

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1821

Chapter 1821 How Dare You Touch Master Felch

The assassin pointed the gun at Francesca, warning sternly, "Tell that thing to get off right now or I'll kill you!"

"Put down your gun now," Francesca retaliated in an unhurried manner, raising her brow. "If not, your leader is going to die."

"You—"

"Ah!"

Before the assassin could speak, the green snake bit into Pastor's neck, causing the latter to scream in agony. In the blink of an eye, his face flushed.

The assassin put down his gun hurriedly, not daring to threaten Francesca anymore.

As for the other assassins, they were shocked and at a loss for what to do.

"If anything happens to me, none of you will be leaving here alive. Ah!" Pastor shouted.

He was quite incredible for being able to warn Francesca even while being in so much pain.

Thinking Francesca was one of Danrique's subordinates, Edward quickly advised, "Mr. Lindberg, we can talk this out—"

"She's not one of my men. I can't control her." Danrique shrugged, looking as though there was nothing he could do.

"All the people out there are Pastor's men." Edward panicked, and he persuaded, "If something happens to him, we're all going to suffer."

Francesca frowned. Just as she was about to speak, Danrique suddenly clapped. The windows opened and a group of bodyguards leaped in from the windows, aiming their guns at Pastor's assassin.

Everything happened in a flash. Before the assassins could come to their senses, they were already restrained.

At the same time, the door opened, and the other bodyguards of the Lindberg family rushed in. Meanwhile, all the assassins had crashed to the ground.

"You—" Pastor was shocked by the scene before him. "So, you were prepared."

"It's always best to be on one's guard," Danrique said plainly. "If you talk nicely, I'll do the same. Since you chose to take action, I can't just do nothing, can I?"

"Edward—" When Pastor was about to speak, he crashed onto the sofa in pain.

"Looks like I, the middleman, have become a joke." Edward smiled bitterly and said in a pleading tone, "Now that things have come to this point, I just hope you guys don't slaughter each other in my territory for my sake."

"Mr. Lindberg..." William reminded softly. "We're still at Summerbank..."

His words were very suggestive, but only several important people understood them. What he was trying to say was that Pastor was not alone; he had other hidden forces that were backing him.

Those forces had great authority in M Nation. If they were to kill Pastor there that day, it might be difficult for them to leave Summerbank.

"Edward, I'm sure you've witnessed Pastor's attitude," Danrique said calmly. "He was the one who disrespected us first. I was just trying to protect myself. So, this result is what he brought upon himself."

"Yes, I agree," Edward nodded.

"Since this negotiation is unsuccessful, then we shall do things based on our abilities in the future. May the winner take it all. That's all, then." Danrique got to his feet and got ready to leave.

"Wait." Edward quickly stood up. Pointing at the tiny green snake on Pastor's neck, he said, "That thing..."

"Francesca!" William shot her a look, frowning.

"Sam!" Francesca called out as she extended her arm. The snake slithered onto the carpet, crawled up Francesca's body, and curled itself around her arm like an emerald bracelet.

"Pastor!"

Several assassins quickly went forward to help him up, while the others pointed their guns at Francesca.

Immediately, the Lindberg family's bodyguards aimed their guns at them. "Don't you dare touch Master Felch!"

"Master Felch is one of us. How dare you offend her?" Sloan added.

At that moment, Francesca had a powerful status in the hearts of the Lindberg family's bodyguards.

They would not hesitate to protect her without needing to wait for Danrique's instructions.

"I hate people who overestimate their abilities the most." Francesca threw Pastor's words back at him. "Remember this. Don't you ever underestimate anyone."

With that, she turned around and left.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1822

Chapter 1822 You Are Francesco

They got into the vehicle to leave the manor.

Naturally, Francesca got into Danrique's car. Behind her, William called out, "D-Dr. Felch..."

Francesca turned at her shoulder. "Mm?"

"I..." William parted his lips before changing his mind. "Take care!"

"I need some time to figure out the treatment plan for your leg. I'll contact you when it's ready," Francesca explained. After flashing him one last grin, she entered the car.

William looked away reluctantly before realizing Danrique was glaring at him. He immediately said, "Danrique, goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" Danrique replied icily before wounding the window up.

The convoy drove away slowly.

Sean glanced at William's convoy through the rearview mirror and said solemnly, "Pastor didn't send anyone after us. To play it safe, I reminded Prince William to leave M Nation as soon as possible."

"Mm," Danrique grunted in reply. He seemed to be deep in thought.

"Mr. Lindberg, when are we leaving?" Sean asked carefully.

"Find her." Danrique looked away.

"Yes."

