

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1787

### Chapter 1787 Worsening Condition

After returning to the Lindberg family castle, Francesca prepared the herbal concoction and had the medical staff brew it in preparation for Danrique's treatment later that night.

She then took a hot shower in her room, blew her hair dry, and treated her wounds before taking a nap.

Francesca never seemed to have issues with eating and sleeping, regardless of what she had been through.

I'll have to get that black and gold necklace back...

She thought to herself as she slowly drifted off to sleep.

Francesca was jolted awake later on by the sound of thunder outside her window.

After rubbing her eyes sleepily, she turned over to the other side and was about to carry on sleeping when someone knocked on the door. "Are you awake, Dr. Felch?"

"Nope!" Francesca mumbled in response.

She clearly just responded to me, and yet she says she isn't awake?

The maid snickered in amusement at the thought of that. She then knocked on the door again as she said, "Mr. Lindberg has returned. Sean asks you to prepare for his treatment, so please—"

"Got it."

Francesca reluctantly climbed out of bed and changed her clothes before dragging herself out of the room.

"It was raining heavily, so Mr. Lindberg will be taking the herbal bath in his room tonight," Sean explained.

"Whatever, just fetch me my medical kit and silver needles," Francesca mumbled while yawning.

"Everything has already been prepared for you. Mr. Lindberg is inside his room at the moment. We should head over now."

"Let's go."

Francesca then followed Sean into Danrique's room.

The room was incredibly spacious and required them to go through a study room before arriving at his bed.

On the side, she could see a cabinet used for storing his wine and liquor.

His huge, white bed looked spotless and neat. The only items he had on his nightstand were an alarm clock and an old book.

The tidiness and cleanliness of the room reflected his simplicity and discipline, which matched his personality very well.

"Mr. Lindberg is in the bathroom. Please wait a moment."

Sean then made his way toward the bathroom door and knocked on the door as he said, "Mr. Lindberg? Dr. Felch is here to see you."

After getting a response from Danrique, Sean cautiously opened the door and motioned at Francesca to go in. "After you, Dr. Felch!"

"I thought I was supposed to just instruct the doctor in acupuncture? Where is he?" Francesca asked curiously.

"The doctor ran away in fear after the chaos last night, so you'll have to treat Mr. Lindberg in the meantime. We'll have him continue the treatment after we bring him back here," Sean explained softly.

"All right... I guess it can't be helped, then..." Francesca mumbled reluctantly as she made her way into the bathroom.

Danrique had his eyes closed as he lay in the huge, round bathtub. He was naked from the waist up and only had a towel wrapped around his waist.

The steam inside the bathroom made his amazing figure look even sexier than usual. He had an exhausted look on his handsome face, and the frown between his brows suggested that he was in deep thought.

"Dr. Felch is here, Mr. Lindberg."

Sean frowned when he noticed how Francesca was staring at Danrique.

Looks like I was right about her lusting over Mr. Lindberg's body! She sure has some guts...

"Okay." Danrique slowly opened his eyes and shifted his gaze toward Francesca as he continued, "Are you done staring?"

"I need to get a good look to assess your condition, okay? Now, sit up straight so I can examine the wound on your waist!" Francesca retorted.

Danrique frowned in displeasure and reluctance, but did as told anyway.

Francesca leaned in to have a closer look and furrowed her brows when she saw the state of his wound. "It's starting to fester. We'll have to operate on it."

Sean grew anxious when he heard that. "What? But you said some bandages and acupuncture would suffice!"

Do you not see how badly it is festering now? The wound was about the size of an egg before, but now it's as huge as a palm! If we don't do something about this, the pus will enter the body and affect the internal organs... No, that might have already started happening!"

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## chapter 1788

Chapter 1788 Prevent From Taking Advantage

“What should we do?” Sean asked worriedly.

“Fetch me the blade!” Francesca urged.

“I...”

“Here, you can use this.” Danrique handed her his crescent-shaped dagger as he continued, “Don’t worry. Just do whatever it is you need to do.”

He was so casual about it even though it was him who would be operated upon.

Francesca got to her feet. “I’ll go prepare the anesthesia.”

“No need for that. Just get it over with as quickly as possible!” Danrique was getting a little impatient.

“It’s going to be very painful. I will have to cut off all the necrotic tissue in the area—”

“Shut up! Just do as I said!” Danrique shouted while closing his eyes.

“Very well. You asked for it.”

Francesca then sat down beside the bathtub and began carving the necrotic flesh off Danrique’s wound while Sean watched on in horror.

Upon stealing a glance at Danrique, Francesca noticed that he was only frowning slightly and didn’t seem to be in pain at all.

The blood flowing out of the wound slowly dripped into the bathtub and stained the herbal concoction dark red.

On top of that, the bathroom was also filled with the scent of the herbal concoction and the stench of blood.

Because Francesca was very decisive with her cuts, it didn't take her long to remove all of the necrotic tissue. "All right, I'll go wait outside. Put your pants back on and come on out. I'll treat your wound for you."

She then washed her hands and left the bathroom.

"Mr. Lindberg! Are you okay? Does it hurt?" Sean quickly closed the door and helped Danrique up.

"I'm fine," Danrique replied calmly while climbing out of the bathtub.

After wiping the herbal concoction off his body, he put on his pants and walked out of the bathroom.

As the wound was still bleeding, his white pants were soon stained red.

"Here, sit down!" Francesca ordered as she continued preparing the bandages and medication.

Danrique sat down on the sofa and began wiping his hair with the towel.

Sean came over and handed him a glass of water, but he refused it and said, "I want vodka on the rocks!"

"But..."

"Let him have it. This next step is going to hurt a lot, so the booze will help numb some of the pain," Francesca said while disinfecting a silver needle.

"Dr. Felch, should we give him some painkillers or something?" Sean asked anxiously as he poured Danrique a glass of vodka.

Francesca glanced at Danrique. "Do you want any?"

"That won't be necessary," Danrique replied while sipping on the vodka.

"I sure hope you're as tough as you sound. What you felt earlier in the bathroom was just the tip of the iceberg. The real agonizing pain begins when I apply the medication later. You'd better prepare yourself for it!" Francesca said with a smile.

Danrique glared at her in annoyance. "You talk too much, you know that?"

Francesca simply arched an eyebrow at him as she grabbed her medical kit and knelt down in front of him.

"I'm going to apply the medication now, so brace yourself."

"Stop talking so much... Mmph..."

Danrique was halfway through his sentence when he groaned in pain and started trembling all over.

D\*mn, she's right! The pain I felt earlier is nothing compared to this! It feels like someone is drilling at my heart with an electric drill!

Danrique thought to himself with his fists tightly clenched.

He was in so much pain that his entire body tensed up, his veins bulged from his forehead, and his eyes became bloodshot.

"Mr. Lindberg! Be gentle, Dr. Felch!" Sean was starting to panic.

"I can't."

Francesca had gotten so used to life and death that she was completely unfazed.

She quickly finished applying the medication and began bandaging Danrique's wound.

Due to the large size of the wound, Francesca had no choice but to kneel in front of him and loop the bandage around his waist.

Not used to having a woman get so close to him, Danrique frowned deeply and remained as still as a statue.

Despite the excruciating pain he was experiencing, he kept his gaze fixated on her to make sure she didn't take advantage of him.