

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1833

Chapter 1833 Returning To Rescue Him

“Francesca, what are you trying to do?” William panicked.

“Dr. Felch, it’s dangerous for you to leave the car at a time like this,” Gordon anxiously pointed out. “Stop fooling around and leave with us.”

“I have to go back to Danrique,” Francesca told them in a determined voice. “Stop the car now and give me your phone.”

As she spoke, she rose to her feet and snatched Gordon’s phone from him.

Francesca knew that their phones were custom made, so they had tracking systems that would allow her to locate the person she was trying to find.

Only with the phone would she be able to find Danrique as quickly as possible.

“What are you doing?” Gordon froze for a second before trying to snatch his phone back. “Give it back to me!”

However, Francesca had decided not to waste any more time with him. In the next second, she opened the car door.

“Francesca!”

“Look out!”

Gordon hastily slammed his foot on the brakes.

Francesca leaped down from the car before quickly stopping the car behind hers. “Get down!”

Taken aback by her actions, the few bodyguards obeyed and quickly got down from the car.

Francesca then kicked the driving bodyguard down from the car and sped off.

“Francesca!”

“Dr. Felch!”

William tried to go after her despite his injuries, but unfortunately, he could not stop Francesca at all.

“Why is Dr. Felch in such haste?” Gordon was panicking, but then, a thought popped into his hand. His panic turned into a current of warmth that seeped into his heart. “Still, she’s loyal. She’s diving headfirst into danger to save Mr. Lindberg!”

Hearing that, William’s expression darkened even more.

“Why don’t we go to the airport first?” Robin worriedly suggested. “His Highness is grievously injured, and Mr. Lindberg has put himself in grave danger so that we can escape. We can’t let his good intentions go to waste like this.”

“Okay. Let’s get in the car.”

Gordon was going to heed Danrique’s order and make sure that William return safely.

Nevertheless, William was in distress. “Francesca’s just a girl. She’ll be in great danger if she runs back to save him. Gordon, we’re already at the airport, so hurry back to help her out!”

“Mr. Lindberg has instructed me to send you back to Danontand before I can leave,” Gordon explained. “Once you’re in the plane, we’ll head back to Mr. Lindberg, so be at ease.”

“But...”

William had yet to finish his sentence, but Robin knew that William was much more worried about Francesca, not Danrique.

Meanwhile, Francesca was speeding down the road. At the same time, she had turned on the tracking system on Gordon’s phone, and soon, she found Danrique’s location.

Right then, her phone vibrated. Once she accepted the call, she threw her phone to the side and impatiently said, “What now?”

“Are you in some kind of danger? Please don’t risk yourself! If things can’t work out, I’ll think of a way myself to get the money...”

“Shut up!” Francesca snapped. “How can you be so naggy despite being a man?”

“No, no. I’m scared that you’ll start robbing people for those kids. That won’t be good. We shouldn’t do illegal things.”

Francesca was speechless at that. A beat later, she said, “Does that sound like something I’d do?”

“I’m not sure. You look like you won’t have any problem doing anything.”

"If there's nothing else you want to say, I'm going to end the call." Francesca did not want to waste her breath on him anymore.

"Wait! I have something else I need to tell you!"

Right as Anthony was about to continue, Francesca ended the call. The only thought in her head at that moment was the thought of rescuing Danrique and getting back the necklace.

As she drove, she continued checking the tracking system on the phone.

I'm getting closer and closer. Good.

Finally, when the two dots were about to overlap with each other, Francesca saw the silver car on the top of the hill.

At that moment, dozens of black modified cars were surrounding Danrique's car. Danrique would have trouble escaping even if he was a god of war.

Francesca slowed down. After all, she might not be able to save him even if she were to speed over to him. Thus, she had to come up with a plan.

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Chapter 1834 Admiration

Francesca found a bomb in the car. She then connected it to the car's engine before driving the car over to the other cars.

At that moment, Danrique's silver Maybach was completely surrounded. It was simply impossible for him to escape.

A group of people on the opposing side had come down from their cars. They were all ready to capture Danrique alive.

Sean and Sloan were both defending Danrique with all their might. One of his subordinates was injured, and that man was laying slumped by the side of the car. Nevertheless, he still had a gun in his hands as he continued guarding Danrique.

Despite the situation, Danrique still looked unfazed. He was slowly loading the gun in his hands.

"Danrique Lindberg, you won't be able to escape from this place even if you're some kind of god, so why don't you just give up?" the leading assassin suggested.

"Who should I start with first?"

Danrique raised a brow and began staring at the group of people.

“Stubborn even on the verge of your demise.”

With a wave from the leading assassin, the dozens of assassins then charged toward Danrique and his men with machetes.

Danrique, Sean, and the others calmly took them on, but soon, they were starting to weaken.

Right then, a black jeep flew toward them like a pouncing beast.

“Ah!”

The assassins were frightened. Before they could come back to their senses, the black jeep crashed into their convoy. Then, a figure jumped out of the car.

In the next second, the car exploded in a loud bang.

The explosion was a major one, and it sent the surrounding cars flying.

