

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1969

Chapter 1969 Jealousy

Unsure if it was because she had Danrique's arms around her, Francesca felt exceptionally secure and thus slept very well that night. Undisturbed by dreams, she rested all the way till she roused on her own at dawn.

Feeling completely invigorated, Francesca habitually stretched her back and let out a yawn. Then, she flipped her body around like an indolent little feline.

That was when she discovered the absence of the person next to her. When she opened her eyes, she realized that he was really gone, and as far as she could tell, the water in the bathroom was not running either.

"Danrique! Danrique Lindberg!" Francesca called. "Are you here, you rogue?"

That yielded no reply.

Okay. I suppose he must have gotten out of bed early.

She could sense that he had not managed to sleep well the night before. Although he hardly moved, his body felt stiff and tensed against hers, as though he was unable to relax.

Conversely, she had slept quite soundly herself; it was as though his presence had a hypnotic effect on her.

In a jolly fine mood, Francesca hopped out of bed to freshen up. At that moment, someone came knocking at her door. Norah's voice emanated from the other side. "May I come in, Ms. Cece?"

"Please enter!"

In the midst of brushing her teeth, Francesca's mouth was bubbling with froth.

Enter Norah at the lead of two maids to tidy the room and also to bring Francesca some ginger tea to warm her belly with.

"Please come downstairs after you have finished your drink, Ms. Cece. Mr. Lindberg is waiting to have breakfast together with you."

"Okay."

Getting her own attire in order, Francesca then went along with Norah.

Seated prim and proper inside the dining room, Danrique was helping himself to some breakfast. On the table was a generous spread of offerings in the Chanaean style, all of them Francesca's favorites.

"Good morning!"

With a pep in her step, Francesca bounded into the dining room and sat down to eat, almost childlike in her exuberance.

"Morning!" Danrique regarded her smilingly and with affection in his eyes.
"There's no rush. It's not a contest."

"This is so good. That one too..." Francesca stuffed her mouth and spoke while she ate. "Come to think of it; I think I haven't had anything to eat last night."

"Haha..." Danrique could not stifle a laugh. "That must have been hard on you!"

Rolling her eyes at him, Francesca resumed with her feasting.

Elegantly sipping away at his tea, Danrique looked rather pleased while he watched her eat, as though it was enjoyable for him to do so.

“Ms. Atkinson has requested an audience, Mr. Lindberg!” at that moment, a subordinate approached to report.

“Tell her that I’m busy right now.” Danrique took a glance at his watch. “Have her come back in the evening instead.”

“Understood.” Off the subordinate went to relay his message.

Come back in the evening...

Those words jugged against Francesca’s throat like fish bones, and she found them hard to swallow.

Having lost her appetite, she placed down her utensils, wiped clean the corner of her lips, and glared at Danrique.

“Huh? Are you done already?” Danrique’s brows perked at her.

“Planning to hook up with someone else while I’m away?” Francesca looked askance as she called him out. “You got it all worked out, haven’t you?”

“Umm...” Stunned at first, Danrique subsequently broke into a boisterous guffaw. “Is this jealousy I’m seeing from you?”

“Hmph!” Francesca shot him a look as she set herself upright and looked to storm off.

Danrique immediately reached out to grab ahold of her before he instructed his subordinate, “Tell her not to come over at night either, and send Sean over to inform her of my decision in the afternoon.”

“Understood.” The subordinate then promptly went out after her.

“Happy now?” said Danrique, looking gleefully at Francesca.

Sitting back down, Francesca then became self-conscious of her own overreaction. Considering that he would not have said what he did in front of her otherwise, it occurred to her that it might be more probable that Danrique had no interest in Hazel whatsoever.

Perhaps it might be work related?

The thought of that made her change her tone. “Actually, that was not what I meant. You’re just going to meet with her to talk business. I get that.”

“What business has she and I have to discuss?” said Danrique casually. “She’s in no position to talk business with me, to begin with.”

“Does that mean that it’s personal, then?” asked Francesca in displeasure.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1970

Chapter 1970 The Benefits Of Marrying Him

“I guess so,” Danrique answered casually. Francesca’s expression darkened again, her lips curled. “Try this...” Danrique placed a slice of angel food cake on her plate. “It’s made by the new chef.”

Francesca had lost her appetite. Just as she was about to speak, a subordinate reported again, “Mr. Lindberg, the private jet is ready.”

“Okay,” Danrique responded before turning to Francesca. “After you get to H City, be good and don’t go anywhere. Gordon will find Dr. Felch. By the time he finds the doctor, I should be done with the matters here and go there.”

