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Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort

Chapter 2308 - 231

Chapter 2308 The Final Negotiation

After hearing his subordinates' analysis and suggestions, the president decided to stop going against Danrique and minimize his losses. Immediately, he brought his men and went to the Lindberg residence to negotiate with Danrique.

Danrique had just reapplied his medication and was wearing his clothes when his subordinate rushed in. "Mr. Lindberg, the president is here!"

Danrique was not at all surprised as if everything was within his expectations. He did not show any reaction and slowly buttoned his shirt.

Sean walked toward the window and glanced outside. "One car. He only brought three men. I guess he's quite sincere."

Logically, the president would fear death when meeting his arch-enemy, so he should have brought a lot of men. However, he didn't do that as he knew it would be a sign of provocation.

Only by coming alone to call for reconciliation would he seem sincere. Danrique made no reply and sat down again to drink his medicine after wearing his clothes.

"Mr. Lindberg, you haven't eaten yet. You shouldn't eat your medicine on an empty stomach. Eat the medicine after having something to eat," Norah hurriedly said.

"Oh, right." Danrique put down his medicine. "Prepare lunch, then." "Okay, I'll go now."

As it was rare for Danrique to have an appetite, Norah was exuberant when she heard his words and quickly dashed downstairs, ordering the servants in the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Danrique sat on the sofa, sipping coffee. Sean, standing aside, asked softly, "The president's car is at the door. Should I go and welcome him?"

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Danrique should have been the one to welcome the president out of respect, but as he was still angry, he couldn't possibly face the president with a pleasant attitude.

However, since they needed to negotiate, he couldn't just ignore the president.

Danrique replied, "Go."

"Yes, Sir." Sean hurriedly prepared to go to welcome the president when Danrique suddenly added, "Wear a jacket."

"Huh?" Sean asked, pausing for a moment, but he quickly understood Danrique's words. Mr. Lindberg is going to keep the president waiting. I guess he will only meet the president after he finishes lunch, so I probably have to wait with the president outside for one or two hours.

"Thank you, Mr. Lindberg," Sean replied with a wry smile before hurrying out.

However, he didn't wear a jacket as it would seem that he had already known Danrique would be giving the president a hard time, which would make matters worse.

He decided not to wear one and would stay in the cold with the president. The latter would feel better about it, and the negotiation might go smoother.

Indeed, Danrique spent two hours eating his lunch.

Snow fell heavily outside, and although the president had been waiting inside the warmth of his car, he still shivered from the cold.

Sean fared worse as he stood outside, waiting by the door without a jacket. Although he had the tenacity of a soldier and looked fine, his face was starting to lose its color.

Two hours later, Mylo came out to inform them that Danrique was inviting them in.

By then, Sean's legs were already stiff, and gritting his teeth, he punched them to regain feeling in his legs before walking forward with a smile to welcome the president.

The president was purple with rage, but the instant the car door opened, he plastered a pleasant look on his face and even patted Sean's face concernedly after getting out of the car.

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As they entered the house, a surge of warmth flowed through their bodies.

Danrique's subordinates and maids greeted the president. Then, Sean led the president and his men to the study room.

Danrique wore a white shirt and was sitting on the sofa, drinking coffee elegantly. Although he still had a standoffish air about him, he smiled when he raised his head to gaze at the president. "Mr. President, good evening!"

The president had arrived a little after three in the afternoon, but it was already evening then.

"Good evening, Danrique."

The president sounded as amicable as before. It was as if they had never gotten into a dispute, and everything was just like how it was back then.

Smiling, Danrique gestured for him to sit, and the latter sat down on the sofa opposite.

Norah served them some desserts before leaving. Only Danrique, the president, and their trusted aides remained in the room.

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Chapter 2309

Chapter 2309 Betray

"Mdm. Norah makes good coffee," Danrique said casually. The president felt warm after taking a sip of the hot beverage. After that, he started to beat around the bush about what had happened during that period.

He went on by stating the facts first. Then he started to identify the reasons and analyzed them before finally reflecting on himself and apologizing. His whole speech sounded so formal that it was as if it was a negotiation conference.

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By stating the facts, the president shifted the responsibilities to the first lady just as the media reported. According to the news, the first lady was the one who did it, and the president was totally clueless all this while.

"All of this happened because of my negligence in managing my family," the president choked out, tears welling up in his eyes. The corners of Danrique's lips curved upward in disdain when he heard that.

