

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1797

Chapter 1797 It Must Be A Trap

“Come with me, Master Felch. Hurry!”

Kerrie anxiously dragged Francesca along.

“What? Hey! Wait...”

Francesca was immediately brought to the room next door.

At this very moment, Danrique was seated on the sofa with his back facing her, loosening the buttons on his shirt one by one.

Sean placed a bag of ice against his boss' forehead, and he called out to Francesca upon seeing her. “Dr. Felch! Come over. Mr. Lindberg's having another fever.”

Francesca walked over, knelt in front of Danrique, and began to examine his wound.

Danrique stopped unbuttoning his shirt and stared at her with creased brows.

The woman was dressed in nothing but a bathrobe, and her hair was still wet. Water droplets could be seen trailing down her neck.

The sight of it all seemed rather suggestive.

Danrique quickly averted his gaze. “Why aren't you wearing any clothes?” he demanded.

Francesca froze momentarily and wasn't sure how to respond. “Who says I'm not wearing any clothes? Am I not in a bathrobe?”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Lindberg. I was so frantic that I dragged Master Felch over like this,” Kerrie explained.

“Go back to your room and put some clothes – argh!”

Before Danrique could finish, Francesca ripped off the bandages covering his wound. The sudden pain caused him to yelp and stiffen.

“You!”

The man gritted his teeth. I’m going to kill her!

“I’m trying to treat you, not throw myself at you. Don’t get the wrong idea,” Francesca remarked bluntly without even looking up.

She kept her gaze on the man’s injury and redressed it.

Fury burned in Danrique’s eyes as his face reddened with anger.

Sean sighed internally as he watched the ordeal. Mr. Lindberg’s always been level-headed, but he seems to be losing his temper a lot recently. I’ll have to admit this woman really has some guts.

She manages to p*ss Mr. Lindberg off every day, but he hasn’t done anything to get rid of her yet.

The wound was quickly redressed, and Francesca stood up to touch Danrique’s forehead. “You do have a fever. Wipe your body with a hot towel, then go to sleep. I’ll get your medication.”

With that, she returned to her room.

Two maids quickly followed her.

Kerrie was about to give Danrique's body a wipe when the latter took the hot towel from her. "I'll do it myself. Get out."

"Yes, Sir." Kerrie meekly did as told.

Francesca was puzzled to see her leave the room. "Why aren't you tending to him?"

"He didn't let me," Kerrie answered in a hushed tone.

"Why not?"

The woman glanced at the room and lowered her voice even more. "Mr. Lindberg doesn't like girls touching him."

"Huh?" Francesca's eyes widened in surprise. "But it's always the maids tending to him back on the mountains."

"Yeah, but all six of them are women over fifty who've raised him since he was a child. The other maids aren't allowed to enter his room," Kerrie explained.

"Ugh..."

Francesca was taken aback. I never expected him to have such rules. It's no wonder he's always so wary of me.

What if he's actually...

Her lips twitching, Francesca hastily returned to her room to prepare Danrique's medication.

Meanwhile, in Danrique's own room, Sean handed his boss another towel and commented, "Mr. Lindberg, I think there really is something weird about Dr. Felch."

“You think so too?” Danrique looked up at him.

“It’s like she’s always deliberately getting on your nerves. Do you think she’s scheming something – like what we always see on TV?” Sean surmised. “You know, like how the girl keeps provoking the guy just to stir him up and make him remember her. Then, the guy eventually falls for her. This seems to be a legitimate effect, psychologically speaking.”

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Chapter 1798 A Secret That Cannot Be Told

Danrique fell into silence as he heard that. “It does seem that way,” he murmured, his brows creasing.

“Then...”

“That d*mned woman.”

The man clenched his teeth in rage, but his wound began to hurt just as he was about to say anything more.

“It’s fine as long as you’re aware of what she’s like. Don’t be fooled,” Sean remarked with concern. “You’ve never dated anyone before, after all, so it’s possible you might fall for her schemes.”

“Kick her out once I’ve recovered.” Danrique frowned. “Also, get Gordon to keep looking into Francesco’s whereabouts.”

“Yes, Sir,” Sean replied with a nod. “I’ll get some information from Robin since he’s been looking for the same person.”

“Okay,” Danrique answered before slumping into the sofa.

Just then, Robin knocked on the door and entered with a few attendants and a cart full of food.

“Good evening, Mr. Lindberg. It’s time for dinner,” said Robin politely. “His Highness has specifically hired a Chanaean chef to prepare you your favorite dishes.”

“Thank you.” Sean hastily welcomed them.

Not feeling much of an appetite, Danrique greeted Robin casually before heading into his bedroom to rest.

“Since Mr. Lindberg isn’t feeling well, I’ll take my leave now.”

Robin spoke to Sean briefly before getting ready to leave, with the latter escorting him.

