

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1964

### Chapter 1964 Flames Of Passion

“I’m still in Xendale. Good to know you’re okay. I was worried sick.” Layla heaved a sigh of relief and said, “I saw a major explosion at the presidential palace, and later, some new military vehicles entered the area. There were even helicopters, and it looked like a war was going on. It was so scary.”

“It’s all settled now,” Francesca whispered, “Apparently, Danrique was already well-prepared.”

“He’s even calmer than I imagined.” Layla sighed. “When I saw the helicopters, I knew everything was within his control. Even if you don’t go back for him, he’ll be fine.”

“Right...” Francesca smiled bitterly. “I risk my life all the time, but I always end up doing that for nothing!”

“Well, you can’t put it that way.” Layla chuckled. “At least, you know what you want...”

“What I want?” Francesca was taken aback.

“You’ve fallen in love with him. Don’t you know that?” Layla sighed. “Francesca, you can’t ignore my prior advice to you. Do whatever you want. I just want you to be happy!”

Francesca was touched by Layla’s words.

“Francesca, you should head back to H City as soon as possible and look for your master to perform surgery on you. We can talk about other things later. You can’t put this matter off anymore, do you understand?” Layla advised solemnly.

“Understood.” Francesca nodded. “Right, there’s also Anthony. I’ll look for Gordon at once and make them release Anthony. Where should Anthony look for you?”

“Bliss Hotel!”

“Noted.”

After ending the call, Francesca looked for Gordon and told him to release Anthony.

Gordon did not even ask any questions. He merely ordered someone to take care of the matter.

On the contrary, Francesca was curious. “You didn’t even hesitate over this. Aren’t you worried that Danrique would berate you?”

“Before Mr. Lindberg went out, he had already told us to follow your orders,” Gordon answered with a grin, “That includes releasing your ex-boyfriend!”

“Pfft!” Francesca was not sure if she should laugh or cry at that remark. “Fine, release him immediately and send him to...”

“Bliss Hotel. I know,” Gordon interrupted.

“How did you know?” Francesca was puzzled. Are they also aware of Layla’s hiding place?

“Hehe...” Gordon chuckled sheepishly and lowered his head. “I’ll send him there personally. Don’t worry.”

Following that, he hurried away.

Francesca watched as Gordon left. Conflicting emotions welled up inside her. It seemed like Danrique had already known that Layla was her accomplice. Does this mean he's also aware of Anthony's identity? Has he discovered the truth about Lovely Care Foundation and the orphanage as well?

An anxious Francesca returned to her room while various thoughts raced across her mind.

She had to admit that she had a slight change of heart.

Initially, Francesca had firmly believed that she would never get married in this lifetime and never be tied down by someone else. She wanted to devote her life to fulfilling her personal missions.

Yet, she suddenly realized that she was reluctant to leave Danrique.

Francesca was used to his closeness and seeing him every morning.

When he was in danger, she would panic and feel anxious. Furthermore, she would risk her life to save him.

Layla's words made her reconsider her relationship with Danrique.

I think I've fallen in love with him for real...

As these thoughts crowded her mind, Francesca lay on the bed and drifted into sleep.

While she was sleeping, she sensed someone kissing her.

The tender kiss landed on her forehead and spread across her eyes, cheeks, lips, and neck. The kisses traveled down her body, and they felt warm.

Francesca knew from the familiar scent that Danrique was back.

He had seemed to consume some liquor that night. The strong smell of liquor drifted in the air as he breathed, carrying with it the flames of passion as if he was trying to ignite her.

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1965

### Chapter 1965 Righteous And Loyal

Francesca opened her heavy eyelids and saw Danrique. He was kissing her and unbuttoning his shirt. His enamored expression seemed charming yet terrifying.

Francesca pushed his shoulders away nervously. She was about to speak when he slid a hand under her dress.

“Ah!” Francesca shrieked, and her eyes went wide. Her entire body stiffened, and she tried pushing him away frantically. However, a series of warm, passionate kisses began to rain on her.

She was caught off guard!

At first, Francesca wanted to resist Danrique’s advances, but her body slumped under his weight like a puddle of water. There was simply no chance of fighting back.

The flames of passion burnt like wild fire...

Beads of sweat had formed on Danrique’s forehead, and the droplets landed on Francesca’s body.

Francesca shut her eyes nervously and bit her lip, refusing to look at him.

Danrique was about to take things further when a car’s alarm went off outside. Next, all of the cars’ alarms rang as if something had triggered them. The noise was deafening.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and shoved Danrique away frantically.

The unexpected commotion had spoiled Danrique's mood. He put on his pants and went to the window to have a look. Instantly, his expression sank.

