

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1937

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### Chapter 1937

As Francesca stared at Danrique's handsome countenance, she gradually perceived a problem.

In the past, she assumed that he was just like an iceberg, indifferent to matters of the heart.

Besides, she even felt that he merely had some fighting skills but wasn't much of a strategist.

But from the look of things then, that wasn't the case.

Behind his seemingly nonchalant attitude, everything was actually in the palm of his hands.

Take the past, for instance.

It was clear as day that there were plenty of contradictory things about her, but he never investigated or interrogated her.

In fact, he didn't even look at her documents.

Later, he still remained unfazed despite having discovered her identity.

All that continued until she gave away the game herself and exposed her identity.

And at present, he caught Anthony effortlessly and used the latter to threaten her. She suddenly realized that she was already entirely in his control.

Hmm, this man is truly unfathomable. It feels that I might not be his match, so I've got to escape this quicksand as soon as possible.

Wait a moment! Could it be that he's also aware of Ms.

Layla's identity? That thought flashed across her mind, and she couldn't help the panic rising within her.

While her mind wandered, the car drove into the castle.

Pointing at the snowy scenery outside the car window, Danrique said to her, "This place of mine is vast. After we get married in the future, you can bring your family over to live here. It's fine whether you want to give them a castle or live together as long as you're happy."

Francesca gazed out the car window, but she wasn't in the mood to admire all the castles.

Instead, her attention was riveted on the jeep convoys and professional bodyguards who could be mobilized anytime.

There were over a hundred bodyguards in such a huge castle, with Danrique being their only master.

Everyone's attention was on the man, while the latter's attention was wholly on Francesca.

Out of the blue, realization dawned upon Francesca that Danrique's every single word contained an implicit meaning.

Oh, God! He's clearly telling me this: Look, this place is heavily guarded and you want to make a break for it? It'll be practically impossible! In the past, she thought that his thinking was as simple as hers, but only then did she realize that she was the one who was truly simple-minded.

Subsequently, the convoy came to a stop in front of the gates of Danrique Castle.

Danrique alighted from the car first before he circled over and carried Francesca.

Francesca then spotted a bodyguard hoisting Anthony up before heading to the animal training ground.

Struggling relentlessly, Anthony made muffled sounds, his gaze teeming with horror. He was afraid that he would be tossed to the tigers.

"What are you planning to do to him?"

Francesca hastily asked Danrique.

"Don't worry. I'm merely locking him up. I won't have him die since he still has some use right now"

Danrique answered evenly.

"How dare..."

Francesca almost declared war against him in her impulsiveness, but Layla threw her a look, so she could only suppress her wrath for the time being.

"You're home, Mr. Lindberg, Ms. Cece! I just brewed some soup, so it's perfect for you, Ms. Cece!"

Norah came out and greeted them enthusiastically.

"That's good. It so happens that I'm hungry as well."

Danrique carried Francesca upstairs to her room and placed her on the bed.

After doing so, he conveniently lay down beside her.

"What are you doing?"

Francesca promptly inched to the side.

"Hah! Don't forget that you were the one who took the initiative to climb into my bed in the past and tried to approach me in

various ways!"

Amusement inundated Danrique at her wariness.

"I didn't-"

Before Francesca had finished speaking, Danrique bit her lip. His kiss was bumbling and unskilled.

It was no different from a beast gnawing on its prey, carrying a hint of aggression.

Francesca wanted to push him away, but her hands lacked strength, and she couldn't budge him in the least.

Strangely enough, every time he kissed her, her body tingled. Her entire body would go limp, and her brain would stop functioning.

Shortly put, she would melt underneath him like ice cream.

Danrique's kiss went increasingly deeper.

Turning sideways, he pinned her down.

His hand traveled upward from her waist until they came into contact with her ample bosom, upon which he couldn't resist applying force.

"Mmph!"

Francesca's eyes abruptly sprang open, and she bit him hard.

Danrique instinctively pulled away when he sensed blood pervading his mouth, bringing along an intense coppery taste. He licked his lips, feeling a tad unsatisfied.

Nonetheless, he still backed off.

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

Chapter 1938

. . .

Chapter 1938

Getting to his feet, Danrique straightened his clothes, his movements as elegant as ever.

However, the words he then casually uttered carried a beast-like possessiveness.

"I'm going to devour you when you've recovered!"

His Adam's apple bobbed slightly with suppressed desire.

"Buzz off"

Francesca roared furiously.

Pulling the covers over her, Danrique flashed her a faint smile before spinning on his heels and leaving.

Just then, Layla disguised as medical staff, entered the room with Norah to deliver the soup.

Danrique glanced at her but said nothing, heading straight for the study room.

Later, Sean went to Danrique to render his report.

In the end, he cautiously reminded, "Mr.Lindberg, I can't shake off the feeling that there's something strange about that medical staff"

In response, Danrique arched a brow.

"Oh? What about her?"

"When I went to look for Ms.Felch this morning..."

Sean proceeded to tell the man everything that had happened in the hospital in detail.

After listening to it all, Danrique remarked blithely, "Didn't Kerrie say that nothing happened?"

