

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1762

Chapter 1762 Shameless

After hearing people call her that so often, Francesca suddenly realized something. I think I'm starting to realize who I am.

When the doctor, George Henderson, had mentioned Francesco and surmised that his mentor might have already died, the woman was filled with rage and silently cursed at George.

Then, when Sean asked for her name, she hastily called herself Master Felch.

It seemed like she subconsciously knew that her last name was Felch and that she had some sort of connection with the person known as Francesco.

Who could Francesco be? Are we related?

At the thought of this, Francesca grew excited.

One day, she so happened to overhear Sean instructing some underlings to look for Francesco. "Try searching for him in Chanaea," she suggested. "Given how skilled Francesco is in traditional medicine, he has to be Chanaean."

"That's what I thought too. We've already sent our men to look over there." Sean nodded. "Don't worry. Even if we manage to find Francesco, you'll still get to keep your money."

"Glad to hear that."

Francesca grinned. If they manage to find Francesco, I'll be able to figure out who I am.

Then, I can go home.

The herbal concoctions Sean had ordered arrived three days later.

Francesca instructed him to boil the ingredients for four hours before pouring everything into a bathtub for Danrique to soak himself in. She would then go over and perform acupuncture on the latter.

Sean immediately did as told.

Meanwhile, Francesca prepared her tools, brought out her new medical kit, and sterilized the acupuncture needles.

Sean personally came over when he was done preparing. "Everything's ready, Master Felch."

"Okay. Let's go."

Francesca had thought that Danrique would be soaking in the bathtub in his own room.

However, she was led to a hot spring by the garden instead, and she couldn't help but freeze at the sight before her.

Steam rose above the hot spring filled with the herbal concoction, with magnolias all around.

Meanwhile, Danrique sat inside the hot spring with his eyes closed. His bare body appeared a little slender, but he still had very toned muscles and even an alluring six-pack.

The moonlight shone down on his tanned skin, making him look like an absolute masterpiece. Beads of sweat dripped down his gorgeous face and into the pool of herbal concoction.

It was a dreamy, picturesque, and romantic sight to behold.

The view was stunning, and so was the man.

There was no denying that Danrique had a charming face—even more so than some women out there. Moreover, the way he sat there quietly made him look especially captivating.

Feeling her heart race, Francesca inadvertently kept her gaze on the man's body and gulped.

Stop! Don't stare at him like that! You're a woman of honor, not a shameless lecher!

"Master Felch? Master Felch!"

Francesca finally snapped back to reality after hearing Sean call out to her several times. She then hurriedly retracted her gaze and coughed in an attempt to ease the awkwardness.

"Can you begin now?"

Sean couldn't help but worry when he noticed the strange look in her eyes. She's not actually a con artist, is she?

"Yes," Francesca answered before opening up her medical kit and taking out the acupuncture needles. Then, she walked toward Danrique and stopped right behind him.

"Try anything funny and you're dead."

Danrique's low and airy voice sounded extraordinarily enticing on this still night.

Not only did Francesca remain as calm as ever, but she even added shamelessly, "Don't worry. I couldn't bear to kill you even if I wanted to."

"Hmm?" Danrique's eyebrows furrowed.

"What I mean is, you're my cash cow! How could I bear to kill you?" the woman explained frantically.

Danrique stopped responding. Having had zero experience with women, he naturally didn't think much of her words.

"I'm going to start now. Relax. It won't hurt."

Francesca began the treatment, and before long, Danrique's head and shoulders were filled with needles.

“Now, turn this way. I have to stick one into your waist,” she instructed while grabbing another needle.