

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1997

Chrono dragged Francesca onto the plane. All the other passengers were shocked and they screamed. Even the crew was pale from fear.

“Take off as scheduled. Hurry up!” Chrono shouted.

“Sir, if you keep this up, we won’t dare to take off,” stammered one of the sky marshals.

“The police will be here soon. You’d better…”

Before the sky marshal could finish speaking, he was shocked by Chrono’s dark gaze.

“If you have some sort of personal issue to settle, why don’t you go down and deal with it?” suggested one of the passengers cautiously.

“Don’t drag us into this…”

“That’s right!”

“Shut up!”

Chrono shot the sky marshal in his thigh.

“Take off right now or I will kill you.”

The sky marshal fell to the floor, screaming in pain. Everyone else was also screaming in fear. Immediately, the cabin was into chaos.

The chief steward hurriedly ran off to notify the pilot.

Hearing that, the pilot had no choice but to get ready for take-off.

“Don’t you feel bad for Candice when you’re taking all these innocent people’s lives?”

Francesca stared at the injured sky marshal, then she took a look around at the frightened passengers. Some of them were children who were curled up in their mothers’ laps. They were trembling from fear.

Not a single one of them dared to make a sound.

“Stop talking!” Chrono pressed her down onto a seat.

“I’m warning you. You’d better be good. Otherwise, those children at the orphanage will be buried alongside you.”

Francesca narrowed her eyes and stared at him coldly. Her fists were gripped so tightly that her knuckles made cracking noise. She resisted the urge to fight back.

If Chrono could get a gun past security check, it was very likely that he could remotely ask his partners in S Nation to blow up the orphanage.

Right then, she had no way of contacting Layla.

Thus, she did not dare to make any reckless moves.

One of the air stewards stared at Chrono carefully. He exchanged several glances with his colleagues. It seemed like they were thinking of using this opportunity to subdue him.

Chrono was only carrying a small gun. They figured there probably would not be that many bullets inside.

Thus, the risk wasn't that big.

"Don't think that I only have one gun so I won't be a big threat to you guys."

Chrono seemed to have read their minds. He took out a bag from his lap.

Inside it was all sorts of parts. With a few moves, he assembled a bomb.

With a sinister smile, he said, "This bomb is enough to blow up this entire plane. If I go down, you're all coming with me!"

The air steward's expression changed drastically. He did not dare to move anymore.

The other passengers did not even dare to breathe too loudly. The pilot had no choice but to take off. It started taxiing along the runway.

Francesca frowned and she was all panicked.

Do I really have to follow Chrono back to Baykeep? Of course, she could always run after she got there. Layla would probably have found all the bombs during the duration of their flight.

Hence, the children in the orphanage would probably be out of danger by then... However, doing so also meant that Francesca would be missing her surgery. It wasn't easy for her master to come all the way. He would not necessarily wait for her at H City.

Francesca felt the plane speed up on the runway.

The anxiousness in her heart was growing more intense.

Chrono had his eyes narrowed.

In his mind, as long as the plane could successfully reach Baykeep, Francesca would be trapped in his grasp forever.

However, just as the plane was about to take off, it suddenly stopped again.

All the passengers were very confused as they looked outside the windows.

They wondered if the police had arrived or maybe the pilot was planning to go against Chrono.

Everyone was very worried.

“What’s going on?” Chrono questioned loudly.

“Why has the plane stopped? Do you guys not want to live?”

As he spoke, he raised his gun and headed straight for the cockpit.

“You can’t go in there...”

An air stewardess wanted to stop him, but he just shoved her to the ground.

Chrono rushed into the cockpit to threaten the pilot.

When he saw what was before him, he was stunned.

Opposite the plane was a silver private jet. It looked like a majestic eagle! “This plane just came over. It stopped right in front of us, so there’s no way for us to take off?” explained the pilot. Chrono squinted to take a closer look.

Suddenly, his face drained of all color.

“That... That’s the Lindberg family’s private jet!”

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1998**

“What?” the pilot asked in bewilderment.

“Circumvent it and take off from the adjacent runway. Hurry!” Chrono barked out the order swiftly.

“Huh?” The pilot was dumbfounded.

“That’s impossible.”

“Why? Just do it!”

Chrono pressed the pistol against his head.

The pilot could only do what he was told, but as he was about to switch runways, the silver private jet glided in their direction, threatening to crash into them.

The plane couldn't be steered away in time, and the expression on the pilot's face resembled a deer caught in headlights.

Chrono knew he was no match for Danrique and immediately pivoted on his heels to hold Francesca hostage.

Meanwhile, the chief steward had opened the door to release Francesca when Chrono was preoccupied. He wouldn't have any incentive to stay on the plane that way. However, as soon as the plane door opened, other passengers rushed out in a frenzy and blocked the exit.

