

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1769

### Chapter 1769 The Good Doctor

Francesca had finished showering by then. She wrapped herself up in a towel and exited just as the men were making the introductions.

She didn't hurry over when she heard that. Instead, she sat in front of the dressing table and checked her own injuries.

The cut on her face was healing nicely, but the scar remained. Since the bandage was too dirty to be used, she tossed it before she showered. I need to find something to conceal my face again.

“What are you doing?”

Just then, a voice sounded from behind her.

Francesca grabbed a towel to cover her face right away, terrified that Danrique might recognize her. “I-I just finished showering and am going to blow dry my hair now.”

“Pack up and follow me.”

Danrique had always been a man of few words.

“Okay, got it.”

Francesca grabbed a face mask from the drawer and put it on immediately. After that, she got up and walked over to Danrique.

“May I take a look at your injury, sir?”

The elderly doctor looked like a man in his seventies. With a full head of white hair and beard, he somewhat resembled a deity. His get-up also made him look like a wise wizard.

“What did he say? Can you translate for me?” asked Danrique to test Francesca deliberately.

“Oh, he asked if he could see your injury,” replied Francesca instinctively. As soon as she finished speaking, she frowned in confusion. “Don’t you know Chanaean?”

Danrique ignored her. Instead, he shot a look at Sean, who fished out a photo and gave it to the doctor.

The photo was of Danrique’s injury, and it was taken that morning.

The elderly doctor put on his glasses and examined the photo closely. It took him some time before he said, “Given the state of the injury, it looks like you have been poisoned. I’m not sure what kind of poison it is, though. I’ll have to examine the injury and collect some samples to run some tests.”

Francesca translated the message. Without waiting for Danrique to respond, she immediately replied, “There’s no need to run any tests. It’s snake venom mixed with live bacteria. How do you think we should treat the condition?”

“We can’t just rush in like that, young lady,” replied the elderly man slowly as he stroked his beard. “We have to be careful, so it’s best to run the tests first and be certain of everything before treating the condition.”

Getting more annoyed by the doctor's slow response, Francesca demanded, "And how will you go about treating his condition? Tell me every single step involved."

"Young lady, you're obviously clueless about medicine. How am I supposed to answer that without first seeing the test result?" replied the doctor in distaste.

"I..."

"Do you know how to perform acupuncture?" asked Danrique all of a sudden in Chanaean.

"Y-Yes," replied the doctor right away. "I have been a doctor for years, and acupuncture is like child's play to me."

"So, does that mean you know all about human acupuncture points?" asked Danrique.

"Of course. I know everything there is to know," replied the doctor as he nodded.

"Test him," ordered Danrique while pointing at the doctor. "He can stay if he proves he knows both."

"Understood," replied Sean. He hurried off to carry out his tasks.

Francesca was dumbstruck. Is this for real? Danrique is actually going to keep that doctor around? The doctor didn't even say anything useful, and everything he said earlier could easily be a lie.

"Please follow me along."

Sean led the doctor and his team away.

Back in the room, Danrique waved his hand to dismiss the rest of his subordinates.

“Hey, that guy definitely isn’t the renowned doctor, Francesco,” shared Francesca hurriedly, and in a worried tone. “He’s a fake, and they’re just trying to con you out of your money. Trust me, they—”

“I know,” said Danrique, cutting her words short. “I just need him to be well-versed in acupuncture.”

Francesca was confused. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“We’ll treat my condition using your method. You’ll be the command, and he’ll administer the treatment,” replied Danrique as he gazed at her coldly. “Got it?”

“Uh...”

Francesca finally understood what was going on. He doesn’t want me to touch him, so he got that other doctor over to administer the treatment.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1770

Chapter 1770 Arrogant

A sense of indignation welled up in Francesca at Danrique’s words.

She could feel the anger boiling within her. What is that supposed to mean? He makes me sound like a pervert! It's as though I would take advantage of him.

“W-What is the meaning of this?” demanded Francesca, furious.

“What do you think it means?” refuted Danrique. He glared over and pointed out, “Remember how you went all the way into the hot spring just to administer the treatment? You even...”

Danrique couldn't finish that sentence. He was furious when he recalled how she had stolen his first kiss.

“T-That was... I—”

“Enough,” said Danrique to cut her words short. “From now on, you will behave and treat my condition without trying anything funny.”

“What? How am I the one who didn't behave?” argued Francesca. “I told you to lean in closer, but you stayed there like a dummy. That's why I had no choice but to lean in to administer the treatment and why I accidentally slip—”

“And you somehow accidentally fell on me?” asked Danrique. He interrupted her once more and was cruel when he added, “Don't even think about seducing me. I will never be interested in a tomboy like you!”

“Excuse me? You're the one that's somehow masculine and feminine at the same time,” growled Francesca, who was on the verge of losing her temper.

“Shut up and leave,” demanded Danrique. He was too tired to continue arguing with her.

“You...”

