

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1805

### Chapter 1805 Evil Man

Beads of cold sweat had already accumulated on Sean's forehead. He could hardly believe how presumptuous the woman was, just because of her unparalleled medical skills...

He wondered if she had actually considered the possibility of Danrique taking revenge on her after he recovered.

After all, Danrique was well-known for being a cruel and ruthless man who would not hesitate to kill another person.

Sean snuck a glance at Danrique, and an ominous feeling arose in his heart. It was obvious that Danrique was fuming mad. In fact, he was so angry that his face had already turned purple!

"Mr. Lindberg, please calm down," Kerrie said cautiously.

"Try and get some medicine from Dr. Felch that can help to temporarily suppress Mr. Lindberg's fever..." Sean instructed the nurse.

"Understood," Kerrie replied before she ran to look Francesca.

In the dimly-lit room, Danrique was lying on the bed with one hand on his forehead, feeling extremely frustrated. Due to his high fever, the man was looking pale and his entire body was heating up...

Sean handed him a glass of water but Danrique knocked it to the ground. "Get lost!"

Sean cleaned up the broken glass quietly, not daring to make a sound, for fear of triggering the man.

Meanwhile, in the next room, Kerrie was pleading with Francesca earnestly. "Dr. Felch, I beg you to think of a way to help Mr. Lindberg. He is in so much agony because of his sickness. Besides, he still has to attend tomorrow evening's function..."

"You should be persuading him instead of me." Francesca was speechless. "He's life is already in danger given how sick he is. Not only is he not cooperating with my treatment, he's still thinking about attending that silly function? It's clear that he's retarded."

"This..."

"You have no idea what's going on."

Just then, an angry voice sounded.

Francesca turned to look and saw that it was Gordon. A crease appeared between her brows as she growled, "How did you come in?"

"Sorry. The door isn't locked, and I happened to hear your conversation so I let myself in," Gordon apologized politely before saying indignantly, "Mr. Lindberg had spent three years trying to establish a firm foothold in the European market. After much effort, he has finally accomplished that, but our rivals kept trying to destroy us. Tomorrow is the day where he would be facing his rival head-on. If he doesn't show up, it would mean that he has chosen to back out. If that happened, our three years' worth of hard work would go down the drain. Besides, there are also business partners whom Mr. Lindberg has to answer to. Countless people depend on him for a living. As such, he can't quit. The only way for him is to march forward fearlessly. Do you understand?"

"Nope, I don't understand." Francesca was simply not interested in violence, dirty plays and snatching territories. "I only know that we only get to live once!"

"You..."

"That's enough," Francesca interrupted the man as she was getting annoyed by his incessant rambling. "I'll have to do my job since you've already paid me. I will do what I'm supposed to do. Let me see if I can give you something that can last him until tomorrow night."

"You'd better do it," Gordon warned sternly. "If anything bad happens to Mr. Lindberg, you'll be dead!"

"Are you threatening me now?"

Francesca stared at the man coldly, narrowing her eyes.

Gordon let out a snort before he stomped away. He did not have Sean's patience and would not attempt to reason with the doctor...

If anything bad happened to Mr. Lindberg, he would not hesitate to kill.

Francesca was nearly suffocating on her fury. If not for her duty as a doctor, she would definitely have flared up and walked away...

"Dr. Felch, please don't be angry. Mr. Gordon can be very blunt sometimes," Kerrie quickly said, trying to defuse the situation. "However, what he said was true. If something bad happens to Mr. Lindberg, not only you, even people like me wouldn't be able to leave M Nation alive."

“Why?” Francesca blurted out but realized the answer to her own question just seconds later. “Oh, if something happens to him, his rival wouldn’t let his people live.”

“Yup, yup. That’s right...” Kerrie nodded vigorously.

“What kind of person is Danrique exactly? Why would he come to M Nation to snatch other people’s territories?” Francesca asked, puzzled.

“We are from Erihal. Mr. Lindberg said that Erihal’s market is too small. As such, he had started to work on the European market three years back... I’m not sure of the details, but I know that Mr. Lindberg is a proper business man while on the other hand, that Pastor is an evil man.”

