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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1850

### Chapter 1850 Joke

There was a sense of helplessness and even pleading in her voice.

Everyone who heard that thought it was simply Danrique's one-sided love and that it was all in his head, yet he still clung to Francesca like there was no tomorrow.

Danrique suffered a great blow. The expression on his face became extremely dark, as though it was covered by black clouds that preceded a violent storm.

He had never suffered such emotional damage before. It felt as if his heart was stabbed by something and that it was bleeding out.

At that moment, he felt like he was a joke.

All the infatuation and perseverance he experienced and went through were just a big, fat joke.

Francesca felt a little guilty when she saw him like that. Maybe I overdid it a little...

While she had forgotten what happened in the past, her heart ached faintly when she saw him being that upset. Maybe, when I was young, I really did love him wholeheartedly?

"Mr. Lindberg..." Sean was very worried.

He had followed his employer for ten years and not once did he see his employer acting like that before.

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Danrique didn't say anything and coldly gestured.

Sean promptly relayed an order to release Anthony.

Anthony was beaten black and blue as he climbed out of the car with a disheveled look. He hid behind Francesca weakly, as though he was an aggrieved daughter-in-law while she was a brave, dependable man protecting her lover.

Danrique stared deeply at Francesca one last time silently before heading back into the car.

The convoy swiftly left and disappeared from their sights.

She finally let out a sigh of relief and looked at the necklace in her hand. "I've finally gotten it back. From now on, he probably won't disturb me anymore."

"So he's the legendary Mr. Lindberg?" Anthony asked fearfully. "He was full of murderous intent and very scary."

"Mhm. Let's head upstairs first." Francesca walked toward the hotel while he followed behind. "Hey, you said you wanted to marry me. Is that true?"

She rolled her eyes at him and quickened her steps instead of replying to him.

"You also said you're pregnant with my child. Hehe, I think I can turn that into reality—"

"Shut up!" She cut him off coldly. "I only said that to get rid of him. We're going back to S Nation tonight. Go make the arrangements."

"You're that rush?" Anthony walked faster to keep up with her. "Didn't you want to undergo an operation with—"

"We don't have time." Her eyebrows furrowed. "We need to leave this place fast to avoid getting into more trouble."

"Ah? Why?" He didn't understand.

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“What if he comes back to seek revenge on me after he patched up his wounded ego?” She sounded annoyed. “He thinks the world is his oyster. I bet he had never experienced such grievance before. I hurt him through and through.”

“That’s true. He looked like he was about to eat someone.” Anthony shivered when he thought about Danrique’s look.

He felt lucky he was still alive.

Both of them returned to their rooms and began packing their things in preparation for leaving.

Concurrently, Danrique was still staying silent with a foul expression in the car.

Sean had never seen his employer acting like that before, and that made him pretty uneasy. He wanted to comfort Danrique, but he wasn’t sure what to say because he didn’t really have any experience in that department.

At that moment, Danrique’s phone began to vibrate. However, it didn’t seem like he noticed it at all as he sat unmovingly.

Sean didn’t have the nerve to say anything. Soon, his phone rang, and he answered it. “Hello?”

His expression changed drastically after the person on the other end told him something. After replying, he turned to Danrique and reported, “There’s a situation at the company, Mr. Lindberg.”

It was then that Danrique returned to his senses and picked up his phone to read the document.

He quickly relayed an order in a deep voice, “Go back to Erihal!”

“Roger.”

Francesca and Anthony called for a taxi and hurried to the airport. On their way there, William called her. “Are you free now, Francesca? Let’s meet up.”

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