

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2184

Chapter 2184 Support Has Arrived

“About that...” The doctor was about to say something when an elderly woman came into the room. The woman bowed politely at Francesca and said, “Greetings, Ms. Felch. His Majesty will be having a banquet at eight tonight, and your presence is expected. I have brought you your clothes.”

The woman then motioned at the maids, prompting them to bring in a fancy dress, beautiful accessories, an elegant pair of shoes, and a clean set of underwear. The clothes were all neatly laid out on the sofa.

“What’s with this grand event? Is Danrique coming?” Francesca asked. The woman simply lowered her head and kept quiet.

“I’ll take that as a yes, then.” Francesca’s eyes lit up with hope the moment she realized Danrique was on his way to save her. Ha! I have nothing to fear now that my savior is coming for me!

“Ms. Felch, it is now two in the afternoon, so there is still a lot of time before the banquet. We will serve you lunch, and then you can rest throughout the afternoon. We will come back at six in the evening to help you shower and get changed. Would this arrangement be okay with you?”

“I want my friend Monica to attend the banquet with me,” Francesca said with an arrogant look.

“But...”

“If you can’t make that decision, then go ask your king for permission. Tell him I won’t be attending the banquet without Monica,” Francesca added coldly.

“All right, I’ll relay your message right away.” The woman then told the maids on her way out, “Make sure to take good care of Ms. Felch!”

“Understood.”

Francesca then lay comfortably on the bed as the servants propped up her pillows, wiped her body clean, gave her a facial, and fed her lunch.

Man, I have to admit, these maids sure are good at what they do! I have an injury on my head and calf, yet I’m enjoying this service a lot! Of course, the best part is being able to see Danrique soon! I was so busy running for my life that I hadn’t had time to worry about a lot of things, but I’ve always been thinking about him. Everything I see reminds me of him. I think about him before I sleep and immediately after I wake up. The past few days have been filled with danger, but I was able to pull through it all because of my desire to make it back alive and reunite with Danrique. Who would’ve thought we’d be able to see each other so soon, eh? He says he’s mad at me and won’t help me, and yet, he’s always rushing to my aid whenever I’m in danger. He’s truly my armor, my shield, and my guardian. I have no need to fear anyone with him around!

Francesca couldn’t help but feel a little gleeful and smug at the thought of that.

However, she soon thought of another issue.

As powerful as Danrique may be, we’re in enemy territory now. We had nothing to do with this internal conflict within the royal family, to begin with, so it wouldn’t be appropriate for us to get involved. Even Danrique would be at a disadvantage here! What if this banquet is just a trap? Would Danrique get bullied by that old king? Given how cunning and cruel Federico is, I have a feeling it won’t be easy to deal with him.

Francesca began to get anxious the more she thought about it. Eventually, she decided to take responsibility for her own actions.

I'm the one who got myself into this mess, so I can't be getting Danrique involved no matter what. If that old king dares hurt my man, I'll fight him myself!

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Chapter 2185 Kind Warning

The woman from earlier soon brought Monica over to the room Francesca was in.

She had been beaten up so badly that she had injuries all over her body. Despite being severely injured, Monica's eyes still lit up with excitement when she saw Francesca.

Francesca immediately had the maids tend to Monica's wounds, give her a bath, and get her a change of clothes.

After catering to all of her requests, the woman led Francesca and Monica over to the banquet hall ten minutes before the clock struck eight.

The two of them recognized the six princes the moment they arrived. Charlie looked especially arrogant as he stared at them.

The other princes, too, shot them provocative and warning glares.

Berthold was the only one who smiled and nodded politely at them.

Francesca recognized Berthold as the one who stopped Charlie from killing her. "Who is he?"

"That's Berthold, the youngest prince of Danontand. They say he's only nineteen years old, which makes him a few years younger than William," Monica whispered.

"Was he involved when they bullied William?" Francesca asked.

"I heard he wasn't, but nobody knows this stuff for sure," Monica answered.

Francesca kept quiet and stared at the clock on the wall.

We have five minutes left until eight o'clock, and yet, neither Danrique nor the old king has arrived. What's going on here?

Her train of thought was interrupted when the woman walked up to Francesca and said with a bow, "Please enter the inner palace, Ms. Felch."

Francesca felt a little confused, but she stood up without saying a word anyway.

The maids then helped her onto the wheelchair and brought her over to the inner palace.