Francesca couldn't make it out and was caught by Chrono.

“Get out of the way!” He fired a single shot at the crowd.

One passenger was hit and collapsed on the ground, fresh blood pouring from the gunshot wound.

The others screamed in terror, huddling in a corner and afraid to make one wrong move.

“Don't shoot!”

Francesca stopped him.

Chrono ignored her and forcefully hauled her off the plane to beat a hasty retreat. He was obstructed after a few feet by a human wall of the Lindberg family's bodyguards.

Without releasing Francesca, he turned around to escape in another direction but stopped in his tracks.

A line of men in black moved aside to allow Danrique, who was wearing a white shirt, to pass.

He carried no weapons except for Sam, which snaked around his arm like a burnished jade bracelet.

The snake straightened its upper body, its forked tongue continuously flicking and hissing while its reptilian eyes were pinned on Chrono menacingly.

“Sam!” Francesca shouted instinctively.

Danrique rolled his eyes.

I traveled thousands of miles to save you, and you only have eyes for Sam? It slithered around Danrique’s arm in excitement as if it had heard her call.

Francesca pulled her gaze from Sam to Danrique, and she was blown away.

Perhaps it was his tall stature or the warm rays of the morning sun washing over him, but he looked absolutely stunning. His gaze was stern and arrogant, as though he towered over all living things on earth.

“Danrique Lindberg?”

Panic shone in Chrono’s eyes, despite his usual calm and composed demeanor.

The higher-ups had repeatedly warned him not to provoke Danrique, but he ignored them and remarked that Danrique was merely fooling around with Francesca.

How could an egomaniac have real feelings for someone else? Now he finally realized that he had messed with the wrong person.

“This is between her and me. It’s none of your business!” Chrono stood his ground.

“You and her?”

Danrique narrowed his eyes ominously.

“Don’t you know she’s my chick?”

Chrono shot a glance at Francesca before his gaze darted back to Danrique, suspicion flashing behind his eyes.

“Do you have a death wish?”

Danrique’s brows gathered in a frown, a murderous aura emanating from him.

“I wouldn’t mind taking you down with me!”

Chrono’s Chanaean was limited, so he switched to Jetroinian and held up a makeshift bomb, ready to face death unflinchingly. He wasn’t afraid to die.

The only thing he feared was dying while Francesca lived.

He let out a series of menacing chuckles.

"I'm taking you to meet Candice now!"

"She's in heaven. You're going to hell"

Francesca shouted coldly with a frown.

"No matter what happens, I'll drag you down with me," he declared, "those orphans will be buried with you too"

Francesca's face fell at his words, and she asked in a panic, "Where are the bombs in the orphanage-"

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1999**

Before she could finish, Chrono yanked on the safety clip of the bomb.

Sam vaulted from Danrique's arm and sank its fangs into Chrono's hand.

There was a sharp pain, and Chrono loosened his fingers, dropping the bomb before Danrique kicked it away from them.

A loud bang resounded, and the bomb detonated without injuring anyone.

However, the explosion rattled Francesca, and it felt like a blade of agony was splitting her head.

Blood started to trickle out of her ears.

Chrono moved to seize her again, but Danrique clamped his hand around Chrono's neck in a chokehold, snarling, "How dare you touch a hair on her? I'll send you straight to hell myself!"

Chrono could only groan, and his eyes nearly rolled back in his head.

Noticing that Danrique was almost choking the life out of him, Francesca remembered the bomb in the orphanage and immediately stopped Danrique.

"Stop it!"

Danrique released Chrono, who slumped to the ground.

Sam wound itself around his neck and gave him another vicious bite. A shrill scream pierced the air as he fumbled wildly to rip Sam away.

"Tell me where the bomb is in the orphanage," Francesca demanded.

Chrono drew out a small pistol and took aim at her head.

“Careful!”

Danrique jerked her aside, and the bullet struck him in the arm, blood splattering everywhere.

Sean and his men moved to grab Chrono, but he swung the pistol to aim at them, causing them to recoil instinctively. He seized the window of opportunity and fled.

Sean and his men were hot on his heels, with the police not far behind them.

Danrique immediately led Francesca into a car and left the scene.

Her headache had sharpened to an unbearable degree in the car, but she clutched his sleeve and urged anxiously, “You have to find Chrono and the bomb in the orphanage...”

Immediately, Danrique gave Ben instructions to comb the place.

At that moment, he realized that she did have a weak spot too.

Gordon called with an update that Dr. Felch had arrived at the notable Kindness Hospital in H City.

Everything was in order and he would be ready to perform the surgery after taking a short rest.

Danrique immediately turned the car around and drove to Kindness Hospital.

When they were a few minutes away from the hospital, Sean reported his findings at the orphanage, “Ms. Felch founded hundreds of orphanages and contributed to the Lovely Care Foundation. Three of her S Nation orphanages were blown up, most likely by Chrono”

Danrique was taken aback. He always thought Francesca was a mere doctor and that her avarice was a woman’s nature.

