

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1761

Chapter 1761 Master Felch

George's face turned pale in anger, but just as he was about to speak, Danrique gave a signal, indicating Sean to drag the doctor away.

“Wait! Listen to me, Mr. Lindberg...”

George tried to explain himself but to no avail, and his voice quickly faded from earshot.

“Are you happy now?” Danrique gazed at Francesca.

“Very,” the woman responded with a smile. “By the way, the treatment's going to cost you a hundred million. You don't have a problem with that, do you?”

“Not at all,” Danrique answered readily. “But if I'm not better in half a month, I'm going to take your life.”

He sounded calm, but there was something chilling about his voice.

“A hundred million or my life?” Not only was Francesca not afraid, but she even beamed smugly. “I guess my life's worth that much, huh?”

Danrique merely stared at her while remaining silent.

This was the first time a woman didn't fear him one bit.

Or rather, the second.

The first woman was the one who had used a knife against him back at Casino Inferno.

Interesting.

“Just to be safe, give me my one-hundred-million check first. It’s not like I can run away while I’m here, anyway.”

Having already lost his patience, Danrique frowned as he emanated a frosty aura.

“Leave it to me.” Sean quickly stepped forward. “Let’s talk outside. By the way, what’s your name?”

“I’m...” Francesca pondered for a moment. “I’m Master Felch.”

“Huh?” Sean thought he had misheard. “How do you spell that?”

“F-E-L-C-H.”

The man was speechless.

Still, he handed Francesca the check before returning to the study room.

He then served Danrique some tea as the latter went through some documents. “Can we really trust her, Mr. Lindberg?”

“For her to be able to manage my injury in such a short time and with such limited resources, she has to be skilled. On top of that, she’s not even afraid of Sam.”

Danrique had been observing Francesca the whole time. The nurse he had placed beside her would report the woman's every move.

I thought she was just slightly capable, but from the way she played with Sam, she's definitely not an average Joe.

"That's a surprise." Sean was visibly stunned too. "Sam's been bathed in toxins all its life and is covered in poison. Even we wouldn't dare go near it."

"Watch her closely," Danrique instructed.

"Yes, sir."

Sean prepared the medicinal ingredients as requested by Francesca.

"These won't do," the woman remarked with a frown. "They're all crude herbs that have been filtered. They won't be effective."

"I'll keep looking—"

"It's fine," Francesca decided. "These herbal concoctions are hard to come by in the first place, let alone high-grade ones. You also didn't manage to prepare everything on the list I gave you. Just one missing ingredient makes a world of difference."

"What should I do, then?" Sean asked in a panic.

"It'd be best if we could go to Chanaea. That's the only place we can get high-quality herbs."

“But we can’t leave yet. Mr. Lindberg still has some matters to take care of,” Sean replied helplessly. “How about I get someone to send the herbs over from Chanaea?”

“That could work if you manage to get the quality I’m looking for, but time is of the essence.” Francesca glanced at the calendar.

“The longer we wait, his condition will become worse. Also, his wound is near his kidneys. So, I won’t be responsible if anything happens to his manly functions.”

“Uhh...”

A pale-faced Sean quickly reported to Danrique, who grew just as worried.

“Get someone to send the herbs over right away.”

“Yes, sir!”

In just a few days, Francesca went from being just an injured woman to Danrique’s personal doctor.

Now, everyone would greet her no matter where she went.

“Good day, Master Felch!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1762

Chapter 1762 Shameless

After hearing people call her that so often, Francesca suddenly realized something. I think I’m starting to realize who I am.

When the doctor, George Henderson, had mentioned Francesco and surmised that his mentor might have already died, the woman was filled with rage and silently cursed at George.

Then, when Sean asked for her name, she hastily called herself Master Felch.

It seemed like she subconsciously knew that her last name was Felch and that she had some sort of connection with the person known as Francesco.

Who could Francesco be? Are we related?

At the thought of this, Francesca grew excited.

One day, she so happened to overhear Sean instructing some underlings to look for Francesco. “Try searching for him in Chanaea,” she suggested. “Given how skilled Francesco is in traditional medicine, he has to be Chanaean.”

“That’s what I thought too. We’ve already sent our men to look over there.” Sean nodded. “Don’t worry. Even if we manage to find Francesco, you’ll still get to keep your money.”

“Glad to hear that.”

Francesca grinned. If they manage to find Francesco, I’ll be able to figure out who I am.

Then, I can go home.

