

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1849

Let Me Go

When the door opened, Danrique let go and exited the car coldly.

Francesca got off the vehicle on the other side. She tried to escape, but her path was quickly blocked by a few of his subordinates.

She furrowed her eyebrows and was wondering what to do when suddenly, a familiar voice entered her ear. "You're finally back."

It prompted her to turn back subconsciously. Anthony walked out of the hotel toward her. "You didn't accept any calls or reply to any text. I was getting very worried."

"Anthony..." Before she could say anything substantial, Sean controlled Anthony.

"Hey, you all..." Anthony wanted to say something, but he was cut off by Sean's cold gaze.

"That's him?" Danrique pointed at Anthony and asked Francesca.

"Don't you do anything to him." Francesca rushed forward, pushed Sean away, and kept Anthony behind her back.

"W-What's going on?" Anthony asked in a low voice.

"Shut up and don't say a word." She didn't want the lie to be exposed.

Danrique didn't say anything and simply shot a glance.

A few of his subordinates stepped forward and tried to drag Anthony to the car.

He resisted, but he was no match for them.

Francesca quickly begged Danrique for mercy. "Please, don't touch him."

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"If he doesn't have the ability to protect you, then he doesn't deserve to have you." Danrique looked really calm, but there was a bone-chilling look in his eyes.

"This is my matter. What does it have to do with you..." Before she could finish, his subordinates had stuffed Anthony into the car.

"What are you doing? Let me go..." Anthony yapped anxiously.

Suddenly, he received a punch to his nose, causing him to bleed instantly.

He held his nose as he entered a daze.

“Stop!” Francesca pushed the subordinate, who threw the punch, away and punched him back. “How dare you hit him?”

Even though that subordinate was hit, he didn’t have the nerve to say anything.

Danrique furrowed his eyebrows with disdain and gestured.

A few other subordinates pulled Francesca away immediately while the rest continued to drag Anthony into the car.

“Hey, what are you all doing?” She was getting concerned.

“A quick pain is better than a prolonged one. If he dies, you’ll feel awful for a while. But if you stay with him, you’ll suffer for the rest of your life.” Danrique spoke righteously, as though he was getting rid of a public threat.

“You...” Before she could say another word, the car’s engine had already been started, and the vehicle was prepared to leave.

Anthony continued to struggle inside the car and got a few punches as a result.

Francesca was extremely worried as she shouted, “You can’t touch him!”

“Why?” Danrique looked at her coldly.

“Because... Because I’m pregnant with his child!” she revealed.

It was as though the air froze for a moment. Everyone was stunned as they looked at her dumbfoundedly. Then, they slowly and carefully turned their attention to Danrique.

At that moment, his face was as dark as a black hole, and the look in his eyes was as cold as a winter’s night. He spoke every word slowly and firmly. “What did you say?”

“I said I’m pregnant with his child.” Francesca decided to go all out on the lie. “When I was alone for all these years, he was the one taking care of me. We were already living together. I got pregnant, and we’re preparing to marry each other next month. I know you’re powerful and rich, Mr. Lindberg, and I can’t afford to mess with you. However, there are so many pretty and pure women in this world. Why do you keep bothering me?”

“Bothering you?” Danrique reacted to that phrase very poorly.

He couldn't believe she said he was bothering her when he held nothing but love for her.

"That's right." Francesca panicked as she continued, "Back then, when we first met, we were still kids! How would I know what love is? Who'll actually cling to promises made when they're little? I also didn't know you treated it that seriously and never forgot about it. In any case, what I have with my boyfriend is love. I want to marry him and give birth to his child. So please, don't bother me anymore and let me go..."

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1850**

Joke

There was a sense of helplessness and even pleading in her voice.

Everyone who heard that thought it was simply Danrique's one-sided love and that it was all in his head, yet he still clung to Francesca like there was no tomorrow.

Danrique suffered a great blow. The expression on his face became extremely dark, as though it was covered by black clouds that preceded a violent storm.

He had never suffered such emotional damage before. It felt as if his heart was stabbed by something and that it was bleeding out.

At that moment, he felt like he was a joke.

All the infatuation and perseverance he experienced and went through were just a big, fat joke.

Francesca felt a little guilty when she saw him like that. Maybe I overdid it a little...

While she had forgotten what happened in the past, her heart ached faintly when she saw him being that upset. Maybe, when I was young, I really did love him wholeheartedly?

"Mr. Lindberg..." Sean was very worried.

He had followed his employer for ten years and not once did he see his employer acting like that before.

Danrique didn't say anything and coldly gestured.

Sean promptly relayed an order to release Anthony.

Anthony was beaten black and blue as he climbed out of the car with a disheveled look. He hid behind Francesca weakly, as though he was an aggrieved daughter-in-law while she was a brave, dependable man protecting her lover.

