

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1795

“You - “

“Just do it. Come, now.” Francesca began to coax the man as though she was talking to a child. “Take a nap after drinking this. You won't be able to do anything if you get another fever.”

Hearing that, Danrique grabbed the concoction and began to drink it in one go. Suddenly, his brows furrowed intensely, and he wanted to spit the medicine out.

Francesca hurriedly covered his mouth and lifted his head, forcing him to swallow the concoction.

“Ugh...”

Sean was dumbfounded at the sight. I've never met someone who dared do such a thing to Mr. Lindberg!

How reckless could this woman be?

Does she not fear death?

As expected, Danrique shoved the woman away furiously, and the force caused her to stagger back and crash into the sofa. “Hey! What was that for?”

Her face had turned pale due to her head's injury.

“Stay away from me,” Danrique warned while pointing a finger at her.

“Are you insane? I wouldn't even bother with you if you weren't my patient.”

This guy is crazy! He's like a bomb that explodes at any time!

Looks like I should make him beg me to treat him the next time.

“Shut your mouth.” Danrique was in so much pain that he didn't want to argue with her. He was so annoyed by how she couldn't stop talking.

Not wanting anything to do with him either, Francesca leaned back into the sofa to continue resting.

Then, Sean handed Danrique a glass of warm water along with a piece of candy. “Here you go, Mr. Lindberg.”

Danrique downed the entire glass before popping the candy in his mouth. In an instant, the creases between his eyebrows disappeared.

“You're afraid of bitter food?” Francesca was amused. “You don't fear death, but this is how you're like when you have to take something bitter?”

Danrique glared at her.

“Cut it out, Dr. Felch,” Sean whispered.

With that, Francesca made a face at Danrique before resuming her nap.

Sean observed his boss' expression, wondering if the herbal concoction helped.

Expectedly, anything Francesca gave him was effective. Danrique appeared much better than before. He looked tired, though, so he cupped his forehead with one hand and rested on the sofa.

Sean sighed with relief and remained by his side.

After God knows how long, Francesca woke up just in time to see the car enter a manor. She rubbed her eyes and sat up to gaze at the beautiful scenery outside.

They had arrived at an Epean-style castle, where the walls of the courtyard were full of roses, and every plant had been trimmed meticulously. There were also guards surrounding every corner of the building.

Francesca couldn't help but find this place rather familiar.

It feels like I've been here or at least somewhere similar to this.

A squad came forward to welcome them as soon as the vehicle stopped. The man in the lead was dressed extravagantly and spoke to Danrique with the utmost respect.

After a few exchanges of words, Danrique walked into the castle with his subordinates.

Francesca was about to tag along when Sean instructed two female guards to take her to the guest room at the back of the castle.

The one who had welcomed Danrique was the attending butler, Robin, and he couldn't help but freeze upon seeing Francesca. "Who is that young man wearing a mask?" he asked cautiously.

"That's Mr. Lindberg's personal doctor," answered Sean.

"Doctor?" Robin lowered his head.

"What's wrong?"

“Oh, it's nothing,” the man replied with a smile. “I believe you're aware that His Highness hasn't gotten much better. We've searched for countless renowned doctors to treat his legs, but nothing has worked so far. How skillful is this personal doctor, if I may ask?”

“She's only good at traditional medicine and doesn't know much else,” Sean explained. “But from what I see, I don't think she has much experience, given how young she is.”

“I see.” Robin looked slightly dejected.