

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1785

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Deja Vu

After Danrique left the scene, Gordon handed him a white towel which he used to methodically wipe the blood off his hands. Then, he ordered sternly, “Take them all away.”

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg.” Gordon went off to help the police tie up loose ends.

Meanwhile, Sean had led Francesca to rejoin Danrique and followed him ahead.

At the break of dawn, they had left the forest and arrived at a field.

There, Francesca was shocked by the sight that greeted her.

A few helicopters were parked on the field. At the same time, they were flanked by two rows of jeeps.

At that moment, Danrique’s subordinates had made two lines and were waiting respectfully for him.

Walking ahead amidst the sunrise, he exuded an air of dignified nobility.

“Mr. Lindberg!” everyone greeted Danrique with a bow.

The vigor and spirit they displayed felt especially invigorating in the morning.

Consequently, it dawned upon Francesca that the leader of the Mafia was right. Everything that happened the night before went according to Danrique’s plan.

He had expected the Mafia to attack. Hence, he lured them out to a secluded area on the outskirts of the city.

Francesca had even assumed that she had saved him with her amazing driving skills. In truth, his men had already prepared everything.

They were waiting for all the Mafia's troops to appear so that they can be wiped out in one fell swoop.

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"Dr. Felch, Dr. Felch," Sean called out.

Only then did Francesca regain her senses. "Hmm?"

"It's time to get in." Sean held the car door for her.

"What about him?" Francesca watched as Danrique got into the helicopter. "Isn't he going home?"

"There's something he needs to do and he will be back in the evening," Sean replied.

"Okay," Francesca grunted and got into the car.

After Sean and Sloan joined her inside, they drove down the hill.

Behind them, the helicopter gradually took off, whipping up the leaves from the ground in a maelstrom.

Francesca opened the car window and stuck her head out. Then, she squinted her eyes and looked toward the sky.

She saw Danrique sitting inside the helicopter, looking extremely cool in his sunglasses.

As she stared intently at him, she had a faint feeling of *déjà vu*.

In that scene, he was also sitting in the helicopter, while she was looking up from the forest and gradually watching him leave.

No. I have just gotten to know him. There's no way we shared that experience before. My swooning must cloud my judgment over him.

Francesca then collected her thoughts and stopped dwelling upon the matter.

As their car sped along the uneven road. The beautiful scenery on both sides of the route was a feast for the eyes indeed.

Francesca had planned to sleep. However, she was so captivated by the stunning view that she lay by the window and admired it instead.

“Dr. Felch, thank you for what you've done last night. Nevertheless, there's something I must tell you.”

After passing her a bottle of water, Sean reminded with a smile, “With regards to the things that you have seen, my advice is for you to keep them to yourself. Don't ask about them, for knowing too much doesn't do you any good—”

“Isn't that obvious?” Francesca interrupted. “I have no interest in those matters. However, after saving all of you last night, shouldn't I be paid something as appreciation?”

“Erm...” Sean was stunned. He had never met a girl that was so direct and money-minded at the same time.

However, Mr. Lindberg is right. Problems that money can solve aren't difficult problems at all.

“I don't see any problems with the fee. I'll check with Mr. Lindberg on that later.”

“A few tens of millions should suffice.” Francesca waved her hand as if she was easy to negotiate with. “Since all of us are so chummy now, there's no need to be particular about this.”

“Erm...” Sean was rendered speechless.

“By the way,” Francesca asked, as she could no longer hold back her curiosity, “does that dude know how to summon wolves?”

“Dr. Felch, you can address him as Mr. Lindberg, just like us,” Sean sternly reminded.

“But I’m not his subordinate,” Francesca casually remarked.

“Since he pays you, he is considered your employer.” Sean’s point was reasonable.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1786

Developing Interest

“Whatever!” Francesca rolled her eyes at him.

“I think it is best if you don’t stick your nose into these affairs. Like I said, knowing too much won’t do you any good,” Sean reminded her.

“Ugh! You’re so long-winded! I didn’t think guys could nag so much!” Francesca exclaimed.

“I...”

“I know that, okay? I don’t need you teaching me what to do. The fact that he’s keeping so many wild animals in his courtyard suggests that he’s planning to tame them through scientific methods. He is indeed a very talented and calm person, but he has very little experience when it comes to taming animals. It’s obvious that it was his first attempt at summoning the wolf pack earlier...” Francesca deduced.

“How did you know?”

Francesca rolled her eyes at him again. “I was raised by wolves, duh!”

Those words had barely left her mouth when she froze in shock.

Wait... I remember that I was raised by wolves? I may have lost my memories, but I get flashbacks from my subconscious every once in a while. Most of them are just instincts that were deeply rooted in my mind though...

“Oh, I see... So that’s why you’re able to communicate with animals...” Sean was just as shocked.

“You’re amazing, Master Felch!” Sloan exclaimed with a look of admiration.

