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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1907

Chapter 1906 Finally Escaped

"What is it?" she responded.

"N-Nothing! Just making sure you're okay, that's all!" Sloan replied cautiously.

"I'm fine! There's just a little problem with the examination, so it's taking a bit longer than usual. Stop rushing me!" Francesca came up with an excuse on the fly to stall for more time.

"Got it!" Sloan didn't think much about it.

"Men aren't allowed in here, so go wait outside!" Francesca added.

"All right."

As Sloan walked down the corridor, Francesca vaulted out the window of the seventh floor and began climbing down the pipe.

Sloan had barely taken a few steps when he too, felt something was amiss.

Hold on... I only heard Ms. Cece's voice in there. I didn't hear any of the nurses or doctors at all! We may have been trying to keep a low profile, but the medical staff are still aware of our background and fear us deeply. Under normal circumstances, they would definitely have said something when I checked on her earlier! Something is definitely wrong here!

With that in mind, Sloan returned to the examination room and knocked on the door again.

"Ms. Cece?"

This time, there was no response at all.

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"Ms. Cece? Ms. Cece!" he called out to her two more times, but there was still no response.

Feeling anxious, Sloan wanted to push the door open to have a look. However, the thought of potentially walking in on an inappropriate moment and angering Francesca stopped him from doing so.

After a brief moment of hesitation, he ran into the empty room next to it and looked out the window.

His eyes went wide in horror when he saw Francesca reaching the bottom of the pipe outside.

Francesca happened to look in his direction when he was about to call out to her, and the two of them maintained eye contact for a few seconds.

Before he could even react, she made a shushing motion at him and quickly hailed herself a cab.

Sloan was so shocked that he simply stood there and watched the cab speed off into the distance. It took him quite a while to regain his composure, and he began to panic as the realization hit him.

His mission was to serve Danrique with unconditional loyalty, and yet he instinctively chose to betray him by helping Francesca.

While he couldn't understand why Francesca wanted to escape, he knew she must've had her reasons for doing so.

As such, he wanted to help her out regardless of what her reasons were.

Even so, he still felt a strong sense of guilt and fear from betraying his employer.

"Sloan? What are you doing here?" Mylo's voice could be heard coming from behind.

Sloan panicked a little when he heard Mylo's voice coming from behind, but he was able to quickly calm himself down before turning around. "I was just trying to make sure that everything is okay in the examination room next door," he replied calmly.

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“You knocked on the door, right? Was there no response?” Mylo pressed on.

“I did. Ms. Cece said the examination is still ongoing, and that it would take a bit more time. She also told us to stop rushing her and wait outside,” Sloan answered honestly.

Mylo let out a sigh of relief upon hearing that. “Oh, okay... I’m just glad everything is all right.”

“I decided to check on the room from over here because I was still a little worried, but I didn’t find anything wrong either,” Sloan added while closing the window.

He even made sure to glance at the road and saw that the cab was far away before turning around.

“All right, then. Let’s hurry up and wait outside. Mr. Lindberg will be arriving soon,” Mylo reminded him.

“Okay.” Sloan nodded and left the room with him.

Meanwhile, the cab that Francesca took had left the streets near the hospital and was headed straight for the airport.

Suddenly, she spotted a convoy of fancy cars headed in their direction on the opposite lane, and the one in front was none other than Danrique’s car.

In her state of panic, Francesca quickly hid herself in the back seat for fear of being seen.

Her heart was racing as the cab passed right by the convoy.

It wasn’t until she glanced in the rearview mirror and saw the convoy get farther away that she breathed a sigh of relief.

Phew! I’ve finally managed to escape!

Meanwhile, inside a silver Rolls-Royce, Sean gave Mylo a call and said, “There might be an ambush, so be careful! Do everything you can to ensure Ms. Cece’s safety! Don’t let your guard down even for a second!”

“Understood!”

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Chapter 1907 The Bleeding Would Not Stop

After hanging up the phone, Sean turned toward Danrique and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Lindberg. There are so many of us with Ms. Cece, so I'm sure she'll be fine. Besides, we're almost at the hospital."

"Those old b*stards... How dare they object to my marriage! They have no say over my personal affairs!" Danrique muttered with a gloomy expression.

"We didn't take this into consideration due to our lack of experience, but Old Lady Lindberg objected too when the Nacht family's only son courted Ms. Isabella back then. The fact that Ms. Isabella ended up marrying an ordinary guy goes to show that the Lindberg family doesn't believe in marriages of convenience. As such, they expect mutual consent in your marriage as well. The shareholders, on the other hand, believe that your marriage will have a direct impact on the future of Lindberg Corporation. That's why they want you to either pick one of the daughters from the three prominent families, or marry someone with a political background. The bottom line is, they expect you to marry a woman with an impressive family background instead of some ordinary civilian."

"So what if she's an ordinary civilian? I don't need to rely on my woman financially, so why should her family background even matter?" Danrique protested angrily.

"Her family background is one thing, but her mysterious origin is quite another. M Nation has set its sights on us now, so they're worried that Ms. Cece might be a spy sent to gather information on us. Honestly, I'd say their concerns are quite justified," Sean explained cautiously.

"Utterly ridiculous! How is that even possible?" Danrique didn't even know what else to say anymore.

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"I don't think it's possible either, but it is true that we haven't been able to find any information on Ms. Cece's identity..."

Sean stopped himself mid-sentence and continued after a brief pause, "Given how powerful the Lindberg family is, there is no secret that we cannot uncover. And yet, Ms. Cece is a complete mystery to us."

"There's nothing wrong with her. I don't care what others say about her, okay? I will be the one to decide who I marry," Danrique replied.

"Yes, Sir." Sean lowered his head and kept quiet after that.

"Have more men stationed around Cece. I fear they may try to harm her, especially that b*stard Harrier. He has always wanted to get some dirt on me, but never succeeded in doing so. There's no way he'd just sit by idly now that a golden opportunity has presented itself!" Danrique ordered.

"Understood!" Sean nodded. "The hospital is just up ahead. We'll be able to see Ms. Cece soon."

Meanwhile, Francesca had just arrived at the airport. She quickly got off the cab and began rushing toward the check-in counter.

As it turned out, she had already purchased the air tickets via her mobile phone along the way. Her plan was to lay low in Erihal for a few days and return to the country as soon as her visa was approved.

However, she was stopped by a group of men in black before she could even enter the airport.

Realizing that they didn't exactly have kind intentions, Francesca turned around and began running back to the cab.

The men in black immediately drew their guns and gave chase. After knocking a few of them out, she was about to hop in the cab and flee the area. However, the cab driver was so scared of getting into trouble that he floored the accelerator and sped off.

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Francesca tried to hail another passing cab, but the men jabbed a gun at her head and shoved her into the back seat of their car.

“What are you guys doing? Mmph...”

The next thing she knew, her mouth had been stuffed with a rag, and one of the men hit her on the back of the head with his gun.

Bam!

Blood splattered all over her Francesca’s face as she slumped weakly against the seat.

“She’s not dead, is she?” asked one of the men with a frown.

“Please, it’ll take much more than a little whack to kill her! Now, hurry up and stop the bleeding! Boss wants her alive!” replied the man leading the group.

“Yes, Sir!”

Francesca’s face and clothes had been stained red by her blood as she lay completely motionless in her seat.

One of the men in black tried applying pressure to her wound to prevent her from losing too much blood.

Little did they know, that blow to her head had landed right on her existing wound, and the bleeding wouldn’t stop.

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