Then, Francesca so happened to return with the concoction she had made, and her eyes met Robin’s.

After a quick glance, the woman thought nothing of their encounter. Robin, on the other hand, stared at her in shock and couldn’t keep cast his gaze away.

Francesca nodded at him before making her way around them and entering the room.

Just as Sean was about to follow her, Robin quickly grabbed hold of him. “Sean.”

“What is it?”

“Why does this doctor always have her mask on?” Robin couldn’t contain his curiosity. “I first thought she was a young man, but now that I’ve taken a closer look, it seems she’s a woman. What is her name?”

Sean laughed. “You just asked me so many questions at a time. Where should I begin? Anyway, why do you seem so interested in Mr. Lindberg’s personal doctor?”

“She looks a lot like someone I know...” Robin trailed off.

“Who?”

“Like...” Robin paused briefly. “Like the daughter of a distant relative.”

“Oh.”

“Don’t just stand there!” Robin pestered. “Answer my questions.”

“She got into a car accident and injured her face. I guess she’s wearing a mask because she doesn’t want anyone to see what her face looks like now. We don’t know her name either. She only refers to herself as Dr. Felch,” Sean answered briefly.

“Felch?” Robin’s gaze fell, as though he was pondering over something.

“Why? Is your relative’s last name Felch, too?”

“No.” Robin shook his head. “All right, I shan’t take up any more of your time. I have to return to His Highness.”

“Wait! There’s something I need to talk to you about, too.”

“What is it?”

As the two continued talking outside, Francesca noted the splendid meal before her. “Wow! These are all my favorites,” she exclaimed with twinkling eyes.

“If you want it, you can have it,” Danrique responded disdainfully. “Give me my medication.”

“You’ll have to eat something before drinking this. It’s not good to take your medication on an empty stomach.” Francesca placed the medication on the table. “It’s still boiling hot, so why don’t you eat first?”

Danrique was a little hungry, to begin with, so he sat at the dining table and prepared to eat.

Francesca reached for a bun, pulled her mask down, and was about to take a bite.

Suddenly, Danrique glanced up at her.

The woman swiftly turned away and shoved the entire bun in her mouth. She then her mask back in place and chewed on her food slowly.

“Why do you keep wearing a mask? Are you afraid of people seeing what you look like?”

Danrique gazed at her suspiciously. He had a feeling that this woman had a secret that could not be told.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1799

Chapter 1799 His Highness Wants To See You

“I hurt my face, and the scar hasn’t gone away. I don’t want to frighten you with my ugliness.”

Francesca then came up with a great excuse. “It’s all your fault. You crashed into me and ruined my face, but you didn’t compensate me very much.”

Upon hearing the woman bring up money matters again, Danrique immediately lost interest in the subject. He didn’t even want to know what she could be scheming.

I’m not going to bother looking into something like this – or someone like her.

Thus, he ate a little before turning his attention to the medication.

From the scent alone, he knew the concoction was bitter and frowned deeply while holding the bowl.

“Chug it down. Good luck!”

Despite not looking at him, Francesca knew he was hesitating.

She was currently swiping some of the food with her back facing him. While eating, she kept one hand hovered over her chin to be able to pull her mask up at any time.

Danrique took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Then, he downed the entire bowl of medication in one fell swoop.

The man nearly threw up after swallowing some of the liquid, but he subconsciously did what Francesca had done to him before – covering his own mouth and continuing to swallow every drop of the concoction.

When he was done, he wiped his mouth with a piece of tissue and scoured the whole area for some candy.

“Here!” Francesca handed him a piece of candy that had been unwrapped.

She already had her mask on by now.

Danrique shoved the candy into his mouth and lay in bed. “What are you still doing here?” he asked upon noticing that the woman didn’t seem to want to leave.

“I have to be on night watch. What if you become feverish again?” Francesca answered while rummaging through her medical kit.

“Sean!” Danrique called out, blatantly ignoring her.

“Oh!” Sean hurriedly walked in. “Yes, Mr. Lindberg?”

“You’re on night watch.”

“Of course, Sir.” Sean cast Francesca a glance before standing next to his boss.

The woman fell speechless. I was only thinking of using this chance to grab the necklace, but this man is way too alert!

No, he may not only be making sure I don’t steal anything.

He probably wants to make sure I don’t take advantage of him either.

The woman fumed at the thought of this, and she glared at the fellow lying in bed.

“Will Mr. Lindberg’s temperature spike again, Dr. Felch?” Sean asked softly.

“There’s no telling.” Knowing that she was unable to do anything tonight, Francesca got up to leave. “Watch over him. Call me if his temperature reaches a hundred and two degrees.”

“All right.” Sean shook his head in contempt as he watched her leave. She really was trying to hit on Mr. Lindberg! But she gave up just because I’m here.

Francesca returned to her room and was about to blow-dry her hair when a knock came on her door.

