

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1773

### Chapter 1773 Stolen

“All right, that’s enough. Stop scaring me.”

The lady with the red hair was frightened. She nervously retrieved a necklace from her bag and looked longingly at it before shoving it back into her bag. After that, she ran out to chase after the Lindberg family’s bodyguards.

Francesca followed her immediately. She took advantage of the crowd present and bumped into that red-haired lady.

“Ah,” yelped the lady as she was almost knocked to the floor.

With her head down low, Francesca murmured an apology before rushing off.

“Hurry. Things will be bad if they leave before you catch up to them,” said the red-haired lady’s friend.

The two of them ran out the doors and saw how the bodyguards were getting into their cars. The red-haired lady quickly opened her bag to retrieve the necklace, only to realize that it was gone. In its place was a stack of cash.

Her eyes bulged in surprise, and she stood there, stunned.

“What’s wrong?”

“T-The necklace... it’s gone.”

“What? Are you serious? Look through your bag again. Toss everything out.”

“It’s not here. It’s definitely gone. What do I do now? What do I do?” said the lady, who was on the verge of crying after searching her bag for a while.

“Okay, calm down. Let’s go back to our fitting room and check there. If we can’t find it, we’ll just pretend you never stole it.”

“Marrisa, you can’t tell anyone about this. If you do, they’ll kill me.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t. We’re besties, after all.”

Listening to the ladies’ conversation from the secluded corner she was hiding in, Francesca only sighed a breath of relief when she saw them heading back in.

Good, I don’t think I got them in any trouble.

She waited until everybody was gone before she fished the necklace out and examined it. The necklace had a cross as a pendant, and it looked familiar.

She was certain that it belonged to her.

She was about to put it on when she thought of something. Wait, won’t this reveal my identity? I better put it away for now.

Francesca didn’t think much of it and put it in her bag before she left Casino Inferno.

At the same time, the bodyguards who had left suddenly doubled back.

Turned out, Danrique had dropped by, and his men were there to protect him. He strode over.

Francesca's heart skipped a beat. I'll be in so much trouble if he recognizes me.

She had no choice but to go back into the casino.

Meanwhile, the red-haired lady and her friend were looking for Francesca.

“It has to be that lady with the long, black hair. She bumped into me earlier, and I think she must have stolen the necklace then.”

“You're right. It must be her.”

“We have to find her as quickly as possible. If those men find out what happened before we do that, they'll kill me.”

“Calm down. I'll search for the lady with you.”

It was then that Francesca realized she had gotten herself into an “out of the frying pan and into the fire” kind of situation.

She started to panic. D\*mn it! what do I do now?

It took her some time, but she eventually found a small warehouse behind her. She snuck in right away.

The warehouse was filled with costumes and gadgets for the performance on stage. There were masks, laces, wings, and others.

Francesca grabbed a random red skirt and changed her wig into a blond one before putting on a black-laced mask. After that, she put all her things in another bag and strolled right out of there.

“That’s strange. Where is she? She should be around here somewhere, right?”

“Do you think maybe she’s one of the new girls the casino hired? Maybe she overheard our conversation and knew that the necklace was priceless, so she stole it.”

“Should we ask the owner about this?”

“No, asking him about it would only expose you as the thief who stole the necklace in the first place. We should just look for it ourselves.”

“Okay.”

The two ladies were so busy looking for the Aploth lady with long, black hair that they didn’t even recognize Francesca when she walked right by them.

Seeing that her plan worked, Francesca sped up and was going to leave via the front door when a familiar voice sounded behind her.

“Stop.”

It was Danrique.

Francesca froze and frowned. Shit...

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1774

### Chapter 1774 Helped Her Out

He won't recognize me, will he?

Francesca could hear a series of footsteps and knew that Danrique was approaching her.

He walked slowly, but for some unknown reason, every step echoed with power.

Francesca couldn't help panicking a little. Did he already figure out who I am? Is he going to expose me right here and now? Will he exact his revenge immediately after?

She looked at the long corridor in front of her and instinctively clenched her fists.

What are the chances of me successfully fleeing?

"You dropped something."

Danrique's voice was emotionless, without a hint of warmth or hostility.

Francesca was slightly taken aback. She turned around and saw the lipstick he was holding.

That's mine.

She had bought that lipstick earlier that day because she needed it to disguise herself.

“Thank you.”

Francesca accepted the lipstick and left the scene right away.

Danrique stared at her and narrowed his eyes.

A complicated glow shone in them.

“Mr. Lindberg...”

Sean approached slowly while paying close attention to his boss.

Danrique waved his hand and issued an order.

“Understood.”

Meanwhile, Francesca had snuck into the casino, moving past the crowd before leaving the place.

She wanted to be out of there as soon as possible, but a drunkard got in her way when she was in the lobby. “Hey beautiful, come and have a drink with me.”

“F\*ck off!” growled Francesca angrily, planning on circling around him and leaving.

Unfortunately, the drunkard would not relent. “How dare you talk to me like that? You’re nothing but a stripper, and I’m loaded.”