“All right, come on then, Master Felch,” said Sean. He had hurried over to ease the tension. “Don’t be angry. Let’s stay calm and head out for now. I got you a private room.”

As he spoke, he gestured for two bodyguards to escort her out of the place.

Francesca was still fuming when she left, but she soon realized that there was nowhere she could go. After all, she had no idea who she was. Gah, I have nothing to do anyway, so I might as well just focus on treating his condition and earning that money. Come on, Francesca, you can do it. Just think of the money.

“Master Felch, this is your room. I’ve already sent someone to get you some clean clothes. Please rest here in the meantime. We’ll be heading back tomorrow.”

As Sean spoke, two maids showed up with said clean clothes.

“They will be responsible for taking care of you. Please feel free to ask them for anything.”

With that, Sean was going to leave when Francesca stopped him.

“Wait.”

“Hmm? What is it?” he asked, pausing and turning around to look at her.

“I want to head out later and might be back late. Is that okay?” asked Francesca.

“Of course it is. Do you need a car?” asked Sean while smiling.

“There’s no need for that. I can get a cab,” replied Francesca before she made her request directly. “Just don’t send anyone to follow me.”

“Uh, well...”

“Don’t worry, the pay is too good, so I won’t sneak away,” said Francesca, who knew exactly what Sean was thinking. “I’ll be back before the sun rises.”

“Okay,” replied Sean after he thought about it. He handed her a phone and said, “My number is saved in there, and you can call me whenever you want. Naturally, it’ll also allow me to contact you.”

“There isn’t any tracker in here, right?” asked Francesca as she examined the phone she just received.

“Uhm...”

Sean was dumbstruck by her question. Must she be that direct?

“I guess that’s a yes. Don’t bother playing tricks like that. There’s nothing you can do if I actually want to flee,” she said arrogantly before tossing the phone back to Sean.

After that, she returned to her room to change her clothes.

“My, my, she may be young, but she sure is arrogant.”

Gordon happened to be there, so he saw everything.

“What are you doing here? Aren’t you supposed to be at Casino Inferno?” asked Sean, frowning.

“I just got back,” answered Gordon in a soft voice. “They don’t know who our mysterious Master Felch is, either. Turns out, it was some human traffickers that sent her to the casino.

“They claimed they found her by the beach. She was already wounded then, and our guess is that her wounds are related to the yacht explosion from some time ago.”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1771

Chapter 1771 First Love

“Send some more men over,” ordered Sean softly. “Mr. Lindberg seems to care a lot about this girl.”

“Maybe it’s because he wants to get back at her for the kiss?” asked Gordon while smiling.

“That’s one of the reasons,” replied Sean. He shot a look at Francesca’s room before lowering his voice and saying, “My guess is that she is the person Mr. Lindberg has been looking for...”

“Wait, are you saying that she’s Mr. Lindberg’s aunt’s daughter?” asked Gordon as his eyes bulged in surprise.



“No, I think she’s the other one.”

“Ah, I see...”

Back in the room, Danrique leaned against the sofa lazily and rested his head on one hand. He had a pocket watch in his other hand, and in there was a photo of a young woman in her teens.

She was a little thin and had long, dark hair. Her innocent eyes shone brightly while a cheerful smile lit up her face.

That photo was from seven years ago. Danrique was in trouble at the time when he met her. To him, she was his angel and also his first love.

Back then, he was being chased by assassins and was gravely wounded. She was the one who rescued him.

Running from their assailants, they dashed into a photo booth to hide. She got curious and took the photo that had since been placed inside Danrique’s pocket watch.

Danrique had kept that pocket watch and that photo with him for seven years.

When he first met the woman at Casino Inferno, he thought she looked familiar, but he couldn’t quite put a finger on it.

He had been thinking about her for the past few days and realized that she might be the girl in the photo.

It had been seven years, so naturally, she had grown up and looked different. That being said, the woman's facial features and her bright eyes were rather similar to that of the girl in the photo.

Not to mention that arrogant and unrestrained style is a perfect match as well.

The only problem was that the woman had make-up on that day, so he couldn't be sure if she and the girl in the photo were one and the same.

Danrique hadn't just been searching for his Aunt Isabella's daughter all these years. He had been looking for the girl in the photo as well.

Problem was that he knew nothing about her, except that she was an expert in medicine. Since there was virtually no clue to go on, it was extremely difficult to locate her.

The silver lining was that he left her a token of his love. If the woman had that item with her, then it would prove that she and the girl are one and the same.

"Mr. Lindberg, I have some news to report," said Gordon after he knocked on the door.

"Come in," replied Danrique while putting his pocket watch away.

Gordon entered the room and had his head down as he made his report. "I've searched every inch of Casino Inferno, but the woman's identity cards are nowhere to be found. The employees there said they bought her from a bunch of human traffickers.

“When I found those human traffickers, they said they found her on the beach.

“She was already wounded at the time, and her wounds suggested that she might be connected to the yacht explosion from some time ago.”

“Figure out who owned that yacht. I want all the details,” said Danrique.

