

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1900

### Honey Trap

The second William ended the call, Robin asked worriedly, “Your Highness, do you think Mr. Lindberg knows about it? I think he was implying something with his last sentence.”

“Yeah.” William nodded his head. “I think he knows about it.”

“Oh...” Robin began to panic. “What exactly does he know? Does he know about Ms. Felch coming over to your room tonight? Or did he find out about your relationship with her? Or has he known about her real identity?”

William wasn’t in a hurry to answer. He gulped down the entire glass of wine and said with a bitter smile, “Francesca is too naive.”

“Huh?” Robin was confused. He didn’t understand what William was referring to. Despite his urgency to get the answer, he didn’t dare to push further.

“With L’s brain and intuitive, there’s nothing that can escape his notice.” William sighed. “I’m naive too to think I can hide my plan to take Francesca away from him even temporarily.”

“I think it’s best not to take the risk.” Robin hurriedly reminded, “Our words aren’t weighty enough among the royals, so we’ve been on the receiving ends of cold shoulders. L is the only way for you to turn your fate around. If you offend him, you’re burning your boat.”

“But I can’t just watch Francesca wallowing in distress.” William was hesitant. “If it wasn’t for her, I couldn’t live till this day.”

“Your Highness, think from another angle.” Robin tried to dissuade him. “It’s a good thing Mr. Lindberg wants to marry her and harbored sincere feelings for her. It isn’t something bad. We should just do them the favor.”

“If you take Ms. Felch away at this crucial time, you’ll be snatching someone’s true love away. You’ll be in the wrong if this matter spreads, and your name will be dragged through the mud. You’ll even offend L.”

“There aren’t any big misunderstandings between Ms. Felch and Mr. Lindberg. If she doesn’t want to marry him, she can just tell Mr. Lindberg the truth about her identity, then find an excuse to head to M Nation for her treatment. Isn’t that her chance to run away? You don’t need to get involved at all.”

“You’re right.”

William didn't accept Robin's earlier arguments, but his last remark struck him. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as an idea formed in his head.

It's almost impossible to take Francesca away from under Danrique's nose, but it's an entirely different scenario if Danrique agrees to let her go.

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"It's great that you've thought things through, Your Highness."

Robin assumed William had given up and released a sigh of relief.

After much thought, Francesca felt that she shouldn't drag William into her matter.

She understood there was no way William could take her away under Danrique's watchful gaze.

In the end, she decided to depend on herself.

But how am I supposed to leave? I'm a queen in the forest. I'm sure no one can catch me there, but this is a foreign country and I'm in a cold castle. I can't find the window of opportunity-

Her phone's vibration snapped her out of her train of thoughts. It was a call from Anthony.

Francesca connected the call immediately, "Hi!"

"How are you, Francesca? Still trapped in Xendale?"

"How do you know?"

The minute the question was out of her mouth, Francesca smacked herself on her forehead. Danrique took me away from Anthony, so of course, Anthony would know I was with Danrique. Danrique's lair is in Xendale. It's an obvious connection.

"Never have I tried so hard to think of a way to get closer to Danrique, but I couldn't think of anything. I can't help you with this, but I have an idea."

"What idea?" Francesca asked urgently.

"Honey trap!"

"What?"

“Since he likes you and wants to marry you, you might as well play along with it. Once he lets his guard down, you can then find an opportunity to escape.”

“How am I supposed to play along? Agree to marry him and then ditch him at the altar?”

“Even though this is the worst possible plan, it’s a plan nonetheless.” Anthony didn’t have a choice too. “As long as he lets his guard down, you’ll have a chance to escape.”

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1901**

A Strategy

“You oversimplified matters. Danrique isn’t easy to deal with at all. I didn’t agree to marry him from the beginning, but he still did according to his liking. He’s now preparing for the wedding and even announced to others that we’re getting married. Whether I agree or not doesn’t matter.”

“Then you should change your attitude by listening to him more and be gentler. Find a way to meet him outside privately, knock him unconscious, then make your great escape.”

Anthony patiently taught her bit by bit.

“You’re like an empty canvas in terms of relationships. You have zero experience, so remember to bring your phone with you at all times and call me if you encounter an opportunity. Or text me. I’ll tell you what to do.”

“All right. I’ll try.”

Francesca sighed. I can’t believe a little daredevil like me will have to resort to using a honey trap one day.

“I’m sending you a couple of video clips, watch them and learn the ropes on seduction.”

Anthony’s fingers were busy tapping on the keyboard as he sent Francesca the necessary materials.

“Among all the techniques in manipulating feelings, Pickup artists (PUA) are the best in the field, but I’m not sure if they’ll work against powerful men like Danrique, and I don’t dare to teach you too much.”

