

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1866

Chapter 1866 Old Friend

With a disgusted expression on her face, Francesca exclaimed, "That's disgusting!"

She then said to the bodyguard, "Look after her while I go to the washroom."

With that, she stood up and left.

"Hey, Ms. Cece!" Two of the bodyguards went after her.

Francesca immediately picked up her pace, hoping that she could lose them.

Right then, the drunk man from before whistled at her again.

Francesca responded with a wink this time around. Excited, the man walked toward her unsteadily.

The bodyguards then stopped the man from getting close to Francesca.

Although they were Eva's bodyguards, they knew not to be complacent because of Francesca's relationship with Danrique.

The drunk man was infuriated, and he scolded in Ustranasion, "Buzz off! Don't be such busybodies!"

Hearing that, one of the bodyguards landed a punch on the drunk man and sent him crashing to the floor.

When the drunk man's friends saw what the bodyguard did, they all rushed toward the bodyguards and fought with them.

As the situation descended into complete chaos, Francesca quickly made her way out of there through the back entrance. While running, she took off her filthy coat and washed her hands with a bottle of water.

Francesca was over the moon when she finally made her way out of the bar because she didn't expect things to go so smoothly. Anxiously, she hailed herself a taxi.

When a taxi arrived in front of her, she opened the door and was about to hop in.

Right at that moment, a few military jeeps were seen speeding toward the taxi before surrounding it.

Soon after, more than twenty men dressed in black got out of the jeeps and started pointing their guns at the taxi driver.

The taxi driver was scared shitless. He raised his hands into the air in fear and uttered in Erihalean, "I-I haven't done anything wrong..."

"What the fuck?" Francesca frowned. I knew it wasn't going to be that easy!

Indeed, Danrique had already gotten people to follow them earlier on.

Unlike Eva, Gordon and his men were harder to deal with.

"Ms. Cece, we're here to bring you back." Gordon opened the car door and politely gestured for her to get into the jeep.

Realizing that there was no way she could escape, Francesca had no choice but to get into the car as instructed.

Since they were in the city, there weren't any animals she could summon, nor did she have any weapons with her. Even if she could somehow drive toward the airport with her excellent driving skills, she still wouldn't be able to fly out of the country.

After all, it was Danrique's territory.

"Please, Ms. Cece!" After getting Francesca into the car, Gordon instructed his subordinates, "Go check on Ms. Eva."

"Noted!" Two of his subordinates went into the bar to check on the situation in there.

They didn't go there to see if Eva was all right. Instead, they wanted to know why did Francesca escape. They were wondering if Eva was bullying her.

Francesca's expression was grim as she sat in the car. Even if I can escape from the castle, it's going to be tough trying to escape Danrique's grasp.

Indeed, he'd even sent his men to follow her when she went out with Eva.

Not only did his men know Xendale like the back of their hands, but they'd also gone through gruesome training. It'd be impossible to leave Xendale without them knowing about it.

However, she wasn't ready to throw in the towel. I'll look for a better opportunity next time!

Upon arriving home, Norah was seen waiting for her anxiously at the entrance. When she saw Francesca getting out of the car, she rushed toward her and put a coat around her. "Are you okay, Ms. Cece? Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine," Francesca answered. I doubt Eva will be okay, though. Besides, I bet she's going to suffer after all the alcohol she drank. That girl is such a simpleton to think that she could get me drunk. In fact, Francesca had become immune to alcohol due to her upbringing.

"Ms. Cece, Mr. Lindberg is waiting for you in the study room," Sean approached her and said politely. "Please head over there once you're done washing up, okay?"

"What does he want from me at this hour?" Francesca never liked being ordered around.

"Since Mr. Lindberg is looking for you, I'm sure there must be a reason for it." Sean then continued in a joking manner, "Ms. Cece, your straightforwardness reminds me of an old friend!"

"Who might that be?" Francesca asked casually.

"Francesco," Sean answered and observed her reaction.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1867**

### **Chapter 1867 Late Rendezvous**

Although Francesca was shocked to hear that, she remained calm and collected. "I've heard of that person before. She's quite something, right?"

"Yes. She's also a young girl." Sean chuckled and added, "In fact, she looks like you."

"So?" Francesca raised her brows.