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1806**

### Chapter 1806 The Strong Dominates The Weak

“Haha...” Francesca let out a mocking laughter before saying, “Isn’t it natural in the business arena for the strong to dominate the weak? No one is really good or bad, isn’t it?”

“Ummm...”

“All right, you may leave now.” Francesca did not wish to continue the conversation any further. “I don’t care if he is a saint or a devil. As long as I’m paid, I have to do my job to save him.”

“OK then. I’ll wait outside. Please feel free to let me know if you need anything.”

“Sure.”

Even though Francesca was feeling annoyed, as a doctor, she owed a duty of care to her patient. As such, she started to analyze Danrique’s condition, trying to come up with a suitable prescription for him.

About an hour later, she passed the new prescription to Kerrie and asked her to prepare the medicine before heading over to Danrique’s room.

Meanwhile, both Sean and Gordon were watching over Danrique.

The man had a dim expression on his face and had slipped out of consciousness once again.

Gordon was having a discussion with Sean on whether they should get Helen over to take a look at Danrique as he did not trust Francesca’s abilities. Besides, he was also put off by the woman’s arrogant attitude.

However, Sean was of the opinion that other doctors would not be able to handle Danrique's condition. Besides, Francesca was personally appointed by Danrique himself. As such, she should be able to find a cure for the poison...

After all, Danrique himself also knew a thing or two about poisons.

Just when the two men were in the midst of their discussion, Francesca walked in.

"You... Why didn't you knock?" Gordon asked, frowning.

"Since I'm the doctor, this room is where I work. Do I have to knock before entering my own office?" Francesca said, sounding completely justified. "On the other hand, it's such a disgrace for grown men like you two to be gossiping about others behind their backs."

"Please don't misunderstand," Sean explained at once. "We're just discussing Mr. Lindberg's condition..."

"All right, that's enough," Francesca interrupted the man impatiently and said, "Prepare a hot towel."

"Sure." Sean acted on her instructions at once.

Francesca walked toward the bed and felt Danrique's forehead. She realized that the man's fever had not subsided, and he was literally burning...

Even though the two maids beside Danrique were helping to place ice packs on him, it was completely useless.

"Step aside," Francesca instructed, not wanting them to get in the way.

As such, the maids quickly retreated to one side of the room.

Francesca lifted Danrique's blanket and started applying acupuncture on him.

Gordon, who was watching by the side, was feeling uneasy about what the woman was doing. However, even though he did not agree with that method of treatment, there was no other better option.

"Open the windows," Francesca instructed while administering the treatment.

The maids looked toward Sean and only proceeded to open the windows after getting a nod of approval from the man.

After completing the treatment, dark red blood started oozing out from the tissues surrounding Danrique's wound.

Francesca took over the hot towel which Sean had prepared and started wiping the blood off Danrique...

A while later, Kerrie brought over the herbal concoction that she had prepared according to Francesca's prescription.

After the medicine cooled, Francesca fed it to Danrique personally.

However, just like before, Danrique was unable to swallow, and the medicine flowed out of his mouth...

Just when everyone was panicking, Francesca removed her mask and took a big gulp of the medicine before feeding it to Danrique with her mouth.

It had shocked everyone when she did that the previous time. However, this time, no one reacted as they were already used to it.

Sean could vaguely see half of Francesca's face and suddenly found her rather familiar...

Previously, when she took off her mask to feed Danrique, they were all standing behind her, and she had put on her mask immediately after she finished feeding him the medicine. Besides, the lighting of the room was dim. As such, it was natural that no one was able to see the doctor's face clearly.

However, as Sean was currently standing across the woman, he could see a bit of her face...

But the lighting in the room was still dark, and Francesca's mouth was filled with medicine. As such, it was impossible to make out her features or deduce anything from that...

Besides, all Sean could think about at that moment was Danrique. As such, he did not give too much thought to it.

After she finished feeding Danrique, Francesca pulled up her mask and touched the man's forehead again before telling the rest, "All of you can leave. I'll watch over him."

"All right. We will do the usual. Gordon and I will be in the living room. Just shout for us if you need anything."

Sean was worried about leaving the woman there alone.

