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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1794

Chapter 1794 Head Out

"But Mr. Lindberg, you've had a fever all night, and you look really pale right now. How about we take care of this another time?"

"He's right, Sir. You should get some rest for now – "

"Silence!"

Francesca heard Danrique chiding Sean and Gordon as soon as she entered.

The maids and nurses stood nearby with their heads low, not daring to utter a word.

"Help me get dressed," ordered Danrique as he attempted to leave his bed.

The nurses quickly helped him down while the maids brought his clothes over.

Sean and Gordon were extremely worried, but none of them dared defy him.

"Where are you going?" Only Francesca had the courage to speak, and she did it boldly. "You just had surgery and suffered a fever last night, and now you're heading out? I can't guarantee you won't get an infection from your wound."

Danrique turned to her with a darkened gaze. "What makes you think you can talk to me like that?" he asked frostily.

"I know you're a somebody. But I'm a doctor, and I treat all patients equally!" Francesca refuted with her head held high.

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Danrique glared at her questioning, his brows furrowing. You're saying I'm no different from all your other patients?

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Feeling oppressed, Francesca looked away. "It's true that you're taking a huge risk by going out in this state. Is there really anything more important than your own life?"

Ignoring her, Danrique turned around and lifted his arms so the nurses could help him get dressed. "Take her with us. Don't forget the medical kit," he ordered Sean.

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg." Sean nodded immediately before turning to Francesca. "You should go get ready, Dr. Felch."

Francesca was at loss for words. She knew she wasn't going to have it easy, considering he was paying her a hundred million.

They left without even having lunch.

Taking various factors into consideration – such as her patient possibly having another fever or other injuries – Francesca brought along a bunch of medication and tools, as well as her pouch of needles.

This time, they used a Rolls-Royce limousine to cater to Danrique's injury.

Sean, Francesca, and Kerrie sat inside the vehicle with Danrique.

Despite how grave his injury was, Danrique looked rather well as he leaned against the sofa to read a document.

Meanwhile, Francesca began to doze off.

Sean couldn't resist poking fun at her. "Dr. Felch, is it me, or are you always falling asleep whenever you're not working?"

"It's important to rest..." Feeling uncomfortable while remaining seated upright, the woman lay herself down as she spoke in a daze. "I'm going to take a nap. Don't talk to me unless it's urgent."

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With that, she quickly fell into a slumber and even began to snore a little.

Sean couldn't help but chuckle. "What a simple lady. There's no way I'd believe she's actually up to something – unless she's that good at acting."

Danrique merely glanced at her before continuing to read his document.

Soon, a wave of pain took over him, causing him to break out in a cold sweat.

Sean immediately noticed that. "What's wrong, Mr. Lindberg? Dr. Felch! Wake up!"

Francesca jolted up in annoyance. "What is it now?"

"Mr. Lindberg's not well. Come take a look at him."

"Well, that's no surprise. Look at how serious that injury is."

After checking on Danrique, Francesca snatched his document away. "Stop looking at these. You need to rest."

"How dare you!" Danrique frowned.

"There's no use glaring at me like that. You have to lie down now, or you'll get another fever."

While speaking, the woman took a bottle of herbal concoction that she had long prepared out of the medical kit. "Drink this."