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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1845

Chapter 1845 Give It Back

"No." Danrique shook his head. "Whether his daughter is Aunt Isabella's, I should respect their decision. If he wants to let his daughter return, he'll naturally contact me. If he doesn't want to, then there's no need for me to force him. Besides, the Lindberg family is facing a crisis. With enemies attacking from every corner, returning to our family might not be a good thing, either."

"That's true." Sean nodded. "It's not too late to bring Ms. Lindberg back once you get rid of the threat and control Lindberg Corporation completely."

Remaining silent, Danrique lifted his glass and swirled the wine gently.

Meanwhile, Gordon quietly escorted Richard out from the back exit.

As soon as Richard got into the car, he put away the black card carefully and looked at Jeffrey, saying, "Jeffery, take me to the mausoleum!"

"Mr. Windt, why would you want to go to the mausoleum at this hour?"

"I have to put one more thing in the box I left for Charlotte."

Meanwhile, at Sultry Night, Francesca realized there was no point in forcing her way in. Besides, she was at a bar. There was nothing or no one she could summon. Just as she was raking her brains to think of an excuse, Danrique walked out of the building.

Sean and the other subordinates followed closely behind, watching out for the surroundings carefully.

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They were not worried about dangerous incidents. They were doing that mainly because Danrique was particular about hygiene. He believed the people there were dirty and did not like to be touched.

The reason Danrique chose to meet Richard there was that the latter was watched closely by the Nacht family. It might be easy for them to spy on Richard at other locations, while Sultry Night was a chaotic place that made it easy to avoid suspicion.

When they walked past a private room, a few women almost stumbled into Danrique, who frowned with a look of disgust.

The subordinates quickly pulled them away and escorted Danrique to leave from the back exit.

Francesca hurried after them, but Danrique was surrounded by his subordinates, who protected him with care. It was impossible for her to get close to him.

Right then, a loud gunshot could be heard from behind them, breaking the noisy atmosphere.

The surrounding people instantly screamed, and they started running for cover.

Stuck in the middle of the crowd, Francesca was pushed forward involuntarily.

Danrique turned around and scanned the area briefly before shooting Sean a look.

Understanding Danrique's intention, Sean immediately instructed Sloan and Mylo to check out the situation.

As the crowd was walking out of Sultry Night, Danrique suddenly spotted a familiar face among the crowd. It's her?

He paused in his tracks and stared at Francesca.

She, too, lifted her gaze and looked at him. As they locked gazes, their eyes glinted with complex emotions.

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Francesca panicked. I'm not wearing any masks today. Could he have recognized me? Will he take revenge on me?

Francesca felt extremely uneasy, but running away was not the solution at that moment. She still had to face him and take the necklace back.

While she was deep in her thoughts, someone knocked her down. Immediately, the messy crowd came running in her direction, almost stepping on her.

At that moment, a tall, slender silhouette rushed toward her in the blink of an eye and picked her up.

When she cast her gaze at her savior, an unbelievably handsome face came into view. His clear eyes sparkled brightly as if they had stars in them.

They were gazing at her.

"You—" Before Francesca could speak, another gunshot rang in the air.

With Francesca still in his arms, Danrique marched off. His chest was large and warm. She could even hear his clear and powerful heartbeat.

At that moment, she could not help but feel puzzled. With his personality, shouldn't he be dragging me away forcefully and then take revenge on me for holding him hostage previously? Why is he still carrying me so gently?

"Are you all right?" Danrique's voice traveled into her ears, pulling her back into reality. She broke free from him frantically and stretched out her arm toward him. "The necklace is mine. Give it back!"

Danrique merely stared at her without saying anything.

"I had no choice but to hold you hostage back then. I didn't hurt you, didn't I?" Francesca was beginning to panic. "Okay, what about this? If you want to hit or scold me, I'll let you do it. But once you're done taking revenge, you must return the necklace to me, okay?"