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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1897

Chapter 1897 Help

"Let's go in first." Danrique gestured them to head inside.

His subordinates quickly opened the door to welcome William in.

Danrique was holding Francesca in front of him.

"This is..." Robin pretended to not know who she was.

"This is Mr. Lindberg's fiancée, Ms. Cece," Sean introduced enthusiastically.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Cece!" Robin nodded.

The complicated look in William's eyes quickly calmed down as he asked with a smile, "I can't believe you got yourself a fiancée in just a half month since we last met."

"Mhm." Danrique nodded. "You're right on time, actually. Perhaps you'll be able to make it for our wedding."

"Wedding?" William was shocked. "You're getting married?"

"That's right." Danrique gently held Francesca up. "We're going to start the preparation in the next few days!"

"Who's going to marry you?" Francesca shot a glare at him before escaping from his grip and walking upstairs.

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William's expression looked better as he watched her leave. Looks like I made it in time indeed.

"Women, am I right?" Not only was Danrique not angry, but he also said, "They don't always say what they mean."

That gave William pause, and he became slightly depressed again. I suppose it's not impossible for couples to act like that when they're fighting. Back in M Nation, she did pay close attention to Danrique. Not only that, she chased after him once he learned he was in H City. I still can't tell for sure if she likes him or not...

"You must be tired making your way here, William. You should rest early today. We'll have breakfast together tomorrow." Danrique turned to Sean. "Please take care of His Highness and his subordinates."

"Understood, Mr. Lindberg."

Danrique headed upstairs while Sean did as his employer asked.

Just as William was tiredly heading to his room to clean himself, Francesca called him. "William..."

Instead of saying anything in a hurry, he shot a glance at Robin first.

Robin politely sent Sean out before closing the door. Only then did William answered. "Which room are you in right now, Francesca?"

"The one next to Danrique's. What about you?"

"I'm right next to you, then."

"I'll be right there."

"Wait—" Before he could finish, Francesca had already hung up the phone and headed out of the window of her room.

Then she tip-toed over to William's room. Robin quickly opened the window and let her in.

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"It's so cold outside! The walls are completely frozen. It was very slippery too. I almost fell..." She breathed in deeply upon landing in the room.

"Is your hand all right? Let me take a look." William noticed there was a cut on her hand and pulled it toward him gently. "It's frostbite."

"It's nothing serious." She removed her hand and asked urgently, "How are you here, William?"

"I heard Norah's voice when you called me that day, so I thought you must be at Danrique's place and decided to check it out myself." He stared at her deeply. "Can you tell me what happened? Why did you come here with him? Why did you suddenly become his fiancée?"

"It's a long story." She wasn't sure how to explain it to him. "In any case, I don't want to marry him, and I want to leave, but I can't. Can you help me?"

"Of course—"

"Please think this through carefully, Your Highness," Robin reminded. "You know what kind of person Mr. Lindberg is. If you offend him, there will be dire consequences, especially one that concern collaborations with his company."

Francesca didn't realize that point until she heard it. "That's true. I can't drag you down."

"You talk too much," William reprimanded Robin before turning to her. "I'll help you, Francesca, but you need to tell me exactly what happened. This way, I'll know how to start."

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Chapter 1898 Caught

Francesca had no choice but to tell William everything.

"I don't remember anything from seven years ago. Taking the bullet for him this time was a coincidence. It wasn't intentional on my side. He was opinionated and fancied himself into thinking I saved him out of love. With that in mind, he kept insisting that I marry him. I tried to escape several times but failed."

William's expression turned solemn. "I heard he had a girlfriend who was his first love and been searching for her all these years. I even helped him ask around. I never expected that person to be you."

"That is not important. We can't take childhood incidents seriously." Francesca frowned. "But I can't trouble you with this. With his temper, you might have to bear the brunt if you continue to get involved with me."

"Yeah. Dr. Felch, we can't involve His Highness in this matter-"

"Shut up!" William interrupted Robin and shot a death glare at him. Once Robin got his point, William turned to Francesca and asked, "Is he still unaware of your true identity?"

"I don't know." Francesca shook her head. "I'm afraid once he knows about it, he'll think I'm making a fool out of him. The matter will escalate by that point. Well, I did keep the issue under wraps back when I was in M Nation."

"Then does he know about the injury to your head?" William pointed out the obvious. "I suppose you haven't undergone any procedure for it."

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"No." She considered William a close friend, so she told him the truth. "After I left M Nation, I went to S Nation for some business, then I traveled to H City, so the surgery was postponed again and again."

"You have to do the surgery as soon as possible or the consequences will be dire." William offered gravely, "I'll think of a way for you to leave, then ask Helen to do the procedure for you."

"You'll have to leave first and we'll continue the topic after." The creases on Francesca's forehead deepened. "Won't this matter implicate you? Once Danrique finds out you're the one who takes me away, will he direct his anger toward you?"

"He won't do anything to me. Perhaps just some yelling." William looked at her with gentleness in his eyes. "The important thing is, are you sure you don't want to marry him?"

"Both L and Zachary were voted as the men young women wanted to marry the most. Both of them are young, handsome, rich, and have a clean slate with the ladies. With a perfect guy being so loyal to you, can you truly let go?"

"All of those things have nothing to do with me." Francesca said with impatience, "I don't want to get married. I don't care who it is."

"You just don't want to marry him, or you don't want to get married?" William asked.

"I don't want to get married." Francesca answered without hesitation, "I have things I want to do. Relationships are too troublesome."

"All right. As expected of Francesco."

A resigned smile tugged on the corners of William's lips.

At that moment, someone knocked on the door, and Norah asked through the door, "Your Highness, I made some tonic for you. Can I come in?"

William cast a glance at Robin to handle Norah.

"Return to your room and rest for now. Once I've arranged everything, I'll text you," William whispered to Francesca.

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“Okay.”

Francesca nodded her head and went out via the window.

Even though the wind and snow had stopped, the external wall and window ledge was still encrusted with frost, so they were slippery, causing her to almost lose her grip and footing.

It was a good thing she was agile and managed to grab onto the window ledge at the last minute. She expended all her energy on scalding the wall back to her room.

Once her feet touched the solid floor, she let out a long exhale but gasped the next minute.

A figure was sitting on the sofa in the corner, holding a glass of wine and staring pointedly at her in the dark.

There was no reproach or anger in his gaze. He was calm and looking at her with resignation and adoration as though his kitten had snuck out for a stroll.

“Have fun scalding the wall?”

His tone was calm and casual as though he was inquiring about a minor issue.

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