“All right.” Francesca felt reluctant to be apart from him. “You should attend to the matters. Don’t worry about me. Actually, I—”

“Mr. Lindberg, you have a call from the president...”

Francesca was about to tell Danrique that she was actually Dr. Felch’s apprentice, but just then, Sean came in hurriedly with a phone in his hand.

Danrique took over the phone and answered it. “Mr. President, I will go to the airport immediately. Yes, we’ll reach at ten o’clock. What’s the hurry? Sure, I’ll do it as soon as possible.”

After ending the call, Danrique glanced at his watch while speaking to Francesca unhurriedly. “You should eat more. We’re not rushing.”

“Nah, I’m fine. Let’s go.”

Francesca knew that he still had many important things to attend to. The issue with Frank was complicated, so Danrique had to settle every aspect of it. Besides, he also needed to deal with the three great families.

At a time like this, she didn't want to distract him.

“Okay. I've arranged for the chef to board the plane with you so that you won't be hungry while you're on the way there.”

Danrique kissed her on the forehead before instructing the subordinates to get ready.

Norah took Francesca's backpack from upstairs. Francesca checked it, finding her jewelry and identity document inside.

When Danrique saw her checking the jewelry, he couldn't help but chuckle and say, “Look at you. You can get half of my property as my wife. Those are nothing.”

“Oh, I think you're right.” Realization struck Francesca instantly. “Then how many properties do you own?”

“I can't give you an answer now. I didn't calculate them.” He thought about it seriously. “But you buying jewelry every day won't be a problem to me.”

“I can buy jewelry that costs over one hundred million every day?” Francesca widened her eyes in shock. “Just how much money do you have?”

“I earn money every day.” Danrique suddenly realized something as he continued, “But if you're really driven to spend, I'll have to work all the time...”

“We'll have children to look after us when we get old. They'll be our provider at that time,” Francesca blurted out.

“That works.” Danrique raised his eyebrows. “Then you have to bear more sons for me to inherit my assets.”

“Why sons?” she inquired curiously.

“In Erihal, only sons inherit the family fortune,” Danrique replied with a serious expression. “Otherwise, with my aunt’s ability back then, she would have been the head of the family and would not have been ostracized by others.”

“Oh, really?” Francesca was indignant. “By the way, property acquired before marriage is not considered separate property in Erihal, am I right?”

Danrique nodded. “Legally married wives in Erihal have high status!”

“Really?” Francesca was elated with the revelation, suddenly feeling that it was not a bad thing to marry Danrique.

“Think about it.” He stroked her hair dotingly. “Once you’re healed, marry me and become Mrs. Lindberg. You’ll be a major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation like me.”

“Haha! That sounds good...”

Thrilled, Francesca started imagining her life after being a major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation.

By then, she would establish a foundation. With that, she would no longer be worried about funds for her orphanages.

Seeing that she was on cloud nine, Danrique suddenly thought of a way. I probably can make it happen if I work on this.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1971

Chapter 1971 A Sense Of Foreboding

While they were on the way to the airport, Danrique held Francesca in his arms with a heavy heart. Even though he knew they were going to be apart from one another for only a few days, he felt uneasy for some reason.

On the other hand, Francesca was quite nonchalant. She was planning to get some nice food and invite her old friends to hang out after reaching H City, not worrying about Danrique at all, and neither did she think about when they would be able to reunite.

Danrique said once again, “I’ll get to you right after I settle the things here. Wait for me!”

“There’s no hurry. Just focus on your matters.” Francesca did not dwell on that.

Upon hearing her response, he was dejected. Stupid woman, won’t you miss me?

Before they knew it, they had reached the airport apron.

By the time they got out of the car, it had stopped snowing. The airport staff was done making preparations, and Sean was having a word with them while loading the luggage onto the plane.

After folding Francesca’s collars, Danrique cupped her face and spoke gently. “Stay put, and wait for me. Okay?”

His simple words were filled with deep affection and also acted as a reminder for her.

He was never one who liked to talk a lot, but he had been reminding her of the same thing a few times that day.

“I got it!”

Francesca stood on her tip-toe and pecked him on the lips.

Danrique was stunned as a wave of exhilaration washed over him. That was the first time she took the initiative to kiss him. Just as he was about to kiss her back excitedly, she dashed away.

Like a rabbit, she leaped up the stairs, heading toward the entrance of the aircraft. Only then did she turn around and wave her hands. “You should get back!”

Gazing at her with boundless affection, Danrique pursed his lips and recalled the kiss just now. Warmth and happiness surged within him.

“They are so sweet! I’m jealous!”

While Sean was envious, he also felt happy for Danrique. All of Mr. Lindberg’s perseverance has finally paid off.

With her cheeks flushed, Francesca boarded the plane and looked outside the window.