The old king was calmly sipping on some tea as he sat there all by himself. Upon hearing the doors open, he looked up at Francesca and asked, "How are your injuries? Not too severe, I presume?"

"Not enough to kill me," Francesca replied coolly.

"William tells me you're a very loyal and brave woman. I didn't think much of it before, but I see what he means now." Federico flashed her a smile as he continued, "For a young woman like yourself, you are indeed very courageous. I've heard about the things you've done for William."

Francesca simply stared at him in silence as she waited for him to stop beating around the bush.

Federico continued, "I'm not sure if William has told you anything that may have led to some misunderstandings, but I have always loved him deeply. However, it's really hard to show it in a family this huge. You may not understand it now, but you will when you marry into the Lindberg family in the future. It's not easy managing a huge family—"

Having lost her patience, Francesca cut him off, "What are you trying to say, Your Majesty? Please get straight to the point."

He can keep his pretentious words for the media. I don't buy that stuff at all.

“Haha! Very well, then! Mr. Lindberg loves you very much. As his fiancée, you should be devoting all of your time and energy to him instead. Therefore, you no longer need to concern yourself with William's affairs,” Federico said with a chuckle.

There it is! We're finally getting to the main point of this conversation!

“I don't understand. Why would you treat William like that? He's your grandson too!” Francesca asked frigidly.

“We could all live peacefully together if he'd just behave himself, but he chose not to. Look, William isn't the simple man that you make him out to be. Someday, you'll understand what I mean by that...” Federico replied mysteriously.

Francesca couldn't help but shudder in fear when she heard that. I can't believe he'd frame his own grandson!

Suddenly, a subordinate came over and said, “Your Majesty, Mr. Lindberg's car has just arrived at the palace. He will be here in about fifteen minutes. As per Your Majesty's instructions, Mr. Faulkner is waiting for him at the entrance.”

“All right.” Federico nodded and turned to look at Francesca as he went on, “Mr. Lindberg is a very busy man, and yet, he came all the way here just for you. Do you have any idea how many business opportunities this trip could cost him?”

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Chapter 2186 Reminder

“I don’t know, and I’m not interested in knowing.” Francesca did not go along with him at all. “What else would you like to say, Your Majesty?”

“People have limited patience,” Federico reminded. “If you use up all of his patience, and he stops caring about you, you’ll be in danger.” “Your Majesty, are you threatening me?” Francesca frowned.

“It’s a reminder,” Federico said with a smile. “Be a good Mrs. Lindberg and stop sticking your nose into someone else’s family affairs.” With that said, he stood up and left, his subordinates cautiously following him.

Francesca watched the old king leave with complicated feelings. Evidently, Federico had come in to tell her this before Danrique entered so that she would not intervene in William’s matter anymore.

However, things were already at this point. Was it truly possible for her to turn a blind eye to it? “Ms. Felch, let me bring you out.”

With that, the woman wheeled Francesca to the banquet hall.

Monica was worriedly looking in her direction. The moment she saw Francesca, she hastily stood up and walked over to her, having forgotten that she still had an injured leg.

If not for the maid’s support, Monica would have fallen to the ground. Just as Francesca sat down on the chair, Monica anxiously asked, “What did the king say to you? Did he tell you not to intervene in His Highness’ matters anymore? What did you answer him?”

Monica was a smart woman as well; she could mostly guess what had happened. “I didn’t say anything,” Francesca answered. “It’s not as if I have the choice to say anything now.”

“Ms. Felch, please don’t give up on His Highness!” Monica held her hand and pleaded. “You’re the only one who can save him now. If you give up on him too, then he’s as good as dead!”

While she spoke, the few princes stood up. Monica was frightened by that, thinking that they were about to fight.

However, they only shot her a cold glance before they left the room in order.

The prince who walked last, Berthold, even whispered to Francesca, “We’re heading out to welcome Mr. Lindberg. Please wait here for a moment.”

After saying that, he hastily caught up with his brothers.

Only after he was gone did Francesca come back to her senses. As she turned to Monica, she asked, “Is he trying to curry favor with me?”

“Most likely,” Monica replied with a sneer. “He knows you’re Mr. Lindberg’s girlfriend. Even if he doesn’t want to butter you up in broad daylight, he won’t want to cross you.”

