

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1837

### Chapter 1837 She Has To Stay

“A philanthropist on the surface but the mastermind of an underground organization in the shadows. I’m certain the media will eat up every single detail about you.”

Danrique elegantly leaned against the hood of the car as he toyed with the gold intricate gun in his hands.

It was as if he was the puppet master of the entire show.

“Hahaha!” Nevertheless, Roth burst out laughing instead of getting angry. “I did say a long time ago that you’re more suitable to be our partner than Pastor!”

“Oh, please,” Danrique rejected. “I wouldn’t want to stoop to your level!”

“Mr. Lindberg, do you have any terms? Why don’t you tell me about them, and let’s have a talk.”

Roth then raised a brow and proceeded to stare at him.

When Francesca saw the scene, she blinked, dumbstruck.

Aren’t they supposed to be having the upper hand in this situation? They have over a hundred armed men with them, and they can unload all their bullets on us any time they want. In this case, the middle-aged man should be taunting Danrique. He should be asking him to prostrate before him. Why is he pleading with Danrique? Every time Danrique looks like he’s about to fall, he somehow always manages to turn the tides and emerge as the victor. What kind of demon is he?

“I’m just a businessman who wants to do business peacefully. Nothing else concerns me,” Danrique noncommittally replied, folding his arms. “Our success in the corporate world is dependent on our skills. I’m not in your way, so don’t be in my way either. That’s all.”

“That’s true.” Roth nodded in agreement. He then uttered, “What Pastor has done is shameful. He’s failed to subdue you with his own capabilities, so he’s using our names to go against you. We’re furious about this. After a discussion, we’ve decided not to intervene in the grievances between you and Pastor, and we won’t be intervening in your business in Epea and Adrune. From now on, we’ll both be co-existing peacefully and treating each other with nothing but respect. How does that sound?”

“That’s right.” Danrique grinned. “You should’ve said this a long time ago, and everything would’ve been fine.”

“However,” Roth suddenly started. “You know that Pastor has important information about us, so we can’t just let him die like this. In other words, we have to save his life. So... please hand over the antidote.”

“Mr. Roth, you must have watched too many of Zarain’s action movies. You should look for a doctor if he was bitten by a venomous snake. What kind of antidote can we possibly have?”

When Danrique was speaking, Francesca was sweating buckets in the car. She finally realized that the group of people was after her.

Danrique had a card up his sleeve that he could use against them, and that was why they did not dare to lay a finger on him. However, it was a different case for her.

“Mr. Lindberg, you’re smart, but don’t treat me as a fool,” Roth wistfully said. “Clearly, the snake that bit Pastor was not a normal venomous snake. It was a specially raised venomous snake, and ordinary doctors can’t treat its bites. You were searching for a renowned doctor back then because you were bitten by the snake you raised. However, you’re completely fine now. Therefore, you must have the antidote.”

“I truly do not have the antidote, but I can tell you a way of treating it.” Danrique had chosen to buy time. “With that way, Pastor won’t die.”

“Okay, I trust you.” Roth gave him a small smile. “After all, you’re going to continue doing business here. We’re going to have more interaction with each other, so we should help each other out.”

“That’s right.” Danrique shrugged. “All is well, so can you let us go now?”

“One more thing.” Roth’s gaze drifted away from Danrique and landed on his car. “That youth has to stay.”

Francesca shuddered.

Oh no, oh no. I really shouldn’t have come back.

“That person’s just an ordinary lad,” Danrique replied.

“It doesn’t matter who that youth is,” Roth said with a smile. “That youth has let out the snake that bit Pastor, so we have to give Pastor and the people on his side an answer to the case.”

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1838**

Hearing that sent chills down Francesca's spine.

Will Danrique hand me over? After all, the negotiation is going well. Not only are they not going after him anymore, but they're also not going to interrupt his business here in the future. As a matter of fact, they're going to restrict Pastor from crossing Danrique again. Danrique has an upper hand now. As long as he hands me over, the market in Epea and Adrune will be his... Anyone would make the right choice at a time like this.

Unsurprisingly, Danrique fell silent.

Three seconds... Ten seconds... Twenty seconds went by, and he still did not speak.

Oh no, oh no. I'm doomed. This ungrateful b\*stard's going to hand me over!

"Mr. Lindberg—"

"Sure," Danrique finally said.

Francesca's heart lurched, and she balled her hands into fists. At that moment, she desperately wanted to dart over and strangle him to death.

"A wise man indeed, Mr. Lindberg."

"Please hand Pastor over first," Danrique said, his words a sudden turn of events. "He has been provoking and taunting me again and again. How am I supposed to answer to the people on my side if I don't tear him from limb to limb?"

"You—" Roth was rendered speechless.

