

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1781

Teasing Him

“Mr. Lindberg, what about you?” Sloan grew anxious. “The Mafia has sent all of its members to capture you. Despite how powerful you are, you—”

When Sloan saw the icy glare Danrique shot at him, he bit his tongue as his face turned pale.

“Why don’t we let Sloan lead Dr. Felch away? He has a GPS tracker too. Once he leaves this hill, Gordon will be able to locate them.”

“Stop wasting time. The three of you should leave right now!” Danrique urged impatiently.

“Mr. Lindberg...”

Just when he wanted to persuade Danrique further, Sean swallowed his words when he saw the resolute look in Danrique’s eyes. Not daring to say another word, he gave Francesca a pleading look.

“Both of you should go. I’ll stay back with him.” Francesca patted her chest and declared, “Don’t worry. With me around, nothing will happen to him.”

Danrique rolled his eyes at her. She’s talking as if she’s the one protecting me.

Whatever it was, Sean felt relieved that Francesca volunteered to stay behind. With that, he and Sloan continued their journey forward.

Not in a hurry to take action, Danrique leaped agilely onto a tree. On it, he leaned against its trunk and closed his eyes to rest.

“Hey, are you abandoning me?” Francesca felt indignant. “That’s so unchivalrous of you.”

Danrique ignored her.

Mimicking Danrique, Francesca took a few steps back and tried to jump up the tree. Unfortunately, she failed to do so due to how clumsy she was.

In the end, she climbed up the tree like a monkey instead. After settling on the branch next to him, she held her chin with her hand and observed him curiously.

Even under dire circumstances, Danrique could maintain his elegant demeanor. As the moonlight shone on his face, the gentle hue that illuminated his features made him look like an angel walking amongst men. It was truly a sight to behold.

How can such a handsome man exist in this world?

Francesca felt as if she would never feel tired of staring at him.

“What are you looking at?” Danrique asked in an icy tone as he knitted his brows at her.

“How did you know I was looking at you when your eyes were obviously closed?” Francesca waved her hand in front of his eyes.

Grabbing her hand suddenly, Danrique gave her a piercing stare and warned, “Didn’t I tell you before that other than making money, you had better not have any other funny ideas?”

“Wha...” Just when Francesca wanted to rebut him, she suddenly felt as if teasing him would be a lot of fun. Hence, he changed her tact. “Do you know that it’s impossible not to have any dirty thoughts considering how handsome you are?”

Stumped, Danrique gave her a curious look as if he weren’t sure of what he had just heard.

Is she teasing me ?

“Furthermore, I have noticed that not only are you good-looking, but you also have a kind heart.”

At the sight of how dumbstruck he looked, Francesca’s cheekiness grew. She reached out her hand to lift his chin. “Isn’t it a shame to miss out on such a perfect man like you?”

“that’s shameless of you !”

Danrique slapped her hand away in annoyance. Coincidentally, he revealed the necklace with a black cross that he was wearing around his neck.

The moment Francesca caught a glimpse of it, she wiped the cheeky look off her face and gradually leaned in. “What’s this ? Ah...”

Before she could finish, Danrique had pushed her down.

After falling down from the tree, she crashed into some bushes and shocked the birds that were sleeping within them.

“You b*stard, why did you push me ?”

Holding onto her hips, Francesca felt an excruciating pain emanate throughout her body.

With his face filled with contempt, Danrique even felt that he had been humiliated.

Can it be that I was sending her the wrong signals? This audacious lady thinks she can have her way with me. Not only did she tease me but also touched me with her hand, damn it.

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Protection

Just when Francesca wanted to climb back up the tree, she suddenly heard a sound from afar.

Holding her breath, she pricked her ears to listen to the footsteps in the distance.

As the main troop was getting close, she could tell from the sound they made that there were a lot of them.

Hence, Danrique jumped down from the tree and ran in a different direction with Francesca in tow.

She was cognizant that he was doing so to distract the enemy from catching up with Sean and Sloan.

Meanwhile, Danrique ran so fast that he looked like a cheetah darting through the forest.

Even though Francesca was inherently agile, she felt she was a weakling when compared to him.

Soon, she just couldn't run anymore. Flinging his hand aside, she bent down and panted heavily to catch her breath.

"We have to go!" Danrique urged with a frown.

"I can't run anymore. I just can't," Francesca replied breathlessly.

"You're such a pain."

When Danrique saw the approaching troops, he carried Francesca on his shoulders and continued running.

Despite being given a fright, Francesca didn't resist. After all, their enemies were close by and weren't short of bullets. If they didn't continue to flee, they would soon be dead.

Francesca could hear the wind blow past her ears when he picked up his pace.

Despite carrying a full-grown adult on his back, Danrique didn't seem to be out of breath at all.

