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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1835

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."

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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?

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"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..."

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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.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1836

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.

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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."

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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!”

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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!”