

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2012

When Francesca woke up early the following day, the sunlight had already penetrated through the floor-to-ceiling window and thin curtains, warming the room slightly.

Rubbing her eyes, Francesca glanced at the clock on the wall. She did not expect to have slept so long, for it was already nine o'clock.

"Kerrie!" Francesca called out. Immediately, Kerrie and two other maids came inside to help her wash up.

A moment later, Helen also entered to check on her wounds.

Although Francesca did not keep her eyes off the doorway, there was no sight of Danrique.

Perhaps it was because they just became a couple, for Francesca seemed like a teenager in love. All she could think about was Danrique, wishing for him to be there when she woke up.

Therefore, she was disappointed when she did not see him.

"Ms. Felch, would you like to take breakfast in your room or downstairs?" Kerrie asked politely.

"Where is Danrique?" Francesca could not help but ask.

"Mr. Lindberg went out early in the morning," Kerrie answered. "He told us to take good care of you before leaving."

"Where did he go? Did he say when would he be coming back?" Francesca continued to ask.

"Uhm..." Kerrie shook her head. "He didn't mention anything about it."

"All right." Although Francesca felt upset, she knew she had to be understanding as Danrique might have something to settle.

"Ms. Felch, your wounds are recovering well. As a suggestion, you can go downstairs to sunbathe and take in some fresh air. It would be beneficial for your health," Helen suggested.

"All right," Francesca answered. "I'll go to the garden to have my breakfast."

"Sure. I'll arrange for it right now."

The weather that day was just right. It was around twenty or so degrees, and it was rather pleasant.

It was not windy in the morning, so Francesca felt very relaxed as she sunbath and listened to the waves while taking her breakfast in the garden.

The maid carried a tray of scrumptious food to her where all the dishes were her favorite.

Since Francesca's physique was still relatively weak, she could not move around as she liked. It was especially the case for her head and neck, which could only remain stiff; as a result, she could only lie on the recliner all the time.

When the maid wanted to feed her breakfast, she rejected, "It's fine. I can eat it myself."

She disliked being waited on like that. Besides, as a doctor, she knew the pain was just a feeling. She could still move around, but her body was stiff because the brain had been sending pain signals to the body parts affected.

If she was determined enough, she could control her brain and thus her body.

Francesca tried to eat breakfast on her own. Although her movements were clumsy, it was still a successful attempt.

Everyone around her was impressed by her determination. Standing far away, Helen could not help but praise, "Ms. Felch isn't any ordinary person."

"I heard she's a doctor too," her assistant whispered.

"I knew that when I was in M Nation." Helen did not place it to heart. "Rumors had it that she had cured Mr. Lindberg's snake venom. Although traditional medicine is great at flushing poisons, it could not be compared to modern medicine in other aspects such as surgery."

"Most importantly, no one can be compared to Dr. Wright in medical skills," her assistant exclaimed.

"Don't go overboard." Helen furrowed her eyebrows in contempt. "Dr. Felch's medical skills are way better than mine. Even if we do not consider his modern medical knowledge, his surgical skills are top-notch too."

"Besides Dr. Felch—"

"There's still Francesco," Helen muttered. "Let's forget about Dr. Felch. He's so old, after all. It doesn't make sense to compare myself to him. If I have a chance, though, I would love to meet with Francesco and see what kind of person she is! She's always so mysterious."

"Francesco's medical skills are superb, though. Judging from that, I think she isn't young anymore."

"I heard she is skilled in modern and traditional medicine, a rare well-rounded genius in the medical field. I hope there's a chance for me to challenge her."

"You're still young. Perhaps you could surpass Francesco once you finish polishing your skills this year."

“Hopefully!”