

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2004

### Chapter 2004 Lab Rat

The car drove slowly in the direction of the airport. Ever since meeting Danrique, the dog, Cece, quiet down, lying meekly on the back seat without moving, but its tail wagging all the time.

“Have some hot tea, Dr. Felch.” Sam handed the thermos of brewed tea to Dr. Felch. “You seem to have something on your mind?”

The old man let out a deep sigh. “In the past, I always wanted to keep her on the mountain, thinking that was the best protection for her. Yet now, I discovered that everyone has their own destiny, and everything has been pre-arranged...”

“Huh?” Sam scratched his head as a sign that he did not understand. “That guy is not bad!”

Dr. Felch mumbled to himself again. He looked at the clear sky outside the window as a smile appeared on his face, carrying the warmth of an old father.

Francesca was still unconscious when Danrique returned to the hospital. Helen told him that someone with that kind of head injury would be unconscious for a long time, so he needed to wait patiently.

However, before she woke up, it was best to remain in the hospital to prevent any emergencies and complications due to untimely treatment. Hence, Danrique told someone to set up a small bed in the ward and bring his clothes over.

For the next three days, he stayed with Francesca in the hospital. Despite not knowing how to take care of others, he stayed in the ward every day and never left. He merely wiped her face with a hot towel at most and didn't dare to do the same for her body as he would get all nervous and blush.

That night, Danrique sat on the sofa chair next to the hospital bed, reading emails on his tablet and handling official business while Sean and Heidi waited by the door.

Sean brought him a desk lamp. “The light is too dark and is bad for your eyes, Mr. Lindberg. It’s better to use the lamp.”

Danrique could have just switched on the lights. However, he felt that it would disturb Francesca, as she could not sleep with the lights on. Otherwise, she would not sleep well.

For that reason, he only left the emergency lights on and worked in the dark.

Sean could not bear to see that, so he brought the lamp over.

“Take it away!”

Danrique frowned.

“This lamplight isn’t strong, and the tone is warm, so it won’t hurt Ms. Felch’s eyes,” Sean replied softly.

“I said take it away.” Danrique sounded displeased.

“Understood.” Sean did not dare to comment further and hurriedly took the desk lamp away.

Danrique put down his tablet and rubbed his tired eyes before turning to look at Francesca, who was lying on the hospital bed. He gently held her hand and said softly, “How can you sleep so much? It’s been three days, and you still haven’t woken up...”

However, Francesca was completely still and seemed to still be in a deep sleep.

Danrique leaned forward and kissed her forehead. While gently stroking the hair on her forehead and looking at her delicate and beautiful face, he recalled many past events.

As the thoughts flowed in his mind, he rested his head beside her and drifted off to sleep.

Sean draped a jacket over Danrique before leaving quietly with Heidi.

The room plunged into silence. Under the dim light in the room, Francesca moved slightly, as though she was struggling...

It was as if there was a dark force that intended to drag her to the abyss of hell, but at that moment, a pair of slim and slender hands grabbed her hand in time, pulling her into the light.

After a long time, she woke up with a jolt and was touched when she saw the familiar figure next to her.

It's him, Danrique! The hand that pulled me out of the abyss and saved me from misery in the dream was his!

Even in his sleep, he still held her hand tightly. The temperature from his palm carried a kind of beautiful warmth. She looked at him quietly, recalling many past events.

"It was you who saved me?"

"That's right. I'm your savior!"

"Thank you!"

"Don't mention it! But you must be grateful to me!"

In actuality, she had just acquired some medical knowledge back then and had nowhere to put it to use. Since she happened to find an injured person, she could just experiment on him.

Master doesn't allow me to treat extremely complex and serious medical conditions. Meanwhile, this person happens to be badly injured and looks like he's about to die...

What a great lab rat!

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2005

### Chapter 2005 Little Tricks

For the next half month, Francesca experimented with various treatments on Danrique, such as acupuncture, applying poultices, and feeding him her self-created medicine.

