

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1853

Stubborn

Francesca dodged subconsciously. However, something suddenly hit her leg, causing her to fall into Danrique's embrace.

The bullet that was fired hit squarely on her back.

"No!!!" Anthony shouted agitatedly.

As for Danrique, he hugged her in his embrace, completely stunned. His mind had turned blank...

"Ouch..." It was the first time she was shot. Now I know what it feels like to be hit by a bullet as a doctor.

It didn't hit her vital organ, so she didn't pass out immediately, but she could clearly feel the devastating pain spreading throughout her entire body.

"Don't be scared. I'm here." Danrique hugged her tightly as he roared, "Call an ambulance!"

"Roger." Sean immediately called for an ambulance.

Gordon swiftly took out the hostile gunmen.

Soon, the police arrived to control the situation.

Danrique carried Francesca into a car. Anthony wanted to follow them, but the bodyguards stopped him.

"Anthony..." She stretched her hand toward Anthony, so Danrique had no choice but to let Anthony get in.

Anthony stared at the injured Francesca as his face turned pale. "Don't worry, we're going to the hospital right now. You're going to be fine."

"Take this..." She used her trembling blood-stained hand to grab the cross necklace from her pocket and handed it to him. "Go to S Nation!"

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"But—"

"Go!" Her tone sounded commanding.

“Ok, I got it.” He grabbed the necklace and looked at Danrique uneasily. “Please take good care of her.”

“Scram!” Danrique kicked him out of the car. “Drive!”

“Roger.”

After Anthony was kicked out, he landed awkwardly on the ground before he aggrievedly crawled up and watched the car leave.

He was extremely worried about Francesca, but he couldn't disobey her either, so he headed to S Nation to take care of the matter with the orphanage first.

At the same time, Francesca had passed out because she lost a massive amount of blood.

Danrique sent her to H City's hospital to receive treatment there.

The doctors swiftly started saving her. Thankfully, the bullet didn't hit her vital organs, so she wasn't in any critical danger.

However, Danrique was furious. He ordered Gordon to figure out who did it so he could tear that guy into pieces.

Gordon immediately set out to investigate.

Sean, on the other hand, carefully reminded that they were all in Zarain at the moment. The law was strict in the country, so they couldn't do anything too drastic.

Danrique ordered coldly, “Then just take him to Erihal and kill him there.”

“Roger!” Sean quickly lowered his head.

“Cece sacrificed herself to save me. I won't let anything happen to her.” Danrique gripped her hand tightly as he stared at her pale face.

He felt touched and guilty.

Sean was stunned. Uh, she sacrificed herself to save you? Did you not notice what actually happened? I'm pretty sure she accidentally stumbled into your embrace and unintentionally took a bullet for you.

Of course, he wasn't going to say that.

All Danrique could think of at the moment was Francesca. If he revealed the truth then and there, Danrique would probably strangle him in a fit of embarrassment.

"It's all because of me." Danrique stared at the unconscious Francesca and spoke with guilt. "She intentionally found a man to piss me off, and I actually fell for it. I should've known that she didn't forget about me. She told me that she was going to marry me after she grew up."

"Uhm, Mr. Lindberg..." Sean couldn't keep quiet anymore and reminded, "Didn't she say that she's pregnant?"

"The doctor checked her. She's not pregnant." Danrique's expression darkened as he said seriously, "She's probably avoiding me, which was why she made up that lie. And yet, at that moment, she still protected me out of instinct. She loves me. I just know it..."

Sean was speechless. He has a one-track mind when it comes to love.

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1854**

Home

When Francesca woke up, she realized she was in a white room.

All the decorations in the room were mainly white with a touch of other plain colors. It looked refreshing and romantic.

Just as she was still observing the room with a blank mind, a few maids suddenly entered the room and greeted her politely. "You're awake, Ms. Cece."

Francesca was dumbfounded. Ms. Cece?

"Greetings. My name is Norah, the stewardess of this castle. Mr. Lindberg had asked us to take good care of you. How are you feeling right now? Does your wound still hurt? I've already asked someone to call the doctor." A foreign middle-aged woman with a warm smile approached the bed Francesca was lying on.

While she was a foreigner, she could speak pretty fluent Chanaean.

"Where am I?" Francesca tried to sit up forcefully.

Two maids swiftly rushed toward her to help her up.

"This is the Lindberg residence in Xendale, Erihal," Norah explained with a smile. "It's also Mr. Lindberg's home."

"Ah?" Francesca was shocked. Danrique brought me to his home in Erihal? Oh no, oh no. There's no way I can't escape now.

At that moment, the door was pushed open. A few female doctors entered the room. They first bowed at her politely before examining her wound.

Francesca was in so much pain that she couldn't move properly, so all she could do was to let them examine her. Have they found out about the injury at the back of my brain? Did Danrique know my true identity? I guess I'll know soon enough...

