

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2009

Chapter 2009 Agreed

“All right, that’s indeed his style. What about the remaining sum of money?” she probed. “I won’t cover the amount due for the miscellaneous fees and items. Let’s talk about the larger items instead.

I flew over to care for you, which then affected my business operations. That alone incurred a loss of about two billion. As for the remainder, that’s my compensation for caring for you all this time,” Danrique elaborated. “You...” began Francesca, but she trailed off mid-sentence, speechless.

“It all makes sense logically and I have a case as well. I’ve had my lawyer record everything and list the items fully on a document. Since you don’t want to marry me, you’ll have to pay for all this.

However, if you do agree, then all this expenditure can be chalked up as our daily household expenses and we can wipe the slate. Furthermore, you’ll stand to receive half of whatever income I make in the future. You’ll be so rich that you won’t be able to put a number on it no matter how hard you try,” he stated.

The more I listen to this, the more it seems like it would be a good choice to marry him. It really seems like a good deal. As she mused over this issue, Francesca’s heart and mind started to tilt in favor of Danrique.

He astutely picked up that cue and decided to ply on it. As such, he added, “That’s not all. In the future, Dr. Felch can feel free to donate as much as he wants wherever he wishes. No restrictions at all!”

She couldn’t help but smile broadly upon hearing that, and exclaimed, “Ah! I’m sure he’ll be overjoyed if he knew about this! He’s donated all the money he has received from providing medical services all this while.”

“That’s right! All in your name too!” stated Danrique in a gentle tone all of a sudden.

“What?” she exclaimed as her eyes widened in shock. She was clearly unaware of that particular snippet of information.

“Sean specifically looked into the funds Dr. Felch listed. Based on the latter’s instructions, he always made sure to make the donations in your name whenever he did that,” explained Danrique.

He lightly added, “Sean found that matter to be rather curious, so he decided to enquire with the management staff of the funds. That was how he found out that the money had always been donated in your name the entire time. The staff also added that they had previously asked why your name was being used and pegged to these donations. The only reply they got was that he wanted to do some good for the world and in the name of his primary apprentice. Dr. Felch also mentioned that things rarely went according to plan for his apprentice, so he wanted to do what he could for the world in the hopes of accumulating good merit for his apprentice. Ultimately, he hoped that that kid’s journey moving forward would be smooth sailing.”

No sooner had the words fallen from Danrique’s lips did the tears started streaming down Francesca’s face. She dove into his warm embrace and started bawling so hard that she was shaking.

He lightly patted her on the back and tried to soothe her as gently as he could. Although he was typically a man of few words, he realized he seemed to have spoken too much that day. However, he knew that this was primarily because he had been touched by the depth of emotion and the strength of the relationship that Francesca and Dr. Felch shared.

Furthermore, he had recently been thinking of Isabella quite a fair bit. Similarly, his aunt used to make plans for him and tried to pave the way forward for him wherever possible. That was the reason why he could strive forward and achieve all that he had without facing too many challenges.

“Don’t you see now? You get to enjoy an abundance of benefits and opportunities if you marry me. Not to mention, he acknowledges me as well,” declared Danrique out of the blue in an attempt to change the subject and lighten the atmosphere.

“Really? Are you sure about that? You’re always behaving like you don’t care a shit about anything. I’m sure he doesn’t like you at all,” remarked Francesca as she was surprised.

“I was extremely respectful to him. Not only did I personally escort him to the plane, but I also saw that dog he keeps with him. It has grown to be rather large now. I don’t think the name Cece suits it much anymore,” he replied.

That particular comment elicited a small chuckle from Francesca.

Danrique deftly brought the topic of marriage around once more and asked, “That being said, are you agreeing to marry me? Remember that you’ll have to pay up if you don’t want to proceed with the marriage. On the other hand, if you do agree, you’ll be rolling in cash...”

“All right then! I’ll accept my fate. Let’s get married,” stated Francesca as she sighed deeply, almost as if that was something she found extremely frustrating.