"She's mine." Danrique pointed at Francesca. "When I'm in danger, the youth comes for me. They're such loyal dogs, so how can I leave them be? That'll be too cruel of me."

You're the dog! Your entire family's the dogs!

Francesca was furiously gritting her teeth, but soon, she realized that he was protecting her.

In other words, she should squeeze out a tear or two in gratitude.

"Since it's just a dog, why are you so protective of him?" Roth fumed. "Is that dog more important than the entire Epea and Adrune market?"

"That youth's mine." Danrique raised a brow. "I can call them a dog, but you can't!"

"You—"

“That’s enough.” Danrique had run out of patience. “Since you don’t seem like you’re sincere in this, there’s no point in continuing our conversation anymore.”

With that said, he glanced at his watch. “Return and tell the other three that they will have to show me their sincerity if they want to have a harmonious relationship with me. Don’t assume that you can manipulate anyone just because this is your territory. Four-plus-one, and yet, you still can’t do anything to me. If you really make me angry, I’ll toss aside my business and drag you to hell with me. Let’s see who’s going to suffer more!”

“You—” Roth’s face was purple from rage as his body shook. “Quit your arrogant act and open your eyes to the situation. You’re on the losing side. With just one order from me, you and your men are going to be ridden with bullet holes!”

“Is that so?” Danrique’s lips curled. “Why don’t you look up and find out who will be the one ridden with bullet holes?”

Just as his words left his mouth, a loud droning noise came from a distance away.

When Roth lifted his head, he saw dozens of helicopters heading toward him. Right then, he spotted the golden L symbol on the helicopters.

Immediately, the group of people panicked.

Even Francesca, who was in the car, was dumbstruck by the sight.

It was then she realized that Danrique always had an ace up his sleeve. No one could ever restrain him, and he was never in any danger. All he wanted to do was to lure out the man in the shadows.

Danrique knew that the other party would not kill him, and that was why he had no fear even when he was surrounded back then. He was just waiting for Roth to come out and negotiate with him.

On the other hand, she, the foolish woman, had come to his rescue, thinking that he would thank her and reward her for her actions.

Francesca finally realized that, to them, she was nothing but a reckless idiot.

Sean, Sloan, and Mylo only felt admiration and gratitude toward her because of her bravery.

She was sure that, unlike them, Danrique must think of her as a fool.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1839**

“Still sticking around?” Danrique taunted with a grin. “Are you really waiting to experience a shower of bullets? You’ll be getting a package deal of a shocking piece of global news. That’s a good deal, isn’t it?”

“You—”

The colors drained from Roth’s face as he trembled.

That was the first failure in his life, and it was one in which his pride was trampled on by his opponent.

“Young man, don’t get too conceited! We’ll meet again next time!”

With that said, Roth stormed away with his men.

Francesca let out a sigh of relief, thinking, Thank god I managed to survive this.

Sloan then walked over to open the car door and asked with a smile, “Dr. Felch, are you fine? Don’t be scared. We’re safe now.”

Francesca came down from the car and glared at Danrique. “Why didn’t you tell me that you still have an ace up your sleeve? You made me come back to save you and nearly died in the car explosion!”

“You only have yourself to blame for your stupidity,” Danrique retorted.

“You—”

Francesca’s expression darkened, and she wished she could strangle him then and there.

Right then, the droning noise came closer and closer to them as a helicopter flew over. As the helicopter hovered over their heads, it swept up a strong gust of wind.

Francesca squinted and looked up.

Gordon and the others were in the helicopter. As it turned out, they had come prepared. No wonder Gordon was so calm and was even trying to stop me from coming back.

One of the helicopters then descended before they let down a few ropes.

“Give me the necklace!”

Knowing that they were going to leave, Francesca shot out her arm to snatch the necklace from Danrique.

With a quick turn, Danrique nimbly avoided her grab. Then, he leaped and grabbed the rope from the helicopter before swiftly climbing up.

“Hey!” Francesca anxiously shouted.

Unfortunately, Danrique never turned around. He only said, “See you never!”

The helicopter soon brought Danrique away.

Sean left in the same way.

“B\*stards!” Francesca shrieked, stomping her foot.

“Dr. Felch, let us escort you to Danontand.” Sloan looked at Francesca, chuckling. “Mr. Lindberg has instructed us to send you to Danontand to meet up with Prince William.”

“William’s already in a stable condition. You can look for any professional doctors now; you don’t need me anymore.”

Francesca’s eyes were still fixed on the horizon, staring in the direction Danrique had left.

B\*stard, I’m going to find you and get that necklace back.

But I don’t have it now, so I can’t use that money in S Nation. I only have a little over a hundred million with me. That’s not enough.

“Dr. Felch,” Sloan called out a few times before Francesca snapped back to her senses. She then said, “Go after your team. You don’t need to escort me.”