I get it if he wants to put on a show in front of the media. Why is he acting in front of me? It's just the two of us here. Nonetheless, Danrique did not want to expose him and merely watched him continue with his acting.

The president finally finished talking after forty minutes. He took a sip of the coffee again and anxiously waited for Danrique's response.

Saying nothing, Danrique lowered his head and continued to drink his coffee.

After a few minutes, Danrique still did not utter a single word. The president felt uneasy and asked directly, "Danrique, do you want me to send Mr. Lincoln to you or to Francesca?"

It was a smart move, as his words relieved the tension between them. Hearing that, Danrique responded eventually, "To me."

"Okay. I'll ask my people to make arrangements as soon as possible."

As the president said that, he gestured to his subordinate to make the necessary phone calls for the arrangement.

Danrique did not respond further and continued to enjoy his coffee.

The president began to lose his cool as he said, "Danrique, I'm aware of the consequences this incident has brought. Let me know if you have any complaints or dissatisfaction. I promise I'll make amends and solve it properly."

"Everything can be settled if no one is killed," Danrique said, looking at him. "But how are you going to solve the problem when people are killed? Can you bring the dead back to life?"

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His tone was surprisingly calm. Nevertheless, one could sense that his words were as sharp as a blade.

"Yes, indeed." The president nodded vigorously. "This is all because of my negligence. I should've kept an eye on my wife instead of letting her act brazenly behind my back. Because of her, Ms. Layla and a few of your subordinates have been sacrificed. It's all my fault. How about you provide me with some advice to deal with this matter? I'll do as you say."

"Do you mean that the first lady was the only one to be blamed here? Are you sure that you have nothing to do with this?" Danrique confronted, at last.

"Certainly. As I said, I didn't know about anything. I only found out about this after I watched the news," the president answered firmly.

"If she committed the crimes alone, she'll be facing a death sentence. Are you sure about that?" Danrique drawled.

"No one is above the law. Even if she's my wife, she's still subjected to the same laws as a commoner."

"You're truly a respectable and honorable president!" Danrique broke into a smirk.

The president could sense Danrique's mocking tone. Just when he was about to say something, he saw two familiar figures appearing from the back of the bookshelf and was wholly stunned.

His wife and daughter had been standing behind the bookshelf, listening to everything clearly.

As the first lady gazed at the president, there was an unfamiliar look in her eyes. I've been living with this man for decades, but now it's like I don't know him at all.

"Daddy, how could you do this to Mommy? How could you do this to us?"

Avery let out an angry roar, wanting to dash forward and have a word with him. But the president's subordinates were quick enough to stop her.

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Chapter 2310

Chapter 2310 Reconciliation

As Avery was still screaming hysterically, one of the subordinates followed the president's order by knocking her unconscious. Throughout it all, the first lady kept mum, staring at the president with mixed feelings.

The president was caught off guard. Feeling extremely embarrassed, he dared not look at his wife and daughter in their eyes. However, being at a disadvantage, he dared not blame Danrique for that.

"Mr. President, since you've made your promise to release Mr. Lincoln, I'll keep my word and send Mrs. President and Avery home too."

Danrique's tone was flat as if he was chatting casually with his friend. Upon saying that, he put down his cup and left the place. "Send the guests out."

"Yes, Sir." Sean walked in the president's direction and said, "Mr. President, let me see you and your family to the door."

The whole situation was a checkmate. Realizing that, the president could feel his face flush with rage, yet there was nothing he could do. He could only leave the place with his family dejectedly.

Sean sent them to the car and watched them leave before returning to look for Danrique in the study room on the second floor. "Mr. Lindberg, they just left."

Danrique merely hummed and said, "I need you to go over there yourself and get him back safely."

"Are you worried that the president might play tricks? If so, why didn't we release Mrs. President and Avery after ensuring Mr. Lincoln is back safely?" Sean questioned in bafflement.

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Danrique responded aloofly, "I've asserted my dominance by using the carrot and stick approach, so I tried to cut him some slack. The president won't do anything to Mr. Lincoln, but I'm afraid Mr. Lincoln would do something foolish..."

"Okay, I understand. I'll do it right away."

With that, Sean hurriedly left with a few others.

Danrique was satisfied with the outcome of the negotiation that day.

After all, it was a win-win situation for both parties. Both of them had reached an agreement to reconcile by exchanging hostages. Not only that, they managed to solve the issues with public opinion, returning their relationship to its initial friendly state.

Since we've reconciled, there won't be a problem anymore.

