

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## Chapter 1755

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1755 Ran Into His Embrace

Francesca pulled her cap lower and calmly walked past the bodyguards, who did not spare her a glance as they had all their attention on the beautiful women in the crowd.

As soon as she waltzed out of the mall, she saw a silver Pagani right in front.

Inside the car was none other than the man in white whom she had threatened earlier.

With the windows wound halfway down, all that was within her vision was the man's darkened yet charming gaze and a bone-chilling glint in his amber pupils.

In that instance, it felt like every molecule in the air had frozen on the spot.

Francesca pursed her lips, and as she walked off, the corners lifted into a scornful smirk.

I bet that guy must be so mad!

Inside the car, Danrique was fiddling with the crescent-shaped dagger between his fingers as he narrowed his eyes while carefully recounting the face he had seen earlier.

Have I seen her somewhere before? But where exactly? Why can't I seem to recall anything?

Successfully avoiding being tracked down, Francesca hopped into a taxi and was about to leave when she felt a sharp pain in the back of her head.

A wave of dizziness followed thereupon that she quickly held onto her head.

Pieces of memory regarding an explosion flashed across her mind once again. She vividly recalled how she had lost her consciousness after something crashed onto her from the back.

At that instance, she had a sudden revelation that she must have lost her memory because of the injury.

"Where are you heading?" the driver asked in Ustranasion.

"The hospital."

After arriving at the hospital, it took her some effort before she could find a surgeon.

Francesca illustrated her issue in Ustranasion, and the doctor told her to go for an X-ray before they proceed with a diagnosis.

Reckoned that it was too much of a trouble, she grabbed the knife, gritted her teeth, and slit open her wound to retrieve the metal chip with forceps.

"Oh, my God!" The people present were scared witless by the gruesome sight before their eyes.

The surgeon and several nurses hurriedly stopped Francesca, snatched the tool from her hand, and got someone to call for the security.

Rendered speechless, Francesca freed herself from their grip, grabbed a bag of medical tools, and ran outside.

She had wanted to look for a quiet spot to stitch up her wound, but because the hospital's guard had followed behind her at full speed, she had no choice but to flee the scene.

Throughout this, she had a question running through her mind. Her instincts told her that she was naturally born with a flair for medicine.

It was so that she had a sense of familiarity and confidence that rose within her when she saw the medical equipment and tools. It almost felt like she was acting on her reflex while believing that she could solve the problem by herself.

She could even skillfully grab a scalpel to cut open the wound on the back of her head and use forceps to remove the metal piece stuck in it.

Unfortunately, the others had thought she was insane and even called the security guards to chase after her.

What a bunch of brainless fools...

Running out from the back of the hospital, Francesca was ready to jump into a taxi when a beam of silver lights shone in her direction.

Following that, several black jeeps rushed toward her like freed horses.

Shocked, Francesca hastily backed away.

Upon a closer look, she realized that the silver glare was coming from that same Pagani she had seen earlier.

The black jeeps surrounded the silver Pagani, and in no time, a fierce gun battle ensued between the two parties.

Nonetheless, Francesca could not be bothered about it, as all she was concerned about was running for her life.

Just as she took a detour in an attempt to get herself out of the situation, the silver Pagani sped toward her like a gust of wind.

As the car hood thrust Francesca into the air, all she could feel was an intense collision against her. In the next second, her whole body crashed through the windscreen and landed right inside the car.

Appearing within her line of sight was that man in white from earlier, staring at her icily. Then, her vision faded, and she fell unconscious.

Danrique pushed Francesca away from his embrace and yanked the steering wheel to swerve the car endlessly.

The Pagani made a skillful drift, leaped off the ground, rolled over the roof of a jeep, and flew into the air.

A split second later, it landed back on the ground steadily, and with a speedy swerve, it disappeared from the scene.

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## Chapter 1756

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1756 An Apology And Compensation

Ouch... It hurts... It hurts so much...

Francesca felt her head throbbing in pain and her body so sore as if it would crumble at the slightest bit.

A conversation in hushed voices rang in her ears.

Even though she could not make out what the voices were talking about, her strong consciousness forced her to stay awake.

Gradually opening her eyes, Francesca realized she was lying in a room painted in a cool color theme. Beside her bed stood a medical staff, who asked in Ustranasian upon seeing her regaining consciousness, "You're finally awake. How are you feeling?"

"Where am I?" Francesca tried to sit up but found that she barely had any strength to move. She was experiencing a splitting headache and excruciating pain throughout her whole body.

"This is the Lindberg residence," the nurse answered. "Do you remember what happened?"

Hearing the nurse's question, Francesca began racking her brain to recall the series of events from earlier.

I escaped from the hospital, ran into a gun battle outside, and a silver Pagani came crashing toward me. I lost my footing and fell straight into the car... The person inside was the man in white...

That was all that she could remember before she had subsequently fallen unconscious.

"You jumped into Mr. Lindberg's car, so he brought you home." The nurse played down her explanation. "Dr. Henderson has treated your wound. All you have to do now is to get some rest to recuperate."

"What do you mean by jumping into his car?" Francesca snapped in frustration, her brows scrunched. "He was the one who hit me with his car as I was walking out of the hospital! He bumped me with the car hood, and I fell into his car because I lost my balance. He's the one who's at fault here!"

"Um..." The nurse was beyond stunned at how Francesca dared to make those remarks.

"Where's the perpetrator? Ask him over; we need to have a proper discussion about compensation matters." Despite her weakened state, Francesca was unyielding.

"Do you have any idea who Mr. Lindberg is?"

"I don't care who he is." Francesca was fuming with rage. "No matter who he is, he has to apologize and compensate for hurting me!"

"Um..." The nurse was dumbfounded.

Right then, Danrique happened to overhear the conversation as he was passing by the room. He stopped in his tracks and strode in.

The room was dimly lit and was made apparent by the stark contrast of the brightly lit corridors outside.

The man stood at the door, and under the contrasting rays, he resembled an angel from hell—a paradoxical representation of both good and evil.

Lifting her gaze to look at the man, Francesca was dazzled for a split second.

There was an inexplicable sense of familiarity when she first saw him at Casino Inferno, and it was made more intense at this point.

I'm sure I've seen him somewhere... But where is it?

Nothing came up her mind nonetheless.

"You're quite full of yourself, huh?" Danrique stood by the door as he threw her a cold glare.

He looked like a ferocious beast—indifferent and arrogant on the outside, yet carved deep within his bones was a grim and murderous vibe.

"Aren't you suppose to show some regret for causing injury to a mere innocent passerby like me?"

Francesca showed no weakness and looked straight into his eyes. Yet, that did not last for too long.

Crap. Will he recognize that I'm the one who made a fool out of him at Casino Inferno? If he does, then not only will he not compensate and apologize, but he might even settle scores with me.

Danrique only stared grimly at her and turned to leave without uttering a single word.

As he walked out of the room, he turned to his subordinate beside him and left him an order.

"Hey..." Francesca wanted to stop him, but the subordinate approached and tore a blank check before passing it to her. "Here, decide how much compensation is sufficient and fill it in yourself."

"Uh..." She hurriedly accepted the check from him. "What's the maximum limit?"

"Ten million." Sean lifted the corners of his lips slightly.

"Hehe..." Francesca was delighted to hear those words. "It's good to see that you guys are steady and straightforward!"

"Since your injuries are quite serious, have some good rest here first," Sean reminded. "I'll transfer you to the best hospital in Summerbank later to see if you're still curable."

Francesca was taken aback. "What do you mean by that?"