“Stop talking nonsense and send everything to me. I’ll apply whichever is necessary.”

“Okay then.” Anthony sent a whole stack of materials to her. “Francesca, try not to put yourself on the line. All these methods only need you to wink, hold his hand, and even hug him at most. Never let him take advantage of you.”

“I got it. You talk so much.”

After hanging up the call, Francesca lay on the bed and skimmed through all the materials she just received. Her brain was strange in the sense that she could memorize every word if she put her heart to it.

However, if it was something she was unwilling to learn, she would be repulsed and wouldn’t even take a look.

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Anthony was considerate and even categorized all the materials into two main categories.

One was the method of seducing men, including playing hard to get.

Two was a Pickup artist’s method of manipulating emotions.

Francesca was studying her phone intently and would sigh every now and then. I didn’t expect there to be so much knowledge in dealing with men.

If I learned everything here, I should be able to deal with Danrique. He’ll listen to my every word like a command and I can walk myself out of here.

Francesca was still researching on ways to deal with Danrique while Danrique was also searching for information on how to capture a woman’s heart in the master bedroom next door.

One of the clips said men needed to first conquer women’s bodies before capturing their hearts. If a woman wasn’t repulsed by a man’s closeness, it meant she had feelings for him.

A woman would form attachment and feelings from intimacy over a long period. After a while, the woman wouldn’t be able to leave the man they were attached to.

Once the woman had a baby, she would never leave.

Danrique was feeling slightly restless reading that part. So there's such a method, I should've tried it earlier.

I remembered Francesca didn't struggle the last time I kissed her. Instead, she was all nervous and shy. Well, it looks like I have a place in her heart. I'm sure that must be it.

Danrique was getting excited at his thought and was eager to head over next door and demonstrate a forceful kiss from an alpha man.

However, on second thought, he felt it was best not to act rashly.

In the next room, Francesca felt her eyelids flutter as she read the materials, and soon she was lulled into dreamland.

In her dreams, she used every method in the book to seduce Danrique, and he had his arms wrapped around her so tightly. His lips were kissing hers passionately.

She was beginning to feel her cheeks heat and her heart racing in her dream. Nervousness and panic filled her chest.

It feels so real. I almost can't differentiate between dream and reality.

Despite being in dreamland, she still remembered her mission. Hurry up and lose consciousness!

Once he loses consciousness I can make my escape.

However, Danrique still hadn't lost consciousness until the very minute she woke up. Instead, he was deepening his kiss.

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1902**

Live Happily Together

The next morning, Francesca woke up with her face all red and an inexplicable feeling in her chest.

It felt as if her heart was numb and tingling from being shocked by electricity.

That's strange... Why would I have such a strange dream? Even if it is because of the files I was reading before bed, I should have dreamt of how I could control him and get out of here! Why did it turn into a wet dream instead?

Francesca blushed even harder at the thought of that as she hugged her pillow and stared blankly into space.

Her train of thoughts was interrupted when someone knocked on the door and asked, "Are you awake, Ms. Cece?"

"Yes, I am. Come in," Francesca replied while stretching lazily.

Norah came in moments later with a few maids and a bunch of new clothes.

Francesca narrowed her eyes and stared at the maids as she asked, "Why am I being given more clothes again? I haven't even finished trying on the ones in the closet!"

"Mr. Lindberg has prepared some clothes that are more comfortable. You'll be picking out a bridal gown and accessories today, so you'll be quite busy," Norah replied with a smile.

Francesca froze. "Huh... Are you serious?"

"The wedding has been announced internally. Mr. Lindberg headed over to the office really early today. From what I've heard, he's going to announce your wedding during the board meeting!" Norah had a bright smile on her face and seemed to be in a great mood.

Francesca, on the other hand, frowned upon hearing that. She didn't really care when Danrique told her about it, but she began to panic when she saw how serious he was.

I won't ever be able to escape if word gets out about our marriage! It's a good thing that he's only announcing it with my fake identity. Nobody knows that I'm Francesco!

"Ms. Cece? Ms. Cece?" Norah called out to her a few times.

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"Huh?" Francesca looked up at her after snapping out of her daze.

"Could you tell me about your registered address, your family's address, and the situation in your family? Mr. Lindberg wanted me to ask you this so he could arrange for someone to bring your family over!" Norah asked with a smile.

"I'm an orphan, so I have no family," Francesca replied.

“Oh, um...” Norah paused in surprise before flashing her a sympathetic look as she said, “That’s all right, Ms. Cece. We’ll be your family from now on.”