Although her wound-dressing was messy and rough, and she hurt him each time she applied the medication, he gritted his teeth and did not say a word.

There were even two occasions when he passed out from the pain.

She was so frightened that she scrambled to perform acupuncture on him to wake him up. Despite turning pale from the pain and sweating profusely, he still said to her gratefully, “You saved me again. Thank you!”

“You’re most welcome...”

Francesca was wondering how to conjure up an excuse to explain the situation, but he did not think much about it at all and even thanked her.

She instantly breathed a sigh of relief and continued to torment him without getting distracted.

He was truly obedient and took whatever medicine I gave him. No matter how bitter they were, he didn’t even frown. After each dose, he would thank me with a very pleasant voice. He was the perfect lab rat!

To let him stay longer, Francesca even stole her master’s clothes for him to wear and brought him delicious food from her master...

All she wanted was for him to remain there so that she could keep using him as a lab rat.

After all, I still have many medical questions that I haven't turned into practice. For example, if a person were stabbed forty-nine times, but every one of them avoided any vital organs, would that person die? There's also my new research on cosmetology. After soaking for ninety-one days, would a woman become shapely? Umm, although it's a bit cruel to use him for this experiment, what choice do I have? He's my only lab rat...

At that time, the fourteen-year-old Francesca's head was full of little tricks.

However, in the eyes of Danrique, they were all filled with warmth and care, for he never had such close contact with a female, and no one had ever taken care of him and saved him with such sincerity except Isabella.

Coupled with the first awakening of love among youths, Danrique began to develop a different kind of feeling for Francesca.

Of course, the budding period of his love was a little late.

On the other hand, although Francesca was innocent and ignorant, it was also her first time having such intimate contact with the opposite sex. On top of that, she found her lab rat extremely good-looking, so, she also liked to interact with him.

Previously, due to memory loss, Francesca had forgotten these details, but after the surgery, she remembered everything.

She suddenly felt that she seemed a little cruel, as she completely took Danrique as a test product, materializing the curiosity and excitement she had about medicine for the first time onto him regardless of whether he was in pain or not.

Of course, in line with the mission of saving lives and helping the wounded, she also treated him with good intentions. Otherwise, he would not have recovered so quickly.

It's just that the process was a little rough, that's all.

The innocent Danrique, on the other hand, regarded her as the pure and unsullied love of his life, remembering everything she had said. He could not forget her throughout those seven years and kept sending people to look for her painstakingly.

He even kept bringing up the name "Cece"!

Probably, when he sent someone to look for her during the past seven years, he also told his subordinates that "Cece" was his first love and the most important girl in his life.

However, he has no idea that Cece is actually a little brown dog I raised with half of its ear missing...

The thought of it made Francesca burst into a laughter fit, which then pulled the wound.

Danrique woke up at once. He looked up at Francesca, stunned at first, before approaching and patting her chest. "Are you all right? I'll call the doctor."

Just as he was about to call someone, she quickly stopped him. "I'm fine."

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2006

### Chapter 2006 That Mongrel

“How can you be fine? I saw you twitching just now!” Danrique switched on the wall lamp, held Francesca’s face, and carefully scrutinized her. “Could it be that the surgery had damaged your brain?”

“The one with the brain damage is you.” Francesca did not know whether to laugh or cry. “I was laughing, okay?”

He was puzzled. “Laughing? About what?”

“Nothing.” At that moment, Francesca still did not dare to tell him about the origins of the name “Cece”. Instead, she demanded frantically, “Oh, right! Give me my phone!”

“The bomb in the orphanage has been defused, and the children are fine.” Danrique told her the result directly, “Sean has told Ms. Layla that we’re fine!”

“You—”

“One hundred and eighteen orphanages.” He looked at her with admiration.

“You’re very capable, Francesca.”

“I—”

“Don’t worry. I’ve sent someone to protect them. From now on, no one can touch those children.” Danrique did not give her a chance to speak at all.