Now he knew she had done it for the orphanages.

Those orphans were her Achilles’ heel.

“I’m still investigating the feud between Chrono and Ms. Felch. The S Nation police have located the bomb hidden in the orphanage with the help of two supervisors half an hour ago.” Sean sighed.

“So Ms.Felch was in danger because of those kids.”

“At least she’s fine now.”

Danrique’s gaze softened as he looked down at Francesca in his arms.

“Get in contact with S Nation and have them keep an eye on the orphanages.Send a few of our more savvy men to surreptitiously stand guard.”

“Yes, sir”

Sean was about to leave when he thought of something and added, “Right, Mr.Lindberg, remember how I mentioned that Ms.Felch seems to have a history with Dr.Felch? She seems particularly disinclined to Dr.Felch discovering her identity.”

“Got it.”

Danrique ordered Sloan, “Get me Gordon”

“Yes, sir”

Danrique carried Francesca into the operating theater, where Helen did a cursory examination and cleaned her wounds.He observed from the doorway with a frown knitting his brows when Gordon rushed over.

“Mr.Lindberg”

“Where’s Dr.Felch?” Danrique asked.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 2000**

“Still resting” Gordon answered quietly.

“He said he only closes up surgeries and leaves the rest to others.Thus, I contacted Dr.Wright to be on standby.A female doctor would be more appropriate to tend to Ms.Felch.”

“Good.” Danrique nodded.

“Cece does not want her face to be seen by anyone.Relay the instruction to Helen.”

“Huh?”

Gordon was stunned for a moment but quickly recovered and nodded hastily.

“Yes, sir.”



Gordon informed Helen, and despite her confusion, she did as told.

After all, she had accepted a handsome amount of money from them. She asked Gordon and Danrique to leave the room when the surgery was about to begin, but Danrique was unwilling to leave.

Hence, he had someone put up a screen and sat behind it.

Soon, the room was cleared, leaving Gordon and two female bodyguards standing behind Danrique, awaiting orders.

Helen prepped everything, and an elderly man with white hair entered the room slowly with the help of a young man.

Danrique caught a fleeting glimpse of the elderly through the carved screen.

Despite his advanced years, he was sprightly and dressed in traditional garb, exuding a saintly air.

His appearance resembled that of the quack traditional medicine doctor Danrique had hired in Summerbank, casting doubt on whether he was a charlatan incapable of performing surgery.

Helen too had similar doubts. She stilled after noticing Dr. Felch and questioned in Ustranasion, "Doctor, this is an extremely complex surgery. Even I'm not confident in my skills. Are you certain that you can pull it off?"

Another female doctor translated her question and regarded Dr. Felch with a skeptical look.

Dr. Felch took no offense and replied lightly, "I'm not entirely certain. I have declined to perform this surgery, but you pressured me to do it"

"Uh..."

The female doctor was aghast.

Helen pressed the female doctor to translate what he said, and a look of shock came across her face.

"Goodness, are you kidding? This is a person's life on the line, not to mention Ms. Felch is Mr. Lindberg's fiancée"

The female doctor was about to translate for Helen when Dr. Felch interrupted, "What did you call her? Ms. Felch?"

Dr.Felch's command of Ustranasion wasn't fluent, but he had treated a few foreign patients and understood simple words.He had clearly heard Helen addressing the patient as Ms.Felch.

The female doctor interpreted Dr.Felch's question to Helen.

"Ah, about that-"

Helen was about to answer when she suddenly remembered Gordon telling her not to let anyone know Francesca's name and face, so she backtracked.

"We're running out of time.Let's perform the surgery first."

She paused before continuing, "Are you sure, Dr.Felch? If this surgery fails, the consequence will be dire"

"Dr.Felch, Dr.Wright said-"

"We have to try.I haven't performed surgery in years."

Before the female doctor could finish, Dr.Felch put on his reading glasses, rolled up his sleeves, snapped on a pair of gloves, and lifted a scalpel to commence the surgery.

Helen saw Dr.Felch needing reading glasses for surgery and dissolved into hysterics, repeating, "Oh, my God.Oh, my God."

The female doctor hurried to the screen to consult Danrique's opinion.A frown marred his forehead, and his expression was troubled as he had reservations about Dr.Felch's skills.

"Ms.Felch mentioned that only Dr.Felch could treat her illness.We shouldn't be too concerned."

Gordon opened a text on his phone and showed it to Danrique.

Francesca had indeed sent it to Gordon, and the timestamp indicated that it was delivered last night.

That meant she had sent the text before Chrono abducted her.

Danrique said, "I trust Dr.Felch.Give him all reins over the surgery."

"Yes, sir."