

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1817

Chapter 1817 Kill You

While Francesca was still trying to figure out a way to get back the necklace, she heard someone walking over and calling her name.

She immediately put on a mask and opened the door to take a look.

Danrique had changed into a white suit and walked in her direction, looking all suave and debonair.

Gordon and the rest followed right behind him. They were all dressed up for the banquet.

Sean walked up to Francesca and whispered, "Dr. Felch, Mr. Lindberg has a mild fever, and his wound still hurts. I'll need you to change into a fresh pair of clothes and come with us just in case something goes wrong."

"Me?" Francesca pointed at herself. "You mean I must go to the banquet?"

She remembered Prince William told her to stay in her room and not run around, as danger might lurk in the banquet.

"Yes." Sean nodded. "Please get changed as soon as possible. Kerrie will come and take you to the banquet."

"All right. I'll go change."

Francesca was never afraid of danger. In fact, she thought it might be a good opportunity for her to snatch back the necklace amidst the chaos.

I wouldn't arouse Danrique's suspicion should the banquet be chaotic.

"This is what you'll be wearing for the evening, Dr. Felch." Kerrie and two maids came into Francesca's room with an evening gown.

"What the hell is this? I'll wear my dress." Francesca knitted her brows after seeing that elegant and elaborate evening gown. "I'll get changed right now. Don't forget to bring along the medical kit."

"But..." Kerrie turned to Sean for help.

"Do as she say!" Sean ordered.

"Okay."

After putting on her dress, Francesca wore a new black mask and departed to the banquet with Kerrie and two bodyguards.

Clad in a black dress and a black mask, she looked like a mysterious woman whose attire did not seem to match the banquet's theme.

All the waiters would give her a weird stare when she walked past them.

But she just ignored their stares and walked straight on.

When Francesca was coming down from the spiral stairs, she bumped into Prince William.

Prince William was surprised to see her there. "Fran... Dr. Felch, what are you doing here?"

Prince William had to watch his tone since the Lindbergs were around. But deep in his heart, he wanted to know why Francesca did not stay in her room. I thought I told you to stay in your room. Why did you come to the banquet?

"Your Highness, Mr. Lindberg is not feeling well, and he needs Dr. Felch to take care of him," Kerrie explained.

"Oh, yes. I'll go and take a look at him now." Francesca then caught up with Sean.

Prince William frowned and ordered his men in a deep voice, "Send someone to protect Francesca in secret."

"All right, Your Highness," Robin responded.

After a short walk on the lawn, they arrived at the main hall of another villa where the banquet was taking place.

All the guests held a wine glass and greeted each other while waiting for the host to arrive.

Sean and Francesca entered the villa through a side door. He then brought her to a lounge where Danrique was taking a break.

Feeling frustrated, Danrique, who had tossed his coat aside, sat on the couch and unbuttoned his shirt.

His expression looked gloomy as he still had a mild fever.

While Gordon was busy getting someone to adjust the temperature of the aircon, a maid stood beside Danrique and cooled him down with a fan.

"Water, Sir." The maid then offered him a glass of water.

Francesca could not keep her eyes from Danrique's neck, as she could somewhat see the necklace.

"Sir!" The maid once again offered him a glass of water.

Danrique, who had gulped down several glasses of water, got a little annoyed. He stared at Francesca and asked, "Is your treatment effective? How come I still feel ill?"

"Now you're blaming me?" Francesca voiced her dissatisfaction. "The treatment would have gone well had you cooperated with me."

"How long more do I have to go through this treatment?" the man asked impatiently.

"It depends on your condition," Francesca answered icily. "I'll have to take a look at the snake when I get back and extract its blood sample to run another lab test."

"I'll kill you if you can't heal me in seven days!" Danrique warned.

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Chapter 1818 Something Is Amiss

"How could you threaten me like this?" Fury surged through Francesca.