After a while, she let out a sigh of relief in her mind. No, I wasn't found out. If I was, then they would've known my true identity. And if they did, then they wouldn't be calling me Ms. Cece. Still, I suppose that isn't weird, since they're just normal doctors. They're only concerned about treating the gunshot wound on my back. It's unlikely they'll notice the metal hidden inside my noggin. It's good that they don't know, otherwise, Danrique will just think I'm lying to him and playing him. Still, I told him I'm pregnant, so why did he bring me back to his home? Even if he doesn't mind I have a boyfriend right now, does he really not mind that I'm pregnant?

"We're going to change your bandages now, Ms. Cece. It'll hurt, but it'll be quick. Please bear with us..." The doctor's Chanaean wasn't great, but it was understandable.

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"Mhm." Francesca lay down and waited for them to treat her wound.

The doctors were already very gentle with their movements, but when they applied the ointments, it still caused a little bit of pain. When Francesca let out a small groan of pain, a roar was heard from outside of the door. "Be gentler!"

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg!"

The female doctors were shaking in their boots and treated the wound even more gently.

Francesca turned her head back and saw Danrique standing at the door, looking at her with furrowed eyebrows. There was worry and anxiety on his face.

It made her a little confused. What's going on with this guy? Did he figure out I was lying to him? Did he intentionally bring me here to punish me? Or is he still on his one-track mind thinking that I'm his first love from when he was young and that he wanted to stay with me even when I'm carrying another person's child?

After the ointments were applied and the bandages were changed, the doctors left.

Norah covered Francesca with a blanket and stood aside.

Only then did Danrique walk in. He asked softly, "Does it still hurt?"

"Ugh..." Francesca was feeling a little uncertain as she replied weakly, "It's fine."

"It'll be better after a couple of days. A gunshot wound usually only hurts for three days. It'll stop hurting after three days." His voice still sounded like usual, but there was a tinge of caution in his tone.

"I see," she replied before asking, "Why did you bring me back to your home?"

"You're hurt because of me, so I'm going to take responsibility for that," Danrique said seriously. "I'll protect you and take care of you from now on!"

She was stunned for a second before she quickly explained, "Is there any misunderstandings? Actually, I—"

Before she could finish, she suddenly heard a loud bang coming from the outside.

She was shocked by that. He furrowed his eyebrows and exclaimed, "Didn't I tell you to drag him further away before killing him? You're scaring Cece."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lindberg."

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1855**

Lady Of The House

Francesca was stunned. She looked out of the window with a dumbfounded expression. W-What's going on?

"The man who shot you had just been executed, Ms. Cece," Sean informed politely. "Do you want to take a look?"

"Uh, there's no need for that." She shook her head.

“No need to worry.” He smiled and explained, “This is Erihal. Nobles in Erihal have the right to possess weapons and kill people.”

She stared at him as she was certain that there was a hidden meaning behind the lines.

It seemed like he was reminding her that if she pissed off Danrique, she might not be able to leave the building alive...

“No need to be scared.” Danrique looked at her gently. “I won’t let anyone hurt you!”

“Uh, about that...” She wanted to tell him that she didn’t block a bullet for him on purpose.

It was just her being unlucky enough to fall into his embrace moments before the hostile gunmen fired at him.

She decided not to tell him that because being alive was far more important than setting the record straight.

Since he was taking care of her at that moment, she was going to recover first before finding an opportunity to escape.

“Just rest, all right?” Danrique said before leaving.

She stared at his back speechlessly. This guy looks tall, big, and handsome, yet he has a one-track mind. How can he think I that I used my body to block a bullet for him? Is he delusional?

“You seem quite familiar, Ms. Cece. Have we met somewhere before?” Sean stared at her deeply.

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He couldn’t shake the feeling that she looked really familiar, but he couldn’t recall where he saw her.

“No, I don’t think we’ve met before,” Francesca denied.

If Danrique knew she was Francesco, he might think she was playing him.

Additionally, once he knew her true identity, she might really be unable to escape.

“Okay.” Sean didn’t have the nerve to ask her any more questions or even look at her any further.

He lowered his head and left.

Francesca lay on the bed; her brain was a mess. I didn't wear a mask before when I was posing as a dancer. There was only a wig disguising my appearance. Now that I'm not wearing any makeup or wigs, there's no doubt I resemble Francesco now. Hell, even Sean's getting suspicious. It'll only be a matter of time before Danrique figures out who I am, even with his love-obsessed mind. So, I need to figure out how to leave this place as soon as possible.

Luckily, he was pretty busy for the next few days. She rarely saw him, which meant she could recuperate in peace.

All the maids and bodyguards treated her with great respect, as though she had become the lady of the castle.

