

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2203

Chapter 2203 Sweet And Blissful

Francesca gazed up at the building in front of her. “This building is all mine?” she asked, dumbfounded. “The whole place is your workshop,” Sloan replied with a grin. “There are seven floors. We had it made exactly like how buildings that host traditional medicine would look like. Go on in and take a look.”

Feeling touched, the woman strode into the building. Every part of it was made with the finest quality wood, and walking inside here made one feel as though they were actually inside a traditional medicine hall.

“It’s perfect!” Francesca gushed. “This is everything I wanted in a dream workshop!” She had long yearned for a workshop like this—one that contained an array of materials to create herbal concoctions, not to mention all those precious medicinal books.

Although she did have a workshop back in S Nation too, it was a room so tiny that she could only keep some common herbs. Moreover, all the shelves had been filled to the brim, and they looked messy all the time as she never bothered tidying them.

But this place... Every part of it belongs to me? I can now keep all the herbs and materials I want, and I can even run experiments on the other floors. Oh, God!

The woman was moved to tears. How did Danrique know I’ve always wanted a workshop? I never told him about this.

“Do you like it, Ms. Felch?” Sloan asked in anticipation. “Is there anything you want us to fix?”

“I do. I love it so much,” Francesca answered while feeling a lump in her throat. “You don’t have to change a thing. Now, there’s just one more thing left that we need.”

“The herbs?” Gordon asked, smiling. “We’ve taken care of that. The goods should arrive from Zarain within the next two days. You’ll receive a portion of everything that’s available on the market, and if there are other herbs you want that we can’t buy, give us a checklist. I’ll get someone to find them.”

“You guys are so thoughtful.” Francesca reached for the shelves before running her fingers across a desk, her eyes brimming with tears.

“It’s Mr. Lindberg who’s thoughtful,” Gordon said. “He told Sean to find a well-known architect to design this building, and construction began right after all the materials from Zarain had arrived. Look, everything is almost complete. We’re just waiting for the herbs now.”

“I can’t believe it.” Emotions surged within Francesca. “He never told me anything.”

“Mr. Lindberg has always been the type who works in the shadows.” Just as Gordon spoke, a subordinate came over to report, “Mr. Lindberg has returned.”

“That was fast.” Gordon was visibly surprised. “I thought he’d be late, considering all the issues at work.”

“What issues?” asked Francesca.

“Uh... Well...” The man dared not answer.

“It’s okay. I’ll go ask him.”

With that, Francesca hurried over to where Danrique was and leaped into his arms like an elated child as soon as he stepped out of his vehicle.

“Be careful with your leg!” the man exclaimed while gazing at her lovingly.

“Thank you!” Standing on her toes, Francesca began to peck him on the chin. “I just had a look at the workshop. It’s beautiful!”

Danrique clicked his tongue in displeasure. “So you only came running into my arms because I built you that workshop?”

The woman giggled. “But I love it so much. Let me kiss you!”

She jumped and tried to reach for his lips.

Yet, the man deliberately kept his head high. “I won’t let you kiss me, shorty.”

“You’re so annoying!”

Francesca then climbed onto him like a monkey and bit him.

Laughter ensued among the two.

Danrique held her by the waist and carried her back into the house.

It was a sweet and blissful sight.

Everyone at the scene felt happy for them.

Norah, in particular, couldn’t stop beaming.

Meanwhile, in the castle not far away, William sat in his wheelchair while observing the spectacle from a distance. He couldn’t hear what they were saying, but he could certainly see how affectionate Danrique and Francesca were with each other.

How lucky.

Curling his lips slightly, he looked down with a frosty gaze.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2204

Chapter 2204 Gone Secretly

Danrique carried Francesca all the way back into their room, where more passion followed. There was a saying that men who were new to carnal pleasures were akin to wild beasts.

Danrique was no exception. In fact, he couldn't seem to get enough of it. He would keep asking Francesca for more until he was completely exhausted.

Despite the long hours Francesca had slept on the plane, she was now out cold once again thanks to the lovemaking which lasted through the night.

She lay in his embrace like a docile animal. Leaning on one side, Danrique held onto her with one hand and caressed her hair with the other as he gazed at her tenderly.

She was always so upfront with her emotions. Never did she hide her happiness or anger. She's probably going to be upset if she finds out that I'm going to M Nation with Hazel first thing in the morning, huh?

He smiled at the thought of this woman glaring at him in fury. He loved everything about her, including the way she looked when picking fights with him.

