

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1781

Chapter 1781 Teasing Him

"Mr. Lindberg, what about you?" Sloan grew anxious. "The Mafia has sent all of its members to capture you. Despite how powerful you are, you—"

When Sloan saw the icy glare Danrique shot at him, he bit his tongue as his face turned pale.

'Why don't we let Sloan lead Dr. Felch away? He has a GPS tracker too. Once he leaves this hill, Gordon will be able to locate them.'

"Stop wasting time. The three of you should leave right now!" Danrique urged impatiently.

"Mr. Lindberg..."

Just when he wanted to persuade Danrique further, Sean swallowed his words when he saw the resolute look in Danrique's eyes. Not daring to say another word, he gave Francesca a pleading look.

"Both of you should go. I'll stay back with him." Francesca patted her chest and declared, "Don't worry. With me around, nothing will happen to him."

Danrique rolled his eyes at her. She's talking as if she's the one protecting me.

Whatever it was, Sean felt relieved that Francesca volunteered to stay behind. With that, he and Sloan continued their journey forward.

Not in a hurry to take action, Danrique leaped agilely onto a tree. On it, he leaned against its trunk and closed his eyes to rest.

"Hey, are you abandoning me?" Francesca felt indignant. "That's so unchivalrous of you."

Danrique ignored her.

Mimicking Danrique, Francesca took a few steps back and tried to jump up the tree. Unfortunately, she failed to do so due to how clumsy she was.

In the end, she climbed up the tree like a monkey instead. After settling on the branch next to him, she held her chin with her hand and observed him curiously.

Even under dire circumstances, Danrique could maintain his elegant demeanor. As the moonlight shone on his face, the gentle hue that illuminated his features made him look like an angel walking amongst men. It was truly a sight to behold.

How can such a handsome man exist in this world?

Francesca felt as if she would never feel tired of staring at him.

"What are you looking at?" Danrique asked in an icy tone as he knitted his brows at her.

"How did you know I was looking at you when your eyes were obviously closed?" Francesca waved her hand in front of his eyes.

Grabbing her hand suddenly, Danrique gave her a piercing stare and warned, "Didn't I tell you before that other than making money, you had better not have any other funny ideas?"

"Wha..." Just when Francesca wanted to rebut him, she suddenly felt as if teasing him would be a lot of fun. Hence, he changed her tact. "Do you know that it's impossible not to have any dirty thoughts considering how handsome you are?"

Stumped, Danrique gave her a curious look as if he weren't sure of what he had just heard.

Is she teasing me?

"Furthermore, I have noticed that not only are you good-looking, but you also have a kind heart."

At the sight of how dumbstruck he looked, Francesca's cheekiness grew. She reached out her hand to lift his chin. "Isn't it a shame to miss out on such a perfect man like you?"

"that's shameless of you!"

Danrique slapped her hand away in annoyance. Coincidentally, he revealed the necklace with a black cross that he was wearing around his neck.

The moment Francesca caught a glimpse of it, she wiped the cheeky look off her face and gradually leaned in. "What's this? Ah..."

Before she could finish, Danrique had pushed her down.

After falling down from the tree, she crashed into some bushes and shocked the birds that were sleeping within them.

"You b*stard, why did you push me?"

Holding onto her hips, Francesca felt an excruciating pain emanate throughout her body.

With his face filled with contempt, Danrique even felt that he had been humiliated.

Can it be that I was sending her the wrong signals? This audacious lady thinks she can have her way with me. Not only did she tease me but also touched me with her hand, damn it.

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chapter 1782

Just when Francesca wanted to climb back up the tree, she suddenly heard a sound from afar.

Holding her breath, she pricked her ears to listen to the footsteps in the distance.

As the main troop was getting close, she could tell from the sound they made that there were a lot of them.

Hence, Danrique jumped down from the tree and ran in a different direction with Francesca in tow.

She was cognizant that he was doing so to distract the enemy from catching up with Sean and Sloan.

Meanwhile, Danrique ran so fast that he looked like a cheetah darting through the forest.

Even though Francesca was inherently agile, she felt she was a weakling when compared to him.

Soon, she just couldn't run anymore. Flinging his hand aside, she bent down and panted heavily to catch her breath.

"We have to go!" Danrique urged with a frown.

"I can't run anymore. I just can't," Francesca replied breathlessly.

"You're such a pain."

When Danrique saw the approaching troops, he carried Francesca on his shoulders and continued running.

Despite being given a fright, Francesca didn't resist. After all, their enemies were close by and weren't short of bullets. If they didn't continue to flee, they would soon be dead.

Francesca could hear the wind blow past her ears when he picked up his pace.

Despite carrying a full-grown adult on his back, Danrique didn't seem to be out of breath at all.

It was a testament to his amazing speed and stamina.

However, after running for a certain distance, he came to a stop. He was worried that their enemies didn't notice him and continued to pursue Sean instead.

"Put me down."

When Francesca struggled for a while, Danrique threw her onto the ground.

"Ouch!" Francesca yelled in agony. The moment she got back to her feet, she thundered,
"B*stard—"

Before she could finish, Danrique covered her mouth.

Narrowing his gaze, he stared intently at the direction they had come from. He then looked at his feet to feel the tremors in the ground.

The pursuers are here and are getting closer.

"Get up the tree."

Danrique took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. Drawing his gun, he prepared for battle.

"Can you fend them off alone?"

Francesca couldn't help but worry, for she surmised their enemies numbered in the hundreds.

It was impossible for him to take them all out regardless of how good he was.

"Stop wasting time." Danrique was already annoyed.

Without another word, Francesca climbed up the tree and hid amongst its thick foliage.

Since she was dressed in black, it was extremely difficult for anyone to notice her presence in the darkness.

As a result, she was relatively safe in her hiding spot.

Unfortunately, it was extremely dangerous for Danrique who was ready to make a stand below.

Why doesn't he hide or even run?

In the beginning, Francesca didn't get it at all. Nevertheless, the answer quickly dawned upon her. If they continued to flee, the enemy would maintain pursuit. However, with her as a burden, they could only get so far before their pursuers caught up.

In fact, if their enemies didn't find him, they might end up splitting up to search for Sean instead.

Since a battle couldn't be avoided, Danrique might as well face it early on.

At that instant, Francesca could feel that beneath his heartless expression was a heart of gold.

When it came down to it, he would shoulder the burden of protecting those by his side. Even for his subordinates, he wouldn't let them sacrifice themselves unnecessarily. In fact, he actually bothered to protect me, a doctor he had met by chance.

While she was lost in her thoughts, the footsteps from afar began to gradually approach.

With no intention to hide, Danrique stood there waiting for the enemy. As the moonlight shone through the gaps of the leaves, they illuminated his face with a gentle light, making him look like a god who had descended from the heavens.

Frowning at him, Francesca couldn't bear to see him make such a sacrifice.

Just when she hesitated over whether she should fight by his side, a gunshot suddenly broke the silence of the night, disrupting the peace of the entire forest.