"Huh?" Sean hesitated for a moment and continued, "I didn't mean anything by that. I was just—"

"Okay. I'll go over in a while." Francesca headed into her room. It seems like I have to be more careful not to expose myself before departing. If Danrique finds out I'm Francesco, he's going to know I've been stringing him along. By then, it'll be even harder for me to escape once he starts to get wary of me.

"Have you been drinking, Ms. Cece? Are you all right? Did you get bullied?" Norah was sizing Francesca up worriedly.

"I'm fine." Francesca could feel that Norah's concerns toward her were sincere. This is rather heart-warming.

"Mdm. Norah, the bath is ready," a maid said while standing at the entrance to the bathroom.

"Let me bathe you. I need to see if you were hurt." Norah was looking after Francesca like she was a child.

"I'm fine, really." Francesca smiled. "I can bathe myself. In the meantime, you guys can help me prepare my clothes."

As she was saying that, she went into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. After that, she hid her backpack inside a partition in the bathroom.

Danrique had never searched her backpack before because he'd always trusted her.

However, he was bound to watch her closely after her attempt to escape. What if he searches my backpack and investigates my real identity? After that, he's going to keep all my travel documents. When that happens, I won't be able to go anywhere. Hence, I must keep my travel documents safe.

Francesca was scrolling through her phone while soaking in the bathtub.

Apart from two missed calls from Anthony, she'd also received two text messages which read: Call back when you see this!

Since she was worried that her phone might be tapped, they'd agreed to contact each other through that method to avoid important messages getting leaked.

She'd also received a few missed calls and a few text messages from William.

Why did you switch off your phone, Francesca? Did something happen to you?

Francesca, what happened? I'm worried about you. Please call me back when you see this.

Where are you, Francesca?

Although those text messages didn't reveal anything important, Danrique would still find out about her identity if he were to see them.

After giving it some thought, she decided to call William.

"You've finally called, Francesca! I was worried sick!" William said.

“William, I won’t be able to contact you for a while. Stop sending me text messages, and I’ll call you again in due time, okay?”

“Where are you?”

“I—”

“Are you okay, Ms. Cece?” Norah suddenly asked from outside the bathroom.

“I’m hanging up now. Remember not to text me,” Francesca quickly answered on the phone.

With that, she hung up.

After that, she faced the door and uttered, “I’m fine. I’m still bathing.”

“All right. I’ll wait for you by the door, okay? Let me know if you need anything.”

“Okay. Thank you.”

Francesca then deleted William’s contact on her phone. Okay. It should be fine now. I’ll be able to use my phone in the open after this.

After she was done with her bath, Francesca got ready and followed Norah to the study room on the second floor.

When the door was pushed open, they saw that the lights in the room were somewhat dim.

While wearing a pair of silver-rimmed glasses, Danrique was sitting elegantly on the sofa as he read through some documents.

Upon hearing them entering the room, he immediately raised his gaze toward her. Unlike his usual gentle gaze in the past, he was looking at her with a conflicted and stern expression.

Norah placed a glass of warm water and a glass of warm milk in front of Francesca before leaving silently. “I shall leave now, Mr. Lindberg.”

Sean also left the room after bowing respectfully.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1868**

Chapter 1868 Fate

Francesca reclined casually on the sofa as she sipped on a cup of warm milk.

She acted no different no matter where she was. She would stand and sit languidly. She would rather lie down instead of sitting and sit instead of standing, if she had a choice.

She had no care as to how people see her. She just did whatever was comfortable.

Danrique narrowed his eyes as he watched her. His eyes gleamed as if many thoughts were racing across his mind.

After a long silence, he finally spoke. "Did you take alcohol?"

"Yes, I did," Francesca admitted.

"Eva pushed you to take them?" Danrique inquired.

"No, I took them willingly."

Francesca didn't want to shift the blame onto others. Even though Eva did intend to make her drunk, her attempt failed. Francesca was the one who made the other drunk.

"You want to leave me?" Danrique questioned.

Francesca didn't respond to his question. Her mind was churning up a way to answer him.

Will he be furious if I told him the truth? Will he break my leg, lock me in the basement and torture me? Well, at least that's how romance novels always go. Those alpha CEOs always resort to such measures. I recalled there was a novel I read before in which the male lead had locked the female lead in an animal cage as punishment, causing a mastiff to hurt the female lead. How psychotic!

The scary thought had Francesca giving Danrique a strange look.

"Answer me," Danrique demanded with a frown.

