

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1809

Francesca shuddered before turning around.

Danrique was dressed in a white suit. His crisp look could outshine all the princes in fairytales by ten thousand times.

Francesca's heart began to race.

Damn it.

Why must this man be so good looking?

“Mr. Lindberg!” With a smile, William explained, “Dr. Felch helped me with a medical diagnosis last night and is one of my guests, which is why I have invited Dr. Felch for lunch with us!”

“So you can earn double?” Danrique cocked an eyebrow at her.

“Not like it's stopping me from taking care of your illness.” Francesca rolled her eyes in response. “Plus, I just gave him a diagnosis. I have yet to actually start the treatment.”

“Haha.” William chuckled. “Mr. Lindberg is just messing with you. We're good friends. He wouldn't be bothered by this, right Mr. Lindberg?”

“Mmm.” Danrique uttered a half-hearted response before passing from behind Francesca to take a seat beside William.

“This way, Dr. Felch!” Robin instantly stepped forward to greet Francesca.

Francesca took a seat opposite the two men. While arranging the napkins on the table, she kept her gaze on Danrique. "Even though your fever has subsided, your condition is still unstable. After you've finished your business tonight, it is advisable for you to return as soon as possible..."

"Stop nagging." Danrique cut her off.

"I'm not finished," asserted Francesca. "You're not to drink, not to take any seafood..."

Before she could finish, Danrique had picked up the wine glass next to him and took a giant gulp.

"Hey, you..." Francesca began to object.

"Shut up!" With annoyance written all over his face, Danrique shot her a glare.

Francesca was rendered speechless. Soon, she found her voice and huffed. "If your fever acts up again, it's none of my business."

The way the two of them argued was like an old married couple.

Taking in the situation, William felt a bit uneasy. Even so, he maintained a charming smile on his face. "All doctors want the best for their patients. Mr. Lindberg, it would be for your good if you would listen to the advice."

"Since when have you become so annoying as well?" Danrique gave William a side-eye.

William chuckled lightly before changing the subject. "Dig in, everyone! I had asked the kitchen to prepare a Ferropene feast! Hope you'll enjoy it."

"Thank you!"

Francesca was lifting up her glass for a sip of juice when she suddenly realized her mask was still on. If she took off her mask, Danrique would see her face.

On the other hand, she would not be able to eat anything with her mask on her face.

Francesca looked around. At the moment, William and Danrique were talking to each other in another language in low tones. Neither of them had noticed her.

As for the other guests, they were occupied with their own conversations as well.

Francesca did a brief evaluation of her situation. As of then, she did not even wash her face. Her hair was short, and she was wearing a unisex outfit, a stark contrast to how she looked when she dressed as a dancer. Perhaps Danrique wouldn't be able to recognize me?

Hence, she pulled the mask down to her chin, lowered her head and began eating.

Throughout the entire time, Sean was standing behind Danrique. At first, his attention was fully on the latter.

As he was handing the phone to Danrique, however, he accidentally scanned the opposite side. It was then when he noticed Francesca acting a little weird.

She had kept her head so low, as if she was afraid someone would see her face.

He had seen her face the night before. It seemed to be absent of any obvious scars, and she definitely was not disfigured as they had hypothesized.

So what is she hiding?

Just as the thought flashed across Sean's mind, Danrique voice suddenly called out. "What are you doing?"

His voice took everyone by surprise, attracting their attention. Everyone then followed his gaze toward Francesca.

In response, Francesca immediately pulled the mask back onto her face. All the while still chewing the steak in her mouth.

Danrique narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing her with an unreadable expression. Odd. She has a really familiar face with her mask off...

"I'm done. Please enjoy the rest of the meal."

Francesca stood up abruptly and was about to leave.

"Aye, Fran..." Aware that he almost let her real name slipped, William managed to stop himself in time. "Leaving so soon, Dr. Felch?"

"I didn't have enough rest last night. I'd like to take a nap."

Conjuring up an excuse, Francesca got ready to leave.