

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1757

### Chapter 1757 Severe Injuries

“Your brain...” Sean was hesitant with his words as he looked at her sympathetically. “Well, you’re still young; there are always chances.”

Finishing his words, the man hurried out of the room.

“Huh?” Confused, Francesca turned to the nurse and asked, “What is he talking about?”

The nurse was in a dilemma and pondered for a long while before she spoke. “I was afraid that it’ll be too huge a news for you, so I didn’t tell you. But I didn’t expect Mr. Lowe to...”

“Stop dragging me on. What is it exactly?” Francesca grew anxious.

“The doctor said there’s a metal chip pressing on your nerves in your brain. You might...” The nurse looked at her with pity. “You might not live long. And even if you could, you might become slow-witted.”

The truth left Francesca at a loss for words. “Which quack doctor made those claims?”

“Dr. Henderson is the best surgeon in M Nation,” the nurse replied. “He’s also Mr. Lindberg’s personal doctor.”

“Has he done a scan for me?” Francesca could not be bothered to refute what the nurse had said.

“Yes.” The nurse then brought them over.

Upon a closer look at the scans, Francesca was finally convinced that the claim regarding the metal chip pressing on the nerves of her brain was indeed true.

Firmly believing that her condition was not as severe before, she deduced that the impact from the car crash had shifted the metal chip to a riskier position.

No doubt it’s tricky. But it’s still curable. All that I have to say is that Dr. Henderson isn’t as capable as others assumed him to be.

Following that, she looked through a few other scans. D\*mn. Not only am I hurt in my brain, but I also have a fracture on my left arm and a broken rib too.

It was at that very moment Francesca figured that even the highest amount on that check would not be enough to make up for her losses.

“Dr. Henderson said that he’ll get you a plastic surgeon after the injuries on your face have recovered.” The nurse uttered carefully, “Don’t worry too much. Medical technology is so advanced these days. I’m sure the doctors will be able to help you regain your looks.”

“What’s wrong with my face?”

Francesca lifted her hands to touch her face, only to find that she had bandages wrapped tightly around her face, mimicking a mummy.

No wonder that guy and his subordinate didn't recognize me.

“You got scratched by the windscreen when you fell into the car. Your face was covered in blood when you first arrived, and upon treatment, we found two deep cuts sitting on your face,” the nurse softly explained. “But that's not an issue. As long as there's money, that's not a big problem. The main thing is your brain...”

“That's enough.” Francesca cut the nurse off from continuing and glared at the check. “This check won't be enough given that I'm so badly injured. Ask that jerk to come over when he's back.”

“Err...” The nurse was overwhelmed by puzzlement. In logical senses, any normal being would be in panic and despair upon knowledge of how severe their condition was.

However, Francesca did not cry or make a ruckus. On the contrary, she was so composed that she could think about compensation matters.

T-This lady...

“Did you hear me?” Francesca furrowed her brows.

“Huh... Oh, yes. I heard you.” The nurse nodded profusely. She initially paid no heed to Francesca as the latter was only a stranger they had saved along the way. Nonetheless, the immense dominance of the woman had seemingly put control over her, and she had unknowingly turned extremely obedient to Francesca.

“Bring me my medical report,” Francesca instructed. “And also the treatment plan.”

“Sure.” The nurse did as she was told.

Looking carefully through the reports, Francesca ordered, “Get Dr. Henderson here now!”

“Huh?” The nurse froze once more. “Now?”

“Yes, now. Immediately,” Francesca urged. “Also, remove this useless drip from me.”

“Uhh, okay...” Even though the nurse did not know the purpose of her instructions, she still did as she was told.

Nevertheless, George came up with an excuse saying that he was busy and had no time. In truth, he had no high regard for a small fry like Francesca.

Hence, he did not turn up.

**Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1758**

Chapter 1758 Peek At Her Bathing

Eventually, Francesca decided to prepare her own prescription and instructed the nurse to get her the necessary medication before beginning treatment.