Danrique stared deeply at Francesca one last time silently before heading back into the car.

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The convoy swiftly left and disappeared from their sights.

She finally let out a sigh of relief and looked at the necklace in her hand. "I've finally gotten it back. From now on, he probably won't disturb me anymore."

"So he's the legendary Mr. Lindberg?" Anthony asked fearfully. "He was full of murderous intent and very scary."

"Mhm. Let's head upstairs first." Francesca walked toward the hotel while he followed behind. "Hey, you said you wanted to marry me. Is that true?"

She rolled her eyes at him and quickened her steps instead of replying to him.

"You also said you're pregnant with my child. Hehe, I think I can turn that into reality—"

"Shut up!" She cut him off coldly. "I only said that to get rid of him. We're going back to S Nation tonight. Go make the arrangements."

"You're that rush?" Anthony walked faster to keep up with her. "Didn't you want to undergo an operation with—"

"We don't have time." Her eyebrows furrowed. "We need to leave this place fast to avoid getting into more trouble."

"Ah? Why?" He didn't understand.

"What if he comes back to seek revenge on me after he patched up his wounded ego?" She sounded annoyed. "He thinks the world is his oyster. I bet he had never experienced such grievance before. I hurt him through and through."

"That's true. He looked like he was about to eat someone." Anthony shivered when he thought about Danrique's look.

He felt lucky he was still alive.

Both of them returned to their rooms and began packing their things in preparation for leaving.

Concurrently, Danrique was still staying silent with a foul expression in the car.

Sean had never seen his employer acting like that before, and that made him pretty uneasy. He wanted to comfort Danrique, but he wasn't sure what to say because he didn't really have any experience in that department.

At that moment, Danrique's phone began to vibrate. However, it didn't seem like he noticed it at all as he sat unmovingly.

Sean didn't have the nerve to say anything. Soon, his phone rang, and he answered it. "Hello?"

His expression changed drastically after the person on the other end told him something. After replying, he turned to Danrique and reported, "There's a situation at the company, Mr. Lindberg."

It was then that Danrique returned to his senses and picked up his phone to read the document.

He quickly relayed an order in a deep voice, "Go back to Erihal!"

"Roger."

Francesca and Anthony called for a taxi and hurried to the airport. On their way there, William called her. "Are you free now, Francesca? Let's meet up."

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1851**

"I'm heading to the airport right now." Francesca asked, "What's up?"

"Why are you going to the airport at this time?" William asked hastily. "Where are you going?"

"I have things I need to take care of in S Nation," she replied. "Do you need something from me?"

"It's nothing. I just want to meet you." He sounded disappointed. "Have you met with Mr. Lindberg?"

"I did," she answered. "I have things to do, so I'll hang up the phone now. Please remember to keep my secret. Goodbye."

Then she hung up the phone.

"He still hasn't given up on you yet?" Anthony sounded envious. "Both of you don't live in the same world. It's impossible for him to stay with you..."

"You keep saying no one lives in the same world as I am. How many worlds do you think are there on this planet?" Francesca rolled her eyes at him.

"Ugh..." He felt even more uneasy when he heard that. "Does this mean you like him?"

"You talk too much." She glanced at the watch on her wrist and urged the driver to go faster.

While her flight was a little over nine in the morning, she still wanted to arrive at the airport as soon as possible.

For some reason, she couldn't stop feeling uneasy. Danrique's cold expression and the bruised look in his eyes kept appearing in her mind.

She felt like she had done something wrong, which fueled her desire to leave the city as soon as possible.

"Breaking news. Richard Windt, CEO of the Windt Corporation, was found dead at the bottom of his company's building this morning. His daughter, Charlotte Windt, was at Sultry Night last night..." The radio broadcast inside the taxi was reporting morning news.

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When Anthony heard that, he was shocked. "What? I didn't hear that wrong, did I?"

"Mr. Windt really did that? Is that really him?" Francesca was shocked too.

“How can this be? He was fine yesterday, and his daughter had just gotten engaged. Why would he do that this morning?” Disbelief was written all over his face.

“Life really is unpredictable.” The taxi driver sighed. “Who could’ve thought that the richest man in the city would jump off a building?”

“Why isn’t there more about the news? Can you make it go back?” Anthony asked anxiously.

“The news had been reported several times in the morning already.” The taxi driver changed the radio channel. The same news was being reported there too.

He speculated, “I heard that the engagement was called off last night. He probably jumped because he was too embarrassed or something.”

“Impossible,” Anthony spoke firmly. “An ambitious man like him won’t do something that foolish over such a small matter.”

