

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1920

Unexpectedly, Danrique did not get upset. After giving some orders to the doctor and reminding Sean to wait for Gordon to return before ending his shift, he left the ward.

Later on, Sean needed to go consult the doctor. So, he gave Mylo and Sloan a stern warning. "Take good care of Ms. Felch, and don't let anything untoward happen to her if you want to live to see another day."

"Okay, okay. Don't worry, Sean." Mylo nodded fervently. "I'll protect Ms. Felch with all my life."

Sean then fixated his gaze on Sloan who was tiptoeing to peep on Francesca from outside the ward.

Mylo smacked Sloan's back. Upon coming to his senses, Sloan promised at once, "Rest assured that I won't make any more mistakes, Sean. Anyhow, Dr. Felch is severely injured. She can't go anywhere, can she?"

Indeed, he's right about the last part of the sentence.

Sean rolled his eyes at him before leaving to see Helen.

In the evening, Norah wiped Francesca down and served her a glass of warm milk. "Rest well, Ms. Cece. I'll bring you breakfast first thing in the morning." She was reluctant to leave her side.

"Thank you, Mdm. Norah." Francesca watched her exit the ward.

Then, she turned to the two medical staff who were guarding the ward after cleaning it up.

"Feel free to leave too. I'm going to get some shut-eye."

Right before she snoozed, she was interrupted by the knocking on the door. "Ms. Cece, may I come in?"

It was Sean.

“Sure.” Francesca was having a slight headache.

Sean walked in with a couple of documents in his hands, followed by a cautious Sloan.

“Ms. Cece.. Oh no, I should address you as Dr. Felch.”

Sean was not used to the change of terms because Francesca was completely a different person when she was Dr. Felch.

Back then, she was always the one chasing after Mr. Lindberg. She even stole kisses from him, and he would detest her presence. Now, it's the total opposite. He's the one begging and pleading for her to marry him.

“The cat is out of the bag, eh?” Francesca felt so helpless. “Tell me, what is it?”

“There are two things that I need to report to you,” uttered Sean as he reached for her backpack. “This belongs to you. There are jewelry, documents, and some medication. Everything should be here. Could you check if anything is missing, please?”

“Bring it over and let me have a look at it.” Francesca appeared excited when she heard that.

Sean obliged and whipped out one item after another to show her.

Upon examining that everything was there, Francesca heaved a sigh of relief.

“Thank God nothing is missing.” Sean grinned before continuing, “I'll take this home for you...”

Francesca cut him off and said, "Just leave it here. I feel safer when it's all under my nose."

"Err... Sure." Sean smiled wryly.

Then, he placed the backpack in the cupboard next to her bed.

"There's one more thing..." Sean relayed what he knew, "Regarding your illness, we've consulted Dr. Wright. However, she's not too keen to handle the operation herself as she only has about twenty percent of confidence to get it right. So, she wants us to look for Francesco, the miracle doctor, soonest possible to heal your sickness."

"Rubbish!" Francesca's wounds hurt so much that she couldn't speak.

"Yes, I know." Sean nodded vigorously. "I'm aware that you are Francesco herself, but doctors don't treat themselves. So, no matter how excellent your skills are, it's impossible for you to perform a surgery on yourself. Then again, your condition right now is very risky. We can't afford to drag it any longer. Therefore, I want to ask if you know of any other miracle doctors, or perhaps a senior or junior of yours of similar caliber? Maybe your master?"

It suddenly dawned on Francesca that her life was at stake. She fell silent and mulled it over for a moment.

I guess the only person who could save me is none other than my master. Considering that I disobeyed him in the past and cut off ties with him for so many years after being adamant that I should leave the mountains, I'm really doubtful if he would be willing to lend a hand. Who knows if I'm able to locate him in the first place? Ugh, that stubborn old man. I wonder how long he is going to lecture me this time...