

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1979

Chapter 1979 Candice Was Shot

Francesca and Layla exited the airport and were about to get into a cab. At that moment, a childish voice sounded. “Hello!”

Francesca turned around and saw Candice sitting obediently on a stone block with a rag doll in her arms. “Hello, we meet again!” Francesca greeted the little girl.

“My name is Candice. What about yours?” Candice beamed at her. “I’m Francesca Felch.” Francesca returned the smile. “Where’s your daddy?”

“Daddy went to drive the car here. He told me to wait for him here,” Candice replied obediently. Francesca exchanged glances with Layla as they sensed something was wrong.

If Candice’s father had really gone to drive the car over, he should have brought Candice along. Moreover, Candice was waiting beside the taxi passageway, which prohibited the entry of private vehicles. They wondered why he left Candice there to wait for him and if he was in trouble.

“The car is here. Let’s go.”

Layla did not wish to invite trouble to themselves, so she dragged Francesca along to get in the cab.

“Are you leaving, Francesca?” Candice gazed at Francesca longingly.

“Yes.” Francesca pitied Candice as she gazed at the latter sitting alone on the stone block. “Candice, will you feel scared waiting for your daddy here by yourself?”

Candice nodded. Her eyes reddened the next second.

Francesca's heart ached slightly when she saw Candice's pitiable look, so she decided to stay. "Don't be afraid. I'll be here to accompany you."

"Really? Thank you, Francesca."

Candice was overjoyed. She hurriedly jogged forward and held Francesca's hand.

"Francesca!" Layla tried to persuade Francesca otherwise.

"It's all right, Ms. Layla. I'm just going to keep this little girl company for a little while. We'll get into the cab and leave as soon as her father returns," Francesca whispered.

Layla felt helpless. She had no other choice but to wait together.

Candice introduced her rag doll to Francesca and told Francesca she had some delicious candy, but the candy was kept in her father's pocket. She expressed her desire to share the candy with Francesca when her father returned to pick her up.

Francesca thanked her cheerily. At the sight of Candice's cascading hair which was drenched in sweat, Francesca crouched down to braid the little girl's hair and yanked off the ribbon on her own clothes to tie the little girl's hair.

Candice took out a small mirror to examine the braids. Then, a bright and charming smile spread across her face.

She had not braided her hair ever since she left her home.

Francesca and Candice continued to chat happily.

Meanwhile, Layla scanned her surroundings but failed to spot Candice's father anywhere.

Nothing extraordinary happened near the crowded entrance of the airport, yet she felt a sense of foreboding.

Just then, a voice rang out. “Candice!”

“Daddy!” Candice turned around and saw her father advancing hastily in her direction. She said to Francesca happily, “Francesca, my daddy is back!”

“That’s great.” Francesca stood up and said to that man solemnly, “Mister, she’s still very young. Please do not leave her alone because it is very dangerous.”

He merely glanced at her in silence before grabbing Candice’s hand and leaving with her.

“You...”

Francesca was about to mention something else, but she noticed something was odd about that man’s right arm. Although he tucked his hand in the pocket in an attempt to conceal his condition, the fresh blood slowly oozing through the fabric had exposed his injuries.

“Don’t be nosy. Let’s go!”

Layla noticed the wound as well and quickly dragged Francesca away.

At that moment, Francesca realized the presence of a few men in black outfits wearing black face masks among the crowd. They were hurrying in Candice’s father’s direction with one hand hidden in their sleeves.

She turned around, wanting to warn him.

Right then, Candice suddenly broke free from holding her father’s hand. She turned on her heels and ran toward Francesca while holding some candy.

“Francesca, this is for you!”

“Candice...”

He hastily stepped forward to pull Candice back, but he was too late.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunshots rang all of a sudden. All the shots were aimed at Candice's father.

Candice, the pitiful little girl, accidentally took a shot in her father's stead. Her petite figure fell to the floor as she lay in a pool of blood.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1980

Chapter 1980 The Death Of Candice

“Candice!” The man went on a killing spree while in a crazed state, fending off the men in black alone.

Francesca immediately rushed over to hold Candice. When she realized there was still hope for the child, she stopped the bleeding and gave Candice first-aid right away.

When the man finished off all of the men in black who were after him, he held Francesca at gunpoint, intending for her to keep Candice company on the way to the afterworld.

Just when Layla was about to retaliate, Francesca interrupted, “There’s still hope to save Candice. I’m a doctor, so I’m confident about saving her. We need to go to the hospital now.”

“Is that true?”

The man had assumed that Candice was beyond saving, but Francesca’s words reignited a spark of hope within him. Immediately hailing a taxi, he and Francesca rushed Candice to the hospital.

After that, Francesca operated on Candice.