The herbal concoctions Sean had ordered arrived three days later.

Francesca instructed him to boil the ingredients for four hours before pouring everything into a bathtub for Danrique to soak himself in. She would then go over and perform acupuncture on the latter.

Sean immediately did as told.

Meanwhile, Francesca prepared her tools, brought out her new medical kit, and sterilized the acupuncture needles.

Sean personally came over when he was done preparing.

“Everything’s ready, Master Felch.”

“Okay. Let’s go.”

Francesca had thought that Danrique would be soaking in the bathtub in his own room.

However, she was led to a hot spring by the garden instead, and she couldn’t help but freeze at the sight before her.

Steam rose above the hot spring filled with the herbal concoction, with magnolias all around.

Meanwhile, Danrique sat inside the hot spring with his eyes closed. His bare body appeared a little slender, but he still had very toned muscles and even an alluring six-pack.

The moonlight shone down on his tanned skin, making him look like an absolute masterpiece. Beads of sweat dripped down his gorgeous face and into the pool of herbal concoction.

It was a dreamy, picturesque, and romantic sight to behold.

The view was stunning, and so was the man.

There was no denying that Danrique had a charming face—even more so than some women out there. Moreover, the way he sat there quietly made him look especially captivating.

Feeling her heart race, Francesca inadvertently kept her gaze on the man's body and gulped.

Stop! Don't stare at him like that! You're a woman of honor, not a shameless lecher!

“Master Felch? Master Felch!”

Francesca finally snapped back to reality after hearing Sean call out to her several times. She then hurriedly retracted her gaze and coughed in an attempt to ease the awkwardness.

“Can you begin now?”

Sean couldn't help but worry when he noticed the strange look in her eyes. She's not actually a con artist, is she?

“Yes,” Francesca answered before opening up her medical kit and taking out the acupuncture needles. Then, she walked toward Danrique and stopped right behind him.

“Try anything funny and you're dead.”

Danrique's low and airy voice sounded extraordinarily enticing on this still night.

Not only did Francesca remain as calm as ever, but she even added shamelessly, “Don’t worry. I couldn’t bear to kill you even if I wanted to.”

“Hmm?” Danrique’s eyebrows furrowed.

“What I mean is, you’re my cash cow! How could I bear to kill you?” the woman explained frantically.

Danrique stopped responding. Having had zero experience with women, he naturally didn’t think much of her words.

“I’m going to start now. Relax. It won’t hurt.”

Francesca began the treatment, and before long, Danrique’s head and shoulders were filled with needles.

“Now, turn this way. I have to stick one into your waist,” she instructed while grabbing another needle.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1763

Chapter 1763 First Kiss

With his eyes closed, Danrique turned around slowly and leaned his chest against the edge of the hot spring, revealing his broad shoulders and back along with his waist and half of his rear.

Francesca stilled at the sight.

The man’s tanned body was the epitome of masculinity and seduction, especially in this misty atmosphere with dim lighting.

Francesca couldn't help but blush as her heart pounded wildly against her chest.

She quickly composed herself and focused on the acupuncture treatment.

However, she couldn't proceed with Danrique's lower half completely submerged. "Could you climb up a little? I can't reach your waist."

Danrique didn't respond at all. It turned out he had dozed off.

Hence, Francesca could only lower her own body. With one hand on the ground, she reached forward to position a needle on Danrique's waist.

Suddenly, her hand slipped, and she fell right into the hot spring.

Splash! The loud noise instantly jolted Danrique awake.

He opened his eyes and frowned in displeasure before turning his head.

There, he saw the reckless woman splashing about in the water, her hands flailing as though she was desperately searching for a lifeline.

"H-Help!" she blurted amidst muffled screams.

Danrique turned around and leaned back into the edge while gazing at her, his eyes full of contempt.

The water isn't even that deep, but she's here panicking like this instead of trying to stand on her feet? Even if she can't swim, how much of an idiot can she be?

The hot spring was less than 1.4 meters tall, so Francesca would have been able to stand up just fine even if she were a little shorter.

Gurgle...

The woman slowly sunk to the bottom of the hot spring, a raft of bubbles rising above her.

A taunting smirk played on Danrique's lips as he watched the struggling woman with an icy gaze.

If this idiot actually drowns in here, that'd be a first in history.

Growing weary with each struggle, Francesca reached out to him.

A few seconds later, Danrique couldn't stand the sight any longer and finally decided to give her a hand.