Francesca flashed him a smile and continued asking Sean, “By the way, that stunt he pulled was far too dangerous. What if he fails to summon the wolves? Wouldn’t he end up dead?”

“We think it’s dangerous too. It’s a good thing he did it successfully this time, and we were lucky that Gordon rushed over in time too. Things would’ve turned ugly by the time Sloan and I make our way out of the forest and send our location signal!” Sean said with a guilty expression.

Francesca smiled. “It was really risky, but at least we won. Sometimes, bravery is key to achieving victory in times of danger. Fortune favors the brave, after all! I think he must’ve set everything up in advance...”

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“Yeah, I just found out that he deliberately had Gordon investigate something else so that Mafia would drop its guard...” Sean paused mid-sentence before continuing in a nonchalant tone, “Anyway, Mr. Lindberg had Gordon gather the men and tracked us through our location signal.”

“Wait, I thought there was no signal in the forest? How did Gordon know where we were?” Francesca asked curiously.

“Gordon was aware of us making our way up the mountain. He was rushing over toward us from the opposite direction. He did lose our signal when we entered the forest, though. While Mr. Lindberg asked us to go down the mountain and get our signal out to Gordon, he had already signaled Gordon through some other method,” Sean explained.

“What method would that be?” Francesca pressed on.

“That’s something you don’t have to know.” Sean didn’t want to provide her with too much information.

“Did he attach tracking devices to the animals? No, that can’t be right. The animals didn’t leave the forest... What about on the birds, then? The birds could get the signal out if they fly high enough!” Francesca racked her brain trying to figure it out.

“But the signal would be lost if the birds get too high up in the sky!” Sean replied with a chuckle.

“How did he do it, then? Looks like I’ve still got a lot to learn... Solving problems through traditional methods alone isn’t going to cut it...” Francesca said.

“I think you should just focus on treating Mr. Lindberg for now. His treatment has been delayed for many days now, and his wound is starting to get inflamed,” Sean reminded her.

“And whose fault was it for kicking me out, huh?” Francesca shot him a sarcastic look.

“Well...” Sean found himself at a loss for words.

“Whatever... I can start the treatment tonight.”

Having taken an interest in Danrique, Francesca was eager to get him treated so she could ask him how he got the signal out.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1787

Worsening Condition

After returning to the Lindberg family castle, Francesca prepared the herbal concoction and had the medical staff brew it in preparation for Danrique's treatment later that night.

She then took a hot shower in her room, blew her hair dry, and treated her wounds before taking a nap.

Francesca never seemed to have issues with eating and sleeping, regardless of what she had been through.

I'll have to get that black and gold necklace back...

She thought to herself as she slowly drifted off to sleep.

Francesca was jolted awake later on by the sound of thunder outside her window.

After rubbing her eyes sleepily, she turned over to the other side and was about to carry on sleeping when someone knocked on the door. "Are you awake, Dr. Felch?"

"Nope!" Francesca mumbled in response.

She clearly just responded to me, and yet she says she isn't awake?

The maid snickered in amusement at the thought of that. She then knocked on the door again as she said, "Mr. Lindberg has returned. Sean asks you to prepare for his treatment, so please—"

“Got it.”

Francesca reluctantly climbed out of bed and changed her clothes before dragging herself out of the room.

“It was raining heavily, so Mr. Lindberg will be taking the herbal bath in his room tonight,” Sean explained.

“Whatever, just fetch me my medical kit and silver needles,” Francesca mumbled while yawning.

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“Everything has already been prepared for you. Mr. Lindberg is inside his room at the moment. We should head over now.”

“Let’s go.”

Francesca then followed Sean into Danrique’s room.

The room was incredibly spacious and required them to go through a study room before arriving at his bed.

On the side, she could see a cabinet used for storing his wine and liquor.

His huge, white bed looked spotless and neat. The only items he had on his nightstand were an alarm clock and an old book.

The tidiness and cleanliness of the room reflected his simplicity and discipline, which matched his personality very well.

“Mr. Lindberg is in the bathroom. Please wait a moment.”

Sean then made his way toward the bathroom door and knocked on the door as he said, “Mr. Lindberg? Dr. Felch is here to see you.”

After getting a response from Danrique, Sean cautiously opened the door and motioned at Francesca to go in. “After you, Dr. Felch!”

“I thought I was supposed to just instruct the doctor in acupuncture? Where is he?” Francesca asked curiously.

“The doctor ran away in fear after the chaos last night, so you’ll have to treat Mr. Lindberg in the meantime. We’ll have him continue the treatment after we bring him back here,” Sean explained softly.

“All right... I guess it can’t be helped, then...” Francesca mumbled reluctantly as she made her way into the bathroom.

Danrique had his eyes closed as he lay in the huge, round bathtub. He was naked from the waist up and only had a towel wrapped around his waist.