Candice had lost a lot of blood, and she had a rare blood type that the hospital had not stocked up on, so Layla had to usher the hospital staff to arrange for some to be delivered.

All the while, the man waited around inside the operating room and even pointed a gun at the medical superintendent, threatening to kill everybody, including Francesca, if something happened to Candice.

The operation should have gone smoothly until Francesca discovered that not only did Candice have asthma but she had also had her heart operated on. The gunshot had triggered a heart attack, so Candice was in critical condition.

Moreover, the blood wasn't delivered on time. Coupled with various other reasons, the operation was a failure.

In the end, Francesca couldn't save Candice.

Before Candice drew her last breath, she held onto the candy that she had intended to give to Francesca. It wasn't until her heart stopped that she released her grip, and the candy dropped onto the floor.

At that moment, Francesca broke down.

The child's father held Francesca while interrogating her in a frenzy, "Didn't you say you can save Candice? Didn't you promise she would be all right? Why didn't the operation work? Why? She wouldn't have been shot in the first place if she wasn't trying to deliver you the candy. The operation wouldn't have failed if you truly were an exceptional doctor. This is all because of you! It's your fault!"

Francesca was unable to refute him, so she could only endure his rage in passive silence.

After that, the man went on a rampage and began slaughtering the doctors and nurses in the operating room.

He even attempted to kill Francesca so that she could keep Candice company on the way to the afterworld.

However, Layla injured his arm and fled the scene alongside Francesca.

The hospital staff had called the police, but the man had managed to take thirteen lives before the police could arrive. After that, he was subdued by the police, arrested, and sent to jail.

Thus, it was Francesca who had organized Candice's funeral.

After she finished handling everything, she even visited the man in the jail. She came to know that his name was Chrono and that he was the world's top assassin who hailed from Rodunst.

Chrono had led the life of a wanderer but had, by then, wished to go into hiding and live in seclusion alongside Candice. However, his enemies weren't willing to let him off the hook. Therefore, they tracked him down wherever he went, and he had been trying to escape from them while protecting Candice.

When they were at the airport, he killed two people who were tracking him down when Candice went to the restroom. Then, he brought her away in haste, only to bump into the same bunch of people at the exit. Not wanting to drag Candice into the ensuing mess, he told her to wait on a stone block.

He returned in search of her after killing off the men discreetly, only to bump into Francesca again. All he wanted was to leave with Candice as soon as possible, but Candice got the idea of sharing her candy with Francesca, so she wrenched herself from his arms to run back to Francesca.

At that moment, Chrono's enemies caught up and fired their guns at him, leading to the tragedy.

Feeling guilty, Francesca apologized while sitting opposite him behind the glass panel in the prison. Candice might not have suffered such a fate if she hadn't tried to give me some candy.

Moreover, she couldn't figure out the reason the operation failed when she was certain she could save Candice. Although she wished to know what kind of

operation Candice had undergone for her heart, she had missed out on the opportunity to do so.

She had gone to the police station to retrieve Candice's body after the incident, but the police had already cremated her body. Thus, she could only hold the funeral with Candice's ashes before handing the address and information of her grave to Chrono at the jail.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1981

Chapter 1981 Keep That In Mind

Chrono wasn't appreciative of Francesca's kindness. Instead, he stared at her grimly while issuing a threat. "Candice is lonely in heaven. Since she likes you so much, I will make sure to send you to heaven to keep her company when I get out of jail!"

Francesca ignored his threat, for he had been sentenced to life imprisonment.

However, Candice's death dealt her a huge blow. She even began questioning her own medical skills. Thus, she spent the following two years closed off and stopped practicing medicine.

It wasn't until Prince William found her, repeatedly asked to meet her, and invited her out, coupled with the fact that the foundation was short of funds and the orphanage needed a huge sum of money, that she left for Danontand.

She thought that would be the end of things, so she didn't foresee Chrono getting out of jail so soon and tracking her down.

"Ms. Felch! Ms. Felch! Ms. Felch!"

Kerrie's voice interrupted Francesca's thoughts, causing the latter to snap back to reality. As she tightened her grip around the piece of candy, she raised her head to look at Kerrie. "What is it?"

"You seem pale. Are you okay?"

Kerrie looked at her with concern.

“I’m fine.” Francesca shook her head. “You should continue with your chores. I can have breakfast on my own.”

“Understood.” Kerrie led the maids away.

After that, Francesca stared at the hearty breakfast but didn’t have the appetite to enjoy it. The sea breeze blew past as she was leaning on the recliner. While staring at the candy, she was reminded of Candice, who had passed away. The emotions she felt were indescribably complicated.

She didn’t even notice when her phone on the nightstand was vibrating.

Throughout the day, Francesca locked herself in the room, not feeling like going anywhere. She slept after eating, without even checking her phone.

Danrique had called her twice, to neither of which she responded, nor did she reply to his texts.

