

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2199

Chapter 2199 Intimate

“Thank you.” William was extremely grateful. He only had Monica now. “Your Highness.” She held his hand tightly and brought it to her cheek.

At this very moment, she felt like the luckiest girl in the world. I could never approach him back then, but now, I can finally be next to him.

William stared at the wall next to them. Just thinking about Francesca and Danrique being intimate with each other filled his eyes with pain, sorrow, and a rather complex feeling—perhaps hatred.

Meanwhile, Danrique was so weary that he fell asleep while hugging Francesca right after they were done. Francesca remained trapped in his arms but couldn’t seem to fall asleep.

Maybe it was because she had slept too much earlier during the day, or because she was still too excited about finally meeting this man again.

An anxious feeling surfaced in her heart, although she couldn’t figure out why.

Even so, Danrique’s gentle breathing lulled her, and she slowly drifted off.

They slept soundly in each other’s arms for what felt like a long time.

When Francesca next woke up, she noticed Danrique missing. She couldn’t find him even after scanning the room.

Thus, she put on a coat and walked out of the room.

She then spotted him going through some documents up ahead while giving Sean some instructions in a low voice.

The latter stood next to him, bent over slightly as he listened intently.

Deciding not to bother them, Francesca headed back into the room to wash up.

Suddenly, the door to the next room opened, and Monica exited before calling out softly, “Ms. Felch, are you busy right now?”

“Not at all. Why?” asked Francesca.

“There’s a festering wound on the back of His Highness’ waist. It’s really serious,” Monica explained, suppressing the lump in her throat. “Could you please take a look at him?”

“Let me get my medical kit.”

Francesca hastily grabbed the medical kit from her room and went next door to examine William.

In truth, she had already wanted to do so back when she was at the palace, but the man came up with an excuse to say no and only talked to her instead.

At present, he was in a deep sleep. Monica said he was feverish too.

Francesca’s expression turned grim as soon as she reached for his forehead. “He’s got a high fever!”

“What should we do? Do you have any medicine?” Monica asked frantically.

“I do.” The former fed him some medication at once and turned him over carefully to treat his wound.

Monica lent a hand, her eyes now brimming with tears at the sight of William's injury.

"Take his pants off."

Worried that his lower body would have festering wounds too, Francesca decided to examine him further.

"Huh?" Monica's eyes widened as her cheeks flushed. "I-I..."

"Hurry," Francesca urged, but upon seeing the other woman remain still, she eventually removed William's pants on her own.

"Ahh!" The man finally stirred and panicked upon noticing that he was being stripped. "Francesca! What are you doing?"

"Be quiet," Francesca ordered while tugging his pants further to uncover his rear.

As expected, there were many festering wounds.

"Francesca, don't..." William stammered as a blush crept across his cheeks. "You don't have to do it. Just get a nurse when we arrive in Xendale."

Yet, the woman ignored him and began to treat him.

"Argh!" he cried out in pain.

"Please be more gentle, Ms. Felch," Monica urged. She wanted to help, but there was nothing she could do.

Francesca continued to clean the wounds and apply medication on them.

She was so immersed in her work that she didn't notice Danrique standing at the door watching her the whole time.

Despite being aware of her profession as a doctor, he had never considered the smaller details that came along with saving lives. It was only now that he realized how close she had to be with her male patients at times.

It looks like there's so much more I haven't seen.

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2200

Chapter 2200 Danrique Is Furious

“Okay. Use this on the wounds.” After cleaning William’s injuries, Francesca handed some medication over to Monica. “Apply this powder on every wound he has. I’ll come back to bandage them soon.”

“Okay.” The latter quickly took the bottle and got started. Francesca removed her gloves so she could wash her hands. Then, she froze upon noticing Danrique standing at the door. “When did you get here?”

“I just did,” the man replied frostily. “Are you done? Do you need my help?”

“No,” she answered, failing to notice his odd behavior. “I’m going to wash my hands and bandage William’s injuries. You can go ahead with your own work. I’ll see you later.”

The woman then headed to the private room to wash her hands, not realizing that she was still only clad in Danrique’s shirt.

Although she had buttoned herself up this time and the shirt was long enough, Danrique couldn’t help but frown at the sight of her thighs showing.

“Leave the bandaging to me,” Monica hurriedly offered, noticing the displeasure in the man’s eyes. “Go get some rest, Ms. Felch. I can handle this.”

“Certainly not,” Francesca insisted as she walked out of the bathroom and put her gloves back on. “You’re not even a nurse. How would you know how to bandage a wound?”

“I can do it—”

Yet, before Monica could finish, Francesca gave William's pants another tug and began to inspect the wounds on his thighs. "F-Francesca!" William called out in a panic. "Let Monica do it."

"He's right, Ms. Felch," Monica chimed in before lowering her voice. "Look, Mr. Lindberg is upset. You should go back now." Realization finally dawned on Francesca, but by the time she turned around, Danrique had already walked away.

