

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.

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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..."