half sad, but just looked at her quietly and then at Uncle Lincoln, who was shot dead in front of him, with a triumphant curve on his lips.

The president had made a great deal of money!

This move by Danrique today had already made the president’s wife hate the president to the bone.

Now the President had brought back not his wife, but an enemy who wanted to get him killed at any moment!

Additionally, he must now let his wife take full responsibility for him before he could be cleared completely, but she despised him so much right now that she might not do this for him.

Unless, of course, there was no proof of death to shut up.

However, if the president ordered Madame’s arrest, or found some other excuse for her death, he would have to fall under the charge of ungratefulness.

But like now, Madam was assassinated and died by someone from Danrique’s side.

Not only did he not have to take any responsibility, but he could also rightfully put all the blame on Madam, that's death without proof!

Everything also became natural.

Moreover, Francesca would also have a grudge against Danrique because of Uncle Lincoln's death.

With the loss of Francesca's help, Danrique would also lose the help of those bigwigs and diminish his power, so he won't be able to be so arrogant anymore.

"Mr. President .....,," the attendant reported in a low voice, "Sean and the others are here, and, Mr.Lindberg is also on his way here."

"Quite good, collect the corpse together." The president smiled grimly and coldly.

"Will Mr.Lindberg be furious and then not reconcile?" The attendant asked uneasily.

"The reconciliation will not be changed by the death of one person." The president sneered, "Just what's more, Danrique already has no choice."

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 2312**

### **Chapter 2312**

The President knew very well that at this point in time, both he and Danrique were riding a tiger, and it would not be in either side's interest to continue fighting.

Even if Danrique was not convinced in his heart, he had to swallow this anger for the sake of the overall situation.

This was also a way to return the favor to the other side.

The president had been given such a bum rap by Danrique before, and he was now giving it back to him, which was considered even.

Moreover, the president had to thank Danrique for releasing his wife at this time and then killing her with the help of Uncle Lincoln.

What a big help to him!

The smile on the president's lips grew even stronger as he looked at the grief-stricken Francesca, next, Danrique would have his work cut out for him, and he's afraid he wouldn't have time to deal with him.

The President thought that as long as he could stabilise the situation now, he could find a way to deal with Danrique later.

After all, after this incident, Danrique had already been greatly injured.

Even if he could not be taken down now, there would still be opportunities later.

“Mr. President, Mr.Lindberg is here.”

The attendant reported in a low voice in the President’s ear.

The president looked back, Danrique came with two cars in a hurry, he got down from the car just as it stopped, and rushed to Francesca’s side with one arrow step.

Francesca knelt next to Uncle Lincoln’s corpse and cried until she was shaking.

Anthony was also very broken up.

Danrique stepped forward to help Francesca up, who suddenly saw him as if he had come back to life, the despair in her eyes was suddenly replaced by hatred, and she violently grabbed the gun on Danrique’s waist and aimed it at the President: “Go to h-e-l-l!”

Although the person who killed his aunt was the president’s wife, and it appeared that she directed everything, Francesca knew very well that the real manipulator was the president.

This included deliberately making her come and pick up Uncle Lincoln tonight so that she could see him being shot to death with her own eyes.

All of this was a plot against Danrique.

“Ms.Felch don’t!” Sean hurriedly stopped it.

At the same time, dozens of guns aimed at Francesca’s head at the same time, including the shadowy laser gun.

This was the back door of the presidential palace, apart from the soldiers guarding it, there were some hidden snipers and laser guns elsewhere, protecting the president at all times.

Francesca didn’t care and pulled the trigger straight away.

Danrique grabbed Francesca’s gun and said in a low voice, “Calm down!”

“Let go!” Francesca was completely overwhelmed by anger and was bent on killing the President, even if it meant dying together.

“Francesca!” Danrique frowned and reminded word for word, “Now is not the time to be capricious.”

“I told you to let go.” Francesca roared in agitation, “Or I’ll kill you along with me!”

Danrique didn’t say anything, he just frowned at her.

Four eyes met, Francesca’s eyes were full of hatred, while Danrique’s eyes had guilt and other complex contents.

After not seeing each other for a long time, the two reunited and it was actually such a scene.

“Danrique ah.” The president suddenly spoke sadly, “Francesca misunderstood me very deeply, ah, you should tell her that we have reconciled.”

This posturing of his was very appetizing.

Not to mention Danrique, even Sean hated to strangle him.

But they both knew that now was not the time.

“Reconciliation?” Francesca looked at Danrique incredulously.

Without looking at her eyes, Danrique directly clasped her hand and snatched the gun like lightning.

“Danrique .....

Francesca was just about to fume when Danrique chopped a palm at the back of her neck, and she fell softly into his arms as her eyes went black.

