

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1921

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### Chapter 1921

Another crucial point is that intracranial surgery is a modern medical procedure.

Since Dr. Felch is a traditional medicine practitioner, he has no clue about modern medicine.

Although he knows how to perform the surgery, he might not do it.

When Francesca was still deep in her thoughts, Sean asked, "Mr. Lindberg had already told us to look all over the world for a good surgeon to operate on you. However, we haven't yet found a doctor better than you. Dr. Wright said we can't delay it because your life might be in danger. That's why I'm asking you if you know any doctor that we can get in contact with"

"No. I don't."

Francesca didn't want them to find her mentor.

Not only did she not want them to disturb the elderly, but she also didn't know if he could actually treat her.

"All right, then" Sean answered helplessly.

"We'll think of something else. Since there are so many doctors in the world, we'll surely be able to find someone good."

"Thank you," Francesca uttered politely.

"I'll make a move now. Rest well."

Sean bowed before leaving in a hurry.

Francesca's gaze darkened when she thought about her condition.

Since Helen had lowered the success rate by more than half, it seems like my condition has worsened. I'm in need of surgery, and my time is running out.

If someone else was the patient, she was quite confident she could treat the injury.

However, she was the patient. She wasn't able to operate on herself, considering that she had to operate on the back of her head.

Right then, she recalled the one time she'd made a mistake in the past.

At that time, my confidence was high before I operated on that six-year-old girl.

In the end, I failed, and the girl died. Francesca was traumatized by that mistake of hers.

Now, something similar is happening to me. Is this karma? While she was still deep in thought, she heard a vibrating sound coming from inside her backpack.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and stretched her body to retrieve the phone from her backpack. Her phone's battery had gone from full to almost flat.

Before the phone died, Francesca quickly answered it.

"Hello?"

"Francesca! You've finally picked up! I thought something had happened to you! I was so scared—"

"What is it? Spill it."

Francesca was annoyed because she thought Anthony was such a nag.

"I've arrived at Xendale, and I've brought Ms. Layla along."

Anthony went straight to the point.

"We've come to rescue you."

Francesca was stunned. She quickly whispered with her mouth covered,

"Anthony, what did you do? Why did you bring Ms. Layla to Xendale?"

"Give me the phone"

A familiar voice rang out from the phone.

"Francesca, why are you treating me like an outsider? Why didn't you tell me when something's up?"

"No. It's not like that—\* "If Anthony didn't tell me about it, I'd still be in the dark!" Layla was enraged.

"When you were little, I've already told you that no matter how capable a person is, there's still a limit. When the time comes, you'll need support from loved ones."

"Yes. Yes."

It was rare for Francesca to be so obedient in a conversation.

"But Ms. Layla, I can deal with this myself. You can just—"

"If you could do that, you would've solved it by now."

Layla was getting anxious.

"I've heard. Danrique is a cold-faced jerk, and he's hard to deal with, right?"

Don't worry. If I can get in, I'll be able to get you out"

"Well—"

"You better answer me now. Where are you?" Layla queried.

"I'm at the hospital."

Francesca was unwilling to get her involved.

"However, there are a lot of people guarding this place. You can't come here."

"Francesca—"

"Ms.Layla, my phone is dying soon—"

Before Francesca could finish her sentence, her phone died.

Instead of charging her phone, she threw her phone back into her bag.She then lay on the bed and sighed helplessly.

Anthony is making a blunder.

How could he bring Ms.Layla to Xendale? This matter was straightforward at first, but it has become complicated now.

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Although Ms.Layla can disguise herself well, she's injured now.

Besides, Danrique is watching closely.It would be a daunting task to get me away from the Lindberg residence.

In addition, Danrique is cold, ruthless, and vicious.If he catches them, they would be in trouble.

Francesca got a headache from thinking about it.Perhaps it was due to the injury, so she fell asleep unknowingly.

Meanwhile, Danrique had arrived at the castle where Donald had been waiting for him for a long time.

When he saw Danrique, Donald quickly stood up and greeted, "Danrique, you've finally returned!"

"What is it, Uncle Donald?"

Danrique took off his coat and changed his boots before heading toward the study room.

"When Mr.Adams came to the company today, he seems to have fallen for Hazel," Donald uttered anxiously.

"That's—"

"That's good news!" Danrique interrupted.

"Congratulate them on my behalf"

"Umm..." Donald was stunned momentarily.

"Danrique, are you joking? Mr.Adams has been vying for Lindberg Corporation's assets.If he were to marry Hazel and unite the three great families, the Lindberg family will be left standing alone.When that happens, they might gang up on us."

Danrique went silent after hearing that.

Although he was decisive and competent, he was rather clueless in dealing with schemes and conspiracies concerning familial matters. He knew Frank well, but he had never taken him seriously. After all, they had never offended each other, and they never stood in each other's way.