As he spoke, he took a stack of cash out and was about to shove them in her bra.

Fuming, Francesca kicked at the man.

Bang! The drunkard was sent flying before crashing into a table, frightening all the gamblers there.

“Y-You...”

The drunkard had his hand on his stomach and was in so much pain that he wanted to cuss. Unfortunately, that same pain made it impossible for him to talk.

“Who the hell is making a ruckus here?”

It didn't take long before a group of bodyguards surrounded the place.

After the previous incident, Casino Inferno had strengthened its security, and they had since hired many skilled fighters to keep the place safe.

They likely would have never guessed that the person who made a mess back then was the same person who was currently making a scene.

Francesca frowned. All she wanted to do was to leave quickly because things would be bad if Danrique caught her there.

“How dare you assault a client? Come with me.”

Two bodyguards stepped over to take her away.

Francesca responded by breaking a bodyguard's nose before running away.

“Stop!”

The other bodyguards chased after her immediately and tried to have her surrounded.

Francesca ended up fighting them. Given her skills, it would not be a problem for her to fight a few guys simultaneously. However, there were quite a few bodyguards there, and they were more skilled than the previous ones she beat up.

To make matters worse, her injuries still hadn't recovered, so she was at a disadvantage soon after.

Two bodyguards were about to apprehend her when someone sent them flying with a kick.

Bang! The loud noise came after the two bodyguards landed heavily on a table that was over ten meters away. Silence ensued as everyone was stunned by the scene.

Francesca lost her balance and almost fell, but someone with strong arms supported her shoulders before that could happen.

She turned around to see who it was and was immediately dumbfounded. Danrique!

The man tilted his head down to stare at her. Since he was thirty centimeters taller than her, he was practically looming over her.

Dazed, Francesca continued to stare at the man before her. The way he moves, the position we're in, the look on his face... why does everything feel so familiar?

“You imbeciles, back off!” roared the owner of Casino Inferno angrily. “You useless pieces of trash. How dare you idiots attack Mr. Lindberg?”

Only then did the bodyguards realize that they had offended a VIP. They quickly bowed and apologized.

Danrique had his men clear the place out and disperse the crowd after that.

Finally snapping back to her senses, Francesca lowered her head and murmured her thanks before she made to leave.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1775

Chapter 1775 Taken

Immediately, Danrique pulled her back and stared into her eyes. “It's you?”

“No,” Francesca instinctively blurted out.

However, she regretted the moment she opened her mouth.

Danrique's eyes widened at her voice, and he reached out his hand to remove her mask.

In response, Francesca attempted to duck, but Danrique moved faster than she did.

Before she knew it, he had ripped off her mask.

Looking at her face, Danrique froze. Although her smoky makeup made her seem almost unrecognizable, he could tell that she was the lady who held him hostage that night.

“It is you!”

Even the boss at Casino Inferno recognized her. When he saw her fighting with the bodyguards earlier, it reminded him of the lady from that day. He drew parallels from the moves she used.

Flustered, Francesca hurriedly tried to escape.

Unfortunately, Danrique grabbed her backpack to stop her from leaving.

The force tore open her bag, and its contents spilled all over the floor.

At that sight, Francesca quickly bent down to retrieve them.

Yet, Danrique was one step ahead of Francesca, and he managed to snatch the gold necklace from her.

As the cold metal cross slid through her fingers, Francesca screeched, “Give it back to me!”

She desperately tried to reach for the item but to no avail as Danrique extended his right arm and held it above his head to move it out of her reach.

Given their difference in height, there was no way she could reach the necklace.

“What is this?”

At that moment, Sean reached down to pick up the clothes scattered on the floor.

Afraid that it would expose her identity, Francesca frantically grabbed her clothes and fled.

“Hey, don’t leave,” Sean called out, attempting to stop her. However, Danrique interrupted, “Don’t scare her.”

“Should I get our men to follow her?” Sean asked.

“It’s not necessary,” Danrique muttered while eyeing the necklace he held. His gaze softened as he continued, “It’s her.”

Meanwhile, Francesca ran out of Casino Inferno and hopped into a taxi.

When she finally got in the car, she pressed her hands to her chest to calm herself down.

Francesca felt more confused than ever when she recalled the earlier events.

Why did Danrique help me? If he noticed that I was the one who held him hostage that night, shouldn’t he be angry? Wouldn’t he want to lock me up and teach me a lesson? If he wanted to punish me, he would not have given me a chance to flee. But I managed to escape, and he did nothing to stop me. Besides, why did he

have to take the necklace? Is it valuable? Even so, he is evidently wealthy, given that he could easily fork out a hundred million for medical fees, so why would he be hung up on a necklace? Please don't tell me that he took it on purpose so that I would return for it. It must have a significant meaning. Perhaps, it contains clues to my identity. If so, I must take it back, though I will have to use another identity.

“Where are you heading to?” the driver asked.

“Oh, I—” Francesca finally regained her senses and randomly thought of a place. “You can drop me at the nearest public toilet.”

