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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1867

Chapter 1867 Late Rendezvous

Although Francesca was shocked to hear that, she remained calm and collected. "I've heard of that person before. She's quite something, right?"

"Yes. She's also a young girl." Sean chuckled and added, "In fact, she looks like you."

"So?" Francesca raised her brows.

"Huh?" Sean hesitated for a moment and continued, "I didn't mean anything by that. I was just—"

"Okay. I'll go over in a while." Francesca headed into her room. It seems like I have to be more careful not to expose myself before departing. If Danrique finds out I'm Francesco, he's going to know I've been stringing him along. By then, it'll be even harder for me to escape once he starts to get wary of me.

"Have you been drinking, Ms. Cece? Are you all right? Did you get bullied?" Norah was sizing Francesca up worriedly.

"I'm fine." Francesca could feel that Norah's concerns toward her were sincere. This is rather heart-warming.

"Mdm. Norah, the bath is ready," a maid said while standing at the entrance to the bathroom.

"Let me bathe you. I need to see if you were hurt." Norah was looking after Francesca like she was a child.

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"I'm fine, really." Francesca smiled. "I can bathe myself. In the meantime, you guys can help me prepare my clothes."

As she was saying that, she went into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. After that, she hid her backpack inside a partition in the bathroom.

Danrique had never searched her backpack before because he'd always trusted her.

However, he was bound to watch her closely after her attempt to escape. What if he searches my backpack and investigates my real identity? After that, he's going to keep all my travel documents. When that happens, I won't be able to go anywhere. Hence, I must keep my travel documents safe.

Francesca was scrolling through her phone while soaking in the bathtub.

Apart from two missed calls from Anthony, she'd also received two text messages which read: Call back when you see this!

Since she was worried that her phone might be tapped, they'd agreed to contact each other through that method to avoid important messages getting leaked.

She'd also received a few missed calls and a few text messages from William.

Why did you switch off your phone, Francesca? Did something happen to you?

Francesca, what happened? I'm worried about you. Please call me back when you see this.

Where are you, Francesca?

Although those text messages didn't reveal anything important, Danrique would still find out about her identity if he were to see them.

After giving it some thought, she decided to call William.

"You've finally called, Francesca! I was worried sick!" William said.

"William, I won't be able to contact you for a while. Stop sending me text messages, and I'll call you again in due time, okay?"

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"Where are you?"

"I—"

"Are you okay, Ms. Cece?" Norah suddenly asked from outside the bathroom.

"I'm hanging up now. Remember not to text me," Francesca quickly answered on the phone.

With that, she hung up.

After that, she faced the door and uttered, "I'm fine. I'm still bathing."

"All right. I'll wait for you by the door, okay? Let me know if you need anything."

"Okay. Thank you."

Francesca then deleted William's contact on her phone. Okay. It should be fine now. I'll be able to use my phone in the open after this.

After she was done with her bath, Francesca got ready and followed Norah to the study room on the second floor.

When the door was pushed open, they saw that the lights in the room were somewhat dim.

While wearing a pair of silver-rimmed glasses, Danrique was sitting elegantly on the sofa as he read through some documents.

Upon hearing them entering the room, he immediately raised his gaze toward her. Unlike his usual gentle gaze in the past, he was looking at her with a conflicted and stern expression.

Norah placed a glass of warm water and a glass of warm milk in front of Francesca before leaving silently. "I shall leave now, Mr. Lindberg."

Sean also left the room after bowing respectfully.

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chapter 1868

Chapter 1868 Fate

Francesca reclined casually on the sofa as she sipped on a cup of warm milk.

She acted no different no matter where she was. She would stand and sit languidly. She would rather lie down instead of sitting and sit instead of standing, if she had a choice.

She had no care as to how people see her. She just did whatever was comfortable.

Danrique narrowed his eyes as he watched her. His eyes gleamed as if many thoughts were racing across his mind.

After a long silence, he finally spoke. "Did you take alcohol?"

"Yes, I did," Francesca admitted.

"Eva pushed you to take them?" Danrique inquired.

"No, I took them willingly."

Francesca didn't want to shift the blame onto others. Even though Eva did intend to make her drunk, her attempt failed. Francesca was the one who made the other drunk.

"You want to leave me?" Danrique questioned.

Francesca didn't respond to his question. Her mind was churning up a way to answer him.

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Will he be furious if I told him the truth? Will he break my leg, lock me in the basement and torture me? Well, at least that's how romance novels always go. Those alpha CEOs always resort to such measures. I recalled there was a novel I read before in which the male lead had locked the female lead in an animal cage as punishment, causing a mastiff to hurt the female lead. How psychotic!

The scary thought had Francesca giving Danrique a strange look.

"Answer me," Danrique demanded with a frown.

"Why did you intend to marry me?" Francesca refused to answer and asked instead. "Was it because I accidentally took a bullet for you?"

"Accidentally?" Danrique had only caught that one word in her question.

"Of course." Francesca didn't want to lie to him. "I'm not a saint or a femme fatale. Why would I take a bullet for a man? Moreover, I don't even know you that well."

"You don't know me well?" Danrique's expression darkened at her words. "Seven years ago--"

"I've already forgotten what happened seven years ago."

Francesca cut him off and said seriously, "I'm not trying to be courteous here. I'm telling you the truth. I was still young then, so I didn't know what love was.

"It was an odd coincidence that I took the bullet for you. Something hit my foot, causing me to lose my balance and accidentally fall into your arms, then I got shot."

I shouldn't lie to him. Even though it's cruel, I have to tell him the truth. It's better than leaving him clueless.

"Fine. Let's say what you just said is true. You taking the bullet for me was accidental, and you had forgotten about what happened seven years ago."

Danrique nodded his head as though he had no problem accepting that.

"That's right."

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Francesca was ecstatic. This stubborn man had finally thought things through.

“But...” Suddenly, Danrique made a turn. “The world is so huge, and we still meet each other after all this time. Also, you saved my life.

“It might be an accident or an odd coincidence, but it doesn’t change the fact that an unbreakable bond binds us together.”

“Erm...”

Francesca was stunned at his conclusion. Her smart mouth that could win every argument was wide open with no words coming out.

She even thought Danrique’s remark kind of, somewhat, sort of made sense.

“God wanted us to be together, and we can’t go against His will.”

Danrique added, with great emphasis, “You and I are destined to be together. You can’t run away.”

“You believe in destiny?” Francesca was staring dumbfoundedly at him.

“I do believe in it sometimes.” Danrique set down the document in his hands, got up from his seat, and walked over to her.

“You-”

Francesca was about to say something when Danrique loomed closer to her. His huge body was like a cage, closing her in. He was gazing at her with a beast-like gleam shining in his eyes.

That handsome face was inches away from hers, so she could see the sincerity of his feelings gleaming brightly at the surface of his amber eyes.