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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1799

Chapter 1799 His Highness Wants To See You

"I hurt my face, and the scar hasn't gone away. I don't want to frighten you with my ugliness."

Francesca then came up with a great excuse. "It's all your fault. You crashed into me and ruined my face, but you didn't compensate me very much."

Upon hearing the woman bring up money matters again, Danrique immediately lost interest in the subject. He didn't even want to know what she could be scheming.

I'm not going to bother looking into something like this – or someone like her.

Thus, he ate a little before turning his attention to the medication.

From the scent alone, he knew the concoction was bitter and frowned deeply while holding the bowl.

"Chug it down. Good luck!"

Despite not looking at him, Francesca knew he was hesitating.

She was currently swiping some of the food with her back facing him. While eating, she kept one hand hovered over her chin to be able to pull her mask up at any time.

Danrique took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Then, he downed the entire bowl of medication in one fell swoop.

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The man nearly threw up after swallowing some of the liquid, but he subconsciously did what Francesca had done to him before – covering his own mouth and continuing to swallow every drop of the concoction.

When he was done, he wiped his mouth with a piece of tissue and scoured the whole area for some candy.

“Here!” Francesca handed him a piece of candy that had been unwrapped.

She already had her mask on by now.

Danrique shoved the candy into his mouth and lay in bed. “What are you still doing here?” he asked upon noticing that the woman didn’t seem to want to leave.

“I have to be on night watch. What if you become feverish again?” Francesca answered while rummaging through her medical kit.

“Sean!” Danrique called out, blatantly ignoring her.

“Oh!” Sean hurriedly walked in. “Yes, Mr. Lindberg?”

“You’re on night watch.”

“Of course, Sir.” Sean cast Francesca a glance before standing next to his boss.

The woman fell speechless. I was only thinking of using this chance to grab the necklace, but this man is way too alert!

No, he may not only be making sure I don’t steal anything.

He probably wants to make sure I don’t take advantage of him either.

The woman fumed at the thought of this, and she glared at the fellow lying in bed.

“Will Mr. Lindberg’s temperature spike again, Dr. Felch?” Sean asked softly.

“There’s no telling.” Knowing that she was unable to do anything tonight, Francesca got up to leave. “Watch over him. Call me if his temperature reaches a hundred and two degrees.”

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"All right." Sean shook his head in contempt as he watched her leave. She really was trying to hit on Mr. Lindberg! But she gave up just because I'm here.

Francesca returned to her room and was about to blow-dry her hair when a knock came on her door.

"Good evening, Dr. Felch. I'm here to serve you your dinner," greeted Robin with a smile as the woman opened the door.

Behind him were two maids pushing a cart.

"Perfect timing! I haven't had my fill."

Francesca let them in without a second thought, and the maids placed all the dishes on the dining table.

Meanwhile, Robin sized her up. "Dr. Felch, I heard about your medical prowess and was wondering if you could perhaps conduct a diagnosis on His Highness."

"His Highness?" Francesca was stunned. "You're royalty? Which country?"

"His Highness is the prince of Danontand," Robin answered with a complicated look in his eyes. "Do you know him?"

"How could I ever?" Francesca blurted. "What happened to him?"

"His Highness injured both his legs while horse-riding as a child. He remains in a wheelchair to this day." Robin observed the woman's reaction. "We once hired a well-known doctor from Zarain, and she had said it was possible to cure him."

"Well, since that's what she had said, you should ask her to do it," Francesca responded and began to eat. "It's not easy treating a long-term illness."

"Could you help take a look at His Highness? We'll pay you whatever amount you want," Robin continued to probe.

"Really?" Francesca's eyes lit up at the mention of payment. "Well, then, how about ten million as a deposit?"

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