Of course, the nurse had inquired about Sean’s opinions and only did as instructed when the latter gave her his permission.

It only took several days for Francesca’s injuries to recuperate, and by then, she could get off the bed and walk stably.

The nurse was surprised by her speedy recovery and even asked if she was a doctor.

Francesca did not answer the question and only requested her to prepare some water so that she could take a good bath.

After all, she felt uncomfortable and unnerved for not getting to bathe for days because of her injuries.

The nurse was in the bathroom preparing a tub of warm water when her high-pitched screams reverberated through the place.

“What is it?” Francesca walked in with a limp.

“Snake... There’s a snake...” The nurse shivered violently, her face as white as a sheet. Fear gripped her heart as she glued her eyes to the green snake slithering in the bathtub.

Seeing that, Francesca was not frightened and instead broke into a wide smile. “What a pretty green snake!”

“I-Is the snake venomous?” The nurse stumbled backward in fear.

“It’s a green viper, so yes, it’s venomous. But since it’s still a snakelet, its venom is less potent.”

Francesca hobbled over and ran her slender hand across the warm water toward the green snake in the bathtub.

Strangely enough, the snake was unalarmed by her action and instead gently twined its body around her wrist. It looked just like a jade bracelet, glimmering under the lights.

“Oh, my God!” The nurse stared at her in shock. “A-Aren’t you scared?”

“What is there to be scared of?” Francesca gently ran her fingers over the green snake and chuckled. “This little one is so adorable!”

“I’m afraid this might not be an ordinary snake. Mr. Lindberg might have raised it...” the nurse said. “You might die if it bites you.”

“What? That guy raises snakes?” Francesca appeared excited upon hearing the nurse’s words.

“Um...” The nurse did not dare to reveal more and nervously ran out. “I’ll get out first. Take your time to bath. And be careful not to let water touch your wounds.”

Unbothered by the nurse’s reminder, Francesca took off her bathrobe and sat in the bathtub for a soak.

She had her injured leg propped along the edges of the bathtub while she slathered soap on her body with one hand and played with the snake with the other.

Despite their first encounter, the reptile seemed to hit it off well with Francesca. Instead of shying away or even biting her, it behaved unusually docile and gentle, almost as if it was having fun and enjoying its time with the human.

Being overly immersed in playing with the snake, Francesca did not notice a slender figure casually walking in from outside.

A shadow cast in from outside since the bathroom door was left ajar.

Only then did Francesca come around and have her guard up. She raised her gaze to meet with a pair of icy eyes.

The man instinctively swept his gaze downward to her busty chest. He seemed slightly astonished at first but quickly looked away.

“You...” Francesca only snapped back to her senses a few seconds later before wrapping her arms around her chest as she screamed, “Ahh!”

Danrique shut his eyes tight and blew a whistle into the air.

Following that, the snake slithered away from Francesca’s arm.

Bending down slightly, Danrique reached his hand out toward the snake, and it obediently slithered to his palm, staying there.

“I’m here to look for this little one.” He turned to leave after leaving that comment.

“You b\*stard!”

Francesca slammed her hand against the water in the bathtub angrily.

Water splashed onto Danrique’s pants, but he remained unfazed and strode out emotionlessly.

Seething with anger, Francesca turned to look at the mirror hanging on the wall.

Now that I'm in short hair and half of my face is covered in bandages, that jerk surely can't recognize me. But even so, he still wants to peek at me taking a bath? What a sicko!

"Hey, are you all right?" The nurse rushed over and looked at Francesca, baffled.

"Why didn't you lock the door?" Francesca sounded awfully hostile. "That guy just saw everything!"

"No one here has the habit of locking doors." The nurse put on a bitter smile. "Hurry and finish your bath. Mr. Lindberg is requesting your presence."

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1759

### Chapter 1759 Bold Claim

After finishing her bath and treating her wounds, Francesca followed the nurse to the study room.

As she pushed open the door, glistening rays of sunlight showered in.