Sean knew what Danrique's greatest regret was. He has been looking for the girl all over the years. Now that we finally get a clue, he won't give up easily.

"Who are you talking about?" Francesca asked curiously. "Francesco?"

She thought Danrique wanted to find Francesco.

"You're Francesco, right?"

Suddenly, Danrique's gaze fell on her. A riot of emotions glinted in his eyes.

Francesca jolted in fright. It took her a few seconds to find her voice. "Who told you that?"

"Looks like I got it right." Danrique arched a brow. "You hid yourself well!"

"Dr. Felch is the legendary Francesco?" Sean could barely hide his shock. "No wonder Robin kept asking about you after your first meeting. I asked about Francesco, but he refused to divulge anything. Prince William paid a lot of attention to you, too. I thought he liked you, but now I realized that's because you're Francesco!"

"That was how you guessed it?" Francesca asked with her brows raised.

"A while ago, William called you 'Francesca' twice," Danrique added. "It was just a guess, but your reaction proved that I am right."

"I didn't mean to keep it a secret from you. I don't remember anything," Francesca revealed honestly. "Prince William recognized me and told me about my past. That was how I found out I was Francesco."

"Oh, we've been searching for you high and low, but turns out you were with us!" Sean was delighted. "There's hope for Mr. Lindberg!"

"You don't trust my medical skills, right?" Francesca retorted icily. "Didn't you kick me out?"

"Oh, that was a misunderstanding," Sean hastily explained. "I was a fool."

"Forget about it. Let's stop talking about the past." Francesca gave a dismissive wave. "We should discuss the medical fee. Now that my identity is different, shouldn't you pay me extra?"

"Well, about that..." Sean cast Danrique an awkward look.

"You asked for a hundred million in M Nation's currency. Wasn't that enough?" Danrique's brows snapped together. "Don't be too greedy."

“If I didn’t save you today, you’d be—”

“I was fully prepared even if you didn’t take action,” Danrique interjected calmly. “I wanted to ask you a question, though. Why is my little green snake with you?”

“I found it hiding in your luggage,” Francesca revealed smugly. “After playing with it for a while, it slithered into my pocket obediently.”

“The snake is extremely venomous. You aren’t afraid of it?” Sean got curious. “Besides, why did it listen to you obediently?”

“I was born with the ability to tame animals,” Francesca replied proudly.

She lifted her arm, and the snake curled around her wrist.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1823

Chapter 1823 What Do You Want

Danrique gazed at her with an unreadable expression. “If you’re that good, the cut on your face should be healed by now, right? Why are you still wearing a mask?”

Francesca was no pushover. She immediately argued, “Many people are looking for me. If they know what I look like, my whereabouts would be exposed. Isn’t that dangerous?”

“Dr. Felch, we understand your concern. However, we’re not ordinary people. There’s no way we’ll expose your privacy,” Sean explained.

“I can’t be sure about that.” Francesca rolled her eyes. “Better safe than sorry, right?”

“Fine. You’re right.”

Danrique accepted her explanation.

Francesco is indeed capable. Besides her medical skills, she also has many other skills. As she is hot-tempered, she must’ve offended many people. Even I can’t help imagining how I’ll teach her a lesson after she treated my poison.

Thus, he could understand why she made so many enemies and refused to show her face to the public.

“You’ve found me. Why aren’t you in a hurry to leave?” Francesca asked. “Sam had bitten Pastor, so he should be barely alive. He won’t let the matter slip.”

“I need to find someone,” Danrique answered as he caressed his black cross necklace hanging before his chest.

“I saved you today. Shouldn’t you reward me?”

Francesca’s gaze was attracted by his necklace and forgot to ask who he was looking for.

“What do you want?”

Despite finding her greedy, Danrique knew he had to thank her for helping him. If everything were to go according to his plan, he would have to waste a few bullets.

“I want this…” Francesca pointed at his necklace.

Danrique frowned and glared at her icily.

Wariness, fury, impatience, disgust and disdain brewed in his gaze.

“Why? Am I not allowed to ask for that?” Francesca was bemused.

Does he know the origin of the necklace?

“Dr. Felch!” Sean stopped her and tried to persuade her to change her mind. “You can have anything except for Mr. Lindberg!”

“Huh?” Francesca’s confusion heightened.

“Mr. Lindberg is a dignified and influential person. How could you covet him boldly? T-That’s not right,” Sean stuttered.

He was being reserved instead of being direct.

“Oh…”

Comprehension dawned on Francesca. They thought I want Danrique. But all I want is that necklace!