He picked up his shirt and wore it as he walked outside.

When he opened the door, one of his subordinates came forward to report, "Mr. Lindberg, it's Anthony!"

"Where is he?" Danrique asked firmly.

"We've captured him," the subordinate replied with a lowered head.

"Bring him in." Danrique headed downstairs.

"Yes."

When Francesca overheard the conversation, she quickly got dressed and headed outside.

Anthony got beaten up again. He curled up like a helpless little rabbit and looked extremely pitiful.

Danrique's blood boiled at the sight of Anthony, and he was about to kick him when a panicky Francesca cried, "Stop it!"

Although Danrique was furious, he withheld his force and kicked Anthony to the ground.

Francesca ran forward and helped Anthony up anxiously. She was alarmed when she saw the blood on his face. "Anthony, why are you..."

She turned around and asked, "Who hit you?"

Mylo walked forward meekly. "I'm sorry, Dr. Felch. It was me!"

“Why did you hit him?” Francesca glared at Mylo angrily and turned to regard Gordon. “Didn’t you say that you would send him to Bliss Hotel personally?”

“It was like this, Ms. Felch,” Gordon explained hastily, “Two hours ago, I said I would take him away, but he refused to come with me. He told me his injuries were serious, and he would die along the way. Thus, he needed to see a doctor. I got a doctor to examine him and bring him inside the car, but he used the opportunity to escape. He hit the cars to create a disturbance...”

“Anthony,” Francesca asked him with a frown, “why didn’t you leave? What are you trying to do?”

“I’m not leaving you behind!” Anthony grabbed Francesca’s hand tightly. His gaze was steady and unwavering, even though he had been beaten up.

Anthony was touched by his own righteous and loyal expression.

It was as if Francesca was a captive, and he had rather die with her than leave her behind.

Francesca was at a total loss for words.

“Have you got a death wish?” Danrique stared at Anthony’s hand and bellowed, “I’ll grant you your wish!”

“Danrique...”

“Gordon!”

“Yes.”

“Cut off that bast\*rd’s hand!” Danrique pointed at the hand used to hold Francesca’s hand.

“Yes!”

Anthony went pale, but he stood in front of Francesca and cried, “Cut off my hand if you want to, but don’t touch her...”

“You come here!” Gordon dragged Anthony over and shoved him to the ground.

A few subordinates stepped on Anthony’s limbs to prevent him from moving. Gordon raised his blade and was about to lower it when Francesca roared, “Stop it! Back down at once!”



## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1966

### Chapter 1966 Poor Anthony

Nobody else dared to make a move. The subordinates turned their attention to Danrique.

Danrique's brows were locked in a tight frown. He was about to speak when Francesca glared at him furiously. "What? My words don't count, do they?"

Danrique was fuming with rage, but he clenched his teeth and nodded. "They do!"

"Release him!" Francesca yelled.

Gordon and the others retreated.

Anthony lay on the ground like an overturned tortoise and stared at Francesca blankly.

What happened? Why has Francesca seemed to become the master of this place?

"Get the medical kit," Francesca instructed Kerrie.

Kerrie looked at Danrique timidly.

Danrique did not answer. Sean made a gesture with his hand and Kerrie said hastily, "Yes." Then, she hurried to grab the medical kit.

Francesca tended to Anthony's wounds in Danrique's presence.

Her movements seemed rather intimate.

The flames of wrath were about to ooze from Danrique as he stared at Anthony intently.

Anthony glanced at him meekly and looked away once more. He was shuddering in fear.

Sweat trickled down his forehead continuously and blended with his blood.

“Why are you sweating so much?” Francesca wiped his sweat with a wet towel.

Danrique tightened his grip around his cup. Smash! It was then crushed into pieces.

Anthony was so frightened by the sound that he nearly passed out.

Francesca frowned and glared at Danrique. “Go back to your room.”

Danrique cocked his head and stared at her in disbelief. How dare she boss me around?

“I told you to go back to your room.” Francesca gave him a kick. “I’ll come over in a while.”

Her tone had softened when she uttered the last sentence.

Despite Danrique’s displeasure, he still did as he was told.

Before he left, he gave one last bone-chilling stare at Anthony, causing the latter to shiver in fright.

After tending to Anthony’s wounds, Francesca whispered, “All right, I’ll assign someone to take you to Bliss Hotel so that you can meet Layla. Be good, and don’t cause a ruckus again.”

“Aren’t you coming with me, Francesca?” Anthony held her hand, fearing that he would never see her again.

“I...” Francesca pondered over it and answered firmly, “I’m not leaving. Don’t you worry about me.”

“As for the medical treatment...”