The steam inside the bathroom made his amazing figure look even sexier than usual. He had an exhausted look on his handsome face, and the frown between his brows suggested that he was in deep thought.

“Dr. Felch is here, Mr. Lindberg.”

Sean frowned when he noticed how Francesca was staring at Danrique.

Looks like I was right about her lusting over Mr. Lindberg’s body! She sure has some guts...

“Okay.” Danrique slowly opened his eyes and shifted his gaze toward Francesca as he continued, “Are you done staring?”

“I need to get a good look to assess your condition, okay? Now, sit up straight so I can examine the wound on your waist!” Francesca retorted.

Danrique frowned in displeasure and reluctance, but did as told anyway.

Francesca leaned in to have a closer look and furrowed her brows when she saw the state of his wound. “It’s starting to fester. We’ll have to operate on it.”

Sean grew anxious when he heard that. “What? But you said some bandages and acupuncture would suffice!”

Do you not see how badly it is festering now? The wound was about the size of an egg before, but now it’s as huge as a palm! If we don’t do something about this, the pus will enter the body and affect the internal organs... No, that might have already started happening!”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1788

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1788

Prevent From Taking Advantage

“What should we do?” Sean asked worriedly.

“Fetch me the blade!” Francesca urged.

“I...”

“Here, you can use this.” Danrique handed her his crescent-shaped dagger as he continued, “Don’t worry. Just do whatever it is you need to do.”

He was so casual about it even though it was him who would be operated upon.

Francesca got to her feet. “I’ll go prepare the anesthesia.”

“No need for that. Just get it over with as quickly as possible!” Danrique was getting a little impatient.

“It’s going to be very painful. I will have to cut off all the necrotic tissue in the area—”

“Shut up! Just do as I said!” Danrique shouted while closing his eyes.

“Very well. You asked for it.”

Francesca then sat down beside the bathtub and began carving the necrotic flesh off Danrique’s wound while Sean watched on in horror.

Upon stealing a glance at Danrique, Francesca noticed that he was only frowning slightly and didn’t seem to be in pain at all.

The blood flowing out of the wound slowly dripped into the bathtub and stained the herbal concoction dark red.

On top of that, the bathroom was also filled with the scent of the herbal concoction and the stench of blood.

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Because Francesca was very decisive with her cuts, it didn’t take her long to remove all of the necrotic tissue. “All right, I’ll go wait outside. Put your pants back on and come on out. I’ll treat your wound for you.”

She then washed her hands and left the bathroom.

“Mr. Lindberg! Are you okay? Does it hurt?” Sean quickly closed the door and helped Danrique up.

“I’m fine,” Danrique replied calmly while climbing out of the bathtub.

After wiping the herbal concoction off his body, he put on his pants and walked out of the bathroom.

As the wound was still bleeding, his white pants were soon stained red.

“Here, sit down!” Francesca ordered as she continued preparing the bandages and medication.

Danrique sat down on the sofa and began wiping his hair with the towel.

Sean came over and handed him a glass of water, but he refused it and said, “I want vodka on the rocks!”

“But...”

“Let him have it. This next step is going to hurt a lot, so the booze will help numb some of the pain,” Francesca said while disinfecting a silver needle.

“Dr. Felch, should we give him some painkillers or something?” Sean asked anxiously as he poured Danrique a glass of vodka.

Francesca glanced at Danrique. “Do you want any?”

“That won’t be necessary,” Danrique replied while sipping on the vodka.

“I sure hope you’re as tough as you sound. What you felt earlier in the bathroom was just the tip of the iceberg. The real agonizing pain begins when I apply the medication later. You’d better prepare yourself for it!” Francesca said with a smile.

Danrique glared at her in annoyance. “You talk too much, you know that?”

Francesca simply arched an eyebrow at him as she grabbed her medical kit and knelt down in front of him.

“I’m going to apply the medication now, so brace yourself.”

“Stop talking so much... Mmph...”

Danrique was halfway through his sentence when he groaned in pain and started trembling all over.

D*mn, she's right! The pain I felt earlier is nothing compared to this! It feels like someone is drilling at my heart with an electric drill!

Danrique thought to himself with his fists tightly clenched.

He was in so much pain that his entire body tensed up, his veins bulged from his forehead, and his eyes became bloodshot.

"Mr. Lindberg! Be gentle, Dr. Felch!" Sean was starting to panic.

"I can't."

Francesca had gotten so used to life and death that she was completely unfazed.

She quickly finished applying the medication and began bandaging Danrique's wound.

Due to the large size of the wound, Francesca had no choice but to kneel in front of him and loop the bandage around his waist.

Not used to having a woman get so close to him, Danrique frowned deeply and remained as still as a statue.

Despite the excruciating pain he was experiencing, he kept his gaze fixated on her to make sure she didn't take advantage of him.