“Listen to that tone. You don’t seem very willing,” commented Danrique as he playfully spanked her on her buttock.

At that, she suddenly thought of something and hurriedly asked, “Hang on... You haven’t explained the matter between you and Hazel. What are all the rumors and gossip about? What about the photos of both of you behaving intimately together? Not to mention Moon River’s Heart...”

“Ah, look at the time. Let’s head to bed. We can talk about this tomorrow!” he exclaimed in reply in an obvious attempt to change the subject.

“You...” She was about to burst into a tirade when the sound of knocking suddenly carried over from the door. That was swiftly followed by an update from Sean, who said, “I have something to report, Mr. Lindberg.”

Danrique frowned and carefully rescinded his arm from where it had been casually wrapped around Francesca’s neck. He rose to his feet and put on his clothes as he instructed, “Head to bed first. I’ll go take a look.”

She didn’t probe much and only grunted in acknowledgment as she watched him stride toward the door. As he walked, he suddenly stopped mid-stride and turned to look at her before he stated, “Remember this! You’ve already agreed!”

“What?” replied Francesca on reflex. However, she swiftly pouted and added, “Go.”

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2010

Chapter 2010 Sleep Well

Only then did Danrique leave with relief. After he closed the door, his face immediately darkened. “Did Frank run away?” “Mr. Lindberg, your predictions are so accurate,” Sean exclaimed. “I just received the news, and I was so shocked.”

“It must be M Nation.” Danrique headed toward the study room as he spoke. “Those people who are backing Pastor just won’t give up.”

“Yes.” Sean nodded. “After the previous incident, Pastor’s influence has been diminished. However, they’re still using him. Now, they’re even trying to get Frank to join them. It seems like they’re up to something.”

In response, Danrique snorted contemptuously. Sean lamented, “It’s difficult to compete for the market in Epea and Adrune. Mr. Lindberg, should we...”

“We’ve already started. How could we retreat now? No matter what comes our way, we’ll have to think of ways to overcome it,” Danrique stated coldly. With a nod, Sean responded, “All right. What should we do now?”

“Nothing. I’m sure Mr. President is more anxious about this than we are. Let us leave the matter to him. We’re just businessmen, and we’ll do what businessmen have to do.”

Sean immediately understood what he meant. “I get it. In the meantime, if Mr. President wants to meet you, I’ll find an excuse to turn him down.”

“Yes.” Danrique nodded with satisfaction. “How are things with the three great families?”

“Harrier and Kevin are behaving better recently,” Sean answered in a low voice. “The Atkinson family is still eager to make a move. Perhaps, they think that there’s an opportunity they can take advantage of since they succeeded in making a scandal about you last time.”

Danrique narrowed his eyes, a dangerous glint flashing across them. “Gerard is so impenitent. Let them be. The more mistakes they make, the better.”

“Okay. They might become more reckless if we don’t control them, though. Will that affect you and Ms. Felch?”

Danrique was unbothered. “Francesca is not an unreasonable woman. Besides, I didn’t do anything, anyway. If we want to expose the three families’ evil intentions, we have to encourage them to make mistakes.”

“Understood.”

“We have to visit M Nation soon. The mess there needs to be cleaned up.”

“All right. I’ll arrange it right away.”

After that, Danrique stayed in the study room to do some more work before returning to his room at one in the morning.

Francesca had already fallen asleep. It seemed that she was feeling a bit embarrassed about her newly-shaved head as she hid under the blanket, looking like a kitten.

Seeing how adorable she was, Danrique was a bit tempted. However, at the thought that she was still heavily injured, he decided to sleep on the sofa for fear of hurting her wounds.

He used to be very picky about the location and environment when he slept, but after keeping watch at the hospital for a while, he slowly got used to it. Moreover, he was always exhausted, so he would sleep soundly even on the sofa.

Soon, Danrique drifted off.

