

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1757

“Your brain...” Sean was hesitant with his words as he looked at her sympathetically. “Well, you're still young; there are always chances.”

Finishing his words, the man hurried out of the room.

“Huh?” Confused, Francesca turned to the nurse and asked, “What is he talking about?”

The nurse was in a dilemma and pondered for a long while before she spoke. “I was afraid that it'll be too huge a news for you, so I didn't tell you. But I didn't expect Mr. Lowe to...”

“Stop dragging me on. What is it exactly?” Francesca grew anxious.

“The doctor said there's a metal chip pressing on your nerves in your brain. You might...” The nurse looked at her with pity. “You might not live long. And even if you could, you might become slow-witted.”

The truth left Francesca at a loss for words. “Which quack doctor made those claims?”

“Dr. Henderson is the best surgeon in M Nation,” the nurse replied. “He's also Mr. Lindberg's personal doctor.”

“Has he done a scan for me?” Francesca could not be bothered to refute what the nurse had said.

“Yes.” The nurse then brought them over.

Upon a closer look at the scans, Francesca was finally convinced that the claim regarding the metal chip pressing on the nerves of her brain was indeed true.

Firmly believing that her condition was not as severe before, she deduced that the impact from the car crash had shifted the metal chip to a riskier position.

No doubt it's tricky. But it's still curable. All that I have to say is that Dr. Henderson isn't as capable as others assumed him to be.

Following that, she looked through a few other scans. D*mn. Not only am I hurt in my brain, but I also have a fracture on my left arm and a broken rib too.

It was at that very moment Francesca figured that even the highest amount on that check would not be enough to make up for her losses.

“Dr. Henderson said that he'll get you a plastic surgeon after the injuries on your face have recovered.” The nurse uttered carefully, “Don't worry too much. Medical technology is so advanced these days. I'm sure the doctors will be able to help you regain your looks.”

“What's wrong with my face?”

Francesca lifted her hands to touch her face, only to find that she had bandages wrapped tightly around her face, mimicking a mummy.

No wonder that guy and his subordinate didn't recognize me.

“You got scratched by the windscreen when you fell into the car. Your face was covered in blood when you first arrived, and upon treatment, we found two deep cuts sitting on your face,” the nurse softly explained. “But that's not an issue. As long as there's money, that's not a big problem. The main thing is your brain...”

“That's enough.” Francesca cut the nurse off from continuing and glared at the check. “This check won't be enough given that I'm so badly injured. Ask that jerk to come over when he's back.”

“Err...” The nurse was overwhelmed by puzzlement. In logical senses, any normal being would be in panic and despair upon knowledge of how severe their condition was.

However, Francesca did not cry or make a ruckus. On the contrary, she was so composed that she could think about compensation matters.

T-This lady...

“Did you hear me?” Francesca furrowed her brows.

“Huh... Oh, yes. I heard you.” The nurse nodded profusely. She initially paid no heed to Francesca as the latter was only a stranger they had saved along the way. Nonetheless, the immense dominance of the woman had seemingly put control over her, and she had unknowingly turned extremely obedient to Francesca.

“Bring me my medical report,” Francesca instructed. “And also the treatment plan.”

“Sure.” The nurse did as she was told.

Looking carefully through the reports, Francesca ordered, “Get Dr. Henderson here now!”

“Huh?” The nurse froze once more. “Now?”

“Yes, now. Immediately,” Francesca urged. “Also, remove this useless drip from me.”

“Uhh, okay...” Even though the nurse did not know the purpose of her instructions, she still did as she was told.

Nevertheless, George came up with an excuse saying that he was busy and had no time. In truth, he had no high regard for a small fry like Francesca.

Hence, he did not turn up.