

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1761

Chapter 1761 Master Felch

George's face turned pale in anger, but just as he was about to speak, Danrique gave a signal, indicating Sean to drag the doctor away.

"Wait! Listen to me, Mr. Lindberg..."

George tried to explain himself but to no avail, and his voice quickly faded from earshot.

"Are you happy now?" Danrique gazed at Francesca.

"Very," the woman responded with a smile. "By the way, the treatment's going to cost you a hundred million. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"Not at all," Danrique answered readily. "But if I'm not better in half a month, I'm going to take your life."

He sounded calm, but there was something chilling about his voice.

"A hundred million or my life?" Not only was Francesca not afraid, but she even beamed smugly. "I guess my life's worth that much, huh?"

Danrique merely stared at her while remaining silent.

This was the first time a woman didn't fear him one bit.

Or rather, the second.

The first woman was the one who had used a knife against him back at Casino Inferno.

Interesting.

“Just to be safe, give me my one-hundred-million check first. It’s not like I can run away while I’m here, anyway.”

Having already lost his patience, Danrique frowned as he emanated a frosty aura.

“Leave it to me.” Sean quickly stepped forward. “Let’s talk outside. By the way, what’s your name?”

“I’m…” Francesca pondered for a moment. “I’m Master Felch.”

“Huh?” Sean thought he had misheard. “How do you spell that?”

“F-E-L-C-H.”

The man was speechless.

Still, he handed Francesca the check before returning to the study room.

He then served Danrique some tea as the latter went through some documents. “Can we really trust her, Mr. Lindberg?”

“For her to be able to manage my injury in such a short time and with such limited resources, she has to be skilled. On top of that, she’s not even afraid of Sam.”

Danrique had been observing Francesca the whole time. The nurse he had placed beside her would report the woman’s every move.

I thought she was just slightly capable, but from the way she played with Sam, she’s definitely not an average Joe.

“That’s a surprise.” Sean was visibly stunned too. “Sam’s been bathed in toxins all its life and is covered in poison. Even we wouldn’t dare go near it.”

“Watch her closely,” Danrique instructed.

“Yes, sir.”

Sean prepared the medicinal ingredients as requested by Francesca.

"These won't do," the woman remarked with a frown. "They're all crude herbs that have been filtered. They won't be effective."

"I'll keep looking—"

"It's fine," Francesca decided. "These herbal concoctions are hard to come by in the first place, let alone high-grade ones. You also didn't manage to prepare everything on the list I gave you. Just one missing ingredient makes a world of difference."

"What should I do, then?" Sean asked in a panic.

"It'd be best if we could go to Chanaea. That's the only place we can get high-quality herbs."

"But we can't leave yet. Mr. Lindberg still has some matters to take care of," Sean replied helplessly. "How about I get someone to send the herbs over from Chanaea?"

"That could work if you manage to get the quality I'm looking for, but time is of the essence." Francesca glanced at the calendar. "The longer we wait, his condition will become worse. Also, his wound is near his kidneys. So, I won't be responsible if anything happens to his manly functions."

"Uhh..."

A pale-faced Sean quickly reported to Danrique, who grew just as worried.

"Get someone to send the herbs over right away."

"Yes, sir!"

In just a few days, Francesca went from being just an injured woman to Danrique's personal doctor.

Now, everyone would greet her no matter where she went. "Good day, Master Felch!"