“That I don’t know.” The taxi driver continued, “The news also said that after the engagement was called off, the daughter of Mr. Windt went to Sultry Night to fool around with gigolos. It was a pretty big mess. Maybe Mr. Windt felt so humiliated that he jumped?”

“I don’t know if that’s true or not, but even assuming that it is, I doubt Mr. Windt jumped because of it.” Anthony sounded a little livid. “Right now, all negative news about the incident can’t be trusted. Someone must’ve been trying to smear Mr. Windt’s name.”

Francesca stayed silent.

“My impression of Mr. Windt is that he’s a composed, strong-willed, and optimistic man. There’s no way he’ll do it.” Anthony furrowed his eyebrows. “Maybe he was killed by someone?”

“It’s hard to tell when it comes to the business sector,” the driver replied.

Francesca broke her silence and reminded, “He’s gone now, and there’s nothing we can do about that. You should check if her daughter needs anything. If she does, help her out in secret.”

“Sure, I’ll ask my friends to keep an eye out.” Anthony nodded.

“Go do it yourself.”

“But we’re going to S Nation right now.”

“The trip to S Nation will only take a few days. After our business is taken care of, you’ll come back to H City and see what assistance you can provide Mr. Windt’s daughter.”

“Fair enough. They’ll probably be busy taking care of his funeral for the next few days, so they’ll be too occupied to care about anything else. After it’s over, problems will begin to pop up.”

“Mhm. Help her in secret. Don’t do it publicly.”

“Roger.”

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1852**

Die

They soon arrived at the airport. Once they passed through the security check, they arrived at the boarding gate.

Anthony gave Francesca a bottle of water and couldn’t help but comment, “Say, since you’re so rich now, why do you still act thrifty? All our flights have been in the economy class. I can’t even stretch my legs!”

“But I could.” She was reading a medical document.

“That’s because you’re short. I’m one hundred and eighty centimeters tall, you know. My legs cry out in pain every time we sit in an economy-class seat,” he mumbled.

“You can upgrade your seat, but you’ll have to do it out of your own pocket.” Francesca rolled her eyes at him. “Also, I’m one hundred and sixty-two centimeters tall. That’s not short.”

“Right, right. You’re not short, you’re just dainty.” Anthony immediately tried to flatter her. “I’m not going to upgrade my seat. I wanna sit with you.”

She ignored him and continued to read the document.

He was very bored, so he decided to do his work. As he did, he checked out the news on Windt Corporation and found out that the company had had a very big problem in the recent months.

After checking the numbers, he commented, "Seems like a powerful force really is messing with Windt Corporation."

"What is done cannot be undone. There's nothing we can change." Francesca seemed calm. "The only thing we can do now is to give his daughter a helping hand when she needs it."

"Mhm." Anthony nodded. "You've already seen through life and death being a doctor. Have you seen through the worldly matters now too?"

"When I was young, I thought as long as I'm powerful enough, I can control everything. However, in reality, some things can't be controlled even with power..." She couldn't help but sigh.

"You're still thinking about that?" He looked at her with a pained expression. "You did your best. The final results have nothing to do with you."

"If I wasn't arrogant, perhaps that child would've still been alive." She felt pretty gloomy when she recalled that.

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A few years ago, when she just became a doctor, she once treated a patient. It was a six-year-old girl.

The child's father went through a lot of effort so she could have an operation. However, ultimately, due to a few reasons, the operation failed, and the child passed away.

It impacted Francesca a lot because before that, she thought there was nothing she couldn't do.

She arrogantly swore to the patient's father that the operation would succeed.

The father trusted her completely, so much so that he even started to prepare his child's birthday party.

However, the child died at the operation table.

The father was plunged into despair. He hated her to the bone and swore to make her pay the price.

After that happened, she cut herself off from the outside world and stopped performing her duties as a doctor for a year until she received William's invitation to go to Danontand.

"You were nineteen at the time. It's only natural that you aren't experienced enough..." Anthony consoled.

"Let's not talk about it anymore." She changed the topic and headed to the restroom.

She wanted to wash her face to readjust her mood.

Bang!

Suddenly, a muffled sound was heard. Something zipped past her head and hit the wall behind her.

When she turned back, she saw it was a bullet.

She quickly realized someone was using a gun with a silencer. There's a gunfight in the airport?

Before she could dwell on it, a battle had ensued.

Two groups of people were engaged in a violent gunfight, and she was unintentionally stuck in-between.

When she raised her head, she saw Danrique's men among the chaos.

So, it was likely that someone was ambushing him, and his people were fighting back.

Why am I so unlucky to have come across him again? She did her best to flee the scene as quickly as possible.

At that moment, she suddenly saw the slim, tall figure on the other side. The narrowed eyes on his handsome face were fixated on her...

"Die, Danrique!" Suddenly, someone shouted from behind and fired their gun at Danrique.

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