Enclosing the room was a glass partition in place of a brick wall, showcasing the bamboo forest facing it. The lush green bamboo leaves swayed harmoniously as the cool breeze swept past them. The picturesque scenery rendered the study room fresh and elegant.

Sunlight beamed through the bamboo forest and soaked through the glass wall.

The warmth that seeped in with the rays made the atmosphere tranquil and soothing.

Sitting on a wooden chair against the glass wall, Danrique was engrossed in vetting the documents on the tablet. The magnolias beside him were in their bloom season, and a fresh floral scent permeated the entire room.

The man's cold yet handsome face was made more prominent under the natural lighting. Lying on his high nose bridge was a pair of silver-rimmed glasses. His quiet and meek appearance was so mesmerizing yet suffocating.

Attracted to the breathtaking sight before her, Francesca paused in her pace and stared at the man, unable to reel in from the shock for a long time.

“Come on in,” Sean uttered.

With the nurse's help, Francesca limped in.

The nurse steadied her to the sofa that Sean had directed them to before quietly retreating to one side.

Acting under Danrique's instructions, Sean said to Francesca, “We've asked you over to share the subsequent course of actions with you. For starters, now that your condition has stabilized, from tomorrow onward, I'll arrange for your admission into the best hospital in Summerbank for treatment. Second, the check that I passed you earlier will be considered as compensation for causing harm to you. After your admission tomorrow, we'll call it even. Third—”

“Hold on,” Francesca interrupted Sean abruptly. “That sum isn’t enough.”

“What?” Sean was a little startled. “The maximum limit is ten million. And you’re telling me that’s still not enough?”

“I initially thought I merely sustained physical injuries and that sum was, for the most part, more than enough. But now that I found out I’m disfigured, and might even become a dimwit, ten million obviously isn’t sufficient.” Francesca sounded completely justified.

“Miss, I’d advise you to not be too greedy.” Sean knitted his brows at her. “We’re paying for your medical bills too. That ten million is solely a compensation to you.”

“What kind of bullsh\*t is that? I couldn’t care less about being admitted to a hospital. I’m more than capable of treating myself.” Francesca had contempt written all over her face. “Transfer me the medical fees. I’ll take care of myself!”

“What an insolent brat!” A booming voice sounded all of a sudden.

Shifting her gaze upward, Francesca saw a foreign doctor standing at the door, taking a slight bow as he greeted Danrique.

“Dr. Henderson, this way please,” Sean greeted.

As George walked in, he shot a glare at Francesca.

Instead of paying attention to him, she had her eyes fixed on the four other medical staff carrying medical bags standing outside.

She shifted her gaze back to Danrique.

Hmm... now that I'm looking at him, I can see that although he's standing up straight and moves agilely, his complexion seems a little pale. Could it be...

"Mr. Lindberg, we have everything prepared," George courteously said to Danrique.

"Mmm," Danrique sneaked a cold glance at Francesca before turning to Sean and commanded, "Do as you deem fit."

"Got it." Following that, Sean turned to Francesca. "You can negotiate any terms you have with me. Let's head outside first."

Upon hearing that, the nurse rushed forward to assist Francesca.

At the same time, George had made his way behind the study desk and did a check on Danrique's wounds. "Seems like your wound has deteriorated. I'm afraid the poison is too deadly. Mr. Lindberg, I think it's better to head to the hospital."

"Didn't you say you can handle it?"

Danrique's voice was like an icy blade, so sharp and threatening that it could stab anyone.

"But—"

"How much do you charge for each home visit, Dr. Henderson?" Suddenly, Francesca faltered in her steps and turned to question the man. "You can't even handle such a small issue? Why don't I do it instead?"

“Err...”

Everyone swept their gazes at her intently.

Similarly, Sean looked at her like she was crazy and frowned.

“Stop fooling around. Let’s head out.”

“Who are you? How dare you be so audacious to utter such a bold claim before Mr. Lindberg?” George growled.