But just as he approached the woman, she suddenly grabbed onto him and pulled herself over to him.

Before he could even respond, he felt a pair of soft lips pressing against his cold ones.

Danrique froze instantly and just stood there.

Her lips felt so delicate—like a flower that had just blossomed.

Furthermore, the woman's soft body pressing against his chest gave him a feeling he had never felt before. She also had her slender arms wrapped around his neck tightly, indicating how terrified she was of falling back into the water.

Everything happened so quickly that Danrique didn't know what to do.

The unfamiliar feeling caused him to stiffen. It was like an electric current had suddenly entered his body and was now coursing through his bloodstream.

His once tranquil heart was now beating frantically as though it had just been given life.

“Phew!”

After a long while, Francesca finally calmed herself and opened her eyes, only to see an incredibly dashing face right in front of her.

Those amber eyes looked especially enchanting under the moonlight.

They appeared to be filled with shock, though.

She stared at Danrique in horror, her mind turning blank.

“Oh, my God!” Sean suddenly exclaimed. “W-What on earth...”

Danrique finally returned to his senses and violently shoved Francesca away, sending her to the other side of the hot spring and back into the water.

“Help me! Help...”

Once again, the woman cried for help.

Unfortunately, Danrique’s momentary lapse of kindness was gone. He merely shot her a glare before getting out of the hot spring. Then, he wrapped himself with a towel and stormed away.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1764

Chapter 1764 Afraid Of Water

“Mr. Lindberg!”

Noticing something off about Danrique’s expression, Sean quickly followed him, but not before giving a female subordinate his order. “Get her out of there. Make sure she doesn’t die.”

“Yes, sir.” The woman hurriedly went to rescue Francesca.

Meanwhile, Danrique removed all the needles from his body and returned to his room in a fury. He then put on his bathrobe, sat on the couch, and sipped on a glass of cold wine.

His eyes continued to burn with rage. That d*mned woman! How dare she...

“What happened?”

Gordon rushed over and was just about to report to Danrique when Sean stopped him.

Sean then leaned over to describe what had just happened, causing Gordon to pale in shock. “What? That was Mr. Lindberg’s first kiss—”

“Shhhh!” Sean hastily covered the other man’s mouth. “You have a death wish or something?”

Upon realizing he had said something out of line, Gordon scanned his surroundings nervously. Did he hear me? No? Okay. Guess I’m safe.

Sean let go and gritted his teeth. “I leave Mr. Lindberg for just one moment, and that woman makes a move on him,” he remarked softly. “It’s no wonder I’ve been having this strange feeling about her. I thought she was only after the money or that she was sent by our enemies to spy on us, but I never thought...”

“D*mn! I can’t believe a tomboy like her tried to seduce Mr. Lindberg!” Gordon raged. “And more importantly, she actually succeeded?”

“Mr. Lindberg’s never been around women, so there are rumors saying he’s into men. Maybe that’s why she was the perfect candidate to approach Mr. Lindberg,” Sean lamented. “It’s all my fault. Why did I walk away? I should’ve kept an eye on her.”

“No.” Gordon grew increasingly confused. “The point is that her face is so ruined that she’s kept it wrapped all this while. No one knows what she even looks like! So, why did Mr. Lindberg still...”

“Maybe it’s because he’s never actually been with a woman. So when one finally tries to make a move on him, I guess he just...” Sean pondered. “Well, Mr. Lindberg’s twenty-seven, but he’s never even touched a woman’s hand. So I can kind of understand why this happened.”

Gordon wasn’t having it. “That tomboy is full of tricks. She can’t stay. I’m going to kick her out now.”

“Wait.” Sean quickly stopped him. “Mr. Lindberg hasn’t been cured yet. Besides, I was there when it happened. He looked like he enjoyed it, but I’m not sure what he was thinking. What if he calms down and asks for that woman only to learn that you’ve thrown her out?”

“Good point.” Gordon had always been more rash, unlike the meticulous Sean. “What should we do, then?”

“Let’s just wait and see what Mr. Lindberg has to say.” Sean couldn’t help but worry as he stared at the tightly shut door. “Poor Mr. Lindberg. He’s probably feeling depressed now after getting his first kiss robbed by that tomboy.”

“Seriously. I can’t believe this!” Gordon fumed.

Meanwhile, the female subordinate carried an unconscious Francesca into the building.

After a series of struggles, the bandages on Francesca’s face had come loose, and a small part of her face could now be seen.