Francesca woke up in the middle of the night. Groggily, she reached for the pillow beside her, only to find that Danrique was not around. Nevertheless, the sight of Danrique sleeping on the sofa moved her and wiped away the slight disappointment she just felt.

He used to be an arrogant man who would feel violated if someone else touched his bed.

Yet, he gave up his bed for her and even slept on the sofa to avoid disturbing her.

Why is he such an idiot?

Feeling touched, Francesca lifted the blanket off her and struggled out of bed.

She walked toward the sofa slowly with the intention of accompanying him, but after taking a few steps, her body couldn't take it anymore. Her knees went weak, and her body slumped forward.

Just in time, a strong and muscular arm caught her.

“What are you trying to do in the middle of the night?”

Danrique carried her and placed her on the bed gently. In a swift motion, he leaned over her with his arms beside her shoulders. Even so, he made sure not to keep them too close to her so he wouldn't hurt her.

His handsome face was right in front of her eyes.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2011

Chapter 2011 Beautiful Dream

Francesca's heart was about to jump out of her chest. With widened eyes, she uttered, "You-"

Before she could say anything more, Danrique sealed her lips with his. The kiss started off passionately but soon turned into a sweet and gentle one. As Francesca melted into the kiss, her breathing started to quicken.

However, Danrique did not take it further. When he thought of the severe injury on the back of her head, he tore away from her. Wiping her lips, he said softly, "Go to sleep now."

With that, he got up to leave. "Where are you going?" "To the study room." Without even turning back, Danrique exited the room.

He was already starting to feel aroused. If he stayed, he would feel uncomfortable trying to suppress himself. After all, he couldn't touch her at this time. Watching his leaving figure, Francesca felt dejected.

He probably left because he finds me ugly with my bald head. This can't do. I have to come up with a medicine that helps speedy hair growth so I can grow my hair back soon!

As her mind wandered, she slowly fell asleep. That night, Danrique was in her dreams. He embraced her and kissed her, and his hot breath felt as vivid as ever.

In return, she clung to him, biting his ears and shoulders like a naughty little kitten. When Francesca woke up, her face was flushed with embarrassment.

As she was unprepared before, she was always against the idea of getting married. Now, she was certain that she was ready for it.

It was not for the sake of getting money or allowing Dr. Felch to donate whenever he wanted to.

It was because she had truly fallen in love with him.

Perhaps, her feelings had long been hiding in the deepest part of her heart. Now that she was slowly healing, those beautiful memories gradually surfaced in her mind and triggered an avalanche of emotions.

Regardless of the reason, she badly wanted to count the money he had.

Just the thought of it made her ecstatic.

She couldn't wait to get married and live a happy life with Danrique.

Would a hundred computers be enough? If we exchanged them for money, would the money fill up the entire house? Oh, right. I can ask for help from Ms. Layla, Mr. Lincoln, and Anthony. We'll be one family in the future, so I have to introduce them to Danrique soon. There's Dr. Felch, too. When I recover fully, I'll pick a date and bring Danrique to Mount Phoenix. I'll apologize to Dr. Felch sincerely and ask for his forgiveness. I hope he'll agree to be the witness to our wedding.

With that, Francesca started to plan the wedding in her head. Our wedding should be held in Chanaean style here in Chanaea. It would be great if we have it in H City. Maybe we can have another ceremony in Xendale, too. I will have my wedding photoshoot by the beach and another in Xendale if I want. And I'm going to let the children in the orphanage attend the wedding and be my flower girls and flower boys. The scene of thousands of children there would be fantastic!

The children will be delighted, too. They always called me Aunt Francesca before, and now, they'll have an Uncle Danrique. With a dad protecting them, they won't have to be afraid anymore. Oh, should we have children? It hurts to give birth,

though. Plus, I can't give birth to a baby with this weak body of mine. My life could be threatened. But if I don't give birth, the Lindberg family will be left with no offspring. Danrique wouldn't be happy about it, would he?

