

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2070

As the operation required a high degree of precision, it would be difficult for other doctors to do a good job even if they gave it their all.

However, Francesca was currently injured. She couldn't lift her right hand and could only hold the scalpel with her left hand. Worse still, her grip slipped on the scalpel when the nurse handed it to her, and it fell to the ground.

All the medical staff around her were stunned. They all gaped at her.

The attending doctor, Matthias, couldn't help urging, "A life is at stake here, Ms. Felch. This is no joke."

"I never joke around with a life." Francesca took the scalpel once more. "Let's begin!"

"Understood."

The doctors didn't dare advise her further but did their best to assist her.

To their amazement, Francesca seemingly became a different person once the operation commenced, despite her severe injury. She became confident and focused.

That aside, she was exceedingly resolute when she operated, showing nary a hint of hesitation.

Conversely, the other few doctors had their hearts lodged in their throats. After all, not only was the bullet embedded in an internal organ, but it even involved the aorta. Thus, a single misstep would put the patient's life in danger.

Nonetheless, Francesca removed the bullet with great speed and precision before proceeding to the next step.

Three hours later, Danrique was sitting on the sofa in Francesca's ward, replying to emails, when Sean hurried in and reported, "The operation has concluded, Mr. Lindberg. It was very successful!"

"Got it," Danrique replied placidly.

"The doctors are all praising Ms. Felch's medical skills to the skies. They're saying that she's superb! Indeed, she's incredible! How phenomenal!" Sean was rather emotional.

"Get the private jet ready to return to Xendale tonight." Danrique glanced at his watch.

At that, surprise inundated Sean. "Tonight? What about Ms. Felch, then?"

"She's naturally going back with us. We'll take off before eight o'clock," Danrique stated firmly.

"Understood." Sean didn't dare question the man anymore. Instead, he immediately went about the preparations.

Danrique continued scanning through his documents. A while later, Kerrie wheeled Francesca back to the ward. Behind them trailed a few female medical staff.

Upon entering the ward, they all bowed to Danrique. "Mr. Lindberg!"

"You're done with the operation?" Danrique lifted his eyes and looked at Francesca.

"Yeah. I'd like to take a bath." Verily, Francesca was feeling pretty tired.

"There's an injury on you, Ms. Felch, and you can't get it wet. I'll wipe you down instead."

With a gesture from Kerrie, two of the female medical staff quickly went to prepare some hot water.

"You're all dismissed," Danrique interjected.

"Understood." The medical staff hastily left with their heads hung low.

"Why did you dismiss them?" Francesca questioned with a frown.

"It's just wiping you down, no? I can do it, too."

Carrying her to the sofa, Danrique reached out to strip her clothes off.

Alas, Francesca instinctively backed away. "Stop. Have them do it instead."

"I've seen it all anyway. Stay still, for I'm not going to take responsibility if you pull on your wound."

Despite her apprehension, Francesca no longer dared to move.

While unfastening her buttons, Danrique grumbled, "How troublesome! Why are there so many buttons?"

In response, Francesca rolled her eyes. Danrique initially sat on the sofa, but he had no choice but to lean over at that moment and loom over her like a hulking beast.

As the two people who hadn't seen each other in a long time came face to face at such a close distance, the atmosphere suddenly became charged.

Danrique stared at her, a fire gradually sparking in his gaze. Subsequently, his handsome face drew increasingly closer to her.

Francesca froze right then and there, moving nary a muscle. Holding her breath, she eyed him nervously.
“W-What do you want? Mmph!”

Before she had finished speaking, Danrique had already captured her lips.

She was wholly stunned, her eyes going wide in disbelief. Just as she was going to stretch her hands out to push him away, the man pulled back.

“You reek of disinfectant!”

Argh! He even has disdain written all over his face!

“How dare you! I just came out from the operating theater!” Francesca's face flushed bright red from fury.

“Hurry up and wash up!” Danrique continued divesting her of clothes.