

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1760

Without another word, Francesca limped over and examined Danrique's wound. "You've been poisoned," she said without a hint of doubt.

"Duh," George scoffed. "That's what I said."

Francesca's slender hand brushed against Danrique's back before landing on his waist injury. Upon taking a closer look, she then came to a conclusion.

"Your wound's already inflamed, but I can still see that it was caused by a snake bite. It's not just any ordinary snake either; it's one that's been biochemically refined by having its venom merged with other microbes, which makes its venom different from usual."

Sean's expression turned grave. "How can you tell?"

Danrique's eyes narrowed. No one except for Sean and a few other confidants was supposed to know this.

"Can you tell, Dr. Henderson?"

Instead of answering Sean, Francesca turned to George with a raised brow.

"I..." There was evidently a look of panic in George's eyes.

"In modern medicine, attempting to treat this will cause just as much damage to the body. You'll have to rely on traditional medicine instead," Francesca deduced. "Whether you believe me or not, that's up to you."

With that, she started limping away.

The nurse was dumbfounded but quickly followed closely behind her.

“She's obviously bluffing! Don't believe what she says, Mr. Lindberg,” George remarked in exasperation. “I've never heard of traditional medicine being able to treat poison.”

“I wouldn't say that,” Sean refuted calmly. “After searching for numerous well-known doctors for the past few days, I came to learn about a Chanaean doctor specializing in treating venoms. I even heard that he was the one who had cured Danontand's prince and also the richest man in Dartan.”

“Are you talking about the miracle doctor known as Francesco?” George asked anxiously. “I've met his mentor once, but the old man is so mysterious that no one ever really knows where he is or if he's even still alive.”

Francesca, who had just arrived at the door, rolled her eyes as she heard that. Who says he's dead?

“Please trust me, Mr. Lindberg. I'll definitely cure you,” George assured. “It's just that modern medicine does require the use of some equipment, so we'll have to go to the hospital.”

Suddenly, Danrique spoke. “You.”

The woman who was just about to walk out the door stopped in her tracks, turned around, and gazed at him coldly. “Me?”

“How confident are you?” Danrique asked, cutting straight to the chase.

“Ninety-nine percent,” Francesca answered firmly. “But I'll require your cooperation, of course.”

“How long will it take?”

“That depends on how well you can tolerate the drugs and whether there are any other issues. If you want to keep that part of your body, it'll take about ten to fourteen days. If you're fine with digging that chunk out, it'll be faster.”

“Uhh...”

Sean was flabbergasted. This was his first time hearing that removing part of one's body was required for treatment. On top of that, he couldn't believe how calm this blond woman was when talking to his boss.

Even the nurse broke out in a cold sweat.

“That's nonsense!” George took this opportunity to object. “This is pure nonsense, Mr. Lindberg. Don't believe her!”

“I'll have you die a miserable death if you dare lie to me,” Danrique warned Francesca.

“Why would I lie to you? I want the money, you know?” The woman rolled her eyes. “Anyway, let's discuss my payment first, shall we? No money, no talk. And I won't do it if you pay me a single cent less.”

“Money is no issue here.” Danrique made a gesture with his hand.

Sean handed Francesca a check. “This is your deposit. You'll be paid the remainder after the treatment.”

“Don't make things difficult for me.” Francesca refused to accept the check. “I don't have the time to drop by the bank either. So just transfer the money directly into my account.”

She wrote down her bank account details and gave the note to Sean.

“You're Chanaean?” Sean could tell from the account number.

"Of course," Francesca replied coolly. "We can begin once I receive the money, but you'll have to follow my instructions. I'll also need you to prepare a few things."

"Do whatever she says," Danrique ordered, receiving a nod from Sean.

"Also..." Francesca pointed at George. "I don't want to see him again."

"Uhhh..."