At that, Francesca started to worry. On second thought, she realized she would die before she reached her thirties anyway. I guess I can die after I give birth to a child. At least I can leave Danrique a companion. Maybe the child can help protect Danrique in my place when he or she grows up! Okay, that's it. I'm going to bear Danrique a child.

Francesca felt utterly determined at that moment. When she imagined her life in the coming future, her mind was filled with sweet and happy scenes.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2012

Chapter 2012 Well Rounded

When Francesca woke up early the following day, the sunlight had already penetrated through the floor-to-ceiling window and thin curtains, warming the room slightly.

Rubbing her eyes, Francesca glanced at the clock on the wall. She did not expect to have slept so long, for it was already nine o'clock. "Kerrie!" Francesca called out. Immediately, Kerrie and two other maids came inside to help her wash up.

A moment later, Helen also entered to check on her wounds. Although Francesca did not keep her eyes off the doorway, there was no sight of Danrique.

Perhaps it was because they just became a couple, for Francesca seemed like a teenager in love. All she could think about was Danrique, wishing for him to be there when she woke up.

Therefore, she was disappointed when she did not see him.

"Ms. Felch, would you like to take breakfast in your room or downstairs?" Kerrie asked politely.

"Where is Danrique?" Francesca could not help but ask.

"Mr. Lindberg went out early in the morning," Kerrie answered. "He told us to take good care of you before leaving."

"Where did he go? Did he say when would he be coming back?" Francesca continued to ask.

“Uhm...” Kerrie shook her head. “He didn’t mention anything about it.”

“All right.” Although Francesca felt upset, she knew she had to be understanding as Danrique might have something to settle.

“Ms. Felch, your wounds are recovering well. As a suggestion, you can go downstairs to sunbathe and take in some fresh air. It would be beneficial for your health,” Helen suggested.

“All right,” Francesca answered. “I’ll go to the garden to have my breakfast.”

“Sure. I’ll arrange for it right now.”

The weather that day was just right. It was around twenty or so degrees, and it was rather pleasant.

It was not windy in the morning, so Francesca felt very relaxed as she sunbath and listened to the waves while taking her breakfast in the garden.

The maid carried a tray of scrumptious food to her where all the dishes were her favorite.

Since Francesca’s physique was still relatively weak, she could not move around as she liked. It was especially the case for her head and neck, which could only remain stiff; as a result, she could only lie on the recliner all the time.

When the maid wanted to feed her breakfast, she rejected, “It’s fine. I can eat it myself.”

She disliked being waited on like that. Besides, as a doctor, she knew the pain was just a feeling. She could still move around, but her body was stiff because the brain had been sending pain signals to the body parts affected.

If she was determined enough, she could control her brain and thus her body.

Francesca tried to eat breakfast on her own. Although her movements were clumsy, it was still a successful attempt.

Everyone around her was impressed by her determination. Standing far away, Helen could not help but praise, “Ms. Felch isn’t any ordinary person.”

“I heard she’s a doctor too,” her assistant whispered.

“I knew that when I was in M Nation.” Helen did not place it to heart. “Rumors had it that she had cured Mr. Lindberg’s snake venom. Although traditional medicine is great at flushing poisons, it could not be compared to modern medicine in other aspects such as surgery.”

“Most importantly, no one can be compared to Dr. Wright in medical skills,” her assistant exclaimed.

“Don’t go overboard.” Helen furrowed her eyebrows in contempt. “Dr. Felch’s medical skills are way better than mine. Even if we do not consider his modern medical knowledge, his surgical skills are top-notch too.”

“Besides Dr. Felch—”

“There’s still Francesco,” Helen muttered. “Let’s forget about Dr. Felch. He’s so old, after all. It doesn’t make sense to compare myself to him. If I have a chance, though, I would love to meet with Francesco and see what kind of person she is! She’s always so mysterious.”

“Francesco’s medical skills are superb, though. Judging from that, I think she isn’t young anymore.”

“I heard she is skilled in modern and traditional medicine, a rare well-rounded genius in the medical field. I hope there’s a chance for me to challenge her.”

