

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1824

Francesca was lost for words. What did I do? Why do they think I'm a female pervert? They thought I wanted to sleep with Danrique and offered Sloan as a sacrifice.

“Dr. Felch, if he isn't to your liking, I shall summon the others later...” Sean offered earnestly, for he wanted to solve the problem for his employer.

“No need.” Francesca's expression darkened as she declared coolly, “I want Mr. Lindberg. No one else can take his place!”

They took me for a pervert, so I shall make it the truth! Otherwise, I would've been wrongly accused for nothing.

Everyone gazed at her in shock.

Oh, what a brazen woman. She's being shamelessly open with her feelings and does whatever she wants...

“Hey!” Danrique's face flushed a dark red in anger.

“Dr. Felch, Mr. Lindberg is in love with someone else. You can't force him to like you,” Sean replied in exasperation.

“I don't care. I want him!” Francesca demanded.

She was inwardly pleased to see Danrique's upset face and even reached out to pinch his chin. “You're a hunk, huh?”

“Scram!” Danrique slapped her hand away and glared at her in disgust. “If you lay a hand on me again, I shall chop your hand off!”

“My hand in exchange for your life. It’s a bargain,” Francesca replied cheerfully instead of getting mad at his rude reply.

Her words were pretty easy to understand—if he were to chop her arm off, no one else could treat his condition.

That was why she said it was a bargain to get his life in exchange for her arm.

“Hey!”

Danrique was close to blowing his top, but Francesca grinned and told him, “Bear with me until you get cured. No, even if I managed to cure you, you can’t touch me. What if you get sick in the future? You’ll still have to ask for my help.”

“Someone!” Danrique barked impatiently. “Seal her lips!”

“Uh...” Sean and Gordon shared a look instead of taking action.

“Mr. Lindberg...” Sloan wanted to defend her, but changed his mind and swallowed his words.

“All right. I shall stop talking. Will that suffice?” Francesca shut her mouth and raised her hands to surrender.

The odds are against me, and a wise man knew when to back down.

Danrique gestured at her in a warning manner before leaning into his seat and shut his eyes.

He was feeling unwell, but she kept annoying him.

As he couldn't outwit her, he had no choice but to do it the hard way.

Francesca knew him well enough, so she didn't confront him head-on. However, she'd only give in after making him utterly furious.

It seemed like he was the winner, but the real winner was none other than Francesca.

She had him on a leash, but he didn't even realize that.

The journey back home took over three hours by car.

Danrique's condition worsened, for his temperature kept rising and dropping.

Sean asked Francesca to figure out a solution as soon as possible.

Hearing that, Francesca touched Danrique's forehead, "Taking medicine won't do him any help. We need to return to the mountain so I can come out with a new treatment plan."

"But Mr. Lindberg is feeling unwell. Don't you have any medicine to relieve his condition?" Sean urged.

"No," came Francesca's calm answer. "Don't worry, he won't die."

"You..." Gordon fumed. "Dr. Felch, this is too much."

"You can take over my position any time!" Francesca shrugged nonchalantly.

Gordon was dumbfounded and couldn't find any response.

“All right, stop arguing so Mr. Lindberg can rest in a quiet environment,” Sean cut in.

He then told the driver to speed up.

The car increased its speed and sped all the way to the mountain. To save time, Sean sent someone to the lab to find the snake that bit Danrique.

Kerrie applied an ice pack to Danrique's forehead to cool him down.

In a daze, Danrique muttered, “Cece...”

This time, Francesca heard the name clearly. Her heart skipped a beat, and an indescribable feeling overwhelmed her heart.