

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2144

Chapter 2144 Sweetness

“Stop!” Francesca inched backward and avoided him. “I’m about to crumble.”
“Fine. I’ll let it off easily this time.” Danrique carried her down from the rack and patted her butt. “Go clean yourself up. I’ll wait for you.”

“Okay!” Francesca ran into the bathroom. Danrique watched her from the back. The corners of his lips quirked up at how cute Francesca was.

He loved their lives right now. They were spending time together, fooling around with each other happily. Though there would be heated arguments at times, most of the time was filled with pure happiness and sweetness.

I wish we could continue living blissfully and harmoniously every day forever, but...

Strangely, Danrique felt a sense of uneasiness. Meanwhile, Francesca was brushing her teeth while her phone vibrated. She checked on it and hurriedly picked up the call when she realized it was a call from Anthony. “Hello?”

“Francesca, where are you?”

“Xendale, why?”

“With Danrique?”

“That’s right.”

“Good.” Anthony heaved a sigh of relief.

“What happened?” Francesca asked.

“It’s about Ms. Layla and Mr. Lincoln. They would secretly get in touch with me every three days, but they stopped calling about a week ago this time. I’m worried.”

“Why didn’t you tell me they would get in touch with you!” Francesca was furious. “When was the last time you talked to them?”

“Before you flew to Danontand,” Anthony replied, “They were still in H City back then, but I don’t know where they are now after they cut off their communication with me.”

“Give me their contact. I’ll try.”

“Will that affect you in any way?” Anthony hesitated. “Ms. Layla told me not to tell you...”

“Hurry up!” Francesca yelled.

“Fine.” Anthony hurriedly sent the information to Francesca because he dared not anger her.

Upon receiving the information, Francesca instantly tried to get in touch with Ms. Layla, only to find that the call wouldn’t go through and the satellite couldn’t pinpoint their location.

Just as Francesca was panicking, Danrique, who was done changing his clothes, approached her. “What’s the matter?”

“We lost contact with Ms. Layla and Mr. Lincoln. I’m worried about them,” Francesca then told Danrique what she had learned from Anthony.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get someone to look into it.” Danrique immediately sent the information about the two to Sean using Francesca’s phone.

“They are the ones who kept me safe throughout the years, but there’s nothing I could do when their enemies are hunting them down.” Guilt was eating her alive. “They’re fine, right?”

“They should be.” Danrique was calm. “Let’s have breakfast. Maybe there will be news about them after breakfast.”

“Okay.” Knowing that Danrique’s men were capable and efficient, Francesca acknowledged that she should give them some time. Besides, there was no point pushing them too hard.

The two then went downstairs to have their breakfast, and Francesca asked Mylo about Monica’s condition.

Mylo quickly updated Francesca. It turned out that Monica was shot in her leg, but the bullet missed the vital spots. A bullet also grazed her on her arm in the meantime, but the injuries were all taken care of by the doctors.

Hearing that, Francesca was much more relaxed. She also told Danrique that she wanted to visit Monica after breakfast.

“Didn’t Mylo tell you she’s fine? The doctors will take care of her, so there’s nothing to be worried about.”

“But she’s injured because of me, so it’s my responsibility to see to it that she’s doing well. Besides, she also escorted me back to Xendale.”

“You’re always worried about something, aren’t you?” Danrique was left voiceless. “Fine. Do whatever you want.”

Francesca rolled her eyes at him. After making up her mind to visit Monica, she reminded, “Remember to call me if you have any news.”

“Got it.” Danrique reached out a hand to her.

Francesca stuttered for a second before walking up to him. She gave him a warm hug and kissed him on his forehead before leaving.

She had never felt that before, but now, she realized Danrique was just like a little boy who needed her attention.

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Chapter 2145 Filled With Love

Francesca was rather outspoken, uncouth, and often overlooked small details, but she was slowly learning to change.

Danrique was delighted with her transformation. Though she may seem heartless sometime, he was glad to witness the changes she had made.

It indicates that I matter to her if nothing else. Francesca arrived at the clinic at the back of the castle, where a doctor was examining Monica's injury. "Monica!"

"Ms. Felch!" Monica was thrilled to see Francesca and sat up from her bed immediately. "I'm fine now. There's no need to trouble you."

"Ms. Felch—"

"I'm sure you're busy. Leave things here to me," Francesca said courteously to the doctor. "Thank you for your trouble!"

"No problem. We'll leave then."