Through the fiery flames, Danrique saw a familiar figure. His eyes widened. Why is she here?

“Why are you still standing there in a daze? Hurry and leave!”

Francesca grabbed Danrique and began fleeing the scene in the opposite direction of the assassins.

Meanwhile, Sean and Sloan helped the injured subordinate and followed closely behind.

The assassins tried to go after them, but the initial explosion triggered even more explosions as the cars around it detonated.

Most of the assassins were killed. Those who managed to react in time and escape were more preoccupied with preserving their lives instead of going after Danrique.

Soon, Danrique and the others were out of danger. They reached a small town and settled down in a motel.

Francesca went to the nearby pharmacy to buy antiseptic and medication. Once she treated the injured man’s wounds, she washed her hands and slumped onto the couch.

After a tired sigh, she groaned, “This is so tiring. It isn’t worth the amount you’re paying me!”

“Dr. Felch, why did you come back?” Sloan asked, agitated.

“It’s because I realized you have no one to back you up. I’m scared that you’ll all die here, so I came back to save you all,” Francesca muttered nonchalantly.

“Dr. Felch, you’re such a nice person!” Sloan cried out as tears welled in his eyes.

“Dr. Felch, you’ve saved us again.” Mylo, one of Danrique’s subordinates was moved by her actions as well. “Thank you so much!”

“I didn’t make things worse this time, did I?” Francesca raised a brow and sneered.

“No, no…” Sean bashfully mumbled. “Still, you didn’t need to come back. It’s too dangerous.”

“Sean, your leg’s bleeding!” Mylo suddenly yelled.

“It’s just a superficial wound,” Sean quickly replied. “It’s nothing.”

“Let me have a look at it.” Francesca gestured to him with a tilt of her chin.

Sean then pulled up the hem of his pants. When Francesca’s eyes landed on his leg, she noticed that his calf was injured, and blood was streaming down his leg.

“Why didn’t you say anything about this earlier?” Francesca sighed. “Hurry up and sit down.”

She then started treating Sean’s wound.

The entire time, Danrique sat by the window, using his phone. By the time Sean’s wound was treated, he was done with his arrangements, and he raised his head to look at them.

“Dr. Felch, thank you!”

Three of his subordinates were all thankful for Francesca’s help.

Sloan, especially, was even looking at her with admiration and respect.

That was something he had never been on the receiving end of from Sloan.

Danrique rolled his eyes, deciding that it was time for him to teach them a lesson. They must not have interacted with any women in the past. Now that they’ve encountered one, they’re head over heels for her.

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Chapter 1835 Do Not Be Rash

“All right.” Francesca took off her gloves and tiredly lay back on the couch. She then turned her head to the side to look at Danrique. “What about you? Are you hurt?”

“What do you want?”

Danrique was giving her a suspicious look.

This woman risked her life for us, but there’s no way it’s because she has a crush on me... She must have ulterior motives.

“I told you—I want this.”

Francesca pointed at the black and gold cross necklace around his neck.

“Uh...”

This time, Sean and the others did not misunderstand the situation again. Instead, they were taken aback.

“I told you I can’t give you this.” Danrique narrowed his eyes at her in confusion. “But I’m curious. Why do you want this?”

“No reason.” Francesca then impatiently asked, “Are you going to give it to me or not?”

“No.”

Just as that word left Danrique’s mouth, Francesca whipped out a gun and pointed it at his head before hissing, “This is so annoying. You just have to make me use force!”

Sean and the others froze for a few seconds before they, too, took out their guns to point them at Francesca.

No matter how much they were grateful for Francesca’s help, they were still loyal to their employer at the end of the day.

Sloan hastily cried out, “Dr. Felch, please put your gun down now! Don’t do this!”

“You b*stards, I’ve just saved your life earlier, but now you’re repaying my kindness with cruelty?” Francesca gritted out as she glared at Sloan, Mylo, and Sean.

“I’m sorry. We’re thankful that you’ve saved us, but protecting Mr. Lindberg is our duty.”

At that moment, Mylo felt helpless.

"That's why you should put down your guns," Francesca said as she removed the safety. "Otherwise, I'm going to blow his head off!"

"Ah!" Danrique's subordinates were all frightened out of their wits.

Sean attempted to persuade her otherwise again. "Dr. Felch, let's have a talk instead. Don't do anything... rash."

Just as the last word was out of his mouth, a sound of a gunshot rang out.

The bullet whizzed past Danrique's hair and buried itself into the wall beside him with an explosion of sparks.

Everyone was stunned, and their eyes widened into saucers as they looked at Francesca in disbelief.

She actually fired the gun?

"Dr. Felch, are you serious?"

Sean could not believe what he just saw.

Meanwhile, although Danrique was not shocked by the gunshot, his expression was already darker than the night.

A cold glint flashed past his amber eyes, and he shot Francesca a death glare. "You must have a death wish!"

"I just want the necklace." Francesca knitted her brows and extended her hand toward him. She then impatiently urged, "Hurry up and give me the necklace."