“What are you doing? Let her go!”

Anthony rushed over in agitation.

Danrique swept Anthony a glance, his gaze as cold as frost, and he froze in fear.

Danrique picked up Francesca and turned his head to the president, “Mr. President, see you later!”

This simple phrase was a warning to him that they would see each other in the future.

This war had only just begun.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 2313

### Chapter 2313

When Danrique carried Francesca to the car and the old general came to stop him, he said politely and courteously, "General, Francesca is my woman and I will not harm her."

"I am the one who brought her to Xendale, I am responsible for her safety." The old general was very serious.

"She is safe with me." Danrique's gaze was firm, "If you are not at ease, you can come along to the Lindberg family as a guest."

The general was a little hesitant, he wanted to protect Francesca, but did not want to ruin her marriage, Francesca had once said that Danrique was the one she loved.

In the end, the general did not stop, "If anything happens to her, I will definitely come to the door."

Without speaking, Danrique bowed low and left with Francesca in his arms.

"Francesca .....

Anthony was just about to catch up when he was invited into another car by Sean.

The attendant left with the remains of Uncle Lincoln.

.....

Francesca didn't know how long she was out of sleep, but when she woke up again, she felt a splitting headache and her head felt like it was going to explode.

The images of her auntie Layla and Uncle Lincoln's tragic death kept flashing in her mind, the scene was like a knife stabbing her.

"Ms.Felch, Ms.Felch .....

The affectionate shout came, Francesca came back to her senses, opened her eyes in a daze and saw Auntie Norah's loving face, she couldn't help but feel a little dazed.

It was as if time was still a few months ago and all the tragedies had not happened.

“You’ve been talking in your sleep, you’ve been having nightmares, haven’t you?” Norah wiped the sweat from her forehead and said heartily, “Don’t be afraid, it’s all right, it’s all right now.”

“How long have I been asleep?” Francesca rubbed her eyes.

“A day and a night.” Norah helped her sit up and gave her a pillow on her waist, “It’s the next night now since Sir brought you back last night.”

“Where’s Danrique?” Francesca asked subconsciously.

“Sir hasn’t come back yet.” Norah said softly, “A lot has happened today and Sir went out early in the morning to deal with it.”

Francesca covered her forehead and thought carefully back to last night’s events.

Uncle Lincoln was dead, shot to death in front of her eyes.

Was this a nightmare, or was it real?

It dawned on her that it was real.

Uncle Lincoln was really dead.

The president deliberately had him released and then told him that he and Danrique had reached a reconciliation.

Uncle Lincoln was so angry and bent on death that he only wanted to kill the President and his wife to avenge Layla’s death.

So when he was uncuffed, he immediately grabbed the prison guard’s gun and kept shooting at the president’s car.

However, it was the president’s wife he killed.

The president was sitting in another car.

“Let me in, let me in, Francesca, Francesca .....

At that moment, Anthony’s voice came from outside.

Francesca immediately asked Norah to ask him to please come.

Norah put on Francesca’s coat and only then went to invite Anthony.

Anthony came in in a hurry and when he saw Francesca he said, "Francesca, let's go and get out of here."

"What's happening?" Francesca looked at him blankly.

"Danrique has reconciled with the President." Anthony said with righteous indignation, "This afternoon, the two held a press conference together, explaining to reporters that what happened during this time was all a misunderstanding, and deleted all the news about it, look, now you can't find any information anymore."

Said Anthony, handing her phone to her.

Francesca took the phone and searched, and sure enough, all the news about the president's wife, about her, about Diana and Chrono, about the president's scandal were all deleted cleanly.

There was no longer any trace of it to be found, it was as if it had never happened.

Francesca looked at his phone in dismay, then looked up at the clock on the wall, the date, the time, nothing was wrong.

The aunt's death was real, Uncle Lincoln's death was real, and was Sloan and other bodyguards's death, everything, everything was real.

All tragedies were real, all the victims were innocent, but now, before the big revenge, Danrique actually reconciled with the president!

Francesca couldn't believe this fact, even though she saw clearly in the news that Danrique shook hands with the president and made peace, she still couldn't believe it.

She did not believe that the person she loved would do this.

"Francesca, let's go ....., " Anthony urged anxiously, "stay away from this place of right and wrong."

Anthony felt that this place was very dangerous and just wanted to take Francesca away.

"I don't believe it, it's impossible." Still not daring to accept the truth, Francesca turned her head and asked Norah, "Aunt Norah, where is Danrique? When is he coming back?"

Norah was having a hard time when the sound of a car came from outside and the maid said at the door, "Sir is back."

Francesca immediately ran downstairs and Anthony hurriedly followed.



