

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1765

Chapter 1765 Throw Her Out

While in a half-conscious state, Francesca felt someone removing the bandages on her face, causing her to jolt awake and grab onto the unknown person's hand. "What are you doing?"

The female doctor jumped in fright before explaining, "I just wanted to check for injuries on your face."

"There's no need for that."

Francesca didn't want anyone to see her face and risk having her identity exposed.

"All right, then." The doctor didn't insist. "I heard you're a doctor too, and a really good one at that."

Francesca remained silent and sat herself up on the bed.

Ever since she was young, there was nothing she feared—except for water.

She felt terrible after falling into the hot spring and swallowing so much of that herbal concoction.

"The injury on the back of your head is a little problematic. You should take care of that as soon as possible, or things could get real bad," the doctor reminded. "You can't perform the surgery on yourself no matter how skilled you are. So you'll have to let someone else do it."

"Huh?" Francesca turned to her. "Are you saying you can do it?"

"I had a look at your X-ray." The doctor took out an X-ray film and pointed at the visible metal piece. "It's already pressing against a nerve. There's definitely going to be some risk."

"How confident are you?" Francesca gazed at her.

"Fifty percent."

Francesca rolled her eyes.

"Master Felch, this is Dr. Helen Wright, M Nation's best neurologist," the nurse hurriedly chimed in. "She just so happened to be in Summerbank for a trip, and Mr. Lowe went out of his way to bring her over so she could take a look at you."

"Mr. Lowe only told me that you nearly drowned, but after examining you thoroughly, I noticed a few other issues. That's why I'm kindly reminding you to get treated as quickly as you can, or the consequences will be unimaginable."

Helen gave a stern reminder before walking away with her medical kit.

When she arrived at the door, she turned to Francesca once again. "Oh, by the way, are you acquainted with the miracle doctor Francesco?"

"No. Why?"

"I was just curious." Helen gazed at her suspiciously. "I have zero confidence in treating Mr. Lindberg, but he says that you do."

"Why, of course." Francesca raised her chin proudly.

"Well, I'm looking forward to it then."

Helen stared at her intently before turning to leave.

Sean was already waiting outside. "How is she?"

"Nothing serious from the little hot spring incident, but the metal chip in the back of her head has begun pressing on one of her nerves. She'll have to treat it before things get worse. Also, from the quick conversation we just had, I can't really tell how skillful she is as a doctor. But..."

Helen paused for a moment before continuing, "She looks really young. She's probably not even twenty, is she? How capable could someone her age be? As far as I know, traditional medicine requires years of extensive practice and experience. Her age doesn't quite make sense in this case."

"Okay. I understand."

Sean's brows creased. Looks like she really is a con artist.

Helen nodded politely before hurrying away.

Back in the room, Francesca clutched at her chest, unable to resist the nauseous sensation she was feeling. "Just how much bathwater did I drink last night? I still feel like throwing up."

"Pfft!" The nurse couldn't stifle her laugh. "Why are you calling it bathwater? Isn't it a herbal concoction that you told them to prepare?"

"Well, he soaked his entire body in there, including his bum. How can I not call it bathwater?"

At the thought of that, Francesca dashed into the bathroom and began to retch over the toilet.

"Are you okay, Master Felch?"

The nurse followed her and patted her on the back.

At the same time, Sean headed to the study room to report to Danrique everything he had just been told.

Danrique kept his gaze low as he sipped on his tea.

After a long while, he finally spoke. "Throw her out!"

"Umm...." Sean froze momentarily. "Then, what about the poison?"

"I'll take care of it myself."