“We’ll fly to H City tomorrow to take care of it,” Francesca interrupted him and said enigmatically, “Focus on your work, and don’t worry about anything else.”

What I really mean is that you take care of matters at the orphanage, and stop interfering with my business.

“Does this mean you want to be with him?” Anthony scanned his surroundings weakly when he uttered that.

Numerous pairs of eyes were on him communicating a nonverbal cue... If you dare to coax the lady of our house into leaving, we’ll skin you alive.

“Yeah.” Francesca nodded and spoke with a grin. “I’m the lady of the house now. Didn’t you realize this? They obey me.”

“Looks like it...”

Anthony did realize it. Aside from the subordinates, even the terrifying Danrique listened to her.

It looked like Francesca had scaled the ranks.

From the looks of it, she would not be taken advantage of, no matter where she went. After all, she had managed to tame Danrique!

“Go, then.” Francesca patted his shoulder and reminded Gordon, “Make sure he reaches the hotel safely. If anything happens to him, I’ll hold you responsible.”

“Yes, Ms. Felch,” Gordon replied with his head lowered. He respected Francesca just as much as he respected Danrique.

“You’ve got to protect yourself. If you’re bullied, or if you break up with him, do tell me about it...” Anthony spoke.

“Nobody dares to bully Ms. Felch. Let’s go.” Gordon grabbed Anthony and pushed him into the car. He feared Anthony would say something to anger Danrique.

Once Anthony was in the car, he put his head out of the window and cried,  
“Francesca, don’t forget to get the surgery done as soon as possible. Once it’s over, let me know...”

“You talk too much!” Gordon rolled his eyes. “No wonder you always get beaten up!”

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1967

### Chapter 1967 Poor Boss

Francesca stood at the doorway and watched as Gordon's car cruised away. At least, with Anthony gone, a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Norah had prepared supper, and she asked Francesca whether she would like to have it in her room or the dining room. Francesca felt discomfort in her stomach, so she thanked Norah before heading upstairs.

As soon as she entered her room and closed the door, a pair of strong arms wrapped around her from behind her back.

"Ah!" Francesca was startled. She was about to look back when Danrique kissed her from behind. He even pinned her against the wall to prevent her from resisting his advances.

"Mmm... Mmm..." Francesca could not move a muscle, so she let herself be ravaged by Danrique's kisses.

Like a dominant beast that would stop at nothing to capture its prey, he wanted to devour her that night. Francesca struggled for a while before she stopped moving. She snuggled limply in Danrique's arms and allowed him to do whatever he wanted with her.

Danrique imitated the moves he learned from adult films and lifted her dress. He was about to advance when he discovered something and stopped moving.

"What... What's this?" Danrique put Francesca down quickly and turned her over. "Are you hurt?"

"What?" Francesca stared at him blankly.

“Why is there blood on your butt?”

Danrique raised his hands. When he ran his hands over her earlier, he ended up touching blood.

“Uh...” Francesca blushed violently and ran to the bathroom.

“Cece, are you okay?” Danrique rushed forward to ask her, “Should I get a doctor?”

“No need!”

Francesca wished the earth would open up and swallow her. A moment ago, she had already felt unwell, and she wanted to examine herself when she entered her room. However, as soon as she had shut the door, Danrique hugged and smooched her.

He’s so clueless! He thinks I’m hurt.

In fact, Francesca was on her period.

“Cece, Cece...” Danrique was panic-stricken. “Are you all right?”

Bleeding from the butt is a major issue. Did she get shot when she saved me? Or is she injured? Whatever it is, she must see a doctor.

Francesca was annoyed by Danrique’s constant cries of concern. There was no sanitary pad inside the bathroom, so she had to open the door.

“How are you?” Danrique pulled her closer to examine her. “Have you been shot?”

“Of course not!” Francesca was amused by his reaction. “It’s just that time of the month...”

“What?”

Danrique had never interacted with women since his teenage years, so he did not understand women at all.

Nonetheless, he still had some common sense. He regained his composure after noticing Francesca's look of embarrassment. "Oh, I get it."

"Get Mdm. Norah over," Francesca cried, "Quickly!"

Danrique ordered a maid to summon Norah.

Norah brought two maids over, for she assumed they were required to make the bed. As they walked, she whispered, "That was fast, but it's no surprise as it's Mr. Lindberg's first time. He's inexperienced, after all. Don't make any remarks about him, you hear me?"

"Yes," the two maids replied cautiously.

The three women entered the bedroom and were about to make the bed when they realized how clean and tidy it was.

"She's in the bathroom," Danrique muttered before heading out.

Norah was shocked. "Oh, dear. Did Mr. Lindberg hurt Ms. Cece because he was too inexperienced and rough?"