Francesca felt a little touched when she heard that. “Thanks!”

“Mr. Lindberg has no family too, so it’s nice that you two will have each other.”

Norah patted her on the hand as she continued, “Mr. Lindberg has been left to survive in the streets all by himself since he was born. Ms. Isabella only found him when he was ten and brought him home. The Lindberg residence was quite a lively place at the time. There were a lot of people living in the castle, but then...

Everyone started fighting over the position of heir of the family. Fortunately for Mr. Lindberg, Ms. Isabella was there to protect him. She also had someone teach him the skills necessary for survival. When Ms. Isabella was no longer able to protect him, those people grew increasingly bold and used all sorts of underhanded means to get at him. They were so cruel that even I couldn’t bear to watch. Sigh... To think that the great Lindberg family would go so far just to take out a sixteen-year-old boy...”

Norah’s eyes reddened at the mention of that, and she quickly tried to change the topic.

“I was in charge of looking after Ms. Isabella at first, but she wanted me to take care of Mr. Lindberg instead. I’ve watched him grow up, so I know just how rough his life has been. Outsiders may see him as a capable and all-powerful man, but he will forever remain a child in my eyes.

Because he rarely speaks or shows emotion, others label him as being cold and merciless. I think he only turned out like that in order to protect himself and this family. Ms. Isabella once told him that he had to protect this family and get rid of those evil parasites. She said even the closest of family members and relatives can become the worst enemies.

Mr. Lindberg heeded her instructions and has committed his all into protecting this family. When Ms. Isabella was gone, Mr. Lindberg lost his only remaining family member and hasn’t smiled ever since. It wasn’t until you came into his life that he finally started smiling again. Ms. Cece, I really hope that you and Mr. Lindberg can live happily together.”

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1903**

Worried

Francesca felt her heart starting to waver after hearing that. She didn't know much about Danrique's past, and all she heard were rumors of him being a cruel and heartless man who would use any underhanded means to get his way.

She also heard that he murdered the entire Lindberg family in a single night and walked out of the castle covered in blood, all for the sake of becoming the heir.

Everyone claimed that he was like the devil in the flesh, and his name alone struck fear in the hearts of those who heard it.

That was one of the reasons why Francesca had desperately wanted to escape this place.

However, hearing Norah's side of the story caused her to start viewing Danrique in a different light.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Cece. Did I annoy you with my rambling?" Norah apologized when she saw her go quiet.

"Oh, not at all! You can carry on with your duties now that I'm out of bed!" Francesca replied with a smile.

"All right. I'll go make you some breakfast," Norah said and left in a hurry after that.

Francesca then washed up and got changed before heading downstairs for breakfast. To her surprise, she saw William reading the newspaper in the dining room while Robin stood behind him.

Judging by how the maids were being so respectful toward him, Francesca figured it wasn't the first time he had visited the castle.

"Good morning, William!" she greeted him as she came down the stairs.

She then quickly glanced at the maids around them, and let out a sigh of relief when she saw no response from them.

"Good morning, Ms. Cece! Did you sleep well?" William asked calmly.

"Quite well, actually."

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A maid came over and poured Francesca a glass of warm milk as she sat down at the table.

“Drinking milk is good for your health,” William said with a smile.

Francesca ignored him and simply carried on eating.

Suddenly, Mylo came in and said, “The car is ready, Ms. Cece.”

“Huh? Where are we going?” Francesca asked.

“I told you just now, didn’t I? Mr. Lindberg has arranged for you to pick out the bridal gown and accessories today. Have you forgotten already?” Norah explained.

“Oh...” Francesca was a little reluctant, but gave in after recalling Anthony’s suggestion. “We’ll head out after breakfast, then.”

“Very well. I’ll go fetch your coat!”

Feeling overjoyed, Norah had someone bring Francesca’s coat and boots downstairs.

“Pick out a bridal gown? Has their marriage been confirmed?” William asked anxiously with a slight frown.

“Yes. Mr. Lindberg is going to announce it during the board meeting today,” Mylo replied.

William shot Francesca a conflicted look after hearing that. Francesca could tell that he had something to say, but the words seemed to be stuck in his throat.

“Once he has decided on something, it is pretty much set in stone.” Francesca hinted as she placed her utensils down. “I’m full. Let’s go.”

“Here, don’t forget to put your coat on, Ms. Cece. It’s really cold outside,” Norah reminded her while draping the coat over her shoulders.

“Got it. Thanks, Mdm. Norah!” Francesca replied with a smile before getting into the car with a few of her bodyguards.

Having lost all appetite after watching her leave, William stopped eating and requested to return to his room.