Danrique was still standing by the car, not willing to leave.

Looking at one another through the plane window, the couple waved goodbye. As reluctance filled her heart, she was finally clear that he was the man she loved.

Meanwhile, Danrique couldn’t help but feel anxious. Perhaps he was worried that Francesca would run away or that there would be trouble.

He reminded Gordon again and again, “You need to protect her well. Nothing can happen to her.”

“Mr. Lindberg, don’t worry. I swear on my life I’ll keep her safe,” Gordon promised confidently.

“Keep a close eye on her. Don’t let her escape,” Danrique added.

“Haha. Yes, Mr. Lindberg. Don’t worry.”

Gordon bowed to Danrique respectfully before boarding the plane with the subordinates.

Reluctantly, Danrique entered the car. Sean teased, “Mr. Lindberg, it’s my first time seeing you speak so much.”

Even when Danrique was dealing with work matters, he would always be brief and concise. However, that day, he gave similar reminders over and over again.

Now, he was still feeling restless.

He was even starting to regret his decision to agree with the president to stay behind. I should have accompanied Francesca to H City and handled the other stuff after her surgery is over. We’ve been through a lot to be together. It wasn’t easy for us to meet, and it wasn’t for her to open up to me and fall in love with me, either. Yet, we’re now separated.

He even had a sense of foreboding that their separation this time would be forever.

As the thought flashed across Danrique’s mind, he felt more anxious, his brows furrowed.

When Sean saw him frowning, the former reassured, “Mr. Lindberg, don’t worry. Everything will be fine. Zarain is governed by state law, so it’s much safer than Erihal. Gordon has brought many people with him. I’m sure they can keep Ms. Felch safe and sound. Besides, she is very capable. She’s the one who saves you every time you’re in danger. What could happen to her?”

“Because she is capable, I’m worried that Gordon can’t keep a close eye on her.”
Danrique sighed. “Maybe I’m overthinking. She won’t run away, will she?”

“She won’t. I can feel that she’s fallen in love with you.”

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1972

Chapter 1972 How Romantic Relationships Felt Like

Upon hearing what Sean said, he recalled how Francesca risked herself to rescue him last night, their intimate moment last night, and their parting kiss just now.

Danrique's heart slowly calmed down as he convinced himself to have faith in her and not overthink things.

Meanwhile, Francesca was spacing out on her seat. Not moments ago, she was being carefree and didn't feel the melancholy of their parting. She didn't even think of hugging him before her departure.

However, now that she was alone, she felt empty within.

All she could think of was his figure, his handsome face, as well as his warm hug, and his strong arms.

She didn't think much of his presence when she had him, but she felt a sense of dejection now that she no longer had him around.

So this is how it feels to like someone.

"Would you like to have something to eat, Ms. Felch?"

A familiar voice came through.

Francesca was surprised to see Sloan when she raised her head. "You're here too, Sloan!"

"Yes. Mr. Lindberg had me come with Gordon as your escort."

Every time Sloan saw Francesca, he would get all starry-eyed, his gaze full of admiration.

“Haha, that’s great.” Francesca huffed a laugh. “Does this mean Mylo is staying in Xendale alongside Sean?”

“Yes. Mylo was highly regarded, so sir wanted him around.”

“Hm, you ain’t half bad yourself. Do your best.” Francesca smiled at him.

“Tee-hee...” Sloan scratched his head shyly while blushing slightly.

“Ms. Felch, would you like to get some rest in the room? The flight will take fourteen hours,” asked Gordon with concern.

“Okay. I’ll take a nap. Get me when we’re about to arrive at our destination.”

Perhaps because Francesca was on her period, she was feeling a little lethargic.

All the while, Gordon kept an eye on the situation on board throughout their flight. Although there was only a slim chance of anything going wrong, he still exercised caution.

After all, he was well aware of just how important Francesca was to Danrique, so he was determined to keep her safe at all costs.

The private jet soared through the clouds and arrived at H City in Zarain after a fourteen-hour flight.

The staff from the local branch came to fetch them. Gordon escorted Francesca onto the car that drove them to a villa near South Sea.

Francesca admired the view along the way, feeling freshened up and relaxed. Compared to other countries, she liked Zarain the most, especially H City.

The city was abundant, technologically advanced, yet warm nonetheless. It was a place filled with memories.

The huge LED screens on the highrises that lined up along the road were playing advertisements for technology products by Divine Corporation. It was evident that the industry under the Nacht family was prospering in Zarain.

On the contrary, there was no longer a trace left of Windt Corporation, which was once the top-ranking corporation in H City. Just like a ship that went missing in the ocean, there was nothing left to prove that it once existed.