The doctor bowed to Francesca before gesturing to his assistant to depart as he slung his medical kit over his back.

Francesca examined Monica's injury and glanced at the medication prescribed by the doctor. Upon finding them too basic, she added a homemade remedy to the list. "Keep taking what the doctor prescribed, and take the one I'm giving you. It won't be a clash."

"Thank you, Ms. Felch."

Monica's injury did not bother her. She was most anxious to discuss William, but she did not dare say much as there were others behind Francesca.

She only spoke after Francesca dismissed her people and shut the door. "How are things with you and Mr. Lindberg, Ms. Felch?"

"We are good," Francesca answered. "I'm thinking of a solution regarding William's situation. I promised to return for his rescue, and I will. Rest assured."

Her concise words dispelled Monica's worries, who suddenly did not know what to say.

After recovering from her momentary surprise, she hastened to explain herself. "That's not what I mean, Ms. Felch. I—"

"Focus on getting better. Look for Mdm. Norah, if you need anything. Or you could come to me directly," Francesca said bluntly. "There are some matters I need to attend to. I'll see you soon."

She rose to leave as she spoke.

Monica watched Francesca's departing back sullenly.

I underestimated Francesca, thinking that she is dumb. Now I know she knows everything. She's just more innocent and does not like to scheme. It appears that Francesca does not like me watching her. She didn't come to visit me today. Instead, she came to make one thing clear—she is not a pushover.

Danrique was about to enter his car when Francesca arrived at the front of the palace. He stopped in his tracks to wait for her when he saw her coming. "That was quick."

"I just sent Monica some medicine and that did not take long." Francesca hastened her stride to catch up. "Are you going back to the office?"

“I am.” Danrique brushed off the snow in her hair. “It’s cold outside. Wait at home, and I’ll pick you up in the afternoon.”

“What are you picking me up for?” Francesca asked curiously.

“I’m taking you to a banquet tonight.” Danrique touched her cheek. “My woman must make a public debut sooner or later, no?”

Francesca giggled. “You’re cheeky.”

Danrique kissed her on the forehead. “Be good and go back in. It’s cold out here.”

“I will.” Francesca wrapped her coat around her and headed inside but turned back every few steps to watch Danrique enter the car and only looked away after the vehicle left before entering the house huddled from the cold.

Danrique watched her from the rearview mirror and smiled seductively.

Initially, he was under the impression that she did not love him very much, but he had finally felt her love.

He thought about how she climbed onto him like a kitten, wrapped her arms around his neck, and leaned obediently against his chest.

His thoughts wandered over to how she had trotted to him earlier with a silly smile and how she gazed at his departure and looked back every few steps.

Every tiny detail of her gestures are filled with love.

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Chapter 2146 Hiding Something

The sweetness welled up from within Danrique's chest and filled him with bliss. At that moment, he felt that he and Francesca could be happy forever. Upon entering the house, Francesca went to see Gordon and ask about Layla and Lincoln.

He reported that it was still under investigation and that he needed more time before assuring her that he would report it to her as soon as there was something to report.

Francesca glanced at the time. It had been exactly an hour and ten minutes since Danrique had assigned him to investigate. She could not help feeling worried. "I remember you were very efficient back then to trace even the most complicated matter within an hour. It's taking you longer this time. Could something have happened to Layla and Lincoln?"

"Not at all. Please don't overthink," Gordon said hastily. "It's mostly because I'm not fully aware of their situation. Besides, they're now in H City, which is not our turf. That is why I need time."

"Oh, I see." Francesca heaved a sigh of relief at his words. "That's good news. Keep digging, and let me know if you find anything."

"I will." Gordon nodded eagerly. "Don't worry."

Francesca did not spare the matter further thought. She just went up the stairs.

Seeing that, Gordon returned to the home office immediately and gave Danrique a call. "Mr. Lindberg!"

"How are things?" Danrique was still driving.

“I’d just received word that the two of them are being hunted by Riz Corporation. One of them was captured, while the other escaped with grievous injuries. Their current whereabouts are unknown,” Gordon reported quietly. “Ms. Felch came to ask me earlier, and I gave her a vague answer. I dare not tell her the truth.”

“Don’t tell her yet,” Danrique instructed. “Rescue the injured one who had escaped and contact Riz Corporation at the same time to keep the other alive.”

Gordon hesitated.

“Those two used to be agents from M Nation, Mr. Lindberg,” Sean cautioned gingerly. “I don’t know their grudge against Riz Corporation, and I don’t think it’s wise for us to intervene.”