"Yup." Francesca simply answered before continuing, "Clean up the area and just leave the warm water here. The rest of you may leave now."

“Sure.”

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1807

### Chapter 1807 Half The Owner

One of the maids replied with a yes subconsciously. Taken aback by her own reflex, the maid tossed a timid look at Sean.

With a gesture from Sean, the maids quickly prepared everything and brought in some warm water according to Francesca's wishes. They then left with a quick bow.

While the maids busied themselves, Gordon frowned before leaving silently for the living room and took a seat there.

Sean waited till the maids left to have a private word with Francesca. Before long, he too went into the living room to wait.

Unable to help himself, Gordon made a snide remark. “At this rate, she might as well be half the owner of this place.”

Sean cleared his throat a little in response. “She definitely displays such a manner. It's no wonder the maids and medical staff are terrified of her.”

“In other words, she's been spoiled.” Gordon shook his head, displeased. “You tolerate her too much.”

“How is it my fault?” argued Sean, feeling slightly aggrieved. “She's not even afraid of Mr. Lindberg himself. What makes you think I have any say?”

“Speaking of which...” Gordon's frown deepened. “Mr. Lindberg couldn't have fallen for her, could he? Otherwise, why would he be so tolerant of her?”

“I think it's a bit off as well...” Sean turned his gaze upward as he thought out loud. “Mr. Lindberg truly did show her special patience. Even though he's angry, he would always calm down at the most important moment.”

“When it comes to romantic relationships, Mr. Lindberg is way too naïve...” Gordon could not help but feel worried for Danrique. “This is really dangerous. He could easily be fooled. Once he's recovered, we must bring him out to experience the cruel reality of this world...”

“Let's continue this conversation only after he's recovered.”

Throughout the entire time, Sean stood next to the curtains and kept his neck stretched as he tried to peek inside the room.

After Francesca had took Danrique's temperature and tuck him in, she took a seat on the rug next to the bed and played "Angry Birds" on an iPad.

Even though she had lowered the volume, it could still be heard.

Sean sighed in exasperation. There they were, worrying their heads off while the doctor could not even be bothered.

"She, she..."

"Alright, alright."

Just as Gordon was about to lose his temper at Francesca, Sean quickly interfered. "Just let her play. He had taken his medications and the injection. It is probably safe to assume that his condition is stable for now."

"This is preposterous!" Gordon was on the edge of exploding in fury.

"Stay calm," said Sean, to himself as much as it was to Gordon. "I'll go in and ask about his condition again after half an hour," reassured Sean.

"Fine..."

Both Sean and Gordon paced around the living room restlessly in subdued anxiousness.

After what felt like forever, half an hour finally passed. Gordon immediately urged Sean to inquire about the situation.

However, the sight that awaited him upon entering the room left him at a loss for words.

Francesca had gotten tired from gaming and had fallen asleep leaning against the bed.

Perhaps because she was cold, she had pulled a part of Danrique's blanket over herself as well.

Meanwhile, Danrique's arm dangled from the bed, coincidentally brushing her cheek.

The atmosphere surrounding the two seemed a little romantic.

Annoyance coursed through Sean's veins. He wanted to scold Francesca for not being professional, but just as he was about to speak, he swallowed his words.

He did not want to wake Danrique.

With a sigh, Sean made his way to the bedside and used a digital thermometer to take Danrique's temperature. Upon noticing Danrique's fever dropped, Sean breathed a sigh of relief.

"How is it?"

Impatient, Gordon went inside to ask.

"Shh!" Sean hushed, reminding Gordon to keep his voice low.

At the sight of Francesca sleeping by the bedside, Gordon's rage suddenly spiked. Aware of Gordon's anger, Sean quickly pulled the former away.

"His fever has dropped."

"Really? That's good... but, that woman..."

"Forget about it. Just turn a blind eye."

"But..."

"Patience. We'll discuss about everything else after Mr. Lindberg recovers."

"Fine." Gordon finally relented.

Meanwhile, Francesca was dreaming. It was once again regarding a beaming young woman with a young man whose face was blurred.

That time, the two of them were holding hands and running in a field.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, its warm gentle rays reflected the lucky and joyful smiles on their faces...