However, Danrique was perturbed about something else.

Mr. Lincoln wants to avenge Ms. Layla. He won't give up knowing that his enemy is still out there. I fear that he might be impulsive when he leaves later! It will be troublesome if that happens. Although the president exercises forbearance toward me, it doesn't mean that he's fine with being the target of assassination. Bullets have no eyes. It will be uncontrollable if Mr. Lincoln plays with fire. But I suppose the president would be smart enough to anticipate that. I think he won't let Mr. Lincoln see him again. Even so, we have to be cautious to avoid it.

At that thought, he decided to play safe by asking Sean to bring a group of people there to pick up Lincoln.

Danrique took a glance at Francesca's contact on his phone screen. He did not press the call button, nevertheless. Inwardly, he thought of notifying her only after they took Lincoln home to ease her mind.

"Release him."

The president gave his order on the way home.

"Understood," his subordinate replied. "Should I send him back to the Lindberg residence?"

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"I think Danrique must have asked someone to pick him up." The president narrowed his eyes. "However, we shouldn't skip the formalities. Send him to the entrance of the presidential palace, and I'll apologize to him there. Otherwise, he won't let go of his resentment toward me."

"What?" The moment his words fell, shock deluged the subordinate. "He attempted to assassinate you. If he sees you there, I'm afraid he will..."

As he glanced at the president, the subordinate noticed his gaze. With that, he stopped talking and followed his order immediately.

Later, Francesca was informed that the president would be releasing Lincoln, and she was asked to head over there to get Lincoln. Overwhelmed with joy, she rushed to the presidential palace together with Justin and his subordinates.

At the same time, Sean and his people were on their way to the presidential palace as well.

Modern medicine did not seem to work well on Danrique. His wound failed to recover and got worse instead. The doctor changed the dressing of his wound, prescribed some anti-inflammatory pills, and advised him to rest earlier.

However, Danrique could not fall asleep. He was waiting for Sean to bring Lincoln back so that he could give Francesca a call.

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Chapter 2311

Chapter 2311 No Other Choice

Danrique fell asleep groggily on the couch after taking his medicine. Worried that he might catch a cold, Norah covered him with a blanket before turning off the lights and retreating quietly.

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Though she did not know much, she understood that that night was critical. Mr. Lindberg and the president had come to an agreement: If Sean could bring Mr. Lincoln back, Ms. Felch would be able to come home, and the matter would be resolved.

Norah watched the clock on the wall and counted the seconds in her heart. One minute passed. Ten minutes. Half an hour. Sean would be at the presidential palace by now and would be picking them up soon.

Danrique suddenly jerked awake while she was lost in her reverie and grabbed his phone to make a call. "Yes, Mr. Lindberg?" "Have you picked up Mr. Lincoln?"

"Not yet. He should be arriving at the back door of the presidential palace soon." Danrique's expression shifted drastically. "Did they tell you to collect him at the presidential palace?"

"That's right." "Mr. Lincoln must be in our hands before the president returns," Danrique urged. "If you catch sight of Francesca, stop her immediately." "Yes—"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Before Sean could complete his sentence, a series of gunshots sounded nearby.

Spinning around, he saw an emaciated figure falling at the entrance not far away amidst a storm of bullets. At the same time, another fell to her knees in the pool of blood.

"No! Mr. Lincoln!" Francesca's scream pierced the night sky. As Sean was rooted to the spot, his eyes widened in disbelief. His head rang with the words—It's over. We're too late.

Danrique's order and his execution had been late, and the president succeeded in his scheme. Danrique heard the noise on the other end and, in a rage, sent the coffee table over with a kick and hung up. Summoning his men, he dashed outside.

"Be careful with your injury, sir!" Norah cried behind him. Danrique did not appear to hear her. Without even donning his jacket, he leaped into his car.

Fresh blood stained the white snow at the back door of the presidential palace. The president's expression remained impassive as the two bodies fell before him.

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Though his wife, who had shared his bed for decades, fell at his feet, he did not appear sad in the slightest. He gazed at her quietly and then at Lincoln, who had been shot by a bullet, and his lips curled in a victorious arc.

Even though it looked disadvantageous to trade his wife's life for Lincoln's, the president had, in fact, benefitted a great deal.

As Danrique's maneuver had already incited hatred in the first lady for her husband, it was not his wife that the president had brought back with him but an enemy who constantly wished him dead.

Furthermore, he needed his wife to bear all the charges on his behalf to free himself completely, but she may not be inclined to anymore, given her current hatred for him.