"Why did you intend to marry me?" Francesca refused to answer and asked instead.

"Was it because I accidentally took a bullet for you?"

"Accidentally?" Danrique had only caught that one word in her question.

"Of course." Francesca didn't want to lie to him. "I'm not a saint or a femme fatale. Why would I take a bullet for a man? Moreover, I don't even know you that well."

"You don't know me well?" Danrique's expression darkened at her words. "Seven years ago—"

"I've already forgotten what happened seven years ago."

Francesca cut him off and said seriously, "I'm not trying to be courteous here. I'm telling you the truth. I was still young then, so I didn't know what love was.

"It was an odd coincidence that I took the bullet for you. Something hit my foot, causing me to lose my balance and accidentally fall into your arms, then I got shot."

I shouldn't lie to him. Even though it's cruel, I have to tell him the truth. It's better than leaving him clueless.

"Fine. Let's say what you just said is true. You taking the bullet for me was accidental, and you had forgotten about what happened seven years ago."

Danrique nodded his head as though he had no problem accepting that.

"That's right."

Francesca was ecstatic. This stubborn man had finally thought things through.

"But..." Suddenly, Danrique made a turn. "The world is so huge, and we still meet each other after all this time. Also, you saved my life.

"It might be an accident or an odd coincidence, but it doesn't change the fact that an unbreakable bond binds us together."

"Erm..."

Francesca was stunned at his conclusion. Her smart mouth that could win every argument was wide open with no words coming out.

She even thought Danrique's remark kind of, somewhat, sort of made sense.

"God wanted us to be together, and we can't go against His will."

Danrique added, with great emphasis, "You and I are destined to be together. You can't run away."

"You believe in destiny?" Francesca was staring dumbfoundedly at him.

"I do believe in it sometimes." Danrique set down the document in his hands, got up from his seat, and walked over to her.

"You-

Francesca was about to say something when Danrique loomed closer to her. His huge body was like a cage, closing her in. He was gazing at her with a beast-like gleam shining in his eyes.

That handsome face was inches away from hers, so she could see the sincerity of his feelings gleaming brightly at the surface of his amber eyes.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1869**

### Chapter 1869 Dating Experience

Francesca was feeling nervous all of a sudden and was avoiding his gaze. She stammered, "W-What do you think you're doing?"

Danrique held her chin and drew nearer until she could feel his breath on her face. The atmosphere was getting hot and heavy.

His lips gently brushed her forehead, trailing down to between her brows. Then it slowly traced to her eyes, her nose, her cheeks. Every kiss was gentle like a feather.

Francesca's heart began pounding so loudly that it was about to break free of her chest.

Strangely, she could've pushed him away, but didn't want to.

When his lips finally landed on her lips, their bodies stiffened as though a flicker of electric shock had passed through them.

A blurry memory flashed across Francesca's mind. It was a young boy accidentally kissing a young girl. The accident had shocked them, leaving them frozen like statues.

A pure kiss had bounded two young hearts together.

This moment felt like that. The memory seemed far away but familiar.

Danrique was getting worked up as his breath became shorter and heavier. He cupped Francesca's face with his hands, wanting to deepen the kiss.

However, rapid and consecutive knocks came from the door, disrupting the magical moment.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and frantically pushed Danrique away.

Feeling awkward, Danrique turned his back to her to organize his feelings. Once he got his emotions under control, he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Lindberg, I have something to report."

"Give me a minute."



Danrique looked over his shoulder at Francesca and said, "Rest well and stop thinking so much."

"Okay," Francesca muttered with blushed cheeks. After shooting him another glance, she hurriedly left.

Gordon bumped right into Francesca upon opening the door. He was shocked to see the shy look on her face.

Francesca dashed back to her room and flung herself onto her bed. She stacked her hands over her chest where her heart was. What is happening?

I have no dating experience and no interest in romance, so why couldn't I push Danrique away when he was so close to me?

His closeness even felt familiar. W-What is going on here? I must have too much of a drink. I'm sure it's the alcohol acting up.

Wait, no. That's not right. I can handle alcohol. It doesn't affect me much, so why did that happen?

Francesca hugged her pillow closer, tossing and turning at the confusing thoughts before she slowly fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Danrique was glaring at Gordon ferociously in the study room. "I don't care if the world is ending, but don't knock on my door when I'm alone with Cece."

"Understood." Gordon lowered his head nervously.

