

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.

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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!"

"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."