Only by exterminating all evidence can the doubts be silenced.

However, the president would be branded an ingrate if he ordered his wife's arrest or found pretexts to cause her demise.

With things turning out the way they did, my wife being assassinated by one of Danrique's men...

Not only would he be absolved of any blame, but he would also gain legal grounds to place all the blame on his wife. The damning evidence would be indefensible.

Everything would then fall into place.

In addition, Lincoln's death may prompt a wedge to be driven between Francesca and Danrique. Without her help, Danrique would lose the support of his powerful backers, and his diminished influence would humble him.

"Mr. President," reported one of his men quietly, "Sean and his men are here, and Danrique is on his way over."

The president gave a grim smile. "Good. We'll bag them all at once."

"Will Mr. Lindberg refuse to reconcile out of rage?" the man asked uneasily.

"The pact will not be changed because of a single death," the president said with a cold laugh. "Besides, Danrique has no other choice."

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Chapter 2312

Chapter 2312 We Will Meet Again

The president knew very well that his and Danrique's feud would only incur a hefty loss for both sides if it were to continue much longer.

Despite Danrique's dissatisfaction, he would take it lying low for the sake of the bigger picture. What goes around comes around, after all. Having once made a threat to me, it is only fitting that Danrique received one in return. Besides, I owe him a proper thank you for releasing my wife at such an opportune moment and using Lincoln to kill her. It was a great help to me.

The smile on his face widened at the sight of Francesca's anguish. Danrique is going to suffer soon and will have his hands too full to deal with me.

The president maintained that it was more important to stabilize the situation first, so he could find other ways to deal with Danrique later.

After all, Danrique suffered a massive loss due to the incident. Even if I cannot subdue him now, there will be another opportunity. "Mr. Lindberg is here, Mr. President," his subordinate whispered into his ear.

The president turned around and saw two vehicles arriving with frantic haste. As soon as the cars ground to a halt, Danrique emerged and dashed toward Francesca, who was kneeling beside Lincoln's body, her body heaving with sobs.

Anthony was also distressed.

Danrique went forward to help Francesca up, who came to life when the desolation in her eyes was suddenly replaced by vengeance. She snatched the gun from Danrique's hip and pointed it at the president. "Go to h*ll!"

Though it was the first lady who had caused Layla's death, and everything looked as if she had orchestrated it, Francesca knew that the president was the mastermind.

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That includes having me pick up Mr. Lincoln tonight and for me to see him shot dead with my own eyes. It has all been a ploy against Danrique.

"No, Ms. Felch!" Sean hastened forward to stop her.

At the same time, dozens of guns aimed at Francesca's head, including lasers from sniper rifles in the shadows.

They were at the backdoor of the presidential palace. Aside from the soldiers standing guard, several hidden snipers armed with rifles lay in wait and oversaw the president's safety at all times.

Francesca did not care. She uncocked the gun.

Danrique grabbed the barrel and whispered, "Calm yourself!"

"Let go!" Consumed by rage, all Francesca wanted to do at that moment was to shoot the president, and she did not care if it cost her her life.

"Francesca!" Danrique implored through gritted teeth. "Now's not the time to be stubborn."

"I'm telling you to let go," Francesca yelled, "or I'll shoot you too!"

Danrique did not speak. Instead, he only stared at her with a frown.

Their eyes met. Francesca's were ablaze with a vengeance, whereas Danrique's was filled with guilt and a mix of complicated emotions.

After our time apart, I can't believe we're reunited under such circumstances.

The president said sadly, "Oh, Danrique. There has been a serious misunderstanding on Francesca's part. You should tell her we have reconciled."

His pretense was nothing short of nauseating.

Not just Danrique but even Sean wanted nothing more than to choke the life out of him.

However, all of them knew now was not the time.

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"Reconciled?" Francesca gazed at Danrique in disbelief.

Danrique averted his gaze. He grabbed her hand and snatched the gun away, quick as lightning.

"Danrique!" Francesca shrieked, demented, but he rapped her sharply on a spot at the back of her neck. Her vision went dark, and she fell limply into his arms.

Anthony rushed forward in a rage. "What are you doing? Let go of her!"

Danrique glanced at him with such a cold look that the latter became so frightened that he froze in his tracks.

Danrique lifted Francesca in his arms, then turned to address the president. "We'll meet again, Mr. President."

We still have much time ahead. Just wait and see. This is war, and it's only just begun.

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