"Now speak."

Danrique was still thinking about the kiss earlier. Even though it was light, it was enough to get me worked up.

"I just received news that the Pastor had woken up. The situation with M Nation had stabilized. Mr. Roth had called, requesting a meeting with you."

"Tell him I can't make it this week. If he wants to meet me, he has to come to Xendale. Otherwise, he'll have to wait until my trip to Summerbank next month," Danrique replied coldly.

"Yes, Sir." Gordon immediately obliged Danrique's instructions.

Sean came into the study with a document in hand. He greeted Gordon briefly as he passed him before handing the document over to Danrique. "Mr. Lindberg, this document is urgent."

Danrique reached for the document and simply set it on his desk. He didn't have the mood to analyze it at that moment. Instead, he asked, "Sean, were you in a romantic relationship before?"

"Huh?" Sean was taken aback by the sudden switch of the topic and quickly recovered after a few seconds. He answered awkwardly, "I-I wasn't."

"Did Gordon have any?" Danrique followed up with another question.

"I only knew he used to like a girl one-sidedly when he was younger, but it ended before it even started." Sean chuckled. "I don't think that counts as being in a romantic relationship."

"Who has had one before then?" Danrique asked persistently.

"Erm..." Sean was baffled and replied cautiously, "I don't know. Should I gather everyone and ask around?"

"Go ahead." Danrique waved his hand to dismiss him. "Come see me when you have answers."

"Yes, Sir."

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1870**

### Chapter 1870 Just One

Sean had gathered all the bodyguards for a meeting. It was quite a sight to have over a hundred bulky men squeezed into a room.

Their expressions were somber, and the atmosphere was tense.

It was their first time to have a meeting after working for Danrique for so many years.

They assumed something serious must have happened for the need to gather everyone and speculated the enemy was strong and tough to handle.

However, all of them were bewildered when Sean gave them their mission.

"Why are you all just standing there? I just asked you a question." Sean slammed his hand onto the desk and repeated, "Those who had been in a romantic relationship before, raise your hands."

Everyone in the room was exchanging glances, thinking they must have heard it wrong.

So he gathered everyone just to ask about our dating history?

“Sean...” Sloan asked hesitantly, “Will we get fired if we had one?”

“I never had a girlfriend.” A few bodyguards clarified immediately, hearing Sloan’s question.

“Rest assured. There’s no punishment.” Sean hurriedly explained when he saw the dread on their faces. “But you’ll be heavily rewarded if you had one.”

He couldn’t tell them Danrique was asking for advice. It was too humiliating, so he had to find an excuse.

All the bodyguards finally released a relieved breath at Sean’s reassurance.

“It seems like none of you had a girlfriend before.” Sean observed none of the men had raised their hands and said disappointedly, “That’s it. Dismissed.”

“I-”

Suddenly, Mylo reluctantly raised his hand. “I had a girlfriend before.”

“Come over here quickly!”

Hope reignited in Sean’s heart. There’s finally one.

Sean dismissed the others and led Mylo to Danrique.

Mylo was a bundle of nerves on the way there. “What do I need to do, Sean?”

“Just relay your experience to Mr. Lindberg. That’s it.” Sean gave a few slaps on his back and reassured him. “Don’t worry. Mr. Lindberg only wants advice.”

“A-Advice?” Mylo was dumbstruck.

Seeing no one was around, Sean whispered, “You saw it too, right? Mr. Lindberg had found his first love and planned to marry her, but their relationship was not progressing well. He didn’t have any experience in a romantic relationship, so he just wanted to ask what he should do next.”

“Got it.”

“Share your experience with Mr. Lindberg and teach him some tricks. That’s all. You don’t have to do anything else.”

Sean reminded, “If your advice is useful, Mr. Lindberg will put you in an important position.”

“Really?” Mylo was excited and felt a sense of responsibility at the same time. “I’ll make sure to tell him everything.”

“Oh right. How many relationships were you in?” Sean asked as he knocked on the door to Danrique’s study.

“Once. It was before my enlistment. She was my neighbor-”

“Before your enlistment?” Sean was stunned. “How old were you then?”

“I enlisted when I was sixteen.”

Sean was speechless. All his effort had gone down the drain. He thought he’d found someone experienced, but Mylo turned out to be inexperienced as well.

These young bodyguards of the Lindberg family were either recruited from the military or trained in Lindberg residence since they were young.

