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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1832

Chapter 1832 Go Ahead

On their way there, they were ambushed again.

This time, the concrete truck rushed toward them like an untethered horse.

“Turn right to avoid it! Hurry!” Gordon bellowed.

The bodyguard who was driving hastily turned the steering wheel to dodge it, but the rear of the concrete truck still slammed into the car. Spinning out of control, the car crashed against the guardrail.

Bang! came the thunderous noise. The hood of the car was dented inward.

The one in the front passenger seat flew out, and Gordon immediately took his gun and went down from the car to fight against the attackers.

The bodyguards pried open the door to rescue William and Francesca. They then went into another car. At the same time, Gordon brought his subordinates to defend them against the assassins.

It was then Francesca saw that the attackers came in a large group, and they were all heavily armed.

“Danrique’s not in the car!” one of the assassins cried out.

“Capture Prince William and the masked youth beside him!” another shouted.

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"Understood!"

All of them rushed toward them.

Just as Gordon and his men were about to falter, a silver light rushed toward them.

When the window wound down, Danrique gave them a thumbs-down as he supported himself with the other hand on the window. It was a gesture saying that they were too weak.

"It's Danrique!"

"Catch him!"

Immediately, everyone swarmed toward Danrique.

In seconds, few were around Francesca and William.

Thus, Gordon instantly led the bodyguards to escort William and Francesca away from the scene.

"Will he be fine?" Francesca asked, her brows drawing together.

"Mr. Lindberg can handle it. He should be fine," Robin replied. "Let's hurry to the airport. Perhaps Mr. Lindberg will come and meet us there soon."

"Right..."

"Wait!"

Just as William was about to say something, Francesca cut him off. "Those people are holding onto heavy weaponry. If they're really after Danrique's life, his nimbleness won't help him at all."

"But there's nothing we can do even if we were to stay," Robin weakly pointed out. "In fact, we'll be a burden."

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"Don't worry. Mr. Lindberg has plans of his own," Gordon told them. He then urged, "Drive now!"

"Understood!"

The fleet of cars sped off toward the airport.

Francesca stared out of the window the entire time, distracted. She had never felt that way before.

Technically, she did not even know Danrique that well. They were not close, and sometimes, she even found him annoying.

However, when she thought about how he might be in danger, she became anxious.

As a matter of fact, there was an urge that told her to get down from the car to save him.

Those emotions she was experiencing did not escape William's notice.

Although he said nothing about it, his eyes dimmed.

Just as Francesca was lost in her thoughts, something vibrated. Subconsciously, she reached out to touch her pocket and realized it was her phone.

She had charged her phone on the car earlier, and when she rushed down the car a moment ago, she had grabbed it and kept it in her pocket.

Upon lifting her phone, she realized that it was a call from Anthony.

Immediately, she accepted the call. "Anthony."

"Where are you?" Anthony anxiously asked.

"What's the matter?" Francesca asked, frowning.

"The charity is urging us for the money. If we don't send them the money soon, the children's homes with issues will be closing down. I've been trying to contact you for days, but I somehow can't get through to you."

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“How much do you need?” Francesca queried.

“Seven hundred million in M Nation’s currency.”

“Try to buy us a few more days’ time. I’ll think of a way to resolve this.”

“What way? Hurry and bring the necklace to S Nation. I’ll be waiting for you here.”

“I got it. Give me a few days’ time.”

Francesca then ended the call. She lifted her head and asked Gordon, “Will it be safe for us to go to the airport now?”

“The airport is just up ahead, and we’ll be reaching soon. All the arrangements have been made, and Mr. Lindberg has led them away. It’s unlikely that they’ll come after us anymore.”

“Good. Stop the car there, and you’ll leave first.”