The man kissed her forehead and held her tightly, but he couldn't fall asleep at all. As dawn approached, subtle rays of light could be seen seeping in through the floor-to-ceiling windows and shining onto Francesca's body.

Danrique glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already half past five in the morning.

He withdrew his arm silently, put on a bathrobe, and treaded toward the door lightly. He then turned around to glance at the woman one more time, his eyes showing how reluctant he was to part with her.

Ultimately, he could only shut the door and leave in a hurry.

“The car’s ready, Mr. Lindberg.”

“I’m going to take a shower in the study room before we leave. Wait for me downstairs, and be sure not to wake her up.”

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg.”

Danrique hurried downstairs after taking a shower and changing into his clothes. He couldn’t help but give his room a quick glance as he walked past it.

It’s still quiet in there, so she’s probably still asleep.

He could only leave while she was sleeping so as to avoid getting into an argument.

Then, he hopped into the car.

Gordon rushed over at that moment. “Are you sure you don’t need me to accompany you, Mr. Lindberg? It’s quite dangerous in M Nation. I think you’d be safer if I were to come along.”

“Stay here and watch the house. I’ll talk to you if I need you,” Danrique instructed. “Take care of her, and don’t let her leave no matter how much of a fight she puts up.”

“Understood.” Gordon nodded solemnly.

“If she wants to go outside for some fresh air, make sure there’s always someone following her closely. Nothing had better happen to her.”

“Certainly, Mr. Lindberg. Don’t worry,” assured Gordon. “Everything will be fine with me around.”

Danrique shot a glance at the master bedroom. The room remained lit, and gentleness filled his eyes as he recalled the night they had just spent together. Please don’t be mad at me when you wake up.

The sound of the car engine roused Francesca briefly, but she was so tired that she simply turned to the other side, hugged a pillow, and continued sleeping.

The pillow contained traces of his scent, so she felt as if she was hugging him.

Then, she began to dream about her and Danrique getting married.

The wedding was held inside a forest, where many wild animals were in attendance.

Donning a beautiful bridal gown and floral wreath, she ran freely across a meadow as the man stood on top of a hill, extending an arm toward her and waiting for her arrival.

Everything looked like a romantic fairy tale.

It was a perfect dream, and she couldn’t stop beaming. But just as she neared him, a bolt of lightning struck down from the clouds and the ground beneath her began to split.

The earth shook violently, causing an enormous rift between the two of them.

As Francesca called out Danrique’s name, he told her not to be afraid and to keep making her way over in spite of the growing fissure on the ground. Then, he jumped toward her, only to fall into the cracks as though he had been swallowed by a humongous beast.

“Ahhh!”

Francesca finally jolted awake, her body covered in sweat. She reached for her pillow only to find no trace of Danrique.

She glanced around the room and called out to him, even searching for him in the bathroom. Yet, he was nowhere to be seen.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2205

Chapter 2205 Hide

Wondering if he had gone to the study room, Francesca put on her coat and headed out to look for him. A maid greeted her as soon as she opened the door. “Good morning, Ms. Felch.”

“Is Danrique inside the study room?” Francesca asked softly. “Well...” The maid kept her head low, not daring to speak.

Without another word, Francesca made her way to the study room. She pushed the door open and found the room completely dark, and there was no one inside when she switched on the lights.

Something felt amiss to her at that very moment. “Is anybody there?” she shouted. “Yes, Ms. Felch!” Sloan came running upstairs.

“Where’s Danrique?” Francesca asked anxiously. “Mr. Lindberg is...”

“Mr. Lindberg is on his way to M Nation.” Gordon walked in. “He just boarded the plane.” “Danrique’s flying to M Nation?” Francesca’s eyes widened in shock. “When did he leave?”

She paused briefly before muttering to herself, “If he’s just about to board, that means he’s been gone for over an hour...”

Rage overtook her instantly. “That jerk! He actually left while I was asleep? What is he doing, running off to M Nation right after coming back home?”

“Please don’t be upset, Ms. Felch,” Sloan consoled immediately. “Mr. Lindberg has some matters to take care of.”

“That’s right. Mr. Lindberg has work to do,” Gordon chimed in.

They have a point. He’s no ordinary guy, so it’s not like he can keep me company all day. Now that I think about it, he was constantly on the phone during our flight back home. Something must’ve happened.

“Well, if he has work to do, he could’ve just told me. Why did he have to sneak out like that?” she commented in exasperation and indignance. “Couldn’t he have just said his proper goodbyes?”