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1808**

### **Chapter 1808 A Familiar Feeling**

"Cece..." Out of the blue, a familiar voice called out.

It was as though there was a telepathic connection, Francesca woke up abruptly and raised her head to look at Danrique with her eyes still half-closed. Complicated emotions swirled in her heart.

This beautiful face really does look familiar...

All of a sudden, a strange yet familiar feeling rose to her chest.



“Is Mr. Lindberg awake?”

Gordon’s voice broke the romantic atmosphere.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and retracted her gaze before pushing herself off the floor.

“How’s Mr. Lindberg?” Gordon asked anxiously. “I thought I heard him speak just now?”

Francesca did not reply immediately. Instead, she placed the back of her hand on Danrique’s forehead to assess his temperature. “His fever is gone.”

“That’s great.” Both Gordon and Sean felt a weight being lifted off their shoulders.

Francesca then turned her gaze to the clock on the wall, noticing that it was already seven thirty in the morning. “I’ll go take a nap. You guys can help him clean his body with warm water, and prepare some broth for him when he awakes.”

“Alright, I’ll have someone on it immediately.”

With that being said, Sean quickly went around to give orders.

“Would Mr. Lindberg’s fever spike again?” Gordon pressed on.

“That remains unknown.” Francesca yawned. “The virus will come and go. Not to mention, viruses mutate. No one can predict what will happen next.”

“Hey, you...” Before Gordon could say anything else, Francesca had dragged her exhausted body out of the room.

Gordon was utterly furious. “Why are you always so against her?” Seeing Gordon’s reaction, Sean asked.

“Just look at her attitude!” snapped Gordon.

“She’s telling the truth, and the truth is often ugly.” Out of the two, Sean was obviously more composed and open-minded. “We’re so used to the precious doctors beating around the bush that her brutal honesty comes off a bit too strong.”

Sean’s reasoning managed to shut Gordon up. After all, it did make sense.

“Alright, enough. Let’s take care of Mr. Lindberg first.”

“Okay,” agreed Gordon.

In the meantime, Francesca truly had been worn out. The moment she reached her room, she collapsed onto her bed right away.

Just then, she recalled that she had once again forgotten the necklace.

Guess I'll have to wait till next time.

However, since she had found out that her identity was Francesco, the necklace no longer seemed to hold the same weight as it did before.

But what else have I forgotten?

As the thoughts flowed in her mind, Francesca drifted into a slumber.

Once again, she had a dream. Or rather, she had a nightmare. In the nightmare, a crowd of angry people were after her life.

Suddenly, a huge force fell on the back of her head. After that, she could remember nothing...

The back of her head began to ache in response.

Francesca jolted awake. She gasped for air and kept her eyes fixed on the ceiling. Her heart was still pounding against her ribcage.

She had been having that dream repeatedly for some time now.

And every time she woke up from the dream, there would be a sharp and unbearable pain at the back of her head.

Deep in her soul, she knew that the incident had something to do with her memory loss.

However, she could not place her finger on the reason people wanted to kill her. Wasn't she just a doctor living a peaceful and undisturbed life?

Just as she was lost in thoughts, a knock came from her door. Following suit, the voice of a maid called out. "Dr. Felch, His Highness has invited you for lunch!"

Francesca rolled over to sit up. Eyeing the clock on the wall with narrowed eyes, she realized it was already noon.

"Be there in a minute."

Just in time. I'd love to find out more about the past.

"Alright, I'll be waiting for you out here," replied the maid respectfully.

After freshening up and changing into a suitable outfit, Francesca put on a mask and exited the room while yawning.

“This way!” Four maids were waiting outside her door to welcome her.

Francesca trailed behind lazily. Once in a while, she would rub her eyes and yawn, completely out of place in the luxurious atmosphere.

Passing through a long hallway, they reached a grand hall. From afar, Francesca could already see Prince William seated in front of a long table with two people standing behind him, waiting to be of service.

As for the maids, they were busy serving the scrumptious food onto the table.

The mere sight of it all made Francesca drool. Just as she was about to make her way there, a familiar voice sounded from behind her. “What is she doing here?”