“Rescue them first!” Danrique growled, irritated.

“Yes.” Gordon did not dare say much else and carried out his orders immediately.

Sean, too, did not say anything more. His hands clasped involuntarily together, and his brow creased.

Despite Lindberg Corporation’s status and Danrique’s foothold, they faced threats internally and outside. It would not serve them well to pick a fight with Riz Corporation at a time like that.

We would be picking a fight with the most powerful enemy in the world. Everybody, except for Mr. Lindberg, gives Riz Corporation a wide berth.

Sean harbored many worries, but he also knew Danrique could not be convinced against whatever he set his mind to.

His only option was to remain silent.

Francesca returned to her bedroom and gave Anthony a call to ask about the matter of Layla and Lincoln.

Anthony told her that they were persecuted by their enemies and had been running for their lives. They tried to do away with their enemies, who seemed to multiply in number. The pair was then forced to escape abroad.

They spoke of hiding in the mountains during the last time they corresponded. However, they could no longer be reached. Though they might have indeed gone to the mountains where there was no reception, something might have happened to them and prevented them from making contact with the outside world.

Francesca felt a spark of hope after hearing all of that. Perhaps, they did go up a mountain and are cut off from all mobile phone signals. The reception on Mount Phoenix, where the old man lives, is terrible.

Francesca spent the entire afternoon waiting at home. Her mind was filled with all kinds of guesses.

Gordon came with a report at three in the afternoon. “We still could not locate the two elders, Ms. Felch. I don’t know if they had gone to a place without reception. We might need a little more time.”

“That is indeed a possibility,” Francesca said quickly. “They were talking about hiding out in the mountains.”

“That must be it,” Gordon said at once. “I have arranged for a search party in Zarain, and we will get some clues sooner or later. Don’t worry.”

“All right.”

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Chapter 2147 The Banquet

Francesca was slightly relieved. I would be happy for Layla and Lincoln if they managed to hide in the mountains.

“It’s getting late. You should get ready, Ms. Felch. Mr. Lindberg will pick you up at five o’clock,” Gordon announced as he glanced at his watch. “The styling team is already waiting downstairs.”

“Eh?” Francesca was taken aback. “What styling team? Picking me up to go where?”

“There’s a banquet tonight,” Gordon reminded her. “Mr. Lindberg said he was going to bring you. Did you forget?”

“Oh, I think I did,” Francesca recalled upon second thought.

“I will bathe and dress you, Ms. Felch.”

Norah led several maids up the stairs and escorted Francesca back to her bedroom.

“Do I have to go?” Francesca was somewhat averse. “I don’t like attending banquets.”

“Mr. Lindberg has made the arrangements. He would not be pleased if you don’t go,” Norah said with a chuckle. “You can’t escape socializing once you become Mrs. Lindberg.”

Francesca was still declining when a familiar voice sounded. “I am a friend of Ms. Felch!”

Francesca turned around and saw Monica standing outside, holding on to the door for support. Several maids blocked her.

“Monica!” Francesca stood up at once to greet her. “Let her in.”

“Yes, Ms. Felch.” The maids bowed and stood aside.

Monica limped in. “I’m sorry, Ms. Felch,” she said apologetically. “Am I bothering you?”

“No, I’m not doing anything anyway. I was just about to head in for a shower.”

Though Francesca did not like Monica pushing her to deal with William’s matter, she could understand the latter. Hence, she treated her as a friend.

Monica rescued me three times, anyway.

“Let me keep you company.” Monica took her hand.

“All right.” Francesca dismissed the rest and entered the bathroom with Monica.

“Do you have something to say to me, Monica?”

up “Nothing much. I just want to say that you should attend the banquet,” Monica said casually. “Think about it. Many women out there already have their sights set on Mr. Lindberg. If you don’t show up to claim your place, they will think they stand a chance.

“Hazel, especially. She even started the rumor that she was engaged to Mr. Lindberg. If you, the official girlfriend, don’t show yourself, everybody will think that she is Mr. Lindberg’s fiancée.”

“That’s a good point.” Francesca frowned. “However, matters like that frustrate me. I think men should have some awareness. Danrique ought to take the initiative to clarify things to the press.”

“Isn’t he doing exactly that? He is taking you to the banquet and announcing to the public that you are his fiancée to clear rumors,” Monica said at once. “You see, he wants to make a statement, and it will put him in a difficult spot if you don’t go.”