Francesca stared at him dumbfoundedly. It took a long time before she came back to her senses and said softly, “Thank you!”

“You’re welcome!” He grinned. “Is there anything else you want to ask?”

“I...” After some thought, Francesca hastily asked, “Who did my surgery?”

“It’s...” Originally, Danrique wanted to tell her that it was her master. However, at the thought that she must have her own reasons for not wanting the old man to know her identity, he changed his mind and replied, “It’s that Dr. Felch.”

“Huh?” Francesca immediately panicked. She hurriedly grabbed his hand and shot him another question. “Then wouldn’t he have seen my face?”

“No. You were lying face-down on the operating bed since the surgery was on the back of your head, so the old man didn’t get a chance to see what you look like,” Danrique explained rationally.

“Good. That’s good...”

Francesca heaved a long sigh of relief. When my master performs surgery, others will prepare everything. He only does the main surgery, so it’s not surprising that he didn’t see my face. I haven’t cut my hair in the past few months, and my originally short hair is now at shoulder length, My body shape and appearance have changed a bit compared to a few years ago, so surely he didn’t recognize me.

As these thoughts went through her mind, she breathed a sigh of relief. However, she quickly inquired anxiously, “Has Ma... Dr. Felch left?”

“A long time ago.” Danrique deliberately said, “He demanded to go back right after the surgery. I told Sean to ask him to wait until you’re no longer in danger before leaving. Sean begged for a long time before he finally gave in.”

Hearing that, Francesca blurted out, “The old man doesn’t like the hustle and bustle of the city. There’s no need to force—”

“Huh? How did you know that?” he deliberately asked.

“Most old people are like that.” Francesca quickly came up with an excuse. “Besides, the old man is a miracle doctor. Hence, he requires a high degree of concentration to perform the surgery, so that means he doesn’t like to be disturbed.”

“That’s true.” Danrique nodded.

“Did you send Dr. Felch back properly? You didn’t just ignore him after the surgery, right?” She was still worried that they hadn’t treated her master with respect.

“Knowing that the old man doesn’t like noise, I’ve specially arranged for him to stay in Garden Villa in the suburbs. You must know that this treatment is only available to Old Mr. Nacht. In addition, I’ve also arranged for the Lindberg family’s private jet to send him off when he leaves. The old man, his young apprentice, and the mongrel he brought are well taken care of.”

Danrique intentionally emphasized the word “mongrel” while also raising a brow at Francesca, wanting to see if he could detect a trace of guilt and self-reproach on her face.

Cough! Cough!

Sure enough, she avoided his eyes, and her expression was a tad awkward before she asked cautiously, “The old man also brought the dog?”

“Yes. It’s always by his side like a precious treasure.” Danrique deliberately exclaimed, “By the way, that mongrel has the same name as you. It’s also called Cece!”

Pfft!

Francesca nearly choked on her saliva.

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2007

### Chapter 2007 Changing Its Name

“Don’t be agitated.” Danrique quickly patted her heart and comforted her, “There’s nothing wrong with having the same name as a dog. If you don’t like it, I’ll rename the newborn mastiff, Cece! A mastiff is a much better breed than a mongrel!”

“There’s no need for that!” Francesca’s smile was very stiff. “No, I can’t name it Cece.” Danrique narrowed his eyes and said seriously, “I should call it Frannie. Yes. It’s decided then!” “Wait, Danrique—”

“Come!” Before Francesca could stop him, Danrique called Sean over. “Yes, Mr. Lindberg.”

“Isn’t there a female newborn mastiff that hasn’t been named yet?” Danrique instructed seriously, “From now on, call her Frannie!” “Huh?”

From then on, the Lindberg family had a mastiff named Frannie, with black fur, and was a menace and savage since it was a puppy. It was very much like Francesca...

However, the latter could not object to it. After all, it was she who messed with Danrique in the first place back then. Now that he was taking revenge in that manner, she could only relent to it.

Francesca could not get used to living in the hospital and wanted to be discharged early, so Danrique told Sean to ask Helen about it.

