

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1770

A sense of indignation welled up in Francesca at Danrique's words.

She could feel the anger boiling within her. What is that supposed to mean? He makes me sound like a pervert! It's as though I would take advantage of him.

"W-What is the meaning of this?" demanded Francesca, furious.

"What do you think it means?" refuted Danrique. He glared over and pointed out, "Remember how you went all the way into the hot spring just to administer the treatment? You even..."

Danrique couldn't finish that sentence. He was furious when he recalled how she had stolen his first kiss.

"T-That was... I—"

"Enough," said Danrique to cut her words short. "From now on, you will behave and treat my condition without trying anything funny."

"What? How am I the one who didn't behave?" argued Francesca. "I told you to lean in closer, but you stayed there like a dummy. That's why I had no choice but to lean in to administer the treatment and why I accidentally slip—"

"And you somehow accidentally fell on me?" asked Danrique. He interrupted her once more and was cruel when he added, "Don't even think about seducing me. I will never be interested in a tomboy like you!"

"Excuse me? You're the one that's somehow masculine and feminine at the same time," growled Francesca, who was on the verge of losing her temper.

“Shut up and leave,” demanded Danrique. He was too tired to continue arguing with her.

“You...”

“All right, come on then, Master Felch,” said Sean. He had hurried over to ease the tension. “Don't be angry. Let's stay calm and head out for now. I got you a private room.”

As he spoke, he gestured for two bodyguards to escort her out of the place.

Francesca was still fuming when she left, but she soon realized that there was nowhere she could go. After all, she had no idea who she was. Gah, I have nothing to do anyway, so I might as well just focus on treating his condition and earning that money. Come on, Francesca, you can do it. Just think of the money.

“Master Felch, this is your room. I've already sent someone to get you some clean clothes. Please rest here in the meantime. We'll be heading back tomorrow.”

As Sean spoke, two maids showed up with said clean clothes.

“They will be responsible for taking care of you. Please feel free to ask them for anything.”

With that, Sean was going to leave when Francesca stopped him. “Wait.”

“Hmm? What is it?” he asked, pausing and turning around to look at her.

“I want to head out later and might be back late. Is that okay?” asked Francesca.

“Of course it is. Do you need a car?” asked Sean while smiling.

“There's no need for that. I can get a cab,” replied Francesca before she made her request directly. “Just don't send anyone to follow me.”

“Uh, well...”

“Don't worry, the pay is too good, so I won't sneak away,” said Francesca, who knew exactly what Sean was thinking. “I'll be back before the sun rises.”

“Okay,” replied Sean after he thought about it. He handed her a phone and said, “My number is saved in there, and you can call me whenever you want. Naturally, it'll also allow me to contact you.”

“There isn't any tracker in here, right?” asked Francesca as she examined the phone she just received.

“Uhm...”

Sean was dumbstruck by her question. Must she be that direct?

“I guess that's a yes. Don't bother playing tricks like that. There's nothing you can do if I actually want to flee,” she said arrogantly before tossing the phone back to Sean.

After that, she returned to her room to change her clothes.

“My, my, she may be young, but she sure is arrogant.”

Gordon happened to be there, so he saw everything.

“What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be at Casino Inferno?” asked Sean, frowning.

"I just got back," answered Gordon in a soft voice. "They don't know who our mysterious Master Felch is, either. Turns out, it was some human traffickers that sent her to the casino.

"They claimed they found her by the beach. She was already wounded then, and our guess is that her wounds are related to the yacht explosion from some time ago."