Danrique entered the house, took off his jacket, wiped the snowflakes off his hair, raised his eyes to see Francesca and was about to speak when she questioned excitedly, "Did you reconcile with the president?"

Danrique was stunned, not knowing how to answer.

"It seems to be true." Francesca had already gotten the answer from his reaction, she clenched her fist and questioned angrily, "So many people died for you, and you actually reconciled with him? Why? Did those people die for nothing?"

"Let's go to our room and talk." Danrique reached out to put his arm around her shoulders, but Francesca angrily avoided him, "Danrique, tell me, did you reconcile with the president? Did you?"

"Yes." Danrique replied in a low voice, "But ....."

"But what?" Francesca looked at him ridiculously, "But you have a hardship? But you don't want to, you can't help yourself?"

Danrique was very helpless, not knowing what to say, not even knowing how to face her.

"Danrique, you let me down too much."

Francesca's heart was incomparable anger and resentment, so many things happened before, even the death of her aunt and the accident of Uncle Lincoln, she did not blame him.

Because she felt that the source of all the tragedy was because of this, not her fault, she even felt that he was also a victim.

But now .....

Everything that was considerate and understanding had turned into resentment, and she couldn't understand how he could ignore the bad things that the president and his wife did, the lives that were sacrificed, and just settle with the president so easily?

Why on earth?

"I'm sorry." It was a long time before Danrique spoke, without any explanation, only an apology.

Francesca looked at him in despair, feeling that this man in front of her suddenly became so strange.

She had always thought of him as a man of responsibility, a man of the sky, but now, she felt incredibly disappointed in him.

She even felt that she had loved the wrong person to bring down her aunt and Uncle Lincoln for nothing, and she felt that it was all a mistake.

If she hadn't met Danrique and become his fiancée, none of the tragedies would have happened.

She now hatred herself for being blind and believing in the wrong person to produce such a tragedy.

Francesca closed her eyes tightly and opened them again, her eyes were etched with hatred, she gave Danrique a deep look, said nothing and left in stride.

“Francesca .....

Anthony hurriedly followed, taking off his jacket and draping it over her.

Sean looked at Francesca's figure and anxiously reminded Danrique, “Sir, it's cold outside, go and chase Ms.Felch back, explain properly .....

Danrique did not say anything, nor did he look back at her, but lifted his steps and went straight upstairs.

“Sir!!!”

Sean called out, but Danrique still did not respond.

His heart was burning with anxiety, looking at the heavy snow outside, he still couldn't help but chase after him.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 2314**

### Chapter 2314

Outside the cold wind was howling and the snow was flying.

Francesca was dressed in thin clothes, barefoot, and walking quickly forward.

All she wanted to do now was to get out of here, to leave this place, as if it was a dragon's den, and if she continued to stay there she would be swallowed up.

Anthony followed behind, anxiously dialing the phone to have someone come and pick them up.

This freezing weather, the cold wind howling, continue to walk, people are afraid that will be wasted.

“Ms.Felch!!!” Sean anxiously chased out and explained, “Sir is also forced to do so, the situation now .....

“Compelled?” Francesca couldn’t understand, “So many people died because of him, and instead of taking revenge, he easily reconciled with the president, and this is called compulsion?”

“Before he didn’t come back, there was no way to control a lot of things, I don’t blame him for what happened, but now, when he came back, the first thing he did was not to save Uncle Lincoln, but he was busy reconciling with the president, even though the president brutally killed Uncle Lincoln in front of me, he still chose to reconcile.”

The more Francesca said, the more agitated and angry she became, “In his eyes, his position of power is more important than anything, including the lives of us people!!!”

Sean: “That’s not true, Ms.Felch.”

“Last night I was going to kill the president to avenge Uncle Lincoln, why did he stop it?” Francesca roared in agitation, “Just because he killed that dog thief, he has no one to reconcile?”

“No, Ms.Felch.” Sean hurriedly explained, “In that situation at that time, you couldn’t kill the President at all, because there were guns and infrared lasers aiming at you everywhere, once they fired, the one who died first must be you, and Mr.Lindberg did it to protect you.”

“I don’t need his protection.” Francesca was very angry, “My auntie Layla and Uncle Lincoln are dead, what am I still living for? I just want to take revenge for them!!!”

“But .....

“That’s enough, don’t say that.” Francesca didn’t want to continue the nonsense, “Tell him that from now on, I’m done with him, he better not appear in front of my eyes, otherwise, I’m afraid I won’t be able to resist killing him!”

“Ms.Felch .....

Her back looked lonely, desolate, and determined in the snowy sky.

Sean talked a breath, he knew Francesca’s temper, he couldn’t persuade, so he simply stopped persuading.