“You’re right.” Francesca nodded. “All right, then. I’ll go.”

“That’s more like it. Could I come with you, by the way?” Monica asked tentatively. “I can protect you if anything happens.”

“It’s not a problem to me, but your leg is injured.” Francesca stared at Monica’s leg.

“It’s not a serious injury, anyway. I’ll just take some painkillers,” Monica said hastily. “His Highness assigned me to protect you, and I must fulfill my duty to the best of my ability. Besides, I’m bored staying in the room alone. Think of it as taking me out to see the world.”

“All right, then.” Francesca could not take her nagging. “I’ll have somebody prepare a dress that will cover your leg, and you’re coming with me.”

Delighted, Monica nodded eagerly.

After their makeup was done two hours later, Francesca brought Monica down the stairs.

Danrique had just returned and was on the phone in the hall.

Sean and the others bowed to Francesca and greeted her when she arrived. Though they looked surprised to see Monica in her arm, they did not say much.

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Chapter 2148 Making Your Own Decision

Danrique turned around to look at Francesca and frowned involuntarily.

She was clad in a white, short gown and looked as adorable as a fairy, but her makeup was overly simple.

On the other hand, Monica wore a grand, champagne-colored long gown and looked regal and elegant.

As Monica's leg was injured, Francesca helped her down the stairs.

It looks like Monica is the mistress and Francesca is her subordinate instead.

"When did you return?" Francesca helped Monica steady herself before turning to face Danrique in a happy mood.

"Several minutes ago."

Danrique caressed her hair as he spoke, which hung carelessly as hair spray was not yet applied. It looked natural though it lacked refinement.

"Monica wants to come as well. I'd promise to bring her along."

Francesca told Danrique bluntly instead of seeking his approval.

"She can come, but she must get changed." Danrique glanced at Monica before shooting a meaningful look at Sean.

"Yes, sir." Sean hastened to make the arrangements. "Take Ms. Monica up to change, Mylo."

“Why me again?” Mylo grumbled under his breath as he marched toward Monica.
“This way, please, Ms. Monica.”

“This dress is pretty. I picked it out for her.” Francesca felt that it was unnecessary.
“It’s to cover her injured leg. Besides, she looks good in it.”

Danrique said nothing. Instead, he hugged her and pulled her out the door.

The pair entered the car, which drove off swiftly. “Wait a minute,” Francesca said in a panic, “Monica isn’t here.”

“Ms. Monica will take the car behind,” Sean explained. “Are you hungry, Ms. Felch? You can have something to eat first.”

“There is food?” Francesca’s attention was drawn away in an instant.

“Some snacks.”

Danrique stroked her head indulgently before producing an exquisite box and opening it to reveal an array of cakes that emitted an enticing fragrance.

“Wow, what are these?” Francesca picked up a piece to sample and turned ecstatic.
“It’s delicious!”

“I’m glad you like it.” Danrique was pleased with how happy she looked.

“Mr. Lindberg heard about a new Chanaean bakery in the city and had specifically gone and bought some since he knew you are fond of them,” Sean explained with a smile. “The banquet tonight will also be—”

“You talk too much.”

Danrique silenced him with a glare.

“What about the banquet tonight?” Francesca sensed that there was more to Sean’s words.

“Nothing. You’ll know when we get there.” Danrique wiped the crumbs off the corners of her lips. “Eat slowly. You won’t have to share them with anybody.”

Francesca nodded with a smile. “It’s delicious. Try some!”

“I don’t have a sweet tooth. You enjoy it.” Danrique smiled at her. “I’m happy just watching you eat.”

Francesca giggled before picking out another piece as Danrique watched silently beside her with a smile on his lips.

Francesca had eaten half the box of pastries when the car pulled up at its destination. She touched her belly, gazed out the window, and froze. “Is this the presidential palace?”

“Mmm.” Danrique nodded. “It’s a banquet thrown by the president. You’ll run into some old friends tonight and make new ones.”

“Er...”

Francesca instinctively recalled the last banquet in Frank’s house and had a bad premonition.

“Nothing bad will happen tonight.” Danrique knew what troubled her. “But you should still stay close to me and not run amok. Do you understand?”

“Oh.” Francesca nodded. “Monica will be there too. She’ll protect me as well.”

“If something like this happens again, discuss it with me first before making your own decisions,” Danrique reminded her. “Actually, she shouldn’t be coming to an event like this.”