Annoyed, the driver rolled his eyes at her via the rearview mirror before stopping his car at a park nearby.

Then, Francesca grabbed her bag of clothes and headed for the public toilet in the middle of the park. After she washed her face and got changed, she took another taxi back to the hotel.

However, the place was heavily guarded by bodyguards hired by the Lindberg family. They surrounded the area to prevent any outsiders from entering.

Initially, they even stopped Francesca at the door. Luckily, one of the security guards recognized her and subsequently allowed her in.

When she walked into the hotel, she overheard the Lindberg family's bodyguards instructing the hotel security guards to stop any other outsiders from going into the building.

It made her more curious. Who the hell is Danrique? All this fuss makes him seem like the president. No matter where I go, there are always so many people protecting him. That being said, there are a lot of people going after him. At Casino Inferno that day, someone even planted a bomb to kill him. I should keep my distance from him. Otherwise, I may die anytime. It's best to give him the cure as soon as possible and leave after I get my hands on the money.

Once Francesca went back to her room, she carefully treated her wound. She had suffered severe injuries due to the car accident. After the ordeal she went through earlier, her wounds had split open again.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1776

### Chapter 1776 Escape

She had locked her door before she tended to her wounds.

Luckily, the Lindberg family had medical kits with them at all times.

Although it only contained essential medicine, it was still enough to deal with Francesca's injuries.

Soon, Francesca finished cleaning her wounds. However, she suddenly felt a sharp pain at the back of her head.

Closing her eyes, she cradled her head. Enduring the pain, she popped a painkiller into her mouth.

I guess I can't hold out any longer. I should undergo the surgery to get that metal out of my brain soon.

While she considered her options, she heard a flurry of footsteps outside. A subordinate politely greeted, "Mr. Lindberg."

Hearing that, Francesca knew Danrique had arrived.

Since he took her necklace, she had to take it back before she left.

In the end, she fell asleep on the bed.

Meanwhile, in the room beside hers, Danrique received a call from Gordon. The latter reported, "Mr. Lindberg, I checked on the lady who left Casino Inferno earlier. She got into a car and headed for Maze Hospital."

"Maze Hospital?"

As Danrique thought about it, he narrowed his eyes. That day, he had been chased down by assassins near Maze Hospital too. Then, he crashed into a tomboy, injuring her.

"Yes, I am right in front of the hospital, trying to investigate further."

Bang! As soon as Gordon finished, Danrique heard a loud noise coming from the parking lot. Police sirens filled the air shortly after, disrupting the silent night.

"Mr. Lindberg." At that moment, Ben frantically knocked on Danrique's door. "There is an attack!"

“Let’s leave,” Danrique instructed firmly.

“Mr. Lindberg, what about me?” Gordon questioned.

“Come back here first to deal with the Mafia.”

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg,” Gordon acknowledged.

After putting on his jacket and grabbing his gun, Danrique left the room. A large group of bodyguards surrounded him as they hurriedly headed to the back door.

“What’s wrong?”

Francesca walked out of her room barefooted, still in her pajamas. Despite so, she did not forget to put on her mask. Staring at the chaotic scene before her, she widened her eyes in confusion.

“Someone launched an attack. We have to leave now,” Sean stated before grabbing Francesca’s hand to drag her along with them.

“Wait a moment. I forgot to put on my shoes.”

Without sparing a look at her, Sean insisted, “We don’t have time for that.”

Amid the chaos, Francesca followed the men out of the hotel, who then shoved her into a car parked outside.

Looking at the roaring flames, Francesca could not help but frown. “Who the hell are you? Why are there people chasing after you

no matter where you go? Isn't it dangerous for whoever follows you?"

"Shut up!" Danrique growled.

"I—"

Francesca wanted to continue but was interrupted by a dozen jeeps surrounding them. They drew down their windows and started firing shots at their car.

Without a choice, Ben quickly drove the car and sped toward the back door.

At the same time, a few of their bodyguards guarding outside also tried to stop the attackers.

In the end, they shook off all but two of the jeeps.

However, besides Francesca, there were only three other people in the car—Danrique, Sean, and Ben in the driver's seat.

Things were not looking good for them as they were outnumbered by their enemies.

Sean held onto his gun in preparation for any attack.

On the other hand, Danrique seemed unusually calm. He glanced outside before ordering Ben, "Turn to the right. Speed up and hit them!"

"Okay!"

Given the circumstances, Francesca did not dare to speak anymore. Her heart pounded as she prayed to get to safety as soon as possible.

It did not take long for the car to leave the hotel and continue its journey on the road.

Despite so, another modified vehicle in black continued to chase after them while aiming to shoot their tires.

“I guess the pastor wants you dead, seeing how he collaborated with the Mafia to come after you,” Sean seethed.

“Obviously! I offended him big time, so why would he let me off?” Danrique still looked composed as he spoke, “We are in their territory, and there is no need for us to face them head-on. After we sign the contract tomorrow, we shall retaliate.”

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg!”