He was deeply affected by her actions, lacking the drive to do anything, nor did he have the appetite to stomach anything.

At night, he called Sloan after finishing all of his tasks.

Sloan was taken aback upon receiving his call, nearly dropping his phone before he answered the call in a panic. “Hello, Mr. Lindberg!”

“What’s Francesca doing?” Danrique inquired directly.

“Um, she’s...”

Sloan lifted his head to check on the balcony on the second floor. Francesca was leaning on the recliner, spacing out as she stared at the ocean. She had been lying there for an entire day.

“Ms. Felch is spacing out on the balcony,” replied Sloan immediately. “I’ll go get her—”

“No need. Make sure to keep her safe,” Danrique interjected aloofly.

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg.”

Danrique hung up as soon as Sloan said that. Even after knowing that the call had ended, Sloan was still feeling nervous, for he had a feeling that Danrique sounded as if he were angry.

He wondered if he should inform Francesca about it, but he decided against it upon recalling that Danrique had told him that it would be unnecessary.

Francesca remained on the balcony until midnight before retiring to her room for the night. There were a few missed calls on her phone, two of which were from Danrique, while the rest were from Layla and Anthony.

She called Layla right away, which the latter picked up quickly.

“Francesca!”

“What is it, Ms. Layla?”

“It’s all good. I was just worried about you. You didn’t pick up when I called you, so I thought something had happened to you.”

“I left my phone in the bedroom, so I didn’t hear it ringing.”

“It’s good that you’re all right. You gave me a shock.” Layla heaved a sigh of relief. “Francesca, did that guy show up?”

“I think so. He sneaked into the villa last night, but nothing serious happened.”

“It seems like the bodyguards of the Lindberg family are skilled,” said Layla gladly. “Francesca, be obedient and don’t leave the villa that is under the Lindbergs’ protection. Keep that in mind!”

“I know.” Francesca was well aware that she would be in danger if she left at that point, for Chrono would be after her as soon as she left the villa.

Although she was an exceptionally skilled driver and could summon animals, those skills only worked under specific conditions.

Moreover, she had never killed a human, so she would never be able to land a fatal strike. On the contrary, Chrono was a professional assassin who killed humans for a living.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1982

Chapter 1982 Put The Blame On Her

“Also, I would like to know the details about you and Danrique. Does he really love you? Is he really serious about marrying you?”

Francesca didn't feel like continuing this conversation. “I guess so... But now's not the time to talk about this. If there's a chance, I would like to talk to Chrono on the phone. I still think Candice's condition was a little weird—”

Layla cut her short immediately. “Don't be silly, Francesca. That person is crazy. There's something wrong with his mind, and you can't talk sense into a crazy person. Don't try to save someone who is mentally ill. Some diseases are just incurable, and you have to learn to accept that. No matter how powerful you think you are, there are just some things you can't do. No one is almighty enough to solve everything.”

“I know you're right, but Candice's death has left me trauma.” Francesca sighed.

“Francesca—”

“All right, Ms. Layla. I'm just thinking out loud here. I know my limits, so you don't have to worry about me. I'll be fine because so many people are protecting me,” said Francesca, changing the subject.

“Okay then. Stay safe. Call me every day to let me know you're fine.” Layla dropped the topic, knowing what she said wouldn't make any difference.

“Got it.”

After ending the call, Francesca looked at the dark sky outside and wondered if Chrono would come again that night, or if he would contact her through some special way.

If he would, she would still like to have a proper chat with him.

Right then, Heidi and Samantha knocked on the door and entered. After inspecting the place to ensure Francesca's safety, they planned to stand guard in the room like how they did the previous night, but Francesca sent them away.

The duo was concerned, but they respected Francesca's decision. In the end, they chose not to disturb her and stood guard outside the room.

Francesca switched off the main lights on purpose and left the wall lamp on as she waited for Chrono to contact her.

As expected, her phone received a call from an unknown number soon after that. She glanced outside and answered the call. "Hello?"

"I have to give it to you for having the Lindberg family to back you up."

Chrono was fluent in speaking Ustranasion, and his voice was hoarse and deep, bringing with it a tinge of chillness.

"You came last night. Are you thinking of taking revenge on me?" asked Francesca without beating around the bush.

"You have quite the self-awareness. Don't think you're safe under the Lindberg family's protection. Just you wait. I'll come at you soon," uttered Chrono ferociously.

"There's something I want to ask you about." Francesca tried talking sense into the man.

"Yes?" Chrono was confused.

“Had Candice undergone a heart surgery before?” Francesca queried.

“What are you talking about?” At the mention of Candice’s name, Chrono became agitated.