Danrique was supposed to be there to entertain Frank's inspection, but he was caught up by what happened with Francesca.

Although it was slightly inappropriate, he thought it would be fine, since the other three great families were hosting the conference.

However, he didn't expect something like that to happen during the conference.

Mr. Adams has fallen for Hazel? Uncle Donald is right, though.

If Mr. Adams were to have a marriage arrangement with the Atkinson family, the three great families will link up with Mr. Adams.

When that happens, the Lindberg family will get singled out.

The three great families had never been fond of having me at the helm, and they had been trying to kick me out.

However, they are no match for me.

Things might change if they have Mr. Adams backing them.

"Most importantly, the president is getting old, so Mr. Adams is most probably going to be the successor. When that happens, we won't be able to turn the tide," Donald advised anxiously.

"Danrique, I know you're a proud man, and you've never been a fan of arranged marriages. You have your own ideas, and you're assertive. Besides, you even have a girl you like. No one has a problem with that. However, you bear the fate of the Lindberg family on your shoulders, and you are in charge of the future of the Lindberg family. At this moment, you shouldn't act rashly."

"What are you trying to say?" Danrique furrowed his brows.

"Speak your mind."

"Okay. Since you've said so, I shall not beat around the bush."

Donald then uttered in a serious tone, "Danrique, we can't let Mr. Adams marry Hazel. When both their families joined hands, the Lindberg family is doomed. Everyone knows Hazel is into you. If you were to act now, she will definitely choose you—"

"Act now? What do you mean?" Danrique interrupted.

"Well, marry Hazel," Donald answered quickly.

"If you don't marry her, Mr. Adams is going to marry her. Since Hazel is the only girl available in the four great families, she's very

sought-after."

"I'm marrying Cece,"

Danrique answered firmly.

"I'm not going to change my mind." Donald sighed, and he became frantic.

"Even though you like Cece, that doesn't mean you have to marry her. You can just keep her in the castle. Isn't that the same?"

Upon hearing that, Danrique knitted his brows, and he looked annoyed.

"As the heir of the Lindberg family and the person in charge of Lindberg Corporation, you have the responsibility to do the right thing. You can't do as you wish—"

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When Donald was still trying to convince him, Danrique was getting very annoyed.

"This is my personal matter, so I'll decide what's best for myself. You don't have to be bothered by it, Uncle Donald"

Danrique then proceeded to send Donald away by saying, "It's getting late. You should go home and rest."

With that, he gestured for Donald to leave.

Seeing that, Danrique's subordinates immediately approached Donald to send him out.

Although Donald was fuming, he said patiently, "Danrique, I know you're an arrogant man. All these years, you've been doing things your way, and we've never stopped you. However, this concerns the Lindberg family, so I hope you can think about it thoroughly."

After saying that, Donald left feeling helpless.

With his head lowered, Danrique sat on the couch and sipped his tea in silence.

There seemed to be something weighing on his mind.

Right then, Norah delivered him dinner and uttered caringly, "Mr. Lindberg, you haven't eaten anything all day. Have some food, okay?"

"All right."

Danrique glanced at the dishes on the table, but he had no appetite at all.

"Mr. Lindberg!"

At that moment, Sean rushed in and gestured for everyone to leave. Silence fell, and only Danrique and Sean were left in the room. Sean uttered softly, "When I was on my way here, Gordon had told me about what happened at the company. I've looked into the matter. In fact, Mr. Adams had already contacted the Atkinson family secretly prior to this. Besides, he had long been interested in Ms. Atkinson. He had only taken the opportunity to announce it to everyone at the conference today"

"It seems like he did that on purpose to get my attention." Danrique grinned.

"I don't understand. If Mr. Adams wants to unite the three great families, why doesn't he just do it secretly? Why would he alert you?" Sean asked curiously.

"Why wouldn't he?"

Danrique chuckled coldly and added, "If he gets to choose, he would rather have me as his ally. After all, the three great families are still no match for me if they were to link up. If I don't give in, they'd rather risk everything they have to take me down.

"What should we do now, then?" Sean was getting uneasy.

"When Donald came to look for you, did he want you to arrange a marriage with the Atkinson family? If you do that, at least the three great families would still be on our side, and Lindberg Corporation wouldn't get dissolved. Otherwise, Lindberg Corporation might crumble if Mr. Adams ends up being in control in the future. When that happens, Donald might be in trouble as well. Now that he's on the same boat as us, he does have a point. If Mr. Adams were to marry Hazel, things might not turn out great for us."

"Yes. I know."

Danrique nodded.

"However, I can't marry her"

"Yes. But..."

Sean didn't dare to finish his sentence because he was well aware of Danrique's temper.

Once he had decided on something, no one would be able to change his mind.