“You’re still young. Perhaps you could surpass Francesco once you finish polishing your skills this year.”

“Hopefully!”

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2013

Chapter 2013 Sleeping In The Guest Room

Francesca had been holed up in the house for the entire day, causing her to feel extremely bored. She could not do anything but lie down to sleep, even needing people to serve her food.

Although she wanted to stroll on the beach, two medical staff and a bunch of maids would follow behind despite it being a private beach. Therefore, she decided against the thought of going there. Thankfully, time flew by, and it was already late evening.

Francesca was reading a medical book while lying on the sofa, glancing at the wall clock from time to time. Although it was already nine o'clock, Danrique was still not back. Plus, he did not send her a text message or give her a phone call for the entire day,

What's there in H City for him to busy himself until now? Did he perhaps return to Erihal?

While she was thinking of that, footsteps could be heard in the distance, followed by the maids' greetings. "Mr. Lindberg is back!"

"Mhm." Danrique had become more approachable lately and began to respond to the maids' greetings. Back then, he was always aloof and emitting a cold aura, causing everyone to be afraid of him.

Recently, the maids had secretly discussed how approachable he had become.

When Francesca heard the noise outside, she quickly placed her book down and pretended to sleep.

When Danrique pushed open the door, he took off his jacket and flung it to the bed. Then, he started to unbutton his shirt while approaching Francesca.

Francesca felt nervous when she heard the footsteps getting nearer and nearer. While hugging the pillow, she continued to fake sleep.

With her eyes closed, she could feel his presence as he sat beside her and his warm palm caressing her cheek.

She felt a bit nervous when she thought of the kiss last night. Would he...

Before she could respond, Danrique leaned down and pressed a kiss to her forehead before moving down her eyes.

Francesca squeezed her eyes shut and held her breath, not daring to move.

She had already decided not to push him away if he were to continue.

However, Danrique stopped short when he came to her ears. Biting her earlobes, he said, "Quit pretending to sleep!"

After getting exposed, Francesca opened her eyes with a blushing face. "How do you know I was not asleep?"

"How can you fool me with the tactic of yours?" Danrique pinched her cheeks, her gaze was filled with adoration.

"What did you do today?" Francesca snuggled into his embrace. Without her noticing it, her voice had softened when it came to him.

"I settled some matters," Danrique replied without going into the details. "I'll need to fly to M Nation first thing in the morning."

"Huh?" Francesca was taken aback. "Why?"

She did not expect him to leave so soon when they had just gotten into a relationship.

“I have some matters to attend to,” Danrique answered without thinking. “I have placed it aside long enough, so I must return immediately.”

“Okay, then.” Francesca figured it was reasonable. “Go ahead.”

“All right. Good girl!” Danrique kissed her forehead before he got up and left.

“Where are you going?” she blurted out.

“Why? Do you want me to stay?” Danrique shot a half-smile at her.

“No way!” Francesca quickly denied it with a blushing face. “I’m just asking.”

“I’m going to the study room. You should get some sleep. I’ll see you at breakfast tomorrow.” Danrique left after changing his clothes.

“Okay.” Francesca felt disappointed when looking at his leaving figure.

He has been suddenly so busy these past two days, and he even needs to go to M Nation tomorrow. Why do I feel like he’s not as affectionate as before? He always hugged me to sleep no matter how tired he was back then. However, he’s sleeping in the guest room now.

Francesca picked up her phone and wanted to search for some dating tips. At that moment, Layla suddenly called her. “Ms. Layla!” Francesca greeted after picking up the call.

“Oh, my dear girl! You’ve finally picked up! I was getting anxious.”

“Didn’t Danrique already send someone to tell you that I’m fine? That’s why I thought of getting in touch with you when my injuries get better.”

“They did. However, I will only feel at ease when I get to talk to you,” Layla answered anxiously. “Are you okay? How are you feeling? Is the surgery successful?”