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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1819

Chapter 1819 An Ambush

“What?” The color drained out of Kerrie’s face. “Are they Pastor’s men?”

“No, wait a second.” She paused for a bit before continuing, “How did you manage to hear the footsteps?”

“I have no time to explain to you now.” Francesca urged Kerrie, “Get someone to tell Danrique that there’s an ambush here.”

“Got it.” Kerrie then immediately told one of the bodyguards from the Lindberg family.

The bodyguard was a little skeptical. After all, all of Lindberg’s bodyguards had gone through special training, and none of them noticed anything suspicious around the building. Besides, they were not supposed to leave the lounge since Danrique had ordered them to station there to protect Francesca.

“What are you waiting for? Go!” Kerrie urged. “You gotta trust Master Felch. She knows what’s going on.”

“But...”

Before the bodyguard could react, they heard a gunshot from downstairs. A few foreign assassins arrived and surrounded the bodyguards from the Lindberg family.

Kerrie’s eyes widened in shock. She then turned around to look at Francesca.

Francesca rolled her eyes. She did not know what else to say.

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They should have heeded my warning. There's nothing we can do now. Even if these bodyguards had believed my words, they wouldn't have been able to reach Danrique in time anyway. Oh, well.

It's obvious that they have set up this banquet to trap Danrique.

But somehow, Francesca felt Danrique was not the kind of person who would fall into the enemy's trap so easily.

Meanwhile, in the hall upstairs, a corner of Danrique's lips quirked up when he heard a commotion. "So this is what your negotiation is all about?"

"I have no hand in this, Mr. Lindberg," Edward immediately explained. He then questioned Pastor, "Pastor, how could you do this? We agreed to have an open discussion, yet you did this to us? Now you've put me in a difficult position!"

"It has nothing to do with you."

Pastor was about fifty years old. He was a man with a small body frame and a pair of sunken eyes.

A hard glint flashed across as he shot daggers at Danrique. "All this while, you've been doing well in Erihal, yet you chose to venture into M Nation. You've disrupted my business and caused my company to be in the red. Tell me, how should I settle this score with you?"

Danrique responded steadily, "It's a healthy competition. How can you blame me just because you fail to keep up with your business?"

Pastor let out a mirthless laugh. "You're really as stubborn as a mule, aren't you?"

A group of bodyguards in black suits barged into the room and pointed their guns at Danrique.

The only two bodyguards around Danrique were Sean and Sloan. Even Prince William only had four men by his side.

Yet, Pastor had dozens of men with him. Clearly, he had the upper hand.

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Prince William's expression turned grim. He questioned Edward, "This is not what we signed up for, Mr. Leigh!"

"Pastor..."

"Prince William." Pastor interrupted Edward and gave Prince William a condescending look. "I understand you're working closely with Danrique, but I'll not harm you because I respect your father."

"You!"

"Pastor, you've gone overboard." Edward knitted his brows. "You're at my place. If anything bad happens to Mr. Lindberg, I'll be held accountable!"

Pastor sneered, "Calm down. The Lindberg family had long been exterminated. Even the shareholders in Lindberg Corporation are a bunch of scheming and deceptive folks who can't wait for Danrique to die. You're accountable to no one!"

Danrique lowered his eyes and went deep in thought. What Pastor said is right.

Should anything bad happens to Prince William, the royal family from Danontand would not let Pastor off so easily. That's why Pastor doesn't dare to lay his finger on him.

But if I'm dead, people from Lindberg Corporation would definitely jump for joy.

How pathetic.

"Am I right, Mr. Lindberg?" Pastor gave Danrique a sarcastic look. "No one cares about your life and death. In other words, your death would not bring us any trouble."

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chapter 1820

Chapter 1820 Do You Want To Die

"Really? Who said so?" Suddenly, a clear voice emerged from a distance, breaking the tension in the room. "Who says no one cares about him? I care!"

Upon hearing that, Danrique's eyes lit up instantly. It's her.

Prince William shuddered. He turned around and saw Francesca entering the room in a black dress and a mask.

As she was walking into the room, two men in black pointed their guns at her back.

Sean was at a loss for words. Francesca sounded so confident that he thought she had come to their rescue after taking down Pastor's bodyguards. But apparently, she was also held at gunpoint.

"Master Felch..." Sloan could not help but worry for Francesca.

"You're nothing but a small fry. Who do you think you are?" Pastor looked down on Francesca. "I hate people who bite off more than they could chew!"

He then gestured for his bodyguards to aim their guns at her.

"No, wait!" Prince William panicked.

"You seem nervous, Your Highness." Pastor was intrigued by his reaction. "Is she your woman?"

Prince William did not know how to answer his question. He turned to Danrique and said, "Save her, Danrique."

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"He's right." Danrique knitted his brows. "I hate people who bite off more than they could chew too."

"Danrique..." Prince William got even more frantic.

"Excuse me?" Francesca gave Danrique a sullen glare. "How could you say that? I came here to rescue you!"

Danrique looked at her as if he was looking at a lunatic. You? Rescue me? Are you kidding me?

"For the record, I'm only doing it for the money." Francesca gritted her teeth.

"What did you say, Master Felch?" Kerrie did not catch her words.

"Tell your men to put down their guns." Francesca warned Pastor. "Quick. Do it before I lose my patience."

Pastor laughed sarcastically. "Who on earth is this clown? Where did she come from?"

To him, Francesca was nothing but a clown. Who does this woman think she is? How dare she challenge me? She's asking for death.

"Francesca..." Prince William panicked. "Stop it!"

"Kill her!" Pastor ordered as he had run out of patience.

"Yes, Sir!" One of his men then placed his finger on the trigger and was ready to fire a shot at her.

Danrique's eyes narrowed. When he was about to make his move, a tiny green thing suddenly crawled onto the man's hand.

The man took a closer look at it and was shocked to find that it was a green snake.

He tried to get rid of the snake, but the limbless reptile had bitten his wrist.

He could no longer move!

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The gun fell onto the ground, and his arm started to turn numb.

He grabbed his right arm with his left hand and shrieked in fear. "What's going on?"

Everyone, including Danrique, was stunned by the turn of events.

What is this green snake doing here? It's supposed to be in the lab! And the snake seems to listen to her command. How?

Pastor froze for a bit. He then ordered his other subordinates to take her down. "Kill her! Quick!"

Before Pastor could complete his sentence, the green snake glided over and wrapped around his neck tightly, suffocating the man.

All his subordinates dared not act impulsively. They went up and tried to remove the snake. "Pastor..."

"Go ahead and touch it if you want a quick death," Francesca said calmly. "If the snake bites him on the neck, he'll die right away!"

Everyone was stunned. No one dared to look down on Francesca anymore.

Prince William, Edward, Robin, the other bodyguards, and assassins looked at the woman in disbelief.

On the other hand, Sean and Sloan were not as shocked because they knew what Francesca could do.