Her body was completely soaked, and the outline of her charming figure was now clear as day.

Regardless, all the men kept their gazes low, not daring to sneak a peek at her.

In any case, their boss was now considered to have touched her, so nobody dared to even let their eyes wander.

Before long, the female subordinate brought Francesca back to her room so the nurses and maids could take care of her. “She’s unconscious. Should we get a doctor to see her?” the subordinate asked.

“Why should we? Isn’t she a doctor herself?” Gordon snapped.

Sean, on the other hand, was more rational. “That doesn’t mean she can treat herself. Get a female doctor to tend to her.”

“Understood.” The female subordinate immediately did as instructed.

“Did she seriously pass out after choking on some hot spring water?” Gordon was dumbstruck. “Is she that afraid of water?”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1765

Chapter 1765 Throw Her Out

While in a half-conscious state, Francesca felt someone removing the bandages on her face, causing her to jolt awake and grab onto the unknown person’s hand. “What are you doing?”

The female doctor jumped in fright before explaining, “I just wanted to check for injuries on your face.”

“There’s no need for that.”

Francesca didn’t want anyone to see her face and risk having her identity exposed.

“All right, then.” The doctor didn’t insist. “I heard you’re a doctor too, and a really good one at that.”

Francesca remained silent and sat herself up on the bed.

Ever since she was young, there was nothing she feared—except for water.

She felt terrible after falling into the hot spring and swallowing so much of that herbal concoction.

“The injury on the back of your head is a little problematic. You should take care of that as soon as possible, or things could get real bad,” the doctor reminded. “You can’t perform the surgery on yourself no matter how skilled you are. So you’ll have to let someone else do it.”

“Huh?” Francesca turned to her. “Are you saying you can do it?”

“I had a look at your X-ray.” The doctor took out an X-ray film and pointed at the visible metal piece. “It’s already pressing against a nerve. There’s definitely going to be some risk.”

“How confident are you?” Francesca gazed at her.

“Fifty percent.”

Francesca rolled her eyes.

“Master Felch, this is Dr. Helen Wright, M Nation’s best neurologist,” the nurse hurriedly chimed in. “She just so happened to be in Summerbank for a trip, and Mr. Lowe went out of his way to bring her over so she could take a look at you.”

“Mr. Lowe only told me that you nearly drowned, but after examining you thoroughly, I noticed a few other issues. That’s why I’m kindly reminding you to get treated as quickly as you can, or the consequences will be unimaginable.”

Helen gave a stern reminder before walking away with her medical kit.

When she arrived at the door, she turned to Francesca once again. “Oh, by the way, are you acquainted with the miracle doctor Francesco?”

“No. Why?”

“I was just curious.” Helen gazed at her suspiciously. “I have zero confidence in treating Mr. Lindberg, but he says that you do.”

“Why, of course.” Francesca raised her chin proudly.

“Well, I’m looking forward to it then.”

Helen stared at her intently before turning to leave.

Sean was already waiting outside. “How is she?”

“Nothing serious from the little hot spring incident, but the metal chip in the back of her head has begun pressing on one of her nerves. She’ll have to treat it before things get worse. Also, from the quick conversation we just had, I can’t really tell how skillful she is as a doctor. But...”

Helen paused for a moment before continuing, “She looks really young. She’s probably not even twenty, is she? How capable could someone her age be? As far as I know, traditional medicine requires years of extensive practice and experience. Her age doesn’t quite make sense in this case.”

“Okay. I understand.”

Sean’s brows creased. Looks like she really is a con artist.

Helen nodded politely before hurrying away.

Back in the room, Francesca clutched at her chest, unable to resist the nauseous sensation she was feeling. “Just how much bathwater did I drink last night? I still feel like throwing up.”

“Pfft!” The nurse couldn’t stifle her laugh. “Why are you calling it bathwater? Isn’t it a herbal concoction that you told them to prepare?”

“Well, he soaked his entire body in there, including his bum. How can I not call it bathwater?”

At the thought of that, Francesca dashed into the bathroom and began to retch over the toilet.

“Are you okay, Master Felch?”

The nurse followed her and patted her on the back.

At the same time, Sean headed to the study room to report to Danrique everything he had just been told.

Danrique kept his gaze low as he sipped on his tea.

After a long while, he finally spoke. “Throw her out!”

“Umm....” Sean froze momentarily. “Then, what about the poison?”

“I’ll take care of it myself.”