The doctor replied that it was fine for Francesca to be discharged since her wound was healing well as long as she could tag along and take care of her after that.

Sean cast a knowing look at Helen. She clearly wants to continue earning high medical fees. Are doctors so greedy for money?

Danrique, on the other hand, did not think much about it and readily agreed.

Hence, Helen immediately brought her assistant, prepared her medical kit and equipment, and left the hospital with them.

When they returned to the seaside villa, Kerrie and a maid went to assist Francesca in taking a shower.

The latter inadvertently saw through the mirror that the hair on the back of her head was gone, leaving a bald patch.

“Ahh!”

A scream of horror came from the bathroom.

Danrique rushed in, thinking that something had happened to her.

However, as soon as he saw Francesca standing in front of the floor-length mirror with Kerrie holding a mirror behind her, he immediately understood what was going on.

“How can the surgery be done without shaving your head?”

For some reason, seeing the defeated and angry expression on her face made him feel good. It was a sense of pleasure from exacting revenge.

“Even so, I can’t have a bald spot!” Francesca was on the brink of going ballistic.  
“To make things worse, I am half-bald!”

“It’s not as though I mind it.”

Danrique ruffled the hair on her forehead.

“Get out!”

After pushing him out, Francesca told Kerrie to get a shaver and shaved all her hair right after.

Being half-bald is too ugly. I’d rather shave everything off!

Hence, the woman that stepped out of the bathroom after showering was completely bald.

Danrique was sitting on the sofa drinking tea and reading some documents. He looked up upon hearing footsteps and promptly spit out all his tea, followed by a coughing fit.

“What’s the matter? Do I look hideous?”

Francesca somehow started to care about her image.

“No. It’s very cute.”

For some reason, seeing her new look, Danrique did not mind it at all. On the contrary, he found it very cute.

Francesca covered her face with her hands as she burst into tears. “Get out. Don’t look at me. Don’t see me before my hair grows out.”

Kerrie and another nurse helped her to lie down on the bed. Despite feeling weak and not being able to move much at present, Francesca still covered her face with a pillow.

“Is everything done?”

Danrique did not respond to Francesca’s words. Instead, he said to the two female nurses, “You may leave. now”

“Okay.” The nurses did as told.

“Why did you tell them to leave. What about you—”

Before she could finish, he came over and lay down beside her. He then reached out and carefully wrapped his arms around her shoulders before pulling her into his embrace.

“A person must be truly attractive to pull off a bald look!”

“Do you not think it’s ugly?”

Francesca buried her face in the nape of his neck and refused to look up.

“It’s quite nice.”

Danrique was a little tired, and he was falling asleep while talking.

I have been looking after her in the hospital for the past few days and haven’t been resting well every night...

## Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2008

### Chapter 2008 Weakness

Francesca raised her head and looked at his handsome features. Her gaze shifted to his injured arm once more, and she couldn't help but feel a little touched.

At that moment, she suddenly recalled how he had previously disregarded his own safety and well-being just to save her.

Furthermore, Kerrie had been continuously telling her about what had gone on in the outside world while she was still in a comatose state.

From the day she had her surgery til that day, he had never left her side for even a single moment. Through it all, he stayed next to her the entire time and ceaselessly cared for her.

That was especially touching for Francesca, especially since she knew he was the kind of man who lorded over everyone else and always had others at his beck and call to do his bidding. The fact that he had gone on to learn how to care for her spoke volumes about the man. Not only did he learn how to wipe down her arms and face, but he had also diligently fed her her medication and even picked up snippets of medical knowledge so he could care for her better in the future.

Aside from that, Danrique had also personally escorted Dr. Felch when the latter was out and about. That was because Francesca had once mentioned that he needed to treat Dr. Felch with the utmost respect fitting for someone of his stature.

Item by item, Kerrie slowly told Francesca all these in detail to keep her up to date on the happenings while she had been dead to the world.