It was a testament to his amazing speed and stamina.

However, after running for a certain distance, he came to a stop. He was worried that their enemies didn't notice him and continued to pursue Sean instead.

"Put me down."

When Francesca struggled for a while, Danrique threw her onto the ground.

“Ouch!” Francesca yelled in agony. The moment she got back to her feet, she thundered, “B*stard—”

Before she could finish, Danrique covered her mouth.

Narrowing his gaze, he stared intently at the direction they had come from. He then looked at his feet to feel the tremors in the ground.

The pursuers are here and are getting closer.

“Get up the tree.”

Danrique took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. Drawing his gun, he prepared for battle.

“Can you fend them off alone?”

Francesca couldn't help but worry, for she surmised their enemies numbered in the hundreds.

It was impossible for him to take them all out regardless of how good he was.

“Stop wasting time.” Danrique was already annoyed.

Without another word, Francesca climbed up the tree and hid amongst its thick foliage.

Since she was dressed in black, it was extremely difficult for anyone to notice her presence in the darkness.

As a result, she was relatively safe in her hiding spot.

Unfortunately, it was extremely dangerous for Danrique who was ready to make a stand below.

Why doesn't he hide or even run ?

In the beginning, Francesca didn't get it at all. Nevertheless, the answer quickly dawned upon her. If they continued to flee, the enemy would maintain pursuit. However, with her as a burden, they could only get so far before their pursuers caught up.

In fact, if their enemies didn't find him, they might end up splitting up to search for Sean instead.

Since a battle couldn't be avoided, Danrique might as well face it early on.

At that instant, Francesca could feel that beneath his heartless expression was a heart of gold.

When it came down to it, he would shoulder the burden of protecting those by his side. Even for his subordinates, he wouldn't let them sacrifice themselves unnecessarily. In fact, he actually bothered to protect me, a doctor he had met by chance.

While she was lost in her thoughts, the footsteps from afar began to gradually approach.

With no intention to hide, Danrique stood there waiting for the enemy. As the moonlight shone through the gaps of the leaves, they illuminated his face with a gentle light, making him look like a god who had descended from the heavens.

Frowning at him, Francesca couldn't bear to see him make such a sacrifice.

Just when she hesitated over whether she should fight by his side, a gunshot suddenly broke the silence of the night, disrupting the peace of the entire forest.

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Capture

The next moment, the large group emerged from the mist and came swarming over.

Feeling her heart sink, Francesca watched them with a frown.

There were hundreds of members of the Mafia who were all armed with a weapon each. The moment they saw Danrique, their leader signaled for all of them to stop.

Despite the fact that Danrique was alone, they were still fearful of walking into a trap.

As a result, they approached him warily while holding tightly onto their guns.

Meanwhile, Danrique was unfazed as he swept his gaze across the men as if he weren't the one that they were looking to kill.

The Mafia's leader spoke in Ustranasion, "Mr. Lindberg, the pastor wants you to be captured alive. As long as you give yourself up without a fight, we will not make things difficult for you."

"Is that so?" Danrique broke into a smirk. "As of now, it isn't clear who it is that will be captured without a fight."

“Erm...” Stumped, the leader of the Mafia added coldly, “I’m surprised that you can still be feisty under such dire circumstances. Now that your subordinates can’t make it here in time, you are all alone. Regardless of how powerful you are, there’s no way you can beat us.”

“Haha...” Danrique burst into devious laughter, as if they were nothing but ignorant insects.

Consequently, his reaction unsettled the members of the Mafia further.

One of them asked their leader softly, “Boss, can this be a trap?”

“That’s right. I heard the Lindbergs have many battle-hardened bodyguards under them. How can it be that he is alone?”

“Given that the Lindbergs are a famous warrior family, there’s no way we can defeat them that easily. Therefore, is he trying to lure us into a trap?”

The situation perturbed many members of the Mafia. Despite facing Danrique with a force that numbered more than a hundred, none of them dared to attack him.

In fact, their leader was stricken with fear just by looking at Danrique. After all, he had seen for himself what Danrique was capable of at Casino Inferno. Thus, he was cognizant that the latter wasn’t a normal human being at all.

Why is he keeping such a low profile today? Can it really be a trap?

The leader instructed softly, “Go around and check if there’s an ambush.”

“Yes, boss.” His subordinates did as they were told.

At that moment, Francesca knitted her brows while watching from amongst the trees. She didn't understand what Danrique was trying to do.

“Mr. Lindberg, please put down your gun and come with us.”

The leader aimed his gun at Danrique. Despite the uneasiness he felt, he was sure that they could still deal with an ambush due to their overwhelming numbers.

That was where he derived his courage from.

“Okay!”

Unexpectedly, Danrique didn't resist. Hanging his gun by his finger, he gradually walked up to them with a smile.