“How can I do that? Mr. Lindberg said—”

Sloan was about to say something else when Francesca jumped into the car and drove off.

“Dr. Felch! Dr. Felch!”

Sloan could only run after her.

Nevertheless, she stuck her head out of the window and said, “Until next time!”

Then, she slammed her foot on the accelerator and disappeared into the horizon in seconds.

Sloan slowed down before staring at the spot Francesca disappeared from, the disappointment visible in his eyes.

“Sloan, let’s go. We have to catch up with the rest of them and meet with Mr. Lindberg.”

“Okay.”

With every three steps Sloan took, he turned back once. He was hoping that he would be able to see Francesca again, but Francesca was long gone. It was almost as if she never appeared.

Francesca drove straight to the airport before taking a plane to S Nation.

Before she boarded the plane, she called Anthony and told him to wait for her at the airport.

Her memories of Anthony, the charity, Layla, Lincoln, and the children were slowly coming back to her.

Still, there were bits and pieces of her memories that she still needed time to recall.

Although she did not have enough money, she still needed to head to S Nation to deal with the charity’s issue.

Once that was done, she would then undergo surgery to remove the metal pieces in her head.

I can’t delay this anymore. My headaches are more frequent and intense recently.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1840**

Chapter 1840 Returning To H City

Half a month later...

Francesca had met Anthony at S Nation and used the hundred and twenty million medical fund to temporarily solve the charity’s issue.

However, some of the children’s homes needed renovation, and some needed to relocate. Therefore, they still needed a large amount of funding.

Francesca had to get the necklace back as soon as possible to solve all those issues once and for all.

Still, it was no easy feat to get close to Danrique.

Just as she was racking her brain for ideas, Francesca received a call from William.

William told her that his condition was stable and that he was planning to take a trip to Zarain. Hence, he asked her whether or not she was there.

Francesca immediately told him she was not. William expressed his disappointment at that. Right then, Robin's voice sounded out from the other end of the line.

"Your Highness, we've just received a call from Sean that they're planning to head to Zarain's H City tonight."

"Tonight?" William asked. "That soon?"

"I heard that he has certain things to deal with."

"Let's leave tonight to meet him there then."

"Understood. I'll inform Sean about your decision."

Just as William said that, he asked Francesca, "Francesca, where are you? Why don't I come to you once I'm done with my matters?"

"It's fine. I'm about to head to Zarain," Francesca quickly said.

The opportunity had shown itself. If she met with William, then she would be able to meet with Danrique.

"That's great!"

"You should make arrangements for your affairs first. Once I'm there, I'll call you again."

"Okay."

After the call ended, Francesca instantly made arrangements for her trip back to Zarain.

Anthony was worried sick about her condition, and he reminded her, "Francesca, although the children's home's matters are important, you have to take care of yourself first. You've suffered such a grievous injury, it's best that you undergo the surgery first."

"This is a good chance. They're in Zarain, and William's there. I'll be able to get close to Danrique again. If I miss this chance, I don't know when else I'll be able to get that necklace back."

Francesca was packing her bag while talking to Anthony.

"But..."

"Don't be so naggy," Francesca cut him off. "Book the earliest flight available to H City."

“All right.” Anthony went to work on it immediately. “I’ll come with you so that we’ll be able to take care of each other. Moreover, I want to keep an eye on you. Once you get the necklace back, you have to go for the surgery right away.”

“It’s not that I don’t want to undergo surgery but that I don’t know which surgeon to go for,” Francesca muttered as she held her head. “It feels like I know someone suitable for the job, but I just can’t remember who that is.”

“Could it be that it’s your master, Dr. Felch?”

Perhaps Anthony was the one who knew Francesca best.

“My master...” Francesca froze as a familiar figure flashed past her mind. At the same time, a kind voice rang in her head, “Ce, we have to have a good foundation of medical knowledge before we can begin treating others...”

“Francesca. Francesca!”

Anthony had to call her a few times before Francesca returned to her senses. She then frowned and said, “I now remember my master, but I can’t remember where he’s at.”

Before she could finish her sentence, a pang of intense pain came from the back of her head. Instantly, Francesca held her head and paled drastically.

“Let’s talk about this after retrieving the necklace. I can only deal with my personal matters in peace after settling the children’s home’s issues.”

“Didn’t you tell me that Dr. Felch’s in Phoenix City? Do you want me to ask him to come?” Anthony was still worried.

“Phoenix City is such a big place, so how are you going to find him?” Francesca huffed. “Moreover, I recall that my master’s upset with me. I’m afraid he’d be unhappy if you were to ask him to come to me.”

“Then...”

“You don’t need to bother yourself with this. I have my own plans,” Francesca interrupted. “Book the flight tickets first so that we can go back to H City as soon as possible.”

“All right, I got it.”

Anthony went to do as she asked.