

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.