Meanwhile, Danrique slowly shifted his abysmal pair of eyes to Francesca and sized her up skeptically.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1760

Chapter 1760 Arrogant

Without another word, Francesca limped over and examined Danrique’s wound. “You’ve been poisoned,” she said without a hint of doubt.

“Duh,” George scoffed. “That’s what I said.”

Francesca’s slender hand brushed against Danrique’s back before landing on his waist injury. Upon taking a closer look, she then came to a conclusion.

“Your wound’s already inflamed, but I can still see that it was caused by a snake bite. It’s not just any ordinary snake either; it’s one that’s been biochemically refined by having its venom merged with other microbes, which makes its venom different from usual.”

Sean’s expression turned grave. “How can you tell?”

Danrique's eyes narrowed. No one except for Sean and a few other confidants was supposed to know this.

“Can you tell, Dr. Henderson?”

Instead of answering Sean, Francesca turned to George with a raised brow.

“I...” There was evidently a look of panic in George's eyes.

“In modern medicine, attempting to treat this will cause just as much damage to the body. You'll have to rely on traditional medicine instead,” Francesca deduced. “Whether you believe me or not, that's up to you.”

With that, she started limping away.

The nurse was dumbfounded but quickly followed closely behind her.

“She's obviously bluffing! Don't believe what she says, Mr. Lindberg,” George remarked in exasperation. “I've never heard of traditional medicine being able to treat poison.”

“I wouldn't say that,” Sean refuted calmly. “After searching for numerous well-known doctors for the past few days, I came to learn about a Chanaean doctor specializing in treating venoms. I even heard that he was the one who had cured Danontand's prince and also the richest man in Dartan.”

“Are you talking about the miracle doctor known as Francesco?” George asked anxiously. “I've met his mentor once, but the old

man is so mysterious that no one ever really knows where he is or if he's even still alive.”

Francesca, who had just arrived at the door, rolled her eyes as she heard that. Who says he's dead?

“Please trust me, Mr. Lindberg. I'll definitely cure you,” George assured. “It's just that modern medicine does require the use of some equipment, so we'll have to go to the hospital.”

Suddenly, Danrique spoke. “You.”

The woman who was just about to walk out the door stopped in her tracks, turned around, and gazed at him coldly. “Me?”

“How confident are you?” Danrique asked, cutting straight to the chase.

“Ninety-nine percent,” Francesca answered firmly. “But I'll require your cooperation, of course.”

“How long will it take?”

“That depends on how well you can tolerate the drugs and whether there are any other issues. If you want to keep that part of your body, it'll take about ten to fourteen days. If you're fine with digging that chunk out, it'll be faster.”

“Uhh...”

Sean was flabbergasted. This was his first time hearing that removing part of one's body was required for treatment. On top

of that, he couldn't believe how calm this blond woman was when talking to his boss.

Even the nurse broke out in a cold sweat.

“That’s nonsense!” George took this opportunity to object. “This is pure nonsense, Mr. Lindberg. Don’t believe her!”

“I’ll have you die a miserable death if you dare lie to me,” Danrique warned Francesca.

“Why would I lie to you? I want the money, you know?” The woman rolled her eyes. “Anyway, let’s discuss my payment first, shall we? No money, no talk. And I won’t do it if you pay me a single cent less.”

“Money is no issue here.” Danrique made a gesture with his hand.

Sean handed Francesca a check. “This is your deposit. You’ll be paid the remainder after the treatment.”

“Don’t make things difficult for me.” Francesca refused to accept the check. “I don’t have the time to drop by the bank either. So just transfer the money directly into my account.”

She wrote down her bank account details and gave the note to Sean.

“You’re Chanaean?” Sean could tell from the account number.

“Of course,” Francesca replied coolly. “We can begin once I receive the money, but you’ll have to follow my instructions. I’ll also need you to prepare a few things.”

“Do whatever she says,” Danrique ordered, receiving a nod from Sean.

“Also...” Francesca pointed at George. “I don’t want to see him again.”

“Uhhh...”