

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1756

Ouch... It hurts... It hurts so much...

Francesca felt her head throbbing in pain and her body so sore as if it would crumble at the slightest bit.

A conversation in hushed voices rang in her ears.

Even though she could not make out what the voices were talking about, her strong consciousness forced her to stay awake.

Gradually opening her eyes, Francesca realized she was lying in a room painted in a cool color theme. Beside her bed stood a medical staff, who asked in Ustranasion upon seeing her regaining consciousness, "You're finally awake. How are you feeling?"

"Where am I?" Francesca tried to sit up but found that she barely had any strength to move. She was experiencing a splitting headache and excruciating pain throughout her whole body.

"This is the Lindberg residence," the nurse answered. "Do you remember what happened?"

Hearing the nurse's question, Francesca began racking her brain to recall the series of events from earlier.

I escaped from the hospital, ran into a gun battle outside, and a silver Pagani came crashing toward me. I lost my footing and fell straight into the car... The person inside was the man in white...

That was all that she could remember before she had subsequently fallen unconscious.

"You jumped into Mr. Lindberg's car, so he brought you home." The nurse played down her explanation. "Dr. Henderson has treated your wound. All you have to do now is to get some rest to recuperate."

“What do you mean by jumping into his car?” Francesca snapped in frustration, her brows scrunched. “He was the one who hit me with his car as I was walking out of the hospital! He bumped me with the car hood, and I fell into his car because I lost my balance. He’s the one who’s at fault here!”

“Um...” The nurse was beyond stunned at how Francesca dared to make those remarks.

“Where’s the perpetrator? Ask him over; we need to have a proper discussion about compensation matters.” Despite her weakened state, Francesca was unyielding.

“Do you have any idea who Mr. Lindberg is?”

“I don’t care who he is.” Francesca was fuming with rage. “No matter who he is, he has to apologize and compensate for hurting me!”

“Um...” The nurse was dumbfounded.

Right then, Danrique happened to overhear the conversation as he was passing by the room. He stopped in his tracks and strode in.

The room was dimly lit and was made apparent by the stark contrast of the brightly lit corridors outside.

The man stood at the door, and under the contrasting rays, he resembled an angel from hell—a paradoxical representation of both good and evil.

Lifting her gaze to look at the man, Francesca was dazzled for a split second.

There was an inexplicable sense of familiarity when she first saw him at Casino Inferno, and it was made more intense at this point.

I’m sure I’ve seen him somewhere... But where is it?

Nothing came up her mind nonetheless.

“You're quite full of yourself, huh?” Danrique stood by the door as he threw her a cold glare.

He looked like a ferocious beast—indifferent and arrogant on the outside, yet carved deep within his bones was a grim and murderous vibe.

“Aren't you suppose to show some regret for causing injury to a mere innocent passerby like me?”

Francesca showed no weakness and looked straight into his eyes. Yet, that did not last for too long.

Crap. Will he recognize that I'm the one who made a fool out of him at Casino Inferno? If he does, then not only will he not compensate and apologize, but he might even settle scores with me.

Danrique only stared grimly at her and turned to leave without uttering a single word.

As he walked out of the room, he turned to his subordinate beside him and left him an order.

“Hey...” Francesca wanted to stop him, but the subordinate approached and tore a blank check before passing it to her. “Here, decide how much compensation is sufficient and fill it in yourself.”

“Uh...” She hurriedly accepted the check from him. “What's the maximum limit?”

“Ten million.” Sean lifted the corners of his lips slightly.

“Hehe...” Francesca was delighted to hear those words. “It's good to see that you guys are steady and straightforward!”

“Since your injuries are quite serious, have some good rest here first,” Sean reminded. “I’ll transfer you to the best hospital in Summerbank later to see if you’re still curable.”

Francesca was taken aback. “What do you mean by that?”