“Candice’s main cause of death was the trigger of her heart problem coupled with excessive loss of blood. When she was shot, the bullet didn’t hit her vital organs. She died because—”

“Stop finding excuses for your mistake! You were incompetent, and you failed to save her. Now, for fear that I would take revenge on you, you came up with these lousy excuses, hoping I’d let you go, right?” Chrono interrupted her furiously.

“I just want to make sure—”

“Make sure about what? Can you revive Candice? If it hadn’t been for you, Candice wouldn’t have died!” Chrono bellowed in rage.

Francesca countered with a question, “You’re just saying that to make yourself feel better, right? If you were an ordinary father instead of an assassin, no one would’ve chased after you just to kill you, and Candice would’ve lived a happy and healthy life.”

“You...”

She continued coldly, “You put all the blame on me just to relieve yourself from the guilt. All this happened because of you. You’re responsible for your daughter’s death. Even if I didn’t appear that day, how long do you think you could protect Candice?”

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 1983

Chapter 1983 Ignoring Her

“That’s enough! Shut up!” Chrono was enraged.

“No, it’s not enough. An outlaw like you shouldn’t have children in the first place. Even if you have a child, you shouldn’t have brought your child with you. You were the one who caused Candice’s death, and now you’re blaming it on me and the paramedics. They are innocent. Thirteen lives were taken by you just like that. You think you’re avenging Candice, but have you ever thought if she really wanted you to do this? She’d hate you if she knew you killed so many people for her sake—”

“Shut up! Shut up right now!” Chrono howled in distress, and a gunshot reverberated outside, tearing the silence of the night.

Right after that, the call ended.

Sloan immediately sent someone to check out the situation and informed the police.

Francesca looked down at her phone with complex emotions.

Initially, she only wanted to talk to him, but the man was too adamant in insisting that she was the one who had caused Candice’s death. She then reprimanded him out of irritation and ended up causing him to fly into a rage.

A top assassin like him excelled at hiding, and he would not easily expose his whereabouts, which made it difficult for the Lindbergs to track him down.

Now that Chrono had lost his composure and fired a gunshot, revealing his current location, Sloan immediately took action and called the police.

Even if they failed to capture him this time, he wouldn't be able to approach her within a short period of time.

Therefore, that was probably considered an unexpected gain.

Francesca's head began hurting again. She put her phone down, wrapped both her hands around her head, and lay down, waiting for the pain to subside.

Her phone was vibrating, but she was in so much pain that she could not bother to check.

A while later, her phone went out of battery and switched off automatically.

After all, a lot of calls came in that day, and she didn't charge her phone.

Meanwhile, in Xendale, Danrique listened to the busy signal over the phone and gritted his teeth in anger. The audacity of this woman to ignore my calls and texts! Fine! Since she ignores me, I won't bother about her either!

The more Danrique thought about it, the more his anger brewed. Irrked, he threw his phone away.

"Could it be that something happened?"

Sean immediately gave Sloan a call, getting information from the latter that there was a gunshot nearby where Francesca was at. It was probably the person who had launched a sneak attack the night before. Sloan had sent someone to track the person down.

Sean asked if Francesca was all right, and the former was relieved to hear from Sloan that she was fine. Moreover, Sloan also told him that they had sent someone to protect her at all times, and he asked Sean to reassure Danrique.

After giving Sloan a few more reminders, Sean hung up the phone and cautiously tried to console Danrique. “Mr. Lindberg, as you know, there was a gunshot nearby the villa. I suppose Ms. Felch is just frightened. She’ll probably contact you later.”

Danrique scoffed. “Frightened? She isn’t scared of anything. Why would she be frightened by a gunshot?”

“Um...” Sean didn’t know how to answer that.

“Perhaps she pretended to be gentle and docile so I would allow her to return to the country alone. That way, she could grasp the opportunity to escape... Otherwise, why has she been ignoring me since she reached H City?” Danrique felt that something was wrong.

“Please don’t overthink. Maybe that’s not the case.”

“Why is that not the case? I read it in books all the time. The first few months are the honeymoon period, and couples will act all lovey-dovey with each other and are basically inseparable. Especially women, they would cling onto men like bubble gum. But look at how she behaves now. Not only does she not cling onto me, but she also ignores me...”

Danrique became increasingly flustered with the current situation.

“Once we settle everything here, we can just go to H City earlier. I think everything will be settled in a few days’ time,” comforted Sean.

“Why should we go there? She wouldn’t even answer my calls! Send more men there to keep an eye on her. Don’t let her escape,” uttered Danrique indignantly.

“Yes, sir!”

“From now on, I’ll ignore her too. Unless something serious happens to her, don’t mention her at all. I’m going to wait for her to come and apologize to me.”

Still annoyed, Danrique had a grim expression on his face.

“Yes, sir.”

Sean nodded but sighed inwardly. Yeah, right. You won’t be able to ignore her for long. I bet you’d contact her within three days.