"Yes, but-"

"Cece asked for her personally, so what if there's something off about her? It doesn't matter as long as Cece is happy"

Danrique's voice was detached.

"But that elderly woman might not be an ordinary person"

By then, Danrique frowned, a touch impatient.

"So what? Why am I employing the lot of you? Is it not to resolve problems? What use are you if you can't even handle an elderly woman?"

"Understood."

Sean hurriedly lowered his head, not daring to speak further.He knew full well that Layla and the unfortunate ex- boyfriend were probably in cahoots with Francesca.

Initially, he wanted to caution Danrique, but he ended up being lectured by the man instead.

Danrique went out again after lunch.

Before leaving, he said to Sean, "Leave a few smart ones to keep guard at the castle."

"Understood."

Sean immediately made the arrangements.

Naturally, he knew that his employer didn't want Francesca to escape.

Right then, Sloan delivered Francesca's bag to her room.

Francesca quickly dismissed everyone else and made up an excuse to have Layla stay.

The instant Layla opened Francesca's bag and beheld the gems inside, her eyes glittered with excitement.

"Whoa! He's really generous and treats you amazingly well! Most importantly, he's even so handsome! You should just yield, Francesca!"

"What are you saying, Ms.Layla? Are you not worried at all when Anthony has been captured?"

Francesca was sprawled on the bed with helplessness etched across her features.

Contrarily, Layla wore an expression of disdain.

"Why should I be worried? Danrique won't kill him.At most, he'll keep him locked up to blackmail you.Furthermore, he's dumb, so he can't grow without being taught a lesson."

"But I don't want to stay here."

Casting her eyes around the luxurious yet cold room, Francesca couldn't help lamenting, "It's as though I'm a bird in a gilded cage with no freedom to speak of."

Likewise, Layla echoed, "Well, that's true.It's cold without a shred of warmth."

"I want to go home.I miss the children.Also, I wonder what has become of the pets I keep."

Francesca cradled her forehead with a troubled look on her face.

"You call them pets when they're composed of an eagle, wolf, and leopard?" Layla teased.

In response, Francesca rolled her eyes.

"They're incredibly adorable! Anyway, I want to leave!"

"Don't worry, for with me here, I'll get you out for sure! Be good, take your meals properly, and recuperate well.When the right time comes, I'll definitely figure out a way!"

Layla coaxed.

"How are you going to do that when our communication device is gone? Besides, Anthony is in their hands."

Francesca's brows were creased deeply.

"Hey, have you forgotten my former profession? I was a special forces agent for M Nation.I've experienced all kinds of situations!"

Layla quirked a brow at her with all the smugness in the world.

"That's true."

A wealth of relief suffused Francesca.

"But Francesca, you still have to learn to refine and use poison. It's not to harm others but to save yourself at the critical moment."

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

Chapter 1939

. . .

Chapter 1939

Layla continued earnestly, "I know you're benevolent as a doctor and are reluctant to refine poison. But consider this—poison and antidote are both tools. At times, an antidote can be used to harm others, and in the same manner, poison can be used to save lives!"

"Okay, I got it"

Francesca replied blasely without saying anything further. She still remembered her master's teaching that their mission as doctors was to save lives.

As such, they couldn't refine poison.

For that reason, she didn't practice any other skills apart from summoning beasts and driving skills throughout the years.

Layla used to be a special forces agent, so she had long since urged Francesca to refine some poison for self-defense by combining medicine with chemistry, but the latter had never agreed.

"Oh well, you've always been so stubborn."

Knowing that Francesca was reluctant to do so, she didn't continue persuading her.

Instead, she changed the subject.

"Rest for a bit. I'll go and check out the situation and get a feel of the grounds."

"Don't wander around, Ms. Layla! Anthony has already been seized, so it'll be worse if they also see through you and lock you up!"

Francesca hastily objected.

Chortling, Layla countered, "Haha, what a silly girl! Do you really think that block of ice doesn't know that there's something off about me?"

"Huh?"

Francesca was entirely dumbfounded.

"Battle-hardened people like them are all shrewd, and their eyes are penetrating."

Sneering, Layla continued, "They likely knew long ago that I'm in cahoots with you. Otherwise, such a coincidence isn't quite plausible. Anthony was caught, and you brought me home when you didn't even know my background?"

"They are aware? Then, why didn't Danrique say anything?" Francesca questioned urgently.

A knowing smile bloomed on Layla's face.

"Probably because he's sufficiently conceited. He thinks that I can't do any damage, albeit there's something fishy about me. He has a lot of men working for him, so why would he be afraid of an elderly lady like me?"

"That's indeed him to a tee."

Realization dawned upon Francesca.

"You're very smart and take everything into consideration. Nothing can escape your eyes. However, you're simple-minded and disinclined toward scheming."

Patting her on the back of her hand, Layla continued, "Just continue being an innocent girl. I'll protect you!"

"Thank you, Ms. Layla!"

Francesca was very much grateful.

"All right, hurry up and rest. I'm going to check things out."

After leaving some instructions, Layla left in a hurry.

Francesca lay on the bed to rest, but Layla's words earlier lingered in her mind, and she brooded over them.

