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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1798

Chapter 1798 A Secret That Cannot Be Told

Danrique fell into silence as he heard that. "It does seem that way," he murmured, his brows creasing.

"Then..."

"That d\*mned woman."

The man clenched his teeth in rage, but his wound began to hurt just as he was about to say anything more.

"It's fine as long as you're aware of what she's like. Don't be fooled," Sean remarked with concern. "You've never dated anyone before, after all, so it's possible you might fall for her schemes."

"Kick her out once I've recovered." Danrique frowned. "Also, get Gordon to keep looking into Francesco's whereabouts."

"Yes, Sir," Sean replied with a nod. "I'll get some information from Robin since he's been looking for the same person."

"Okay," Danrique answered before slumping into the sofa.

Just then, Robin knocked on the door and entered with a few attendants and a cart full of food.

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“Good evening, Mr. Lindberg. It’s time for dinner,” said Robin politely. “His Highness has specifically hired a Chanaean chef to prepare you your favorite dishes.”

“Thank you.” Sean hastily welcomed them.

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Not feeling much of an appetite, Danrique greeted Robin casually before heading into his bedroom to rest.

“Since Mr. Lindberg isn’t feeling well, I’ll take my leave now.”

Robin spoke to Sean briefly before getting ready to leave, with the latter escorting him.

Then, Francesca so happened to return with the concoction she had made, and her eyes met Robin’s.

After a quick glance, the woman thought nothing of their encounter. Robin, on the other hand, stared at her in shock and couldn’t keep cast his gaze away.

Francesca nodded at him before making her way around them and entering the room.

Just as Sean was about to follow her, Robin quickly grabbed hold of him. “Sean.”

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"What is it?"

"Why does this doctor always have her mask on?" Robin couldn't contain his curiosity. "I first thought she was a young man, but now that I've taken a closer look, it seems she's a woman. What is her name?"

Sean laughed. "You just asked me so many questions at a time. Where should I begin? Anyway, why do you seem so interested in Mr. Lindberg's personal doctor?"

"She looks a lot like someone I know..." Robin trailed off.

"Who?"

"Like..." Robin paused briefly. "Like the daughter of a distant relative."

"Oh."

"Don't just stand there!" Robin pestered. "Answer my questions."

"She got into a car accident and injured her face. I guess she's wearing a mask because she doesn't want anyone to see what her face looks like now. We don't know her name either. She only refers to herself as Dr. Felch," Sean answered briefly.

"Felch?" Robin's gaze fell, as though he was pondering over something.

"Why? Is your relative's last name Felch, too?"

"No." Robin shook his head. "All right, I shan't take up any more of your time. I have to return to His Highness."

"Wait! There's something I need to talk to you about, too."

"What is it?"

As the two continued talking outside, Francesca noted the splendid meal before her. "Wow! These are all my favorites," she exclaimed with twinkling eyes.

"If you want it, you can have it," Danrique responded disdainfully. "Give me my medication."

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"You'll have to eat something before drinking this. It's not good to take your medication on an empty stomach." Francesca placed the medication on the table. "It's still boiling hot, so why don't you eat first?"

Danrique was a little hungry, to begin with, so he sat at the dining table and prepared to eat.

Francesca reached for a bun, pulled her mask down, and was about to take a bite.

Suddenly, Danrique glanced up at her.

The woman swiftly turned away and shoved the entire bun in her mouth. She then her mask back in place and chewed on her food slowly.

"Why do you keep wearing a mask? Are you afraid of people seeing what you look like?"

Danrique gazed at her suspiciously. He had a feeling that this woman had a secret that could not be told.