Francesca then surveyed her surroundings. Everyone else was gone, leaving only a few maids standing at the side.

Hence, she asked Monica in a low voice, “By the way, didn’t you contact Robin yesterday? How are they? Have they really gotten out of danger?”

“I wanted to tell you this yesterday, but I ended up falling asleep in the motel. After that, something happened so...” Monica whispered into Francesca’s ear. “Robin said that they’ve resolved the issue of daily necessities, but the regained freedom is fake. It looks like they can interact with the outside world, but people have been

keeping a close eye on them the whole time. He hasn't even seen His Highness until now, and even if he enters and leaves the place, he can only do it if he's shopping for medications and food. He can't even contact any media or anyone in the outside world. He called the people in His Highness' company, but the calls were all tapped, so he could only talk about work."

"I knew it."

Francesca frowned.

"Ms. Felch..." Monica tightened her hold on Francesca's hand and urged, "Let's take the opportunity while Mr. Lindberg's here to get the king to let His Highness go."

"Um..." Francesca was dumbfounded. "How can we possibly do that? William's a member of the Danontand royal family, not one of Danrique's men."

"Why not?" Monica blurted out. "Even the king's afraid of him. The moment he found out that you're Mr. Lindberg's girlfriend, he instructed his people to serve you well. Now, he's even leading his princes out to welcome Mr. Lindberg. Who else has ever received such special treatment but the two of you?"

Chapter 2187 Forceful

“These places are having financial issues right now. They’re all hoping for a major corporate group like Lindberg Corporation to invest in their businesses, and they’re hoping to establish a long-term collaboration. The king clearly wants to be in Mr. Lindberg’s good books, so Mr. Lindberg will have the power to persuade him,” Monica rambled on desperately as she held Francesca’s hands tighter and tighter.

“Mr. Lindberg adores you. When he found out that something happened to you, he came right away. Talk to him later and ask him to save His Highness first. He’ll surely say yes to you. Please!”

“The power to persuade.” It was then Francesca finally understood what Monica meant. “No wonder King Federico was suddenly so nice to me and respectful toward Danrique—he wants Danrique to invest here... In other words, Danrique is rescuing me at a high price again this time.”

“Of course,” Monica replied. “Why would a king be nice to you for no good reason? Still, it means nothing to Mr. Lindberg, right? His money has to be invested somewhere anyway.”

“He’s not your boyfriend. Of course you won’t feel much about it.” Francesca huffed. “It’s not as if his money falls from the sky right on his doorstep. It’s partially mine too. I can’t just be fine with Federico taking my money like this!”

“Uh...” For a moment, Monica found herself at a loss for words.

The more Francesca thought about it, the angrier she became. She was worried that the king would take advantage of Danrique, so she quickly stood up to look for him.

“Ms. Felch!” A few maids quickly came over to support her. “Where are you heading to?”

“Let me go. I’m going to look for my boyfriend!”

Francesca tried to break free from their grasp, but the maids’ hold was tight as they refused to let her go.

During the tugging, Francesca lost her balance and fell backward.

“Ms. Felch!” Monica shrieked and jumped to her feet, about to grab her.

However, another figure dashed over like a bolt of lightning and held Francesca from the back.

In the meantime, when Francesca felt something powerful catching her from the back, she instinctively raised her head. The moment she registered the face, her heart skipped a beat.

Danrique’s towering figure was like a tree that protectively supported her. His handsome face was an inch away from her eyes, and his amber eyes were filled with anger and frustration.

“Oh, Danrique...”

Francesca’s hardened heart softened, and the corners of her lips tilted downward. In the next second, she launched herself into his arms and wrapped her arms around his waist before bawling.

“Why didn’t you listen to me?”

Danrique felt the urge to smack her buttocks, but they were in a public space with people around. Hence, he tamped his fury down, gripped her chin, and raised her head to study her instead.

“Let me take a look at you. How did you hurt your head? And your leg, too.”

Bravery surged into Francesca now that she had someone to back her up. As she jabbed a finger at Charlie, she uttered, “Him! He hit me!”

Charlie froze before turning to Danrique in confoundment.

Danrique gave him an icy look tinged with murderous intent. “You hit her?”

“I...”

Charlie paled as he took steps back in a panicked manner.

“It’s a misunderstanding. It’s all a misunderstanding!” Federico quickly chimed in to ease the tension. “Charlie didn’t know who Francesca was at that time—”

“Which hand was it?” Danrique interrupted as he arched a brow at Charlie.