“I don’t want him. I want—”

“You also can’t get his body!” Sean pulled her aside and said anxiously, “Please stop making unreasonable demands! Mr. Lindberg has remained celibate for years. He isn’t one who would have one night stands.”

Francesca was utterly speechless. What kind of person do they think I am? A shameless philanderer who has set her eyes on Danrique's looks? How could he assume I wanted his body?

"You're shameless!" That was what Danrique assumed, too. He promptly shot her an eye-roll.

"I—"

"Dr. Felch... No, Dr. Francesco," Gordon chimed in. "We have many male bodyguards working at Lindberg Corporation. They are over one hundred and eighty five centimeters tall and muscular. Their looks vary, but I can summon them so you can take your pick!"

"Yes, that's right." Sean nodded profusely in agreement. "As long as you stop coveting Mr. Lindberg, you can pick whoever you want."

He even pushed Sloan to the front and said, "Sloan is a great choice. He's nineteen years old, young and handsome. You can consider him."

"Dr. Felch..." Sloan took one look at Francesca and lowered his head as his cheeks flushed red.

Chapter 1824 Female Pervert

Francesca was lost for words. What did I do? Why do they think I'm a female pervert? They thought I wanted to sleep with Danrique and offered Sloan as a sacrifice.

"Dr. Felch, if he isn't to your liking, I shall summon the others later..." Sean offered earnestly, for he wanted to solve the problem for his employer.

"No need." Francesca's expression darkened as she declared coolly, "I want Mr. Lindberg. No one else can take his place!"

They took me for a pervert, so I shall make it the truth! Otherwise, I would've been wrongly accused for nothing.

Everyone gazed at her in shock.

Oh, what a brazen woman. She's being shamelessly open with her feelings and does whatever she wants...

"Hey!" Danrique's face flushed a dark red in anger.

"Dr. Felch, Mr. Lindberg is in love with someone else. You can't force him to like you," Sean replied in exasperation.

"I don't care. I want him!" Francesca demanded.

She was inwardly pleased to see Danrique's upset face and even reached out to pinch his chin. "You're a hunk, huh?"

"Scram!" Danrique slapped her hand away and glared at her in disgust. "If you lay a hand on me again, I shall chop your hand off!"

"My hand in exchange for your life. It's a bargain," Francesca replied cheerfully instead of getting mad at his rude reply.

Her words were pretty easy to understand—if he were to chop her arm off, no one else could treat his condition.

That was why she said it was a bargain to get his life in exchange for her arm.

"Hey!"

Danrique was close to blowing his top, but Francesca grinned and told him, "Bear with me until you get cured. No, even if I managed to cure you, you can't touch me. What if you get sick in the future? You'll still have to ask for my help."

"Someone!" Danrique barked impatiently. "Seal her lips!"

"Uh..." Sean and Gordon shared a look instead of taking action.

"Mr. Lindberg..." Sloan wanted to defend her, but changed his mind and swallowed his words.

"All right. I shall stop talking. Will that suffice?" Francesca shut her mouth and raised her hands to surrender.

The odds are against me, and a wise man knew when to back down.

Danrique gestured at her in a warning manner before leaning into his seat and shut his eyes.

He was feeling unwell, but she kept annoying him.

As he couldn't outwit her, he had no choice but to do it the hard way.

Francesca knew him well enough, so she didn't confront him head-on. However, she'd only give in after making him utterly furious.

It seemed like he was the winner, but the real winner was none other than Francesca.

She had him on a leash, but he didn't even realize that.

The journey back home took over three hours by car.

Danrique's condition worsened, for his temperature kept rising and dropping.

Sean asked Francesca to figure out a solution as soon as possible.

Hearing that, Francesca touched Danrique's forehead, "Taking medicine won't do him any help. We need to return to the mountain so I can come out with a new treatment plan."

"But Mr. Lindberg is feeling unwell. Don't you have any medicine to relieve his condition?" Sean urged.

"No," came Francesca's calm answer. "Don't worry, he won't die."

"You..." Gordon fumed. "Dr. Felch, this is too much."

"You can take over my position any time!" Francesca shrugged nonchalantly.

Gordon was dumbfounded and couldn't find any response.

"All right, stop arguing so Mr. Lindberg can rest in a quiet environment," Sean cut in.

He then told the driver to speed up.

The car increased its speed and sped all the way to the mountain. To save time, Sean sent someone to the lab to find the snake that bit Danrique.

Kerrie applied an ice pack to Danrique's forehead to cool him down.

In a daze, Danrique muttered, "Cece..."

This time, Francesca heard the name clearly. Her heart skipped a beat, and an indescribable feeling overwhelmed her heart.