"Seriously! What is a grown man like him being so petty for?" she muttered.

Then, she left after teaching Monica how to inspect and apply medication on William's injuries.

Monica shut the door and heaved a long sigh. She then bit her lip and plucked up the courage to examine the man's wounds.

"You should learn to take care of all this," William instructed softly. "Don't let Francesca do it."

"Okay, I'll do my best." Monica nodded. "But Your Highness, I-I'm afraid..."

Her face had turned crimson by now. Francesca had told her to inspect every part of his body—including that area—but she dared not even look there.

"It's okay," assured William. "You're the one closest to me now. There's nothing to be ashamed of. It's better than getting Francesca to do it."

"Y-You're right."

With that, Monica suppressed her nerves and began to inspect him, albeit her cheeks remained flushed.

Meanwhile, Francesca returned to her room. Seeing that Danrique was in the middle of a shower, she thought nothing much of it and began to organize her medical kit.

It didn't take long for the man to re-emerge, but he merely shot her a glance before sitting on the bedside to dry his hair.

"I'll be taking my shower now."

The woman grabbed a T-shirt from his luggage and headed to the bathroom.

Given the injuries on her head and leg, she only spent a short while cleaning herself. However, the floor was wet, and coupled with the fact that she couldn't walk normally, she suddenly slipped and fell.

This time, Danrique didn't help her up.

"Ahhh!" Francesca screamed in pain. "It hurts!"

"Where does it hurt?" The man leaned against the bed and gazed at her coldly.

"My butt," she grumbled while crawling back up on her own and limping her way over to the bed. "And you don't even care."

Yet, Danrique shot back in an aloof tone, "Why do I need to? Aren't you as tough as steel?"

The woman's blood boiled as she saw how sarcastic he was toward her, but she controlled her anger. "I can't believe you're getting upset at me when all I did was treat a patient."

Yet, the man merely responded by switching off the lights and going to sleep.

"You!" Francesca hurled a pillow at him in rage. What the hell is with this guy? He's so petty and grumpy! To think that I have to be the one pacifying him? He's horrible!

Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2201

Chapter 2201 His Tenderness

Danrique remained asleep until they arrived in Xendale, and he woke up only when the plane was about to land.

Seeing the woman next to him curled up into a ball, he covered her with a blanket before getting up to dress. “We’re preparing to land, Mr. Lindberg,” Sean announced from outside the door.

“Okay.” After putting on his clothes, Danrique wrapped Francesca with a coat, carried her to her seat, and fastened her seatbelt. She remained in a slumber the whole time.

He then kissed her cheek before walking out of the room. “Take me to the office once we land and get Gordon to send the rest of them home.” “Yes, Mr. Lindberg.”

Awakened by the turbulence, Francesca opened her eyes to see that the aircraft was already landing, and she was now seated on her chair with her seatbelt buckled.

There was also a large, warm coat with Danrique’s scent draped over her. A warm, fuzzy sensation swirled within her heart at the thought of the man carrying her in his arms and tending to her.

After the plane had landed, Francesca put on her clothes and shoes before heading out. There, she saw Danrique on the phone, Sean handling some errands, and two subordinates helping William alight with Monica by his side.

“Ms. Felch, I’ll be taking you and Prince William home. Mr. Lindberg has to drop by the office,” Gordon remarked while walking over. “It’s cold outside, so please wear a hat.”

“Okay.” Francesca returned to the room to put on a down jacket and hat. She then came back out with her medical kit.

Danrique, who had just hung up the phone, waved at her.

She limped her way over to him, but before she could say anything, the man suddenly lifted her into his arms. “What are you doing?” she exclaimed in surprise while looping her arms around his neck instantly.

“The stairs are slippery.”

He carried her outside, and under the snow-filled sky were dozens of subordinates lined up in two rows gazing straight at them.

Standing among them were Harrier and Hazel, along with several other high-level executives of Lindberg Corporation.

Feeling unsettled, Francesca buried herself in Danrique’s embrace like a meek kitten.

The man walked down the stairs with her in his arms, not forgetting to ensure that her hat shielded her from the cold.

Among all the people watching them, Hazel appeared incredibly envious.

How she wished it were her in Danrique’s arms instead!

Francesca only noticed all the people waiting outside after arriving at the bottom of the stairs, but Danrique seemed completely unbothered by everyone’s gazes and kissed her on the forehead. “Wait for me back home,” he reminded gently.

“Okay.” The woman nodded obediently.

He then placed her inside the car, gestured at Gordon, and watched them leave.

Francesca continued to stare at him through the rearview mirror. The man kept his eyes on the car all the while until Hazel approached him with some documents in hand. “Nacht Group sure has some nerve to try and gain their share of the Epean market,” he commented icily.

