

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1845

Give It Back

“No.” Danrique shook his head. “Whether his daughter is Aunt Isabella’s, I should respect their decision. If he wants to let his daughter return, he’ll naturally contact me. If he doesn’t want to, then there’s no need for me to force him. Besides, the Lindberg family is facing a crisis. With enemies attacking from every corner, returning to our family might not be a good thing, either.”

“That’s true.” Sean nodded. “It’s not too late to bring Ms. Lindberg back once you get rid of the threat and control Lindberg Corporation completely.”

Remaining silent, Danrique lifted his glass and swirled the wine gently.

Meanwhile, Gordon quietly escorted Richard out from the back exit.

As soon as Richard got into the car, he put away the black card carefully and looked at Jeffrey, saying, “Jeffrey, take me to the mausoleum!”

“Mr. Windt, why would you want to go to the mausoleum at this hour?”

“I have to put one more thing in the box I left for Charlotte.”

Meanwhile, at Sultry Night, Francesca realized there was no point in forcing her way in. Besides, she was at a bar. There was nothing or no one she could summon. Just as she was raking her brains to think of an excuse, Danrique walked out of the building.

Sean and the other subordinates followed closely behind, watching out for the surroundings carefully.

They were not worried about dangerous incidents. They were doing that mainly because Danrique was particular about hygiene. He believed the people there were dirty and did not like to be touched.

The reason Danrique chose to meet Richard there was that the latter was watched closely by the Nacht family. It might be easy for them to spy on Richard at other locations, while Sultry Night was a chaotic place that made it easy to avoid suspicion.

When they walked past a private room, a few women almost stumbled into Danrique, who frowned with a look of disgust.

The subordinates quickly pulled them away and escorted Danrique to leave from the back exit.

Francesca hurried after them, but Danrique was surrounded by his subordinates, who protected him with care. It was impossible for her to get close to him.

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Right then, a loud gunshot could be heard from behind them, breaking the noisy atmosphere.

The surrounding people instantly screamed, and they started running for cover.

Stuck in the middle of the crowd, Francesca was pushed forward involuntarily.

Danrique turned around and scanned the area briefly before shooting Sean a look.

Understanding Danrique's intention, Sean immediately instructed Sloan and Mylo to check out the situation.

As the crowd was walking out of Sultry Night, Danrique suddenly spotted a familiar face among the crowd. It's her?

He paused in his tracks and stared at Francesca.

She, too, lifted her gaze and looked at him. As they locked gazes, their eyes glinted with complex emotions.

Francesca panicked. I'm not wearing any masks today. Could he have recognized me? Will he take revenge on me?

Francesca felt extremely uneasy, but running away was not the solution at that moment. She still had to face him and take the necklace back.

While she was deep in her thoughts, someone knocked her down. Immediately, the messy crowd came running in her direction, almost stepping on her.

At that moment, a tall, slender silhouette rushed toward her in the blink of an eye and picked her up.

When she cast her gaze at her savior, an unbelievably handsome face came into view. His clear eyes sparkled brightly as if they had stars in them.

They were gazing at her.

"You—" Before Francesca could speak, another gunshot rang in the air.

With Francesca still in his arms, Danrique marched off. His chest was large and warm. She could even hear his clear and powerful heartbeat.

At that moment, she could not help but feel puzzled. With his personality, shouldn't he be dragging me away forcefully and then take revenge on me for holding him hostage previously? Why is he still carrying me so gently?

"Are you all right?" Danrique's voice traveled into her ears, pulling her back into reality. She broke free from him frantically and stretched out her arm toward him. "The necklace is mine. Give it back!"

Danrique merely stared at her without saying anything.

"I had no choice but to hold you hostage back then. I didn't hurt you, didn't I?" Francesca was beginning to panic. "Okay, what about this? If you want to hit or scold me, I'll let you do it. But once you're done taking revenge, you must return the necklace to me, okay?"

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1846**

So It Was True

"You don't remember me?" Danrique gazed at her. If she was really Cece, she should remember him. Seven years might have passed, but his face did not change much. Hence, she should be able to recognize him instantly.

She, on the other hand, had transformed from a fourteen-year-old teenager to a twenty-one-year-old woman. Her entire body had gone through major changes, which was why Danrique had a hard time determining if it was her.

"Of course," Francesca blurted. "You're the guy who was held hostage by me at a casino in Lightspring."

"Look at me." Danrique lifted her chin so she could look at his face. "Look carefully. Apart from that time at Casino Inferno, what else do you remember?"

Francesca's heart skipped a beat. Did he already figure out who I am? If he knows I'm Francesco, will he think I was playing him?

"Do you remember anything?" When he noticed her gaze that was lost in thought, he thought she had remembered the incidents from seven years ago.

"I—" Francesca looked around in panic. Suddenly, she tiptoed and inched closer to him affectionately.

