

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1815

Danrique frowned. Without any prior warning, he reached out to grab her throat and pushed her onto the table. He warned, "Let me make this perfectly clear to you. You are just the doctor. I am the one who spent a fortune to hire you, and you are not to boss me around!"

"You j*rk. Let go of me."

Francesca struggled angrily, but that only made Danrique tighten his grip on her.

She was on the verge of suffocating, and for a moment there, she felt as though she sensed death nearing her. Her hands gripped his wrists weakly. No matter what she tried, she simply couldn't break free.

"Mr. Lindberg, please calm down. We need Dr. Felch to continue treating you, so please let her off easy. Don't be angry."

Danrique was still burning with rage, but he let Francesca go. His voice sounded evil when he warned, "Remember who you are. Do not cross me again!"

"You..." Francesca coughed.

A bloody scratch showed up on her neck, and she was in so much pain that she was coughing nonstop. Her throat had also gone dry, and her voice was coarse.

She was tempted to kill him, but she obviously wasn't strong enough to fight against him.

That doesn't matter, though. Revenge is a dish best served cold, so just you wait!

"Mr. Lindberg is in a bad mood, Dr. Felch, so please forgive him for this. Let's focus on administering the treatment for now," requested Sean quickly and nervously.

Francesca glared at Danrique before administering the treatment.

That being said, she was deliberately being harsh. She didn't even warn him before she slapped the medicine, which would sting him greatly, onto his body.

The pain was so intense that Danrique stiffened. He gritted his teeth and glared. If looks could kill, Francesca would be pushing the daisies by then.

She didn't bother arguing with him, though. She simply moved on to bandage him up in the worst way.

That was when she realized that Danrique had been wearing her necklace the entire time...

Huh, that is strange. Why is he wearing someone else's necklace? It's not like him to do something like this.

Francesca sensed Danrique monitoring her, so she quickly diverted her attention back to the task at hand.

She bandaged him up without really paying attention to the details, then tossed the pills onto the table before instructing, "Add hot water, then have him drink it. Check his temperature again in an hour. It'd be great if his fever goes away by then, but if not... Well, there's nothing I can do about it, anyway."

"Dr. Felch..."

"I will warn you one last time. Go back if you want him to survive this," said Francesca sternly, "His condition is still deteriorating, and it can be deadly."

"Understood. We'll go back as soon as we finish conducting our business tonight."

Sean nodded endlessly.

Francesca shot a look at Danrique before leaving without looking back.

Inside her room, Francesca locked the door and examined every inch. She didn't fish out the phone Sean gave her earlier until she was certain that there weren't any bugs there. After that, she readied herself to call Anthony.

She started keying the number in. Who is he? And why is his name so familiar?

"Hello?"

"Are you...?"

"Oh, my sweet, sweet Francesca. You're finally back. You scared the living hell out of us, you know?"

The voice on the other end of the line sounded familiar, and its owner seemed excited.

"Anthony?" said Francesca without thinking. There were many memories that were still out of her reach, but she instinctively knew that the guy was on her side.

"What the hell? You don't recognize my voice?" complained Anthony. He sounded a little hurt. "It's only been a month. How could you have already forgotten all about me?"

"Something happened to me, and my head suffered an injury," replied Francesca, "Who are you to me?"

Silence. Anthony was so surprised that he was stunned. "Are you kidding me? You don't even remember me anymore? I mean, Prince William warned me that you have amnesia after getting into an accident, but how can you just up and forget about me like that?"

“Quit yapping and answer my question,” growled Francesca impatiently.

“I am your friend, your manager, your supervisor...”

Anthony told Francesca their story after that. He was the first friend Francesca made after she left the mountains, and they stuck by each other through thick and thin. They were even in life and death situations before, and that strengthened their bonds.

They eventually went to M Nation where Francesca studied medicine while Anthony studied business management and economics.

After they graduated, Anthony helped her manage her finances and the orphanages.