“Your Highness, Mr. Lindberg has mentioned that you may feel free to use the study room and dining room downstairs. You may also consider going out to get some fresh air if you feel bored,” Norah said respectfully.

“Thank you, Mdm. Norah. For now, I’d like to get some rest in my room,” William replied politely before having Robin wheel him back to his room.

“Your Highness, it has been confirmed that Mr. Lindberg and Ms. Felch are going to get married. He will be announcing it during the board meeting later, so I believe it is best that you leave it be, Your Highness.”

“I fear that Francesca will be targeted by politicians as well as those from the three families. Danrique’s marriage will affect the future of Lindberg Corporation. Now that he’s planning on marrying a woman of unknown origin, people are bound to get some funny ideas and try to stop him,” William said with a solemn expression.

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## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1904**

### **A Trip To The Hospital**

“Mr. Lindberg will keep her safe. Erihal is his territory, and those around him are highly-trained elites. No one will be able to cause Ms. Felch any harm. Your Highness, I suggest we just attend their wedding and avoid getting ourselves involved any further,” Robin replied.

William fell silent for a while before saying in a deep voice, “I won’t interfere as long as Francesca is all right. If anything happens to her, I will take her away.”

Robin let out a deep sigh and didn’t dare say anything further.

There’s no changing Prince William’s mind once he decides on something... I just hope that Mr. Lindberg and Ms. Felch’s wedding will go smoothly. If it doesn’t, I hope she’ll at least be able to leave on her own. Prince William really can’t be getting involved in this any further...

Francesca’s head started hurting really badly all of a sudden while she was in the car.

It felt like someone was hammering on her skull in an attempt to crack it wide open.

She held her head with one hand and closed her eyes as she endured the pain.

Being a doctor, she knew that her condition was getting worse with each passing day. The metal fragments were pressing against the nerve endings of her brain, so she needed to have them removed surgically as soon as possible.

“What’s wrong, Ms. Cece? Are you feeling unwell?” Sloan asked from the passenger seat when he saw her in pain.

Francesca kept quiet and continued holding her head with one hand while massaging it with the other.

“Ms. Cece?”

Sloan was about to follow up with another question, but paused when he noticed how familiar she looked. If I recall, Dr. Felch used to do that too whenever she had a headache...

“What is it?” Mylo asked.

“I think Ms. Cece is feeling a little under the weather. Stop the car by the side of the road so she can get some rest!” Sloan replied anxiously.

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“Okay.” Mylo then pulled over by the roadside as he continued, “Watch after Ms. Cece while I go buy her a cup of coffee.”

“All right.” Sloan waited till Mylo had disappeared from sight before turning toward Francesca. “A-Are you Dr. Felch?” he asked cautiously.

Francesca froze and looked up at him through her blurry vision.

Her response alone provided Sloan with the answer to his question. “So, you really are Dr. Felch! I had a feeling you two looked similar! You may be dressed differently, but your voice and the way you speak are the same! Oh, and you have the same eyes too!”

“Don’t tell anyone,” Francesca whispered.

“I won’t. Dr. Felch, have you not recovered from your brain injury? Does Mr. Lindberg know about this? How about we get you to a hospital?” Sloan asked anxiously.

Francesca shook her head. “There’s no need for that. Just act like you don’t know anything, got it?”

Sloan wasn’t really sure what was going on, but he nodded anyway. “Got it...”

He was about to say something further when Mylo returned with the hot coffee. “Here you go, Ms. Cece. Have a hot cup of coffee.”

“Thanks.” Feeling a lot better after resting for a bit, Francesca took the coffee over and leaned against her seat as she said, “Let’s get moving.”

"You still seem a little unwell, Ms. Cece. Shall we take you to a hospital before we head over?" Mylo asked worriedly as he started the car.

"Okay."

Francesca glanced at the rearview mirror and saw two other cars following closely behind.

Those are Danrique's men assigned to keep me safe... He'd probably arrive very soon if I'm going to try out the bridal gown. Given how he always has a huge group of men around him, it would be incredibly difficult to make a run for it. The hospital will be quite crowded, so I might have a better chance at escaping. These bodyguards can't follow me into the examination room, so that should provide me with an opening to make my escape.

It wasn't long before they arrived outside a hospital.

After escorting Francesca inside with Sloan and the others, Mylo was about to give the hospital a call when Francesca stopped him.

"No need to cause such a huge scene over a quick trip to the doctor's office. It'll be too much trouble."

"I suppose you're right. Mr. Lindberg has instructed us to maintain a low profile now that you two are about to get married. I'll get a doctor to attend to you immediately, okay?" Mylo said while putting the phone away.

"Okay."

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