Mylo enlisted when he was sixteen, and the Lindberg family had recruited him at eighteen for his outstanding marksmanship. He had been with the Lindberg family for five years. That means he hadn’t dated anyone for the past five years.

Over a hundred of these bodyguards, yet none had any dating experience, just like their employer.

Pity rose within Sean at that thought.

Suddenly, Sean realized the severity of the issue. If the enemy uses a honey trap, all these men will fall for it.

“Come in!” Danrique called from the room.

Sean instantly led Mylo into the room.

“Mr. Lindberg,” Mylo greeted.

Danrique lifted his gaze at the newcomer and frowned. “Just one?”

“Yes.” Sean exhaled a disappointing sigh. “Out of a hundred bodyguards only Mylo have experience once. I’ve asked every one of them.”

Sean didn’t inform Danrique that Mylo’s relationship happened when Mylo was in his teens. Otherwise, he would receive a harsh admonishment.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1871**

## Chapter 1871 Experience

No matter what, Mylo had a girlfriend before. Maybe it wasn't a bad relationship, and he had some good experience.

"How should I make a woman fall in love with me?"

Danrique was eager to know the answer to that question.

"This..." Mylo mulled over it briefly and answered honestly, "You have to be good-looking. Women like handsome men."

Danrique scanned his features in the mirror and nodded his head with satisfaction. Okay, I have that.

"Secondly, you need to be romantic." Mylo continued, "Women love receiving presents, such as flowers and jewelry. You need to create a romantic atmosphere too, like bringing her to dinner at a beautiful setting."

Danrique's eyes brightened at the suggestion and ordered Sean, "Note it down."

"Yes, Sir." Sean immediately wrote it down in his notebook.

"Thirdly, all women love heroes. They want men to save them when they're in a dangerous situation.

"I saved my girlfriend from a group of hooligans. She was so touched by my rescue that she willingly ran into my embrace."

Mylo ruffled his head shyly.

Danrique gestured at Sean to take note on it.

Sean recorded Mylo's advice word for word in his notebook.

"Is there anything else?" Danrique questioned.

"There's one more, and this is the most important one." Mylo was hesitant to say it. "I'm not sure if I should say it."

"Say it," Danrique demanded.

"Um..." Mylo's face blushed red as he felt more nervous.

"There are only men here. There isn't anything that you can't say here." Sean urged, "Spit it out."

“You need to have a strong sex ability.” Mylo continued warily, “Men have to take the lead in sex. If they’re skilled, they’ll get women falling for them easily.

“Women will only have sex for love at the start, but they’ll love you for the sex in the end. A sexual relationship is like a rope. The tighter you twist it, the harder it is to unwind it. So you need to always be close to her and provide her with perfect sexual experiences.”

Feeling embarrassed, Sean coughed dryly into his fist at Mylo’s advice. “I thought you said you had your relationship when you were a teen. How do you know all these?”

“I was young then, so naturally, I didn’t know anything about relationships. However, I’m an adult now, and I frequently watch movies on the internet. That’s how I know all these. On some occasions, I would head to the bar with Sloan during the holidays to gain some experience.”

Mylo noticed he was straying from the topic, so he swiftly explained, “Mr. Lindberg, we’re only there for a beer and some chit-chat with the ladies. We had never revealed anything related to the Lindberg family.”

“How do you gain experience at the bar?”

Danrique knew they wouldn’t betray him, so he wasn’t worried about them revealing any secrets. He cared more about how to gain experience quickly.

“You can see how the men flirt with the women at the bar. Talking to some pretty women can give you an insight as to what women like and dislike.”

Mylo got more excited as he spoke. “Anyhow, having only the theory isn’t going to help you in a romantic relationship. You need to have experience.”

Danrique listened to him attentively and agreed with his viewpoint.

“All right.” Sean had noted down everything. “Is there anything else?”

“I don’t think so.” Mylo pondered briefly and replied hesitantly, “I only know that much.”

“Think about it after you get back. If you have more advice, report it to me,” Danrique instructed.

“Yes, Sir.”

Mylo felt like he had just received an important mission.

“You’re dismissed,” Sean said.

Mylo saluted Danrique and left.

“Prepare according to Mylo’s advice,” Danrique ordered Sean.

“Yes, Sir.” Sean complied and asked, “But what kind of flowers does Ms. Cece like?”