“I heard the one behind this is Old Mr. Nacht’s daughter, Zara. She’s known to be ruthless and full of schemes. According to sources, she’s already joined hands with Frank and Pastor to go against us.” Hazel’s expression was grim as she reported the news to Danrique. “Will we be making a trip to Summerbank?”

“We’re heading back to the office first.” While holding onto the documents, Danrique turned around and hopped into his car.

Hazel and Harrier followed suit. “I couldn’t make it to the last inspection because I was sick, but I’m good to go this time,” the latter volunteered as soon as he took his seat.

Danrique merely cast him a glance and continued going through the documents.

“I can go too,” Hazel chimed in softly. “My dad and Mr. Yarrow are old now, so we can’t depend on them anymore. Harrier and I will do whatever you ask.”

“Harrier, you’ll go to H City on my behalf,” Danrique decided. “Sean will tell you what to do.”

“Very well.” Harrier smiled and nodded.

Then, Danrique turned to Hazel and returned the documents. “You’ll head to M Nation tonight. I’ll meet you there tomorrow.”

“Understood.”

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Mistaking A Magnate For A Male Escort Chapter 2202

Chapter 2202 A Building

William was brought to a different castle with a built-in clinic. There was quite a fair number of maids and subordinates, although he and Monica were the only two people residing there.

Francesca was puzzled to learn of such an arrangement. “But there are so many extra rooms in Danrique Castle. Why did he choose to have William stay here instead? I’d have to make my way over by car every time.”

“This was Mr. Lindberg’s decision, Ms. Felch,” Gordon reported, lowering his head. That response alone was enough to shut Francesca up. If it were before, she would have kicked up a fuss and insisted they did things her way.

But now, the woman felt that she owed Danrique too much to trouble him any further. “Fine,” she eventually answered with a frustrated nod.

“I don’t think this is a bad idea, Ms. Felch. His Highness and I would feel much more at ease staying here.” Monica seemed rather pleased with Danrique’s arrangements. “If we were to stay at Danrique Castle, we’d have to face Mr. Lindberg every day. It gets a little awkward, to be honest.”

“Yeah.” William grinned. “L has his own life, so we won’t end up bothering him by staying here.”

“Well, I suppose so,” Francesca relented. “You’re not that far away either, so it wouldn’t be too much of a hassle for me to come over. I’m out of medication, so I’ll have to get someone to bring us more. I’ll come back and see you guys tonight.”

“There’s no need to rush,” William assured. “I already took the medicine on the plane, so you can just come back tomorrow. Go on home. You must have a lot to do since we just landed.”

“Okay.” After giving Monica some instructions along with anti-inflammatory drugs and painkillers, Francesca left with Gordon.

On the way back, she wrote a checklist of medication and handed it to Gordon so he could have someone prepare every item needed.

The man immediately did as required and even let her go through the list of medical equipment available at the clinic, asking her if there was anything else to add.

Francesca noted how well-equipped the place was. There was not much else she needed apart from a few small apparatus.

The two continued chatting until they arrived home, where Norah and a group of maids awaited them.

Francesca was overjoyed to see them and began to strike up a conversation with them.

Norah had prepared an extravagant spread for dinner, and a hungry Francesca quickly washed her hands before darting toward the dining room.

“Slow down! You wouldn’t want to choke on your food!”

Norah gazed at her, smiling affectionately.

“It’s delicious!” Francesca exclaimed as she chowed down on the food.

The woman hadn’t had a proper meal ever since she was on the run, nor did she have the appetite while staying at the palace. Now, she could finally let loose and dig in.

“If you like the food so much, we’d be more than happy to cook for you every day from now on.” Norah poured her a glass of wine. “This is from Arkfield. Give it a taste.”

Francesca took a sip and sighed in satisfaction. “It’s good!”

She was so full that she couldn’t help but burp. “I can’t eat anymore. I’m stuffed! I have to go prepare some medication.”

Her mind was still occupied by the desire to treat her patients. It wasn’t just William; Monica, Robin, and all those people at the castle were waiting for her to save them.

“Ms. Felch, Mr. Lindberg had us prepare you a workshop. Shall I take you there to have a look at it?”

Gordon had remained next to her the whole time.

“There’s a workshop? When did you set it up?”

Francesca was visibly stunned.

“Mr. Lindberg had it made the last time you came back,” Gordon explained. “It’s just that both Sean and I weren’t around most of the time and could only get Sloan to watch over the construction, so we’re not sure if you’d be pleased with the workshop. Please come and take a look, and if there’s anything about it that you’re not happy with, I’ll get them to make the changes.”

“Why would I be so picky? I’m already impressed that there’s even a workshop!”

The woman grew extremely eager.

“Ms. Felch! You’re back,” Sloan greeted while walking over from afar. “Your workshop is ready for your inspection!”

“Where is it?” Francesca extended her neck and glanced around. “Which room is it?”

“It’s right here.”

Sloan pointed ahead, and standing tall right before them was a building that had a signboard containing the word “Fran” engraved in gold.