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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1848

Chapter 1848 Kill Him

Since he was a child, he never got involved in other romantic relationships.

For the past twenty-seven years, the closest he got to a girl was seven years ago, when he held Francesca's hand.

To him, Francesca was his first love, the only person he cared for, and the only relationship in his lifetime.

He had been holding on to that belief, spending all his time and effort looking for her in hopes of giving her a happy life.

Now that he had found her, there were no traces of warmth in her gaze. Instead, there was only suspicion, uneasiness, nervousness, and caution.

Worst of all, she told him she had a boyfriend, and that they did not suit each other as they were of different worlds.

On top of that, she even said their promise was just a child's joke that could not be taken seriously.

He could not believe his ears.

Is this real? Or did I hear it wrongly? Or did I make a mistake? Perhaps this girl in front of me is not my Cece. But she's got the exact scar just like Cece's. And she knows the secret of the necklace. She should be...

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"Why are you staring at me like that?" Francesca shifted aside. "Don't tell me this is unrequited love?"

"Are you really Cece?" Danrique still could not accept the truth. "Where did we first meet?"

"I don't remember," Francesca answered casually. "The mountain, I think."

Danrique was stunned. Her answer was right, but her casual tone clearly showed she did not care about the past anymore.

"I'm sorry," Francesca comforted, noticing his dejected looks. "I was still young back then. I didn't know what love was. I'm afraid the promises I made back then can't be counted..."

After pausing for a while, she lifted the necklace and asked carefully, "Since you've already given me this necklace, you won't take it back, right?"

"It's yours once I've given it to you." Danrique suppressed the mixed emotions within himself, trying his best to appear calm. "Leave that man and return to my side!"

"Uh..." Francesca was dumbfounded. Really?

As far as she remembered, Danrique was an arrogant person who was extremely particular about things. She could not help but wonder if he could really accept the woman he loved to return to him, even if she had dated other men.

"He didn't take good care of you." Danrique did his best to suppress the hostility in his voice. "He let you wander around places like illegal casinos. And now, he got you in such a state."

As he said that, he scrutinized her, immediately noticing her slightly exposed thighs and the ample bosom beneath her V-neck shirt. He quickly shifted his gaze, and his expression darkened once again.

"It's a long story." Francesca did not know where to begin. Hence, she could only act like she did not care. "Basically, I won't leave him. In fact, we're getting married soon."

"Then, call off the wedding—"

"How can I do that—"

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"I'll deal with the consequences," Danrique interrupted. He then ordered firmly, "Give him a call right now and tell him to wait at the hotel. I'll talk to him personally."

Francesca was baffled. She thought Danrique would give up and throw her out of the car with the necklace when she said she had a boyfriend. She even thought he would curse her with resentment, saying he never wanted to see her again.

That way, she could finally free herself from him.

Never did she expect him to make such a move.

Oh no. I'm doomed. This won't do it. Maybe my story isn't believable enough.

Francesca took a deep breath, mustered her courage, and said, "Actually, he's not just an ordinary boyfriend. We've been living together for two years now. You know what living together means, right? You know, the kind that sleeps together every night—"

Before she could finish, Danrique grabbed her face with force.

His handsome face suddenly leaned closer, his eyes filled burning with hostility. With his jaws clenched, he hissed, "Looks like I've got to kill him."

"Uh..." Francesca's mind was buzzing, and she said frantically, "No. You must not hurt him."

As soon as she said that, the car came to a stop, and the subordinate reported, "Mr. Lindberg, we've arrived."