"Ehm..." Prince William, who coincidentally entered the lounge, froze for a moment when he overheard their conversation. Worry was written all over his face.

"Your Highness." Sean immediately greeted Prince William and gestured for Kerrie to do something.

"Have some water, Dr. Felch." Kerrie tried defusing the tension by giving Francesca a glass of iced lemon water.

Francesca was about to explode with rage, but she suppressed her anger to avoid a confrontation with Danrique.

"You look mad. What's wrong?" Prince William took a glance at Danrique and asked.

"I'm all right." Danrique tugged his collar and continued drinking his iced water.

"You look pale. Are you still having a fever?" Prince William showed his concern.

"Mr. Lindberg doesn't feel well because his body temperature fluctuates throughout the day," Sean explained. "We would appreciate it if you could assist us when we need help at the banquet later, Your Highness."

"I'm sure Mr. Lindberg can handle the situation well. He's a steady man," Prince William said modestly. "Besides, he should be in the limelight. I shouldn't steal his thunder."

"But..."

"Remove your shirt right now. I'll perform acupuncture on you."

Francesca noticed Danrique did not look well. It seems the venom could cause a person to become agitated. It might even turn the victim into someone aggressive.

Danrique finally cooperated with Francesca instead of giving her a hard time. He also felt that lately, he had been emotionally unstable.

Francesca started sticking needles into his body once he stripped his shirt to his waist.

Sweat droplets gradually slid down his chest and dripped on the white shirt.

"They've arrived, Sir," one of Danrique's subordinates came into the lounge and announced.

Prince William's expression turned grim. He gently clutched his pants, looking a little nervous.

"There's no need to rush!" Danrique shut his eyes and tried to regain his composure.

"You can leave in five minutes." Francesca took a glance at her watch after completing the acupuncture session.

Every second of the five-minute wait was unbearable for them as they were afraid of offending that special someone.

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door. Sean went to open the door and saw Gary standing outside. "Mr. Anderson!"

Gary said in a soft voice, "Pastor is here. Edward would like to invite Mr. Lindberg and Prince William over."

"We'll be right there in a minute," Sean replied with a smile.

"All right." Gary then took a glance at the lounge and reminded Sean, "Don't make Pastor wait for too long. He has a notoriously bad temper."

Sean looked at Danrique and read his signals. He then said to Gary calmly, "Mr. Lindberg is not particularly good-tempered either. He doesn't like people to rush him."

Sean's reply rendered Gary speechless.

Sean tried to defuse the tension by saying, "We'll be there in a while."

"All right. I'll wait outside then." Gary lowered his head and stepped out of the lounge.

Francesca removed the needles five minutes later. She then touched Danrique's forehead with her hand and noticed that his body temperature had finally returned to normal.

After washing his face and changing into new pair of clothes, he stepped out of the lounge with his entourage.

Robin pushed Prince William in his wheelchair and followed right behind. When Prince William walked past Francesca, he reminded her. "Stay here and rest. Don't go anywhere."

Francesca kept mum but nodded her head.

Now that everyone was gone, the lounge instantly became quiet. Only Kerrie stayed back to accompany Francesca.

A few female bodyguards were also guarding the lounge by the door.

Now that Danrique was away, Francesca felt less uptight. She leaned on the couch carefreely and munched on an apple.

But soon, she noticed something was amiss.

Something seemed to have jolted the birds in the trees, causing them to take flight.

She also heard a weird sound from upstairs and felt a vibration on the ceiling.

“What are you looking at, Master Felch?” Kerrie asked out of curiosity.

“Shush,” Francesca warned Kerrie to keep quiet. She looked up, stared at the ceiling, and squinted. “Did you feel it? Someone’s walking upstairs.”

“Of course, there are people up there. It’s a hall,” Kerrie did not understand why Francesca was being so paranoid.

“No,” Francesca shook her head and whispered. “I could tell it’s a group of men, and they are now surrounding a room.”