She rushed into the bathroom and found Francesca sitting on the toilet bowl and staring into space. When she saw Norah, Francesca said, "Mdm. Norah, I'm on my period. Please get some sanitary pads for me!"

"Uh..." Norah and the two maids were stunned.

"Quick, quick! Get them ready!" Soon, Norah snapped back to her senses and urged the maids to get the items ready. "Also, tell the cooks to prepare something nourishing."

“Yes.”

After that, the maids hurried outside.

“Ms. Cece, I’ll run a bath for you. Take a hot bath, and the items will be ready once you’re done,” Norah said.

“Thank you, Mdm. Norah.”

After running the bath, Norah exited the bathroom and shook her head disappointedly. “Poor Mr. Lindberg. He hasn’t even lost his virginity yet...”



## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1968

### Chapter 1968 So Annoying

Francesca took another shower before she slipped herself into a set of clean and comfortable sleepwear. After she drank the warm soup Norah had prepared for her, she went on to nestle herself snugly into the bed, ready to turn in for the night. That was when the door crept open.

Good grief. Here he comes again!

“Don’t you already know that I’m on the rag?”

Sitting up swiftly, Francesca aimed a pillow at him.

The projectile was snatched out of the air. Placing it underneath his own head, Danrique then laid himself down next to her in the same fluid sequence. Following that, he reached out to reel her petite frame into his arms so that he may cradle her like a kitten.

“Leave me alone!”

Francesca struggled in exasperation as she feared he would be unable to keep his own primal urges in check.

“I just want to cuddle, that’s all,” whispered Danrique into her ears as he playfully pinched her behind with his huge mitt. “But no guarantees if you are going to keep up with your squirming like this.”

Upon hearing that, Francesca settled herself down and docilely submitted herself to his embracing.

“Does your abdomen hurt?”

Reaching his warm hand inside of her clothes, he gently massaged her belly in a way that felt oddly soothing for her.

“Not anymore.”

Francesca raised her dainty head to regard him. His well-defined features appeared especially charming when illuminated by the mellow light cast against the duskiess of the room. Those amber eyes of his sparkled gloriously even in the darkness.

A rising impulse to kiss him caused her to purse her lips.

“Francesca Felch!” Oblivious to her sentiments, he continued to hail her softly under his breath. “It’s a lovely name, but I still prefer to call you Cece!”

“How did I used to address you?”

Though unable to recall some of the subtleties from their past, she could still remember that they had indeed shared a delightful first love together.

Those fragments came back to her quite often, sans some of the details which had eluded her.

“You were so rude back then!” scoffed Danrique, rolling his eyes. “Calling me ‘hey you’ whenever you saw me.”

“Hahaha. Yeah. That does seem like something I’d say,” said Francesca with a laugh. “In that case, why did you call me Cece then?”

“Cause that’s what you said your name was when I asked!” replied Danrique, nudging her on the nose.

“That doesn’t...” Francesca narrowed her eyes in concentration. “Cece does sound familiar, but I don’t think that’s my name.”

“Enough of that.”

Unbothered by such trivialities, Danrique leaned in to suck on her tender lips.

“Mmph...”

Eyes widening in astonishment, Francesca resisted with both hands on his shoulders, petrified by the thought of what else he might do.

Danrique’s kiss only grew in intensity while his scintillating presence and fiery passion threatened to dissolve her.

In her anxiety, tension mounted throughout Francesca’s body, prompting her to pound hard upon his back with both fists.

His body, however, was tough as steel and impervious to the resistance she was putting up.

He finally relinquished his hold on her a while later with a final peck on the chin. “Relax. We’re just going to kiss, and nothing else...”

“But...” Sob.

Unable to resist his ardor, the strength all over her body had already deserted Francesca. She could only endure it silently with her eyes shut.

As those two hearts mirrored the purity of one another, the night was as pristine as water. Outside, florets of snow drifted down into the castle until the entire place was transformed into a picturesque whiteness.

Having been tormented for an undetermined amount of time, Francesca was being pushed to the brink until Danrique reluctantly let go of her. Then, he shot onto his feet and dashed into the bathroom.

Hugging the pillow in bewilderment, Francesca stared at the bathroom door. She had no idea what was going through his mind.

A while later, Danrique came back out exuding a chilliness, with beads of wetness about him not completely towel-dried.

“Did you just go in for a bath? Heavens. Was that a cold shower you took?”

Francesca could sense that he was frigid as an ice cube and got so upset with him that she pounded on his chest. “Aren’t you worried about catching a chill?”

“I’d have you to blame for that!” Danrique then pulled her in and buried her head into his own chest. “Let’s sleep!”

“You’re so annoying!”