However, advertisements by the Sterling family and the Brown family still showed up occasionally. Although they weren't as eye-catching as Divine Corporation's advertisements, it was an indication that the two families still had a seat at the table.

Within a little more than a month, the market at H City had undergone a dramatic upheaval.

The same could be said of life, for sudden storms would bring about unpredictable changes.

As Francesca was feeling wistful while her mind ran rampant, her phone rang, which she picked up immediately. "Hello."

"Have you arrived?" Danrique's voice was kind and gentle.

"Mm, I just arrived and am in the car." Similarly, Francesca no longer displayed her previous aloofness and rowdiness. Instead, she sounded demure. "How did you know my phone number?"

"One learns whatever one wishes to know," Danrique stated with pride. "Why didn't you inform me of your arrival? Do you no longer wish to become the major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation?"

“Hahaha!” Francesca burst into laughter. “I want it! Of course, I want it!”

“Make sure you call and text me every day. Do you understand?” Danrique sounded as if he were giving orders and making requests.

“Tee-hee! Sure.”

Francesca blushed a little. So this is how romantic relationships are...

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1973

Chapter 1973 Worried

“Danrique! Danrique! Mr. President is awaiting your reply.” Over the phone, a voice could be heard calling out to Danrique.

“Are you still working? Isn’t it already midnight at Xendale?” asked Francesca.

“Mm,” answered Danrique. “It should be evening at H City. Get rested after you arrive. I have a meeting.”

“I will. Go back to work,” Francesca said quickly.

“Kiss—”

Danrique was initially planning to request a kiss from her, but she hung up before he could finish his sentence.

All he could do was heave a sigh. That woman. She sure is heartless.

Meanwhile, Francesca was leaning against the back of her seat with her phone in hand as she got all giddy. I never knew being in a romantic relationship felt so nice. There is someone whose mind I’m always on and vice versa...

She had never felt such bliss and sweetness before.

“I’ve never seen Mr. Lindberg care so much about another person despite having been working with him for so many years,” Gordon exclaimed with utmost sincerity. “You’re the first person to get him to do that, Ms. Felch!”

“I will also be the last!” Francesca blurted out before being stunned by her own words.

The fact that I'm having such thoughts and starting to grow desires to claim him as my own means I've definitely fallen for him...

When they arrived at the villa, they found everything to be exquisite.

Danrique's style had always been that of exquisiteness, simplicity, and comfort. He never was after luxury and glamor, and all of his dwellings reflected his taste.

Francesca liked the place. She could get a view of the sea from the balcony in her room.

It was evening. The brilliant rays of the setting sun shone on the ocean, its waves shimmering with breathtaking beauty.

After Gordon and the other subordinates had settled down, they came to report back to Francesca. "Ms. Felch, I will be heading to Phoenix City while Sloan and the remaining eight of them will stay to protect you. Do you perhaps have any other orders?"

Phoenix City? thought Francesca. It seems they've actually discovered my master's base, but I wonder if they'll be able to make him budge.

She had hesitated if she should inform Gordon of her relationship with Dr. Felch, but eventually decided against it. Master might feel more reluctant if I revealed our relationship. It would be better if Gordon visited him as a stranger. Master might just come to H City if he deems Gordon sincere enough. After all, Phoenix City isn't too far away from H City, and Master had some close acquaintances staying here. Besides, he's a kind doctor despite his obstinance.

"Indeed. The doctor we found lives in Phoenix City, but we're still investigating the exact location of his dwelling, so I need to bring my men along," replied Gordon.

"Doctors like him tend to live in seclusion on mountains. You can give that a try," Francesca offered him a tip.

“You’re right. I’ll look into it immediately.” Gordon seemed to have gotten a grasp of something. “I’ll be heading off now. Get Sloan to run any errands that you might have.”

“Okay. Go on.” Francesca nodded.

Gordon left in a hurry, but Francesca stopped him as she recalled something. “Hold on...”

Gordon stopped in his tracks and turned around to look at her. “Do you have any other orders, Ms. Felch?”

“Don’t tell the doctor who I am if you do get to meet him. Don’t tell him my name and past either. Just inform him of my age and injury,” Francesca instructed solemnly.

“Got it.” Gordon nodded. “Mr. Lindberg had said the same thing. After all, you have a unique status now, so it would be better to keep a low profile when it comes to these things.”

“Mm. You can leave now.”

“Understood.”

Gordon left with his men.

The thought that she would soon be meeting her master again made Francesca feel both expectant and uneasy.

While she wished to see her master and gain his approval, she was also worried that he might recognize her and still harbor a grudge against her. She wouldn’t know how to face him if that was the case.

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