

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2000

“Still resting,” Gordon answered quietly. “He said he only closes up surgeries and leaves the rest to others. Thus, I contacted Dr. Wright to be on standby. A female doctor would be more appropriate to tend to Ms. Felch.”

“Good.” Danrique nodded. “Cece does not want her face to be seen by anyone. Relay the instruction to Helen.”

“Huh?” Gordon was stunned for a moment but quickly recovered and nodded hastily. “Yes, sir.”

Gordon informed Helen, and despite her confusion, she did as told. After all, she had accepted a handsome amount of money from them.

She asked Gordon and Danrique to leave the room when the surgery was about to begin, but Danrique was unwilling to leave. Hence, he had someone put up a screen and sat behind it.

Soon, the room was cleared, leaving Gordon and two female bodyguards standing behind Danrique, awaiting orders.

Helen prepped everything, and an elderly man with white hair entered the room slowly with the help of a young man.

Danrique caught a fleeting glimpse of the elderly through the carved screen. Despite his advanced years, he was sprightly and dressed in traditional garb, exuding a saintly air.

His appearance resembled that of the quack traditional medicine doctor Danrique had hired in Summerbank, casting doubt on whether he was a charlatan incapable of performing surgery.

Helen too had similar doubts.

She stilled after noticing Dr. Felch and questioned in Ustranasion, "Doctor, this is an extremely complex surgery. Even I'm not confident in my skills. Are you certain that you can pull it off?"

Another female doctor translated her question and regarded Dr. Felch with a skeptical look.

Dr. Felch took no offense and replied lightly, "I'm not entirely certain. I have declined to perform this surgery, but you pressured me to do it."

"Uh..." The female doctor was aghast.

Helen pressed the female doctor to translate what he said, and a look of shock came across her face. "Goodness, are you kidding? This is a person's life on the line, not to mention Ms. Felch is Mr. Lindberg's fiancée."

The female doctor was about to translate for Helen when Dr. Felch interrupted, "What did you call her? Ms. Felch?"

Dr. Felch's command of Ustranasion wasn't fluent, but he had treated a few foreign patients and understood simple words. He had clearly heard Helen addressing the patient as Ms. Felch.

The female doctor interpreted Dr. Felch's question to Helen.

"Ah, about that-" Helen was about to answer when she suddenly remembered Gordon telling her not to let anyone know Francesca's name and face, so she backtracked. "We're running out of time. Let's perform the surgery first."

She paused before continuing, "Are you sure, Dr. Felch? If this surgery fails, the consequence will be dire."

"Dr. Felch, Dr. Wright said-"

“We have to try. I haven't performed surgery in years.” Before the female doctor could finish, Dr. Felch put on his reading glasses, rolled up his sleeves, snapped on a pair of gloves, and lifted a scalpel to commence the surgery.

Helen saw Dr. Felch needing reading glasses for surgery and dissolved into hysterics, repeating, “Oh, my God. Oh, my God.”

The female doctor hurried to the screen to consult Danrique's opinion.

A frown marred his forehead, and his expression was troubled as he had reservations about Dr. Felch's skills.

“Ms. Felch mentioned that only Dr. Felch could treat her illness. We shouldn't be too concerned.”

Gordon opened a text on his phone and showed it to Danrique.

Francesca had indeed sent it to Gordon, and the timestamp indicated that it was delivered last night. That meant she had sent the text before Chrono abducted her.

Danrique said, “I trust Dr. Felch. Give him all reins over the surgery.”

“Yes, sir.”