Charlie did not dare to look at Danrique as he hung his head, having no courage to even breathe any louder.

“Gordon!” Danrique summoned.

“Yes, sir.”

“Mr. Lindberg—”

“Arghhh!”

In merely a few seconds’ time, several voices sounded out.

Everyone was stunned as the screams of agony echoed in the room.

Sean closed his eyes and sighed under his breath. He had wanted to persuade Danrique otherwise, but before he could even finish his sentence, the dense Gordon had already struck.

No wonder Mr. Lindberg called for Gordon first this time even though he usually gives me the orders. He knows that Gordon will never second-guess his decision and will always heed his order.

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Chapter 2188 Insane

Gordon usually stood on the sidelines, but the moment he was on the field, he would either maim or kill. What he had done this time was break Charlie's hand. With a loud crack of bones shattering, Charlie fell to the ground and screamed in pain.

Everyone was frightened out of their wits, including Silas, Monica, and the others. The princes, too, had their eyes wide in disbelief.

Is this real? Did Danrique just hurt a prince in Danontand's palace? How can he be such an arrogant lunatic?

When the guards outside heard Charlie's shouts of pain, they darted inside with guns. One of the princes pointed at Gordon and roared, "How dare you do this? Take him down!"

Gordon narrowed his eyes in response and began inching toward the prince who spoke. Startled, the prince quickly retreated.

"Stand down," Federico coldly ordered. "Your Majesty, he—"

"Shut up!" Federico gave them no chance to speak as he turned back to Danrique with a smile. "Mr. Lindberg, are you satisfied now?"

"No," Danrique answered. "Still, for Your Majesty's sake, I'll stop here for now."

Danrique made it sound as if he was upset and forced to make such a decision.

Although the smile on Federico's face remained, his eyes darkened. "Charlie is young and foolish. It's nothing unusual for one older in life to teach him a lesson."

“Of course.” A small smile grew on Danrique’s face. “Your Majesty, your kind heart stops you from giving him a lesson, so I’ll have to play the villain.”

“Hahaha!” Federico laughed boisterously. “Men, bring Charlie to the medics.”

“Understood!” Silas hastily instructed his men to bring Charlie away.

The remaining princes began shifting nervously at the side as they looked at Danrique in fear.

They could not fathom why Danrique could have such a conceited demeanor despite being on their territory, nor why their king was so cautious around him.

Monica stood transfixed in her spot. She had long heard rumors about how the devil Danrique was a haughty and cruel man.

Now, she had finally witnessed him in action with her own two eyes.

“Mr. Lindberg, you’ve traveled far, so you must be tired,” Federico politely stated. “Please take a seat first. I’ve prepared the best wine.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty.” Danrique then wrapped his arm around Francesca and led her to the seats.

Francesca finally recomposed herself, but her heart was still thumping loudly as she leaned toward Danrique’s ear and murmured, “Why are you acting so snobbishly? Aren’t you afraid you won’t leave this place alive?”

“No,” Danrique told her. “I have Erihal backing me up.”

Monica’s eyes widened in realization upon hearing that. Right, he’s not only representing himself; he’s representing Lindberg Corporation and Erihal as well.

Not everyone dared to cross a mighty country like Erihal.

However, Francesca only felt more worried when she heard Danrique's words. Her nosiness had involved Danrique, and now, Erihal as well.

Things were getting more and more complicated.

No wonder my master told me not to interact with politicians and royal family members. I couldn't understand it in the past, but now I do. I didn't heed any of Ms. Layla's advice either, but now that I know why I should, I've already stepped into the murky waters. It'll be too difficult for me to leave now.

Right then, the maids began serving the dinner.

Danrique was uninterested in the dinner despite the scrumptious and plentiful dishes on the table. He turned to Federico and uttered, "Your Majesty, why don't we head inside and have a talk instead?"

"It doesn't look like you have any appetite for the dinner I've asked my chef to specially prepare for you," Federico started with a smile. "All right. I'll ask my men to prepare the best tea while we talk inside."

"Thank you."

Federico sat in the main seat as Silas and the other princes stood behind him.

Meanwhile, Danrique led Francesca to sit opposite the king. After taking a cup of black tea from the maid, he sipped on it and said, "Yes, this tea is good."