As Francesca took all the information in, she couldn't help but feel touched by Danrique and how he had quietly expended an immense amount of effort in caring for her and looking out for her.

Through his actions, she could truly pick up on the depth and sincerity of the affection he had for her.

That said, she was still confused by a single point. She wondered if Danrique would find out about her relationship with Dr. Felch since he had learned that Dr. Felch's dog was named Cece. Did Dr. Felch not recognize me?

At that thought, Francesca couldn't help but feel a tinge of unease creep over her.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Danrique suddenly in his coarse and low voice.

She couldn't stop herself and ultimately decided to reveal the truth. "Actually, I'm Dr. Felch's apprentice. When I was about three years old, he rescued me from the wilderness where I had been living amongst a pack of wolves. Since then, he had raised me up and imparted his medical knowledge to me. Aside from that, he also taught me how I should behave and carry myself as a decent human being. That's why he's more than just a mentor to me, but also my father."

"Yes, I know that. You are indebted to him!" said Danrique as he shut his eyes and seemed to be able to sense her emotions.

She asked lightly, "Did he recognize me?"

"Did you hope for that to happen?" he countered as he opened his eyes and looked at her gently once more.

She gave the matter some thought before she nodded slightly and replied, "I hope not! I have nothing to my name currently, and I'm full of injuries. I'm afraid that he'll get worried and anxious about me if he suddenly recognizes me while I'm in this state. I'm sure he'll be overwhelmed with stress and guilt..."

At that, she trailed off for a moment before she added, “Although he can be a little fierce and domineering, not to mention extremely strict, he’s actually extremely soft-hearted. If he knew that I’ve gotten injured, I’m afraid he’ll put it all on himself and blame himself for allowing me to leave the mountains.”

Danrique couldn’t help but feel moved upon hearing those words. Immediately, his thoughts went to Isabella. Much like how Francesca had just described, Isabella was also the sort who was extremely soft-hearted despite her fierce exterior. Although she had always treated him strictly when raising him, she never ceased to worry about him behind his back.

Danrique decided to tell a white lie to accede to Francesca’s wishes. He asked, “You must have been very young when you left the mountains, weren’t you? Now that you’re much older, I’m sure you look significantly different from how you used to back then. How can he recognize you that easily just by looking at the back of your head? Furthermore, he’s quite advanced in his years so I’m sure his eyesight isn’t that great.”

At that, Francesca chuckled lightly and exclaimed, “You’re right! That makes sense.”

As she sighed in relief, he took in the scene and couldn’t help but smile wryly as he stated, “When we get married, let’s head back to the mountains together to pay him a visit!”

Without hesitation, she grunted in acknowledgment and nodded her head vigorously. After a short pause, she countered, “Hang on... Who said I’ll be marrying you?”

“How can you be so heartless and ungrateful? I’ve been treating you so kindly, and I’ve spent so much money on you all this time. How could you not agree to marry me? If that’s the case, then you have to return all the money I spent,” retorted Danrique while pretending to be angry.

He was already fully aware of what her weakness was.

She frowned in displeasure and scoffed as she replied, “Fine. I’ll pay up if that’s what you want. Name your price.”

“By a conservative estimate, I’m guessing it should be more than three billion. I’ve had my lawyer keep track of all these expenses. Don’t worry, I won’t charge you more than you should pay me,” replied Danrique casually.

“What? What did you say? I didn’t spend that much of your money in the first place! How did it get to three billion?” exclaimed Francesca in shock.

“Well... Just the medical bills alone already cost about one hundred million. If we account for the other expense, such as the one hundred million for Henry, and the fees for Helen’s team...” explained Danrique.

She quickly cut in and asked, “Wait, what? He’s not the greedy sort of person. Why would he suddenly want one hundred million from you?”

“Well, he wasn’t willing to come over. That was why I had no choice but to use an exorbitantly huge amount of money to lure him over. Finally, he proposed that we donate the amount due for the medical treatment to one of the schools located on a mountain. I’ve already gotten Sean to work on that,” replied Danrique calmly.