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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1823

Chapter 1823 What Do You Want

Danrique gazed at her with an unreadable expression. "If you're that good, the cut on your face should be healed by now, right? Why are you still wearing a mask?"

Francesca was no pushover. She immediately argued, "Many people are looking for me. If they know what I look like, my whereabouts would be exposed. Isn't that dangerous?"

"Dr. Felch, we understand your concern. However, we're not ordinary people. There's no way we'll expose your privacy," Sean explained.

"I can't be sure about that." Francesca rolled her eyes. "Better safe than sorry, right?"

"Fine. You're right."

Danrique accepted her explanation.

Francesco is indeed capable. Besides her medical skills, she also has many other skills. As she is hot-tempered, she must've offended many people. Even I can't help imagining how I'll teach her a lesson after she treated my poison.

Thus, he could understand why she made so many enemies and refused to show her face to the public.

"You've found me. Why aren't you in a hurry to leave?" Francesca asked. "Sam had bitten Pastor, so he should be barely alive. He won't let the matter slip."

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"I need to find someone," Danrique answered as he caressed his black cross necklace hanging before his chest.

"I saved you today. Shouldn't you reward me?"

Francesca's gaze was attracted by his necklace and forgot to ask who he was looking for.

"What do you want?"

Despite finding her greedy, Danrique knew he had to thank her for helping him. If everything were to go according to his plan, he would have to waste a few bullets.

"I want this..." Francesca pointed at his necklace.

Danrique frowned and glared at her icily.

Wariness, fury, impatience, disgust and disdain brewed in his gaze.

"Why? Am I not allowed to ask for that?" Francesca was bemused.

Does he know the origin of the necklace?

"Dr. Felch!" Sean stopped her and tried to persuade her to change her mind. "You can have anything except for Mr. Lindberg!"

"Huh?" Francesca's confusion heightened.

"Mr. Lindberg is a dignified and influential person. How could you covet him boldly? T-That's not right," Sean stuttered.

He was being reserved instead of being direct.

"Oh..."

Comprehension dawned on Francesca. They thought I want Danrique. But all I want is that necklace!

"I don't want him. I want—"

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"You also can't get his body!" Sean pulled her aside and said anxiously, "Please stop making unreasonable demands! Mr. Lindberg has remained celibate for years. He isn't one who would have one night stands."

Francesca was utterly speechless. What kind of person do they think I am? A shameless philanderer who has set her eyes on Danrique's looks? How could he assume I wanted his body?

"You're shameless!" That was what Danrique assumed, too. He promptly shot her an eye-roll.

"I—"

"Dr. Felch... No, Dr. Francesco," Gordon chimed in. "We have many male bodyguards working at Lindberg Corporation. They are over one hundred and eighty five centimeters tall and muscular. Their looks vary, but I can summon them so you can take your pick!"

"Yes, that's right." Sean nodded profusely in agreement. "As long as you stop coveting Mr. Lindberg, you can pick whoever you want."

He even pushed Sloan to the front and said, "Sloan is a great choice. He's nineteen years old, young and handsome. You can consider him."

"Dr. Felch..." Sloan took one look at Francesca and lowered his head as his cheeks flushed red.

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## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1824

Chapter 1824 Female Pervert

Francesca was lost for words. What did I do? Why do they think I'm a female pervert? They thought I wanted to sleep with Danrique and offered Sloan as a sacrifice.

"Dr. Felch, if he isn't to your liking, I shall summon the others later..." Sean offered earnestly, for he wanted to solve the problem for his employer.

"No need." Francesca's expression darkened as she declared coolly, "I want Mr. Lindberg. No one else can take his place!"

They took me for a pervert, so I shall make it the truth! Otherwise, I would've been wrongly accused for nothing.

Everyone gazed at her in shock.

Oh, what a brazen woman. She's being shamelessly open with her feelings and does whatever she wants...

"Hey!" Danrique's face flushed a dark red in anger.

"Dr. Felch, Mr. Lindberg is in love with someone else. You can't force him to like you," Sean replied in exasperation.

"I don't care. I want him!" Francesca demanded.

She was inwardly pleased to see Danrique's upset face and even reached out to pinch his chin. "You're a hunk, huh?"

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“Scram!” Danrique slapped her hand away and glared at her in disgust. “If you lay a hand on me again, I shall chop your hand off!”

“My hand in exchange for your life. It’s a bargain,” Francesca replied cheerfully instead of getting mad at his rude reply.

Her words were pretty easy to understand—if he were to chop her arm off, no one else could treat his condition.

That was why she said it was a bargain to get his life in exchange for her arm.

“Hey!”

Danrique was close to blowing his top, but Francesca grinned and told him, “Bear with me until you get cured. No, even if I managed to cure you, you can’t touch me. What if you get sick in the future? You’ll still have to ask for