Danrique did not explain anything today, nor did he retain her, probably because he also wanted to leave her alone.

She was now in a fit of anger, and probably couldn't listen to anything.

Sean returned to the villa and instructed the two brothers who had previously been with Sloan to drive to see Francesca off, and also asked Norah to bring her clothes and follow her there.

After this was done, he went to the study to look for Danrique.

There were no lights on in the study and the room was dim.

Danrique sat alone on the sofa, drinking in silence.

The atmosphere was somewhat sad, he usually rarely drank unless he was in a bad mood.

Sean opened his mouth and said cautiously, "Sir, Ms. Felch has already left, I arranged for Auntie Norah to see her off."

"Mm." Danrique responded without speaking.

"She's in a fit of anger right now, she might not listen to explanations, let her calm down for a few days, maybe she'll be fine." Sean said softly, "In a few days, let's go pick her up again?"

"With her temper, I'm afraid it will take more than a few days." Danrique sighed helplessly, "In fact, if it were me, I would be angry too."

Danrique understood Francesca's feelings very well, watching the people closest to her being killed, it was impossible not to have resentment in her heart, not only did he stop her from taking revenge, he also reached a reconciliation with her enemy.

How could she not hate?

Even he himself hated himself.

He who had always done what he wanted and never bowed to anything, this time he actually bowed to reality.

He hated himself for it.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 2315**

“You can’t be blamed for this, the current situation, there’s really no way out.” Sean hurriedly said, “What’s more, we are only compromising for the time being, it’s not too late for Mr.Lindberg to take revenge, wait until everything is stable, then it’s not too late to deal with that old man, the President.”

“Mm.” Danrique nodded, “To do great things, is to be calm.”

“It’s just that this will make Ms.Felch suffer,” Sean sighed, “She has to face a lot of heart pressure, and guilt.”

“It will be fine after a while.” Danrique said it in a light-hearted manner, as if it wasn’t a big deal.

He felt that time would wash away the hatred and resentment, and it would be good to wait until that time to find her again.

He believed that his relationship with her would stand the test.

“But...”

Sean wanted to say something, Francesca’s pregnancy, he had been hiding it from him, before because of all the crises, he was worried that Danrique would act impulsively and affect his own safety when he found out.

Today, he was thinking of waiting for Danrique to communicate with Francesca properly and tell him about this matter after his emotions stabilized, but before he could say it, Francesca left in anger.

Danrique was so preoccupied that he did not notice Sean’s desire to speak.

Sean hesitated and thought to wait, now Danrique had just reconciled with the president, both sides were on guard against each other, everything was unstable, in case something else happened it would be a problem.

The first thing he needed to do was to wait until everything had settled down, it might be better.

But this wait had been a month.

Danrique’s relationship with the President had completely returned to the original peaceful state.

As expected, the president blamed all the crimes on his wife, excusing himself cleanly and completely, admitting only one charge of negligence, holding a press conference and publicly apologising to the public.

Then also explained the war of public opinion during this time, affirming that it was all something the president's wife had done, and that it was now clear with Danrique that the two sides had reached a reconciliation and would continue to move forward side by side in the future to develop Erihal together.

Afterwards, the president also personally visited the Lindberg Corporation and urged Harrier and Kevin to assist Danrique with their hearts and run Lindberg Corporation.

After this series of superficial efforts, it seemed that everything was starting to fall into place.

Soon, public opinion subsided, and the president and Danrique jointly used their power to remove all public opinion information during this period, including those related to Francesca.

Now there was not a single trace of it to be found online.

No matter how powerful the news was, it could always be covered up and forgotten by time. A month had passed and no one was talking about that news anymore.

It's as if everything never happened.

D Nation, the courtyard of a villa in the far suburbs.

Francesca was lying on a reclining chair, squinting her eyes and lazily sunbathing.

A month ago, Francesca brought Uncle Lincoln and Auntie Layla's ashes and followed the general to D Nation .....

During this time, she looked calm, but her emotions were always hovering at the bottom.

She wanted to kill the president to avenge Uncle Lincoln and her aunt, but now she didn't seem to have that power.

Everything was back to normal in Erihal and she didn't even have the chance to get close to the president.

The General advised her to put it down for now, recuperate her body and mind, and think about revenge later.

In fact, the general was able to understand Danrique, sometimes, the higher he stood, the greater the responsibility he carried, he was not living for himself alone, he carried the entire Lindberg Corporation on his shoulders.

And even, there was Francesca's safety and security.

He couldn't risk it!

These words, the general had also spoken to Francesca, only she could not listen to them.

Perhaps deep down she didn't resent him, but was just disappointed and, at the same time, wanted more to get away.

Away from Danrique, away from all that strife.