“He was worried you’d be mad at him,” Gordon answered meekly.

“Then when will he be back?” Francesca asked, sounding worried. “Did he tell you?”

“No. We’re really not sure how long he’ll be away, but he’ll definitely come back once he’s done taking care of everything there.”

Francesca was speechless. There was no point questioning them any further. It would only trouble them.

Hence, she returned to the bedroom and plopped herself onto the couch in a sullen manner.

Gordon reminded the maid to keep watch outside before leaving to run his own errands.

Francesca tried to dial Danrique’s number, thinking that perhaps the private jet had not taken off yet.

Unfortunately, she couldn’t reach him. I guess he’s taken off.

Francesca: Text me once you see this!

After leaving him a text message, the woman sprawled on the bed. The more she thought about his departure, the more infuriated she became.

We were just together in this bed a few hours ago, and now he's gone. He left without even saying anything.

She felt extremely aggrieved.

Meanwhile, Danrique was reviewing some documents on his private jet when Sean poured him a hot cup of tea. "You've been working really hard, Mr. Lindberg. You didn't even get to have a proper meal when you got home."

"You're as long-winded as a woman," Danrique commented with a glance.

Hearing that, Sean stopped talking immediately.

"By the way," Danrique suddenly added, "how is Layla doing?"

"Gordon just asked the guys in H City about her today. It seems she's woken up and is still resting in bed."

"Well, there's shouldn't be any more problems now that she's awake, so get someone to take her to Xendale. Francesca tends to overthink when she's alone. She'd feel better if Layla were with her."

"Very well. I'll give Gordon a call."

Sean whipped out his phone and connected it to the Wi-Fi on the plane right away.

Danrique continued to gaze at his documents, but the only thing on his mind was Francesca. "Tell that blockhead Gordon not to let Francesca know that I'm going to M Nation with Hazel. I don't want her to throw a fit."

"Of course." Sean immediately relayed the message to Gordon.

“Got it. Don’t worry about it. Also, I’m not a blockhead.”

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Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2206

Chapter 2206 Make It Up

“If Mr. Lindberg says you’re one, then you’re one!” Sean retaliated. “You...” Gordon scoffed in frustration. “You’ll get it from me when you come back.”

With a smug laugh, Sean hung up. “He gets to stay by Mr. Lindberg’s side just because he’s sly enough to earn his trust. I’m clearly more capable,” Gordon grumbled.

“I think I’m better than Mylo too, but Mr. Lindberg prefers taking him along while keeping me here,” Sloan chimed in despondently.

Gordon couldn’t help but sigh. “Only shallow guys would fall for a person’s smooth-talking.” “I’d say the same for women,” Sloan added. “But Ms. Felch is an exception!”

Back inside her room, a sleepless Francesca tossed and turned in bed. She had been waiting to hear from Danrique all this while, but he hadn’t called her ever since he left.

She knew there was reception on the private jet. He would’ve called her if he wanted to, but he didn’t. Maybe I just don’t matter to him.

Francesca was utterly disappointed. Well, there’s no point mulling over this. I should get to work. The woman got out of bed and began prescribing some medicine for William and the rest of the people at his castle.

It was a rather busy day. The medicinal herbs arrived by noon, and together with Sloan, Francesca headed over to where William was to treat him. Monica was also now learning some basic medical knowledge from her so she could care for William better.

Francesca remained there until about three in the afternoon before coming back to prepare more medication for those at William Castle. Then, she had Gordon personally send the medication over.

The day flew by quickly, and it was now eight at night. Francesca stared at her phone while having her dinner, waiting for Danrique to call.

Yet, he didn't. She was on the verge of exploding now.

Just as she prepared to phone him instead, the sound of a car arriving came from outside, piquing her curiosity. Who could it be at this hour?

"Francesca!" A familiar voice rang out. Francesca stilled briefly and turned her head to look outside.

It didn't take long for Gordon to lead a noble-looking woman into the house, and Francesca was astonished to see that it was the first lady. "Mrs. President! What are you doing here?"

"Sorry for dropping by so abruptly," the first lady responded with a smile. "I heard you've come back, so I thought I'd pay you a visit. I hope I'm not bothering you."

"Not at all! Come on in. Norah, prepare some tea."

"Yes, Ms. Felch."

Francesca looked very much like a lady of a house at this moment.

After beckoning the first lady to take a seat and asking for tea to be served, she began to strike up a warm conversation with her.