“Good evening, Dr. Felch. I’m here to serve you your dinner,” greeted Robin with a smile as the woman opened the door.

Behind him were two maids pushing a cart.

“Perfect timing! I haven’t had my fill.”

Francesca let them in without a second thought, and the maids placed all the dishes on the dining table.

Meanwhile, Robin sized her up. “Dr. Felch, I heard about your medical prowess and was wondering if you could perhaps conduct a diagnosis on His Highness.”

“His Highness?” Francesca was stunned. “You’re royalty? Which country?”

“His Highness is the prince of Danontand,” Robin answered with a complicated look in his eyes. “Do you know him?”

“How could I ever?” Francesca blurted. “What happened to him?”

“His Highness injured both his legs while horse-riding as a child. He remains in a wheelchair to this day.” Robin observed the woman’s reaction. “We once hired a well-known doctor from Zarain, and she had said it was possible to cure him.”

“Well, since that’s what she had said, you should ask her to do it,” Francesca responded and began to eat. “It’s not easy treating a long-term illness.”

“Could you help take a look at His Highness? We’ll pay you whatever amount you want,” Robin continued to probe.

“Really?” Francesca’s eyes lit up at the mention of payment. “Well, then, how about ten million as a deposit?”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1800

Chapter 1800 Francesca

“Already on it,” Robin remarked with a smile as he passed her a check with both his hands. “Your voice, tone, and manner of speaking – they all resemble the miracle doctor so much.”

“Really? What’s her name?”

Francesca couldn’t help but grin as she saw the check.

Then, she folded it and kept it away gently, not forgetting to give her pocket a little pat as though worried she would lose the slip of paper.

“It’s Francesco from Zarain,” Robin answered while gazing deeply into her eyes.

The woman was visibly surprised to hear that. “But isn’t Francesco an old dude?”

“Uhh...”

Robin was too stunned to speak for a moment.

“How do I resemble him at all?” asked Francesca as she continued to eat.

“In any case, could you please come and have a look at His Highness when you’ve finished your dinner?”

Refusing to give up, Robin walked over in an attempt to glance at her face.

“Of course. I’ve accepted your payment, after all.” The woman put her mask back on immediately. “Give me a moment. I’ll head out after getting dressed.”

“Certainly. I’ll be waiting for you outside.” Robin bowed.

“Do you need any assistance getting dressed, Dr. Felch?” the two maids asked politely.

“There’s no need for that. I’ll do it myself. I might take half an hour, though. I need to dry my hair.”

“That’s not a problem. Please take your time.”

The maids lowered their heads before leaving.

Francesca found the whole situation rather odd. Why are they so courteous with me? Aren’t they royalty?

And it seemed like the butler kept trying to look at my face.

Logically speaking, I'm just a regular doctor, and Robin looks like he's on a completely different level of authority. Even Sean talks to him politely. Why is he being so polite with me, then?

He's the complete opposite of my patient.

Maybe the prince is so ill that they desperately need my help.

Nothing thinking much else, Francesca ate a little more and began to blow dry her hair.

Suddenly, the pain in the back of her head returned, and it felt as though she was being struck hard with a hammer.

The woman hurriedly ate a painkiller, changed into her clothes, and exited her room with a medical bag.

"This way, Dr. Felch."

Robin gestured at Francesca as soon as he saw her.

Before leaving, Francesca spoke to Kerrie about her temporary absence. "Could you let Sean know? I'll be back real soon."

"Sure."

Kerrie then reported to Sean right away.

"I understand. You may leave."

That was all Sean had said, although there was now a strange look in his eyes.

Prior to this, he had tried to obtain information on Francesco from Robin, but the latter would constantly evade the subject and provide little to no indicators. Instead, he wouldn't stop asking about Master Felch.

This is strange.

I'd understand if he doesn't want to talk about other things, but aren't Mr. Lindberg and William close pals who've worked together for many years? Why is Robin being so secretive about a mere doctor?

And why does he seem so interested in Master Felch?

Danrique fell asleep shortly after taking his medication.

Sean checked his temperature and was relieved to see that his boss' condition had stabilized.

Robin and Master Felch should be on their way to see Prince William now. But judging from Master Felch's half-baked medical skills, how would she ever be able to cure the prince's legs?

They're about to be disappointed.

"Dr. Felch has arrived, Your Highness," reported Robin while standing outside the study.

"Come in."

William's voice sounded especially crisp and melodious.

Robin led Francesca into the room, and a sense of familiarity instantly hit the woman as her eyes fell on the man in the wheelchair.

"Francesca?"

William called out her name in astonishment.

Francesca froze briefly and stared at him.

This name... It sounds so familiar and loving.

“Is it really you, Francesca?” The man wheeled himself over and took her by the hand excitedly. “They all said you died in the cruise explosion, so I came all the way here from Danontand just to find you...”