“We’ve already started working on that,” replied Gordon. “My men are looking for the place the woman went after she fled. We actually found the car she stole earlier, but the owner is scared witless and knows nothing.”

“Call the local police forces to gain access to the surveillance camera,” ordered Danrique immediately.

“I’ve already called them. It might take some time...”

“Then head over there in person. Right. This. Instant!” demanded Danrique as he frowned angrily.

“Understood,” replied Gordon. He ran out to work on the task right away. Getting in the elevator, he saw Francesca rushing over to get in as well.

“Hold the door!”

One of the subordinates pressed the button right away to wait for her.

“Dr. Felch, where are you going?”

Gordon didn't feel right calling her Master Felch, so he had been addressing her as Dr. Felch instead.

"I have some errands to run. What about you guys?" asked Francesca. She was wearing a baseball cap and a black mask. Coupled with the casual outfit she was dressed in, she looked just like a guy.

"We're heading out to run some errands as well," answered Gordon with a smile. "Should we prep a car for you?"

"No, but thank you for offering," replied Francesca politely.

The elevator door opened, and Francesca strode out of there. Behind her, Gordon lowered his voice and instructed, "I'll drop by the police station. You boys go back to Casino Inferno. See if we missed anything. Maybe you'll end up finding clues about the woman."

"Understood."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1772

Chapter 1772 Give It Up

Francesca frowned when she overheard that. D\*mn, they still haven't given up on searching for me, huh? I bet they'll feel really stupid if they ever find out that the woman they're looking for is right beside them. That being said... I can't believe how petty that guy is. All I did was use him a little to escape that stupid place. I didn't even hurt him. Must he keep chasing me like that? Urgh! What do I do now?

Francesca knew that if she went to Casino Inferno again and bumped into those men, they would most likely recognize her.

She thought long and hard before she hailed a cab to go to a crowded street where stalls were abundant. There, she bought a mini-skirt and put on a wig and some make-up. She slipped back to Casino Inferno after that.

She stashed her other outfit in a backpack so that it would be easier for her to change back into it.

The hot lady disguise she had on at the moment was completely different from the sexy woman she was a few days ago. It also differed from her usual self, so it was unlikely that the other men would recognize her.

The incident from that night didn't slow business down for Casino Inferno. It made business even better instead.

The night had just fallen, but the place was already packed.

The opening show for the night featured a blonde dancing beside a stripper pole. The men were so excited that they whistled at her and danced to the music.

Francesca snuck past the crowd and slipped backstage before making her way to the model's fitting room.

Beautiful ladies were changing their outfits and sharing juicy gossip at the time.

“Is it just me, or are there fewer auctions these days? It's all just dancing and performing.”

“Well, a few days ago, a girl from C Nation made a mess at the casino, so the owner no longer has the guts to sell random woman.”

“That makes sense. It’d be bad if another skilled fighter shows up and offends the VIPs here.”

“Exactly! That woman didn’t just piss the owner and the clients off. She also offended a mysterious guest. We’re lucky that the guy didn’t come after us for it. If he had, Casino Inferno would be closed down.”

“You know, that woman really is something else. I was witnessing everything from the side, and my heart almost jumped out of my chest from all the excitement.”

“She is powerful. I mean, she can fight, has good instincts, and is gutsy. My gosh, she’s my idol.”

“Hahaha, I look up to her too.”

Francesca listened to the others talking about her and was a little flattered to hear all that.

She was about to head over and ask them some questions when two burly bodyguards showed up with the owner. They were there to talk to the girls as well.

Francesca hid behind the closet right away and listened closely.

“She was already unconscious when we met her, and we never got to talk to her, so we don’t know much about her.”

“Who helped her change her clothes that day?”

“I did, but she wasn’t wearing anything unusual. She had a patient’s outfit on and didn’t have any accessories.”

“A patient’s outfit... So, she came directly from the hospital?”  
asked one of the bodyguards after hearing that.

“Yes,” replied the owner anxiously. “She didn’t have any papers on her when my men brought her over. That was why I felt safe auctioning her off. I never imagined that she would attack Mr. Lindberg...”

“Who brought her over from the hospital? And which hospital are we talking about here? Go get the guy over right now!”

“Yes, sir.”

The owner left with the bodyguards after that.

Francesca was going to leave when she overheard what the other two ladies whispered to one another.

“Oh, that girl is doomed. She pissed off a VIP, so she’ll probably be dead soon.”

“Why didn’t you tell them the truth earlier?”

“Huh?”

“I know you took something that belonged to that woman.”

“What are you talking about? When have I ever—”

“Stop pretending. I caught you stealing. Seriously, these are not the kind of people you can afford to mess with. Don’t risk your life for some petty gains. It’s not worth it, so just hand it over.”

“I...”

The lady with a head of red hair hesitated, so her friend continued by saying, “I know you need the money, but that item isn’t worth much anyway and can’t be sold. Worse still, others will find it once you sell it off. Aren’t you scared that you’ll die a terrible death?”