

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1759

After finishing her bath and treating her wounds, Francesca followed the nurse to the study room.

As she pushed open the door, glistening rays of sunlight showered in.

Enclosing the room was a glass partition in place of a brick wall, showcasing the bamboo forest facing it. The lush green bamboo leaves swayed harmoniously as the cool breeze swept past them. The picturesque scenery rendered the study room fresh and elegant.

Sunlight beamed through the bamboo forest and soaked through the glass wall.

The warmth that seeped in with the rays made the atmosphere tranquil and soothing.

Sitting on a wooden chair against the glass wall, Danrique was engrossed in vetting the documents on the tablet. The magnolias beside him were in their bloom season, and a fresh floral scent permeated the entire room.

The man's cold yet handsome face was made more prominent under the natural lighting. Lying on his high nose bridge was a pair of silver-rimmed glasses. His quiet and meek appearance was so mesmerizing yet suffocating.

Attracted to the breathtaking sight before her, Francesca paused in her pace and stared at the man, unable to reel in from the shock for a long time.

"Come on in," Sean uttered.

With the nurse's help, Francesca limped in.

The nurse steadied her to the sofa that Sean had directed them to before quietly retreating to one side.

Acting under Danrique's instructions, Sean said to Francesca, "We've asked you over to share the subsequent course of actions with you. For starters, now that your condition has stabilized, from tomorrow onward, I'll arrange for your admission into the best hospital in Summerbank for treatment. Second, the check that I passed you earlier will be considered as compensation for causing harm to you. After your admission tomorrow, we'll call it even. Third—"

"Hold on," Francesca interrupted Sean abruptly. "That sum isn't enough."

"What?" Sean was a little startled. "The maximum limit is ten million. And you're telling me that's still not enough?"

"I initially thought I merely sustained physical injuries and that sum was, for the most part, more than enough. But now that I found out I'm disfigured, and might even become a dimwit, ten million obviously isn't sufficient." Francesca sounded completely justified.

"Miss, I'd advise you to not be too greedy." Sean knitted his brows at her. "We're paying for your medical bills too. That ten million is solely a compensation to you."

"What kind of bullsh\*t is that? I couldn't care less about being admitted to a hospital. I'm more than capable of treating myself." Francesca had contempt written all over her face. "Transfer me the medical fees. I'll take care of myself!"

"What an insolent brat!" A booming voice sounded all of a sudden.

Shifting her gaze upward, Francesca saw a foreign doctor standing at the door, taking a slight bow as he greeted Danrique.

"Dr. Henderson, this way please," Sean greeted.

As George walked in, he shot a glare at Francesca.

Instead of paying attention to him, she had her eyes fixed on the four other medical staff carrying medical bags standing outside.

She shifted her gaze back to Danrique.

Hmm... now that I'm looking at him, I can see that although he's standing up straight and moves agilely, his complexion seems a little pale. Could it be...

"Mr. Lindberg, we have everything prepared," George courteously said to Danrique.

"Mmm," Danrique sneaked a cold glance at Francesca before turning to Sean and commanded, "Do as you deem fit."

"Got it." Following that, Sean turned to Francesca. "You can negotiate any terms you have with me. Let's head outside first."

Upon hearing that, the nurse rushed forward to assist Francesca.

At the same time, George had made his way behind the study desk and did a check on Danrique's wounds. "Seems like your wound has deteriorated. I'm afraid the poison is too deadly. Mr. Lindberg, I think it's better to head to the hospital."

"Didn't you say you can handle it?"

Danrique's voice was like an icy blade, so sharp and threatening that it could stab anyone.

"But—"

“How much do you charge for each home visit, Dr. Henderson?” Suddenly, Francesca faltered in her steps and turned to question the man. “You can't even handle such a small issue? Why don't I do it instead?”

“Err...”

Everyone swept their gazes at her intently.

Similarly, Sean looked at her like she was crazy and frowned. “Stop fooling around. Let's head out.”

“Who are you? How dare you be so audacious to utter such a bold claim before Mr. Lindberg?” George growled.

Meanwhile, Danrique slowly shifted his abysmal pair of eyes to Francesca and sized her up skeptically.