The first lady handed some gifts over before getting to the point. "Francesca, I heard from Danrique that you've returned, but he's gone to M Nation to take care of some matters. I thought you might be bored on your own, so I decided to stop by and see you. I'm holding an art exhibition tomorrow. I'm not sure if you'd be

interested, but would you like to come? If you're feeling lonely because Danrique isn't around, how about I keep you company?"

"Oh, I..."

"I know you're not fond of socializing, so I've made sure there wouldn't be too many people tomorrow. I was thinking of taking you out to dinner. Then we'll head to the exhibition together, and I'll send you home right after that." The first lady smiled sheepishly. "I didn't give you a proper greeting at the last banquet, and I even gave you a fright. My husband's been blaming me ever since. That's also why I want to make it up to you now. Hopefully, he'll stop using that incident against me. Haha..."

Upon hearing that, Francesca couldn't bear to say no, so she nodded. "Okay. I'll see you tomorrow, then. I wasn't that frightened back then, though. It really wasn't so big of a deal."

"But it was still my negligence that led to the incident." The first lady beamed. "Shall I come and pick you up tomorrow?"

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2207

Chapter 2207 Art Exhibition

“There’s no need for that. Give me the address, and I’ll make my way over on my own,” Francesca replied hurriedly.

“All right. It looks like Danrique’s left Gordon here, so there shouldn’t be a problem for you to travel about,” the first lady remarked with a chuckle. “I’ll have someone give Gordon the address, then. See you tomorrow at six!”

“Okay. See you!” Francesca began to regret her decision as soon as she saw the first lady off. She truly didn’t enjoy going to such places, nor was she interested in art exhibitions.

I don’t even understand art! But from how she dropped by personally and the way she talked, how could I have said no? Well, I’ll have to make connections sooner or later anyway. I may as well get this over with.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Felch. I’ll take you there personally. You’ll be completely safe.” Gordon thought she was concerned about her safety.

“I’m not worried about that. I just don’t really feel like going.” The woman glanced at her phone. There was not a single call or text message from Danrique.

Despite feeling unhappy, she decided not to phone him. So what if he doesn’t call? It’s not like I care. Hmph!

Yet, Francesca would spend the night waking up several times just to reach for her phone underneath her pillow and check for any notification from Danrique.

Sadly, there was still nothing. Although she felt incredibly dejected, the woman was so tired from her day’s work that she continued sleeping.

She wasn't feeling the best when she woke up the next morning, but she forced herself out of bed anyway. Then, she washed up, had some breakfast, and visited William again.

William did his best to cooperate, putting up with all the pain and consuming his medication regardless of how bitter it was.

Francesca sincerely wanted to treat him, given all his effort.

The one thing that seemed off was that he now spoke to her less and appeared to be deliberately maintaining a distance from her. He also no longer called her name as affectionately as he used to.

Maybe it's because he's feeling guilty over what happened in the past, or that he's changed after going through so much.

Monica, on the other hand, was thrilled to see Francesca every time. The former always looked forward to learning more about medicine and understanding William's illness. She would even report his condition to her meticulously.

Hearing that William was recovering well made Monica the happiest person in the world.

Moreover, Francesca noticed that the two seemed to be growing closer by the day. Monica was no longer afraid to remove his clothes, wipe his body, or treat his wounds—even in his most intimate areas—although she would still blush.

Still, Francesca believed this was a good thing. William's always been alone, so it's nice to see someone by his side. Besides, Monica likes him so much.

After tending to William, she prescribed more medication for Monica, who had been so busy caring for William that her own injuries were healing at a much slower rate.

Francesca gave her a different kind of medicine.

It was past four by the time she returned to Danrique Castle.

Norah immediately assisted her with her shower before leading her to the make-up artist, who had been waiting to style her.

When Francesca was ready, she hopped into the car to meet up with the first lady.

Having busied herself all day, she dozed off inside the vehicle.

Even so, she would wake up and check her phone every now and then just to see if Danrique had contacted her.

Again, he never did.

She was furious.

The first lady welcomed her in front of the restaurant at exactly six o'clock.

The former had booked the entire restaurant for themselves along with a few other female guests.

Francesca recognized one of them as Kevin Yarrow's wife. She had also met the other women at the last banquet.

Everyone treated her with the utmost respect and spoke with her ardently.

Yet, Francesca could only maintain a smile; exchanging pleasantries wasn't her forte.

"Francesca is a very quiet girl and doesn't socialize much, so there's no need to stand on ceremony with her," the first lady chimed in, having noticed the young woman's unease.

"Okay."

At that, the ladies quieted down in an instant.