Seeing that, Danrique lowered his head, wanting to hear her clearly.

Panting slightly, Francesca's red lips moved, and she said softly into his ears, "I remember it now. I think we... We met before somewhere..."

As she spoke, her arms reached slowly for his neck.

"Yes. Seven years ago..." Just as Danrique was about to talk about the matters from seven years ago, Francesca suddenly removed the necklace and fled.

Danrique did not stop her. Instead, he just frowned while watching her in silence.

Alas, before she could run far, Francesca was stopped by a few bodyguards.

Seeing that, she quickly changed her direction and started running to her left. Yet, she was blocked by several bodyguards again.

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Similarly, Sean and several bodyguards surrounded her on the right.

She was surrounded by Danrique's men.

There was really no way to escape.

Moreover, she could not summon the creatures to help her at that location.

Even if she were to put up a fight, she was not a match for them.

If there were only a few of them, she could still fight them. However, there were over ten men, and all of them were trained fighters. In the end, she was still dragged back to Danrique's spot.

With his arms crossed in front of his chest, Danrique eyed her calmly.

Francesca said meekly, "I just wanted to take back what's mine."

"You really don't remember me?" Danrique looked right into her eyes.

"What?" Francesca was confused by his question. What does he mean by that?

"Is this necklace really yours?" Danrique changed his method of questioning.

“Of course,” Francesca answered confidently. “I’ve always been wearing it. Who could it belong to if not me?”

“Prove it.” Danrique approached her gradually.

“You still want proof?” Francesca was rendered speechless. “The necklace dropped out of my bag back in Casino Inferno. You saw it with your own eyes, didn’t you?”

Seeing Danrique keeping silent, she pointed at the necklace in her hand and said, “This necklace has a secret feature. Do you know how to use it?”

“What secret feature?”

Francesca fiddled with the necklace. She then pressed on the diamond in the middle of the cross, which shot out a red beam. To her surprise, Danrique’s phone rang right after that.

With widened eyes, Francesca watched everything unfold with confusion and shock.

Why does the cross have a communication device hidden in it? And why does it contact Danrique straightaway?

Suddenly, she recalled Sean’s words. He said the necklace was the one Danrique gave to his first love. Could I really be his first love?

“Cece!” Danrique was extremely emotional. “It’s really you!”

“I...” Francesca was too stunned to move when he hugged her tightly. She felt his strong arms around her as he called out softly into her ears, “Cece...”

Right then, images flashed in her mind, just like the ones in her dream.

She started coming to a realization—perhaps they really had a pure and innocent relationship back then.

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1847**

When Francesca was still lost in her thoughts, another gunshot sounded from afar, followed by a subordinate reporting, "Mr. Lindberg, something happened."

Danrique furrowed his brows and shot Gordon a look.

Seeing that, Gordon quickly led the crowd away from the scene.

"Cece, come with me." Danrique pulled her into the car.

"No..." Francesca wanted to break free from his grip. "I still have some matters to deal with."

Before she could finish, Danrique pushed her into the car.

The engine was revved up, and they fled from the scene.

Not long after, a few black, modified cars could be seen tailing them.

Sean reported, "It looks like the Nacht family's car."

"Zachary?" Danrique narrowed his eyes coldly.

"I'm not sure." Sean frowned. "The person in the car doesn't seem to be Zachary's subordinates, Bruce and Ben. I've never seen them before."

"Maybe they don't want us to recognize them?" a subordinate suggested.

"How can we not when the Nacht family's convoys are easy to identify?" Sean said. "Besides, H City is Zachary's territory. If it's not his men, then who could it be?"

"Great." Danrique narrowed his eyes while glaring at the car behind them. "I haven't even gone looking for him, and he's here already."

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"Mr. Lindberg, Zarain has strict laws. It's best if we don't start a fight here. Should we retreat for now?" Sean advised carefully.

Danrique raised his brow. "What are you afraid of? Let's go against them."

"Okay." Sean did not dare to argue.

Shortly after, both parties entered a violent race.

Soon, the Lindberg family's car had caused the Nacht family's cars to overturn completely on the viaduct.

Two modified cars collided into the railing, causing a massive traffic accident.

Some passersby called the police, and the Lindberg family's convoy left before the authorities came.

Along the way, the bodyguard who was driving the car cheered, "I heard the Nacht family's bodyguards are quite incredible with amazing driving skills. Looks like they're not so legendary after all."

"That's weird." Sean was puzzled. "Logically, the Nacht family shouldn't be so weak. Could they not be Zachary's men?"

"Let's go back first." Danrique was absolutely not concerned about the incident earlier. He only had eyes for Francesca at that moment.

"Send me back to Storm Hotel." Francesca did not want to go back with him. "My boyfriend is still waiting for me there."

Danrique was shocked. "Boyfriend?"

