

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1749

### Chapter 1749 A New Chapter

Charlotte dropped her documents and made her way over to the window to marvel at the awe-inspiring view. Could Francesca be here to look for me?

“Meeting adjourned!” Danrique said in a cold voice.

The executives almost trampled over one another in their haste to leave the office.

“Danrique...”

“I knew it!” He gritted his teeth in consternation. “I know she wouldn’t be able to let go of her money, so I locked her bank cards, ID, and jewelry away in a safe downstairs. She took the bait!”

Charlotte was flabbergasted. Francesca is not here for me after all! She’s here for her money.

“Get back,” Danrique ordered before pulling open his drawer to reveal a safe painted entirely in gold. “You have no business being here.”

I’m confident that she would not be able to escape with the safe without me noticing. If she’s going to try anyway, things might get dangerous for Charlotte.

“We can talk about it, Danrique,” Charlotte pleaded.

Danrique merely flapped his hands impatiently.

Charlotte did not need to be told twice. Beckoning at Lupine and Morgan, the trio left hurriedly. Charlotte turned to take one last look at the safe when they were at the door.

There was a photograph attached to the side of the safe. In that photograph, Danrique's head was tilted with a cold expression on his face. Francesca wore a red wig and leaned close to him.

Both of them had their lips locked though they did not look like they were kissing.

Their encounter must have been secretly captured as they appeared taken aback in the picture. It must have been the only photographic proof of their intimacy in existence.

It was obvious how much Danrique valued that photograph by holding on to it all that time.

At that moment, it was ironically attached to the safe which served to lure and deceive Francesca.

Charlotte could not resist herself. "How did you meet her, Danrique?"

"What's it to you? Scram."

Danrique had made preparations for a fight to the death with Francesca and was not pleased to see Charlotte dawdling in the vicinity.

Charlotte pointed at the photograph on the safe. "Was that photograph of the both of you taken in secret when you first met?"

Danrique's brusque remark was stifled when his gaze fell upon it as if he had forgotten its existence.

As he gazed lingered on the photograph, the anger in his eyes seemed to soften as a complex mix of emotions welled up from within him.

“The success of all relationships worth having is based on communication, Danrique,” she said gently before departing. “It’s no use being more headstrong than she is in the hopes of forcing her into conformity. You need to appeal to the beautiful past you both share and remind her of that.”

Outside, the elevators were crammed full of panic-stricken employees as if the devil herself had come to claim their souls.

Morgan sighed. “What do you think it was that the future Mrs. Lindberg might have done? Why is everyone so afraid of her?”

“We should leave,” Lupine said hastily. “I don’t think it’s wise to be here when whatever Mr. Lindberg has planned for her gets set in motion.”

“She’s right,” Charlotte agreed as she eyed the crowded elevators, opting instead to use the stairs. “Let’s not get involved.”

“You’re right, Charlotte. Let’s go.”

The words were no sooner out of her mouth when several tawny eagles nearly collided with them.

Lupine and Morgan pinned Charlotte against the wall out of harm’s way.

Before the trio managed to regain their footing, a dark shadow flashed before their eyes as her enraged voice echoed menacingly through the stairwell.

“How dare you steal from me, you b\*stard? I’m going to kill you!”

Charlotte gulped. “Run for it!”

Flanked by her convocation, Francesca burst into Danrique's office.

Swiveling around in his armchair of black leather, he regarded her with a haughty expression as he toyed with the fountain pen in his fingers.

"Scoundrel!" she continued in a rage. "Rouge! I will—"

Before she could hurl more insults, a familiar voice blared from the overhead speakers.

"I, Francesca, hereby swear to repay Danrique for saving my life even if it means marrying him. May God smite me if I go back on the promise!"

As the final syllable of her recorded voice echoed throughout the room, a terrifying crash of thunder exploded outside the window like a divine reminder. Francesca shuddered before composing herself.

