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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1821

Chapter 1821 How Dare You Touch Master Felch

The assassin pointed the gun at Francesca, warning sternly, "Tell that thing to get off right now or I'll kill you!"

"Put down your gun now," Francesca retaliated in an unhurried manner, raising her brow. "If not, your leader is going to die."

"You—"

"Ah!"

Before the assassin could speak, the green snake bit into Pastor's neck, causing the latter to scream in agony. In the blink of an eye, his face flushed.

The assassin put down his gun hurriedly, not daring to threaten Francesca anymore.

As for the other assassins, they were shocked and at a loss for what to do.

"If anything happens to me, none of you will be leaving here alive. Ah!" Pastor shouted.

He was quite incredible for being able to warn Francesca even while being in so much pain.

Thinking Francesca was one of Danrique's subordinates, Edward quickly advised, "Mr. Lindberg, we can talk this out—"

"She's not one of my men. I can't control her." Danrique shrugged, looking as though there was nothing he could do.

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"All the people out there are Pastor's men." Edward panicked, and he persuaded, "If something happens to him, we're all going to suffer."

Francesca frowned. Just as she was about to speak, Danrique suddenly clapped. The windows opened and a group of bodyguards leaped in from the windows, aiming their guns at Pastor's assassin.

Everything happened in a flash. Before the assassins could come to their senses, they were already restrained.

At the same time, the door opened, and the other bodyguards of the Lindberg family rushed in. Meanwhile, all the assassins had crashed to the ground.

"You—" Pastor was shocked by the scene before him. "So, you were prepared."

"It's always best to be on one's guard," Danrique said plainly. "If you talk nicely, I'll do the same. Since you chose to take action, I can't just do nothing, can I?"

"Edward—" When Pastor was about to speak, he crashed onto the sofa in pain.

"Looks like I, the middleman, have become a joke." Edward smiled bitterly and said in a pleading tone, "Now that things have come to this point, I just hope you guys don't slaughter each other in my territory for my sake."

"Mr. Lindberg..." William reminded softly. "We're still at Summerbank..."

His words were very suggestive, but only several important people understood them. What he was trying to say was that Pastor was not alone; he had other hidden forces that were backing him.

Those forces had great authority in M Nation. If they were to kill Pastor there that day, it might be difficult for them to leave Summerbank.

"Edward, I'm sure you've witnessed Pastor's attitude," Danrique said calmly. "He was the one who disrespected us first. I was just trying to protect myself. So, this result is what he brought upon himself."

"Yes, I agree," Edward nodded.

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"Since this negotiation is unsuccessful, then we shall do things based on our abilities in the future. May the winner take it all. That's all, then." Danrique got to his feet and got ready to leave.

"Wait." Edward quickly stood up. Pointing at the tiny green snake on Pastor's neck, he said, "That thing..."

"Francesca!" William shot her a look, frowning.

"Sam!" Francesca called out as she extended her arm. The snake slithered onto the carpet, crawled up Francesca's body, and curled itself around her arm like an emerald bracelet.

"Pastor!"

Several assassins quickly went forward to help him up, while the others pointed their guns at Francesca.

Immediately, the Lindberg family's bodyguards aimed their guns at them. "Don't you dare touch Master Felch!"

"Master Felch is one of us. How dare you offend her?" Sloan added.

At that moment, Francesca had a powerful status in the hearts of the Lindberg family's bodyguards.

They would not hesitate to protect her without needing to wait for Danrique's instructions.

"I hate people who overestimate their abilities the most." Francesca threw Pastor's words back at him. "Remember this. Don't you ever underestimate anyone."

With that, she turned around and left.

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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1822

Chapter 1822 You Are Francesco

They got into the vehicle to leave the manor.

Naturally, Francesca got into Danrique's car. Behind her, William called out, "D-Dr. Felch..."

Francesca turned at her shoulder. "Mm?"

"I..." William parted his lips before changing his mind. "Take care!"

"I need some time to figure out the treatment plan for your leg. I'll contact you when it's ready," Francesca explained. After flashing him one last grin, she entered the car.

William looked away reluctantly before realizing Danrique was glaring at him. He immediately said, "Danrique, goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" Danrique replied icily before wounding the window up.

The convoy drove away slowly.

Sean glanced at William's convoy through the rearview mirror and said solemnly, "Pastor didn't send anyone after us. To play it safe, I reminded Prince William to leave M Nation as soon as possible."

"Mm," Danrique grunted in reply. He seemed to be deep in thought.

"Mr. Lindberg, when are we leaving?" Sean asked carefully.

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"Find her." Danrique looked away.

"Yes."

Sean knew what Danrique's greatest regret was. He has been looking for the girl all over the years. Now that we finally get a clue, he won't give up easily.

"Who are you talking about?" Francesca asked curiously. "Francesco?"

She thought Danrique wanted to find Francesco.

"You're Francesco, right?"

Suddenly, Danrique's gaze fell on her. A riot of emotions glinted in his eyes.

Francesca jolted in fright. It took her a few seconds to find her voice. "Who told you that?"

"Looks like I got it right." Danrique arched a brow. "You hid yourself well!"

"Dr. Felch is the legendary Francesco?" Sean could barely hide his shock. "No wonder Robin kept asking about you after your first meeting. I asked about Francesco, but he refused to divulge anything. Prince William paid a lot of attention to you, too. I thought he liked you, but now I realized that's because you're Francesco!"

"That was how you guessed it?" Francesca asked with her brows raised.

"A while ago, William called you 'Francesca' twice," Danrique added. "It was just a guess, but your reaction proved that I am right."

"I didn't mean to keep it a secret from you. I don't remember anything," Francesca revealed honestly. "Prince William recognized me and told me about my past. That was how I found out I was Francesco."

"Oh, we've been searching for you high and low, but turns out you were with us!" Sean was delighted. "There's hope for Mr. Lindberg!"

"You don't trust my medical skills, right?" Francesca retorted icily. "Didn't you kick me out?"

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"Oh, that was a misunderstanding," Sean hastily explained. "I was a fool."

"Forget about it. Let's stop talking about the past." Francesca gave a dismissive wave. "We should discuss the medical fee. Now that my identity is different, shouldn't you pay me extra?"

"Well, about that..." Sean cast Danrique an awkward look.

"You asked for a hundred million in M Nation's currency. Wasn't that enough?" Danrique's brows snapped together. "Don't be too greedy."

"If I didn't save you today, you'd be—"

"I was fully prepared even if you didn't take action," Danrique interjected calmly. "I wanted to ask you a question, though. Why is my little green snake with you?"

"I found it hiding in your luggage," Francesca revealed smugly. "After playing with it for a while, it slithered into my pocket obediently."

"The snake is extremely venomous. You aren't afraid of it?" Sean got curious. "Besides, why did it listen to you obediently?"

"I was born with the ability to tame animals," Francesca replied proudly.

She lifted her arm, and the snake curled around her wrist.