"I would be a coward if I have to sacrifice my feelings and body in exchange for power and status."

Danrique knew what Sean was about to say, so he gave him his answer right away.

"Still, the current situation isn't favorable to us," Sean uttered cautiously.

"We're now facing internal turmoil as well as external threats. Although everything might seem manageable now, the consequences might be catastrophic when something bad happens."

"Indeed. I'll talk to Mr. Adams—"

Suddenly, Danrique's phone rang, and it was Hazel on the other end of the phone call.

Surprised, he picked up the phone.

"Hazel?"

"It's me, Mr. Lindberg,"

Hazel uttered in her soft and sweet voice.

"Can we meet? I'm parked right outside your castle."

"I'll get them to let you through."

Danrique shot Sean a glance.

Sean immediately relayed his order before asking Danrique, "Mr. Lindberg, should I go and get her?"

"No," Danrique answered coldly.

"All right, then."

Sean didn't dare to say another word, but he was feeling somewhat helpless.

Now that Hazel is a key person, why can't Mr. Lindberg treat her nicer? If this goes on, how is he going to win against those scheming families?

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Hazel arrived shortly after.

When Danrique's subordinates came to inform him, he showed no sign of attending to her.

Instead, he remained seated and continued eating his dinner.

Sean went out to greet Hazel.

After exchanging some pleasantries, he brought Hazel to the study room.

When Hazel saw that Danrique was still having his dinner, she asked worriedly, "Are you just having your dinner now, Mr. Lindberg? You've had a busy day, haven't you?"

"Yes." Danrique continued eating.

Hazel sat down and waited for him obediently.

Nearby, the maid was making tea.

Sean proceeded to have a chat with Hazel. He was so humorous that he had gotten her to laugh boisterously.

Soon, Danrique was done with his dinner. He wiped his mouth with a napkin elegantly before shifting his gaze toward her.

"How was it? How was your first day at the company? Are you getting the hang of it?"

"It was quite nice."

Hazel flashed a smile.

"It's such a shame I didn't get to see you."

Since it was Hazel's first day, she had gotten prepared, and she was eager to see Danrique. To her surprise, Danrique wasn't there, and she had met Frank instead.

"No need for that," Danrique said flatly.

"Why have you come to see me?"

"Well..."

Hazel glanced at Sean awkwardly.

"Mr. Lindberg, I'll leave you two alone."

Sean took the hint and left.

Only Danrique and Hazel were left in the room.

Under the dimmed lights, Hazel looked even prettier.

She looked at Danrique with her gentle gaze and said, "My dad doesn't know I'm here. I- I..."

She was hesitant to speak, and she looked nervous.

Even a fool could understand the meaning between her lines.

However, Danrique was in no mood to beat around the bush. He asked directly, "Does your father want you to marry Mr. Adams?"

"What about you? What do you think?"

"I don't want that, obviously."

Hazel had no choice but to speak frankly with him.

"I-I wanted to know what you think about it."

"Me?"

Danrique acted clueless.

"Do you want me to marry Mr. Adams?"

Hazel bit her lip and looked at him nervously.

"I don't" Danrique answered firmly.

"Really?" Hazel was elated.

"I knew—"

"If Mr. Adams ends up marrying you, he'll unite the three great families and gang up on the Lindberg family. You know that, right?"

Danrique put on a serious face and explained, "Hence, he's just doing it for financial gains. Although I don't want you to marry him, this is your personal matter. I won't intervene, so you'll have to make your own decision."

His words got Hazel to freeze for a while.

When she finally regained her composure, she looked disappointed and dissatisfied.

"You don't want me to marry Mr. Adams because you don't want him to get financial gains?"

"Yes." Danrique nodded.

"Of course, as a friend, I would want you to have a happy marriage instead of marrying for the interests of the family."

"Am I your friend?"

Hope was suddenly reignited in Hazel. What a luxury it is to be regarded as a friend by someone as cold and distant as Danrique!

"Yes." Danrique nodded.

"When you were little, Aunt Isabella loved you."

Hazel was disheartened when she heard that.

Talking to him is like being on a roller coaster ride! Indeed, when he told her not to marry Frank, she thought that was because he was reluctant to let go of her.

However, he later told her it was because he didn't want her to get married for others' financial gains.

When he said she was her friend, she was elated because she thought she still had a chance to be with him.

To her dismay, he ended up saying that it was because his aunt liked her.

Hence, he only considered her as a friend because of his aunt.

"Aunt Isabella even taught you piano lessons, right? Every time I see you playing the piano, I would think of her!" Danrique exclaimed.

Hazel felt her heart drop into the abyss. He would always stare at me whenever I played the piano.

I thought he liked how I looked when I do that! Prior to that, she thought he was fond of her. Only then did she find out that wasn't the case.

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