"Yes," Francesca said. All she wanted at that moment was to break free from him. "We haven't contacted each other for so long. It's natural for me to have found a boyfriend."

Earlier, she heard him utter the words "seven years ago" faintly. On top of that, he was still a teenager in her memories. Thus, she was sure that they had lost contact for quite some time.

Despite that, her words struck Danrique like a lightning, and his body froze.

He could not believe the innocent first love, the woman he had been thinking of every day, actually told him she had a boyfriend in such a casual manner.

So, all these years I've been waiting was nothing but a joke?

"Forget it. Just drop me there. I'll take a cab home." Francesca noticed his odd expression. Hence, she wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible before he lost his temper.

"Uh..." The bodyguard who was driving looked at Danrique through the rearview mirror.

"Go to Storm Hotel," Danrique ordered.

"All right."

"You're sending me back?" Francesca eyed him uneasily.

“Do you really have a boyfriend?” Danrique turned to look at her.

“Yes. We’re getting married soon,” Francesca answered seriously. “He’s the one who’s been taking care of me all these years.”

“But we promised each other that I’d marry you once you’re older—”

“That’s just a simple joke made when we were kids. How can it be taken seriously?” Francesca interjected emotionlessly. “We’re from different worlds. We don’t suit each other.”

Danrique felt as though a pail of cold water was poured onto his head, dashing all his hopes. It was his first time having such a feeling.

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1848**

Kill Him

Since he was a child, he never got involved in other romantic relationships.

For the past twenty-seven years, the closest he got to a girl was seven years ago, when he held Francesca’s hand.

To him, Francesca was his first love, the only person he cared for, and the only relationship in his lifetime.

He had been holding on to that belief, spending all his time and effort looking for her in hopes of giving her a happy life.

Now that he had found her, there were no traces of warmth in her gaze. Instead, there was only suspicion, uneasiness, nervousness, and caution.

Worst of all, she told him she had a boyfriend, and that they did not suit each other as they were of different worlds.

On top of that, she even said their promise was just a child’s joke that could not be taken seriously.

He could not believe his ears.

Is this real? Or did I hear it wrongly? Or did I make a mistake? Perhaps this girl in front of me is not my Cece. But she's got the exact scar just like Cece's. And she knows the secret of the necklace. She should be...

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Francesca shifted aside. "Don't tell me this is unrequited love?"

"Are you really Cece?" Danrique still could not accept the truth. "Where did we first meet?"

"I don't remember," Francesca answered casually. "The mountain, I think."

Danrique was stunned. Her answer was right, but her casual tone clearly showed she did not care about the past anymore.

"I'm sorry," Francesca comforted, noticing his dejected looks. "I was still young back then. I didn't know what love was. I'm afraid the promises I made back then can't be counted..."

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After pausing for a while, she lifted the necklace and asked carefully, "Since you've already given me this necklace, you won't take it back, right?"

"It's yours once I've given it to you." Danrique suppressed the mixed emotions within himself, trying his best to appear calm. "Leave that man and return to my side!"

"Uh..." Francesca was dumbfounded. Really?

As far as she remembered, Danrique was an arrogant person who was extremely particular about things. She could not help but wonder if he could really accept the woman he loved to return to him, even if she had dated other men.

"He didn't take good care of you." Danrique did his best to suppress the hostility in his voice. "He let you wander around places like illegal casinos. And now, he got you in such a state."

As he said that, he scrutinized her, immediately noticing her slightly exposed thighs and the ample bosom beneath her V-neck shirt. He quickly shifted his gaze, and his expression darkened once again.

"It's a long story." Francesca did not know where to begin. Hence, she could only act like she did not care. "Basically, I won't leave him. In fact, we're getting married soon."

"Then, call off the wedding—"

“How can I do that—”

“I’ll deal with the consequences,” Danrique interrupted. He then ordered firmly, “Give him a call right now and tell him to wait at the hotel. I’ll talk to him personally.”

Francesca was baffled. She thought Danrique would give up and throw her out of the car with the necklace when she said she had a boyfriend. She even thought he would curse her with resentment, saying he never wanted to see her again.

That way, she could finally free herself from him.

Never did she expect him to make such a move.

Oh no. I’m doomed. This won’t do it. Maybe my story isn’t believable enough.

Francesca took a deep breath, mustered her courage, and said, “Actually, he’s not just an ordinary boyfriend. We’ve been living together for two years now. You know what living together means, right? You know, the kind that sleeps together every night—”

Before she could finish, Danrique grabbed her face with force.

His handsome face suddenly leaned closer, his eyes filled burning with hostility. With his jaws clenched, he hissed, “Looks like I’ve got to kill him.”

“Uh…” Francesca’s mind was buzzing, and she said frantically, “No. You must not hurt him.”

As soon as she said that, the car came to a stop, and the subordinate reported, “Mr. Lindberg, we’ve arrived.”

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