"Remember your promise, woman! Those were your words!" Danrique stood up and approached her. "In case you need a little reminder..."

Francesca kept her eyes fixed on his as the speaker blared her vow again, her mind casting back to many years before.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1750**

### **Chapter 1750 First Encounter**

Like any other night, darkness descended four years ago upon the city to reveal the true splendor of the casinos of Lightspring.

Casino Inferno was the most popular casino in the city of late. As was the custom of the establishment, an opening ceremony preceded the gambling.

There were excited whispers amongst the patrons gathered there that that night was going to be more memorable than others.

Upon the stage, the red curtains rose slowly at the appointed hour.

A group of salivating men had been crowding below the stage well ahead of time for their favorite non-gambling attraction the casino had to offer.

The owner of Casino Inferno was in the business of auctioning young women and had a good supply of rare beauties.

Before the auction began, the men in the audience were already giving in to their primal instincts.

With agonizing showmanship, the curtains finally rose high enough to reveal a large, ornate cage.

White sash spilled out through the bars from within the cage and fluttered with the breeze as if beckoning the hearts of men toward greater sin.

“Start the auction! Start the auction!” chanted the men, maddened with lust.

Their fever was so contagious that it had tangibly raised the ambient temperature of the room, infecting even disinterested patrons with their enthusiasm.

When the curtains were fully raised, the cage was revealed to be filled with red motifs with a scantily clad young woman of exceptional beauty curled up on the bed of petals in deep sleep.

Her jet-black hair spilled out of the cage. As the men stared, stupefied with wonder, a breeze sent its scent wafting through the air.

The woman had a mesmerizing face. She was clad in a long white dress that was scarcely thick enough to even keep her warm in the sweaty, humid air on the stage. In fact, her dress made her look like an angel who had mistakenly fallen into Casino Inferno.

The crowd fell deathly silent as every eye was fixed on her with quivering anticipation.

The private room on the second floor contained a patron whose amber eyes were fixed upon the woman in the cage with a regal haughtiness as if he controlled her fate in his hands.

“Mr. Lindberg, please accept this gift as a token of my gratitude,” the owner of Casino Inferno simpered.

Danrique was clad in a white shirt. In the casino filled with debauchery and sin, his garment stood out as a beacon of purity and salvation.

“When’s the show starting?”

“Time is of the essence! One of us could be spending time with this beauty instead of standing around waiting like idiots!”

“Can’t wait any longer, mate?”

“Obviously not. I’m rock hard just looking at her.”

“Hah, good man! Keep it steady!”

The men below the stage burst into boisterous laughter.

The host walked on stage. “Silence, please! The auction is about to begin.”

“Yes, we know,” shouted the men impatiently. “Start the bidding!”

“Without further ado, the bidding starts at one million. Let the auction begin!”

“Two million!”

“Three million!”

“Five million!”

With such a prize at stake, the auction went by fiercely as the bidders made their intent clear.

Danrique averted his gaze, losing interest. She obviously isn't Aunt Isabella's daughter.

Having little interest in games like that, he was about to stand up and leave when a shout came from the stage. “She's awake!”

Danrique glanced across and found the woman in the cage to be stirring. Her trembling fingers were the first to twitch.

“Ten million!” roared a sonorous voice belonging to a large man, startling the crowd into complete silence.

Several seconds later, the hall was abuzz with speculation.

“Ten million going once, ten million going twice, sold!”

The usher banged the gavel at the final word.

“Aiden's going to have a good time tonight!”

The men below the stage displayed jealousy and admiration. Many were whistling and making lewd remarks.

“Yes,” Aiden said as his eyes gleamed. “A good time indeed.”

The woman in the cage got up slowly to her feet. With one hand supporting her head, another held on to the bars of the cage as she swayed dangerously on the spot.

Francesca squeezed her eyes shut in an attempt to organize the fragmented memories swimming around her mind's eye.