Right then, sounds of footsteps came from the outside. The motel owner had brought men up when he heard the gunshot, and he was even telling his employees, "Call the cops quickly!"

"The cops will be here soon, the people behind Pastor will be coming soon. Hand over the necklace now, and we'll go separate ways from now on," Francesca prompted.

"Hurry up."

"What if I refuse?" Danrique questioned, unfazed.

"You're such a pain in the *ss!"

Irrked, Francesca reached over to snatch the necklace off him.

However, Danrique frowned and swiftly grabbed her wrist before snatching her gun away from her. Then, he pressed it against her forehead and said, “Ungrateful Wretch, how dare you threaten me? Are you tired of being in this world?”

“Ugh.”

Francesca stiffened.

How did he snatch the gun from me? I never even realized it until it was too late. He was so quick! Wait, no. This isn't the right time to be thinking about this.

“Hey, don't do anything silly,” Francesca hurriedly pleaded. “This necklace is originally...”

Before she could finish her sentence, the sounds of police siren came from the outside.

In the next second, the motel owner barged into the room with an air gun and a few police officers with him.

Sloan stepped forward to explain the situation to them, but at that moment, Sean noticed the group of people behind the officers. Promptly, he shouted, “They're Pastor's men!”

Danrique instantly kept away the gun and brought Francesca away from the room while Sean and the others followed him.

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Chapter 1836 A Regal Demeanor

The quiet state of the town was disrupted by the sudden gunshot, and the people on the street let out screams of terror before they began running for cover.

Right then, a group of people darted out of the motel, running after Danrique and his group with guns in their hands.

By then, Francesca was no longer thinking about snatching the necklace. After all, saving her own life took priority in the situation.

The few of them stole a car and tried to drive out of the town, but a few black modified cars soon blocked their way. Clearly, the other party was determined to capture Danrique.

Nevertheless, Danrique gripped the steering wheel tightly, slammed his foot on the accelerator, and drove straight at them.

One of the cars instinctively dodged Danrique's car. With a flawless drift, the car's left wheels lifted into the air, and Danrique drove them through the gap.

Bang!

The rearview mirror of the car was sent flying, and it was a close shave. They managed to escape the barricade.

Francesca sighed in relief. Just as she was about to speak, Sean suddenly yelled, "Oh my god!"

At that, Francesca raised her head to look out of the window. A line of cars had formed a wall in front of them, blocking their escape route.

At the same time, more cars were coming from behind them.

"F*ck, I wouldn't have come back if I knew this was going to happen," Francesca grumbled.

"Are you regretting it?"

Danrique was still calm and collected as always. After he coldly glanced at the row of cars in front of them, he then looked at his watch.

"Extremely," Francesca huffed. "I risked my life and came back to you, and you repaid my kindness with cruelty. Now, you're getting me involved in your issues..."

"Answer me. Why do you want this necklace?" Danrique questioned. "If you give me a satisfactory answer, I'll give you another hundred million."

"Then will you give me the necklace?" Francesca quickly asked.

"No," came Danrique's reply without any hesitation.

"Is that ordinary necklace that important? Why are you so stubbornly holding onto it?" Francesca was absolutely baffled. "Answer me. If you give me a satisfactory answer, I won't keep asking you for it anymore."

At that, Danrique shot her an icy look and fell silent.

"The necklace is the keepsake Mr. Lindberg gave to his first love, so it's very important to him," Sean blurted out.

He did not think that matter was anything embarrassing.

"His first love?"

Francesca tensed up, and the image of the scene in her dream appeared in her mind.

Could it be that...

“Dr. Felch, why are you so adamant about getting the necklace?” Sean was equally curious about that as well. “Could it be that you—”

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot interrupted Sean’s speech.

Then, a tall and large middle-aged man stepped forward from the convoy and spoke in Ustranasion, “Mr. Lindberg, let’s talk.”

Danrique glanced at his watch again, and he went down from the car.

“Hey, don’t get out! It’s dangerous!”

Francesca tried to stop him, but he was already gone.

Sean, Sloan, and Mylo had gotten down from the car as well to stand behind Danrique. They were all holding up their guns, ready to protect him.

Francesca was at a loss for words as she stared at the group of stubborn men.

What do I do now?

“Mr. Lindberg, you’re indeed a man with a regal demeanor!”

The leading middle-aged man did not seem like an assassin. Instead, he seemed more like a businessman. There was no trace of hostility in his eyes when he looked at Danrique; they seemed to shine with approval instead.

“You’ve wasted no bullets in taking down over a hundred members of the Mafia by yourself. Now, to save Prince William, you’ve managed to avoid the capture of hundreds of assassins. You’re truly brave, smart, and loyal. Impressive!”

“Mr. Roth, what are you trying to say?” Danrique flatly asked.

“You know me?” The middle-aged man was astonished.

“I know the four men behind Pastor like the back of my hand.” Danrique curled his lips. “If anything happens to me, everything about the four of you will go public. Feel free to make a guess as to what will happen after that.”

Roth paled. "You're impressive. No wonder you're still so composed. It's because you have an ace up your sleeve!"