

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1766

Given how skilled Danrique was at refining poison, he naturally knew how to cure it too.

He wasn't especially knowledgeable in it, though.

However, after watching how that tomboy did it, he seemed to have gotten the basics down.

Even if it doesn't work, this poison isn't all that serious, anyway.

Now that word's gotten out, I know we'll be able to find that miracle doctor soon.

As for the despicable tomboy who stole my first kiss, I never wanted to see her again.

Not even for another minute.

“How about we give it another try? We've already gotten all the ingredients, anyway. Maybe we should give it a few more days, and the poison will be—”

Danrique cut Sean off with a death glare.

“Throw her out. Right now.”

“Yes, sir.” Sean dared not say anything more.

Just as Francesca had exited the bathroom and was about to lie in bed, the door suddenly flew open. A few female subordinates then barged in and began to drag her out of the room.

“Hey! What's going on?”

The women paid no heed to her screams and continued to drag her all the way outside the building before tossing her out.

“Wait!”

Francesca quickly got up to her feet only to find herself standing in front of a green metal gate. She had been locked out.

She stared at the gate in utter confusion.

Then, Sean appeared and handed her two checks through the railings. “This is compensation for the car accident. You can receive treatment at the hospital. Just drop my name, and Dr. Helen Wright will personally see to you.”

“What on earth is going on?” Francesca stared at him, completely bewildered. “Doesn't that scum...”

She quickly changed her words. “Doesn't Mr. Lindberg need my help treating him?”

“Not anymore.” Sean glared at her. “You don't have an ID, nor do we even know where you're from. How can we be sure that you can actually cure the poison? Whatever would we do if you end up endangering him instead?”

“You—”

“You should go,” advised Sean. “You'll still be able to hail a cab before the sun goes down. It'll be dangerous after that.”

With that, Sean turned and left.

“Wait!” Francesca called out to him.

“Is there anything else?” Sean gazed at her frostily.

“I need some money for the cab.” The woman extended an arm toward him.

Sean was at a loss for words. And here I thought she was going to beg me for mercy, but all she wants is money.

Well, that's understandable. She has nothing but two checks on her. She won't be able to take a cab back to the city without any cash.

Thus, Sean handed her a stack of cash and bid her goodbye.

Francesca put the money into her pocket and left.

Dressed in a casual outfit with a robe draped over her, a face full of bandages, and a pair of slippers on her feet, she looked just like a refugee right then.

After walking a few steps, Francesca gazed up at the balcony of the master bedroom on the first floor. The open curtains fluttered with the wind, but there was no one standing there watching her leave with a reluctant expression.

What am I even thinking? Stuff like that only happens in romance movies, not in real life.

“Ugh, that heartless scumbag!”

Disappointed, Francesca left in a huff.

You stole my first kiss just last night, and now you're kicking me out?

What an awful excuse for a human being! I'd like to see what you can do about the poison without me!

Just you wait! You'll definitely be sorry.

As Francesca headed down the mountain, she suddenly heard a bird's cry.

Upon looking up, she saw a dark object plummeting down the sky and landing inside the forest.

She ran over and discovered a wounded eagle that seemed to be guarding something beneath it.

As she tried to take a look at the bird's injury, it immediately raised its claws against her.

Francesca took a step back and instinctively cooed at the creature, causing it to settle down.