His calm and cooperativeness unsettled the leader and his subordinates instead.

Upon the leader's hand signal, his men pointed their guns at Danrique, worried about the tricks he may pull out of his sleeve.

Meanwhile, hidden in the trees, Francesca was filled with anxiety.

Is he really going to surrender? What if he gets captured? Who's going to pay for his hundred million medical fees?

Just when she was lost in thought, she suddenly heard an agonizing scream.

The next moment, the leader was captured by Danrique. The latter had one arm around his neck and the other pointing a gun at the leader's head. He thundered, “Back off!”

Everyone was dumbstruck by the sudden turn of events, for they had their guns pointed at Danrique all the time and didn't realize when he held their leader hostage.

His movements were so swift that they had missed it the moment they blinked.

Everyone was stunned by Danrique's threat.

"Mr. Lindberg, there's no point in holding me hostage. With so many of us around, there's no escape for you."

Regaining his senses, the leader tried his best to put up a strong front.

"You're mistaken." Danrique's eyes glistened as he looked out toward the horizon. "I have no plans to flee."

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God

"You..." The leader couldn't believe his ears. "Can it be that this is your plan all along?"

Smirking, Danrique replied coldly. "The pastor has been trying to use you to destroy me all this while. Thus, I have no choice but to eradicate all of you for my own good."

"You have got to be kidding me, right?" The leader's eyes darted around and didn't see any reinforcements. "Do you think you alone can annihilate all of us?"

"Do you truly believe that I'm alone?"

Just as he spoke with a mysterious tone, he blew a long and strange whistle in the forest's direction.

Thus, the members of the Mafia were terrified, thinking that Danrique was summoning his subordinates.

Nevertheless, their leader pretended to stay calm. "Don't be afraid. Even if he receives reinforcements, they will not outnumber us."

Unfortunately, his words fell on deaf ears, as he was being held hostage by Danrique.

Without their leader, the men began to waver.

Meanwhile, Francesca scanned the surroundings, for she was curious to know if Sean had managed to return with backup.

At that moment, footsteps rang out through the forest.

And then, countless green eyes emerged in the darkness and began approaching them.

"This..."

"Wolves! They're wolves!"

Everyone widened their eyes in shock as they looked ahead of them.

Just like stars that dotted the sky, the green eyes sparkled with menacing hostility.

When Francesca saw the wolves, she gawked. He actually summoned wolves? How can he even do that?

She thought back to when the wolves first appeared. Danrique seemed unmoved back then. In the end, she felt smug about herself, thinking that she was the one who chased the wolves away.

But recalling the event now, she realized the wolves weren't there because of her.

Instead...

“Oh my God!”

Terrified by the sight, the members of the Mafia retreated in panic.

“Don't be afraid, we have guns,” the leader reassured his men. “Fire at—”

Before he could finish, the wolves pounced on the members of the Mafia at Danrique's signal.

“Argh!”

All of a sudden, agonizing wails and gunshots filled the air.

Stricken by panic, the Mafia began shooting randomly but was still no match for the ferocity of the hungry wolves.

Given that the wolves had always been the apex predators in the forest, their attacks were unimaginably vicious, a testament to their bloodthirsty instinct.

As fear spread throughout the men, they were in no condition to fight the wolves anymore.

Watching in horror, their leader had already lost the will to fight.

As for Francesca, she was dumbfounded by what she had witnessed.

Even though she too could summon beasts, she had never seen such a gory scene before.

A short while later, gunshots rang out from another corner of the forest. It heralded the arrival of Sean, Gordon, and the rest of the Lindberg family bodyguards. Also, they were accompanied by a huge group of police officers.

By then, the Mafia had suffered countless casualties.

Upon seeing what had happened, the bewildered police pulled out their guns vigilantly.

Meanwhile, Danrique dispersed the wolves when he was certain that the battle was won. After handing over the Mafia leader to the police, he turned and left.

Having taken a few steps, something occurred to him. He instructed Sean, “She’s on the tree.”

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg!” Sean hurried over to get Francesca. “Dr. Felch, you can come down now!”

When Francesca jumped down from the tree, she almost sprained her foot. Fortunately, Sloan caught her in time. “Master Felch, are you alright?”

Francesca didn’t reply. Instead, she turned to look at Danrique.

As dawn broke, his towering bigger exuded an aura of lonely pride.

When the morning rays shone upon his face, he had the look of a triumphant hero.

After all, he had single-handedly subdued hundreds of members of the Mafia without wasting a single bullet.

In fact, it wouldn't be an overstatement to call him the God of War.

No wonder everyone trembles in fear at his name.

At that moment, Francesca realized that despite his gentle appearance, Danrique was exponentially stronger and more terrifying than she ever imagined.