Francesca was too lazy to explain herself. She only wanted her wound to recover as soon as possible so she could book it out of the place.

Five days passed in a blink of an eye. Her wound had recovered a lot, so much so that she could walk freely. That day, she asked for a phone from a maid and called Anthony.

"Hello? It's me!"

"Oh god! Francesca! Are you all right? I was worried sick about you!" He sounded exaggerated.

"I'm not dead yet. There's no need to shout." She asked coldly, "So, did you open the box? Has the issue with the orphanage been dealt with yet?"

"I did open it and sold a couple of things inside in an auction. The money is in my possession. Right now, Mr. Lincoln and Ms. Layla are taking care of the orphanage. Still, I suspect that there's going to be a problem with the foundation. I'll tell you more about it in detail once you return..."

"The foundation is definitely funneling my money into their pockets. In fact, they might be deliberately creating problems to extract funds. Investigate the matter in secret first. I'll take care of it once I come back."

"So you knew about it already..."

"Of course I knew! Do you think I'm stupid?"

"Where are you right now? When are you coming back?"

"We'll see... I'll hang up now!"

"Wait." Anthony quickly stopped her. "I have something I need to report. It's about the Windt family."

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## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1856

Guests

"What is it?" Francesca asked.

"An informant in H City told me that Mr. Windt's daughter brought a sapphire necklace to the black market for auction. It was right around the time I just took care of the orphanage, so I went back to H City overnight. The people in the black market had determined that it was a priceless sapphire necklace. Since it came from F Nation's royalty, it'll sell for at least fifty million based on market price. If it's auctioned instead, then the price will go way higher. I've already asked those people to contact Ms. Windt, so she's making her way here now. I'll be meeting her soon. What price should I offer?"

"Around one million," Francesca informed.

"Eh? Isn't one million way too little?" Anthony felt bad. "I know what you're thinking. Giving an orphaned, helpless girl too much money will only attract danger to her. But don't you think we should give her a little more?"

"Adversity makes one stronger, whereas comfort makes one weaker," Francesca replied flatly. "At this time, if she receives too much money, she may easily give up on any desire to improve her situation. In contrast, if she only receives a little bit of money, she'll be able to live comfortably, but there'll also be enough pressure on her to make her strive for the better."

"I understand." He was very obedient.

"Protect the necklace and return it to her in the future," she ordered.

"I know. You always repay a debt of gratitude in secret." There was a tinge of teasing in his voice, though there was admiration, too. "Say, how are you so mature, even though you're still pretty young?"

"I'm not going to talk to you any further. My head's hurting." She directly hung up the phone and lay on the bed while holding her head.

Recently, she had been feeling really tired and becoming forgetful. She would forget where she placed a thing just a minute ago.

She knew that the metal inside the back of her brain was seriously affecting her health. If she didn't undergo that operation as soon as possible, the consequences would be disastrous.

Therefore, she decided to tell Danrique that she was leaving tonight. If he refused to listen, she would have to show her hand.

Just as she was thinking, Norah's voice was heard from the outside. "There's going to be guests tonight. You lot should go to the kitchen to help out."

"Understood."

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"As for the rest of you, go decorate the living room."

"Understood."

Norah was assigning work to the maids while the doctor entered Francesca's room after knocking on the door. She informed politely, "It's time for your medicine, Ms. Cece."

"Mhm." Francesca stood up to take her medicine.

She noticed that there was little difference in modern medicine's prescription when it came to treating external wounds. Thus, she didn't ask any questions and did as the doctor asked.

"Ms. Cece..." At that moment, Norah entered the room with a couple of young maids holding a couple of pretty dresses. "There will be guests today. Do you want to dress yourself up? I've arranged a make-up artist and stylist for you. These dresses—"

"No need." Francesca yawned. "I don't like wearing weird clothing, nor do I like wearing make-up and high heels..."

"Okay." Norah quickly sent the maids out of the room. "Ms. Lindberg said everything shall be done to your liking."

"Thank you," Francesca thanked, took her medicine, and went back to her bed.

"Do you want to take a walk, Ms. Cece?" Norah asked carefully. "You've been staying inside your room for days. It must be boring."

"No need..." Francesca was going to reject the suggestion, but she quickly found the idea to be a good one.

After all, she would have a chance to understand the layout of the place better to make her escape in the middle of the night smoother.

When she thought about that, she quickly changed her tune. "Sure. I'll go for a walk and get some sun."

"All right. I'll hold you." Norah quickly helped Francesca up.

A maid helped her put on a coat before they all went downstairs.

"I don't need this many people to follow me. I can walk by myself." Francesca wasn't used to being treated like that. "Just find someone to lead the way. The rest can leave."

Norah dismissed the other maids and accompanied Francesca on a walk in the garden.

She wanted to help Francesca walk, but Francesca walked faster than she did.

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