In truth, considering her understanding of medication, it would be a piece of cake if she wanted to develop some poison for self-defense.

However, she kept her master's teachings in mind, so she didn't do so all these years.

But then, the circumstances are unique now, so perhaps I can really use it if there's such a need.

Norah arranged a single guestroom for Layla.

The maids were all surprised, baffled as to why the new medical staff was given special treatment.

To that, Norah's response was that Layla was the only medical staff

Francesca appointed personally.

Hence, special arrangements were made for her.

Hearing that, the maids didn't dare have any further objections.

After all, Francesca currently wielded all the power in the castle.

As Layla enjoyed special treatment in the castle, it was all the more convenient for her to move around freely.

Using various excuses, she started roaming the castle.  
In a single day, she familiarized herself with the passages in Danrique Castle.

In the next few days, Francesca recuperated at home.

All she did was eat and sleep every day.

Helen came to check on her three times daily, but she could only help doctor the wound and stabilize her condition.

The rest would have to wait until the miracle doctor came and performed the operation.

Danrique, on the other hand, went out early and came home late.

When he left in the mornings, Francesca would still be sleeping.

Thus, he would gaze at her quietly at the side of her bed and peck her on the forehead before leaving.

And when he came home at night, she would be asleep.

He would stealthily lay down sideways beside her and look at her quietly with his head propped against a hand.

Then, he would furtively kiss her until she woke up. In fact, he was just like a naughty boy who got his way.

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

Chapter 1940

. . .

Chapter 1940

For the first three days, Francesca would censure Danrique in a groggy voice and shove him away furiously.

Later, she merely frowned when she saw him upon opening her eyes.

When a week had passed, she could tell that he was home the instant she got a whiff of his smell.

She neither pushed him away nor reproached him, merely continued sleeping with the pillow in her arms and allowed him free rein to nuzzle against her neck gently.

When her senses tingled, she would then bury her head into the pillow shyly.

Their relationship grew increasingly closer although they didn't take things further.

Nonetheless, Francesca was no longer averse to Danrique's intimacy.

To Danrique, that was wonderful progress. He felt that she would agree to marry him if things continued developing in that direction.

Nevertheless, her operation took precedence at present.

Everything else came after curing her.

Alas, he was still searching for the rumored Dr.Felch in Zarain.

To that very day, there weren't any useful leads.

One day, Sean abruptly queried on a whim, "Ms.Felch, that doctor also has the family name of Fletch.Is there a possibility that the two of you...are acquainted?"

"Nope!" Francesca replied resolutely.

She didn't want to meet the man there.

Conversely, she wanted to leave that place and figure out a way to cure herself.

Recently, she developed a new treatment regimen that might be effective.

"Never mind, then."

Sean dispelled his suspicion, feeling that she probably wouldn't lie if she were acquainted with Dr.Felch.

After all, no one wanted to die.

Anyhow, Francesca had started using some medication directly nowadays, so her external injury recovered at a rapid pace.

By then, she could basically move freely like the average person.

The only thing was that the metal shards in her brain still existed like a ticking time bomb.

Therefore, an operation was vital.

Helen had been reminding Danrique to make haste and locate Dr.Felch as soon as possible, but they were still helpless then.

On that particular night, Francesca started having a headache again.

Utterly distressed at the sight of her agonized expression, Danrique instantly decided to head to Zarain personally to search for Dr.Felch.

The moment Francesca heard that, she proposed to go with him at once.

As long as I return to Zarain, I can escape! Otherwise, even Spiderman himself wouldn't be able to get out of here despite his capabilities! That was the conclusion Layla drew after exploring for a week.

"You've still got a brain injury, so it won't be good for you to travel so far."

Danrique eyed Francesca in concern.

"What's the problem with doing so? I'm no fragile glass and can move around freely! Furthermore, my condition doesn't permit

any further delays.I've got to undergo an operation as soon as possible!"

Francesca promptly riposted.If we find Dr.Felch in Zarain and can arrange for an operation right away, that would save a lot of time.

Following that thought, Danrique nodded.

"That makes sense. But then, I've got to think upon it."

At that, Francesca panicked.

"What else do you need to think about? There's nothing to consider when it's such a simple concept!"

"I've made arrangements for a private jet tomorrow afternoon. If your performance is good tonight, I'll bring you along."

Danrique was very casual when he said that, but his words contained a hidden meaning.

Right after saying that, he walked away.

"Huh? What performance?"

Francesca inquired, swiftly chasing after him.

"Think about it yourself."

Leaving those four words in his wake, Danrique strode out of the room on his long legs.

"Hey! Hey!"

Francesca hollered at him twice, but he left without a backward glance.

At that turn of events, she was so livid that she almost burst a blood vessel.

"What a lunatic to leave in the middle of a conversation!"

"That's known as playing hard to get. You're too naive."

Layla had a knowing look on her face.

Upon hearing that, Francesca hurriedly tugged at her and asked for guidance.

"What do you mean? What does he want?"

"Needless to say, he wants that..."

Then, Layla scrutinized her, asking, "Girl, is your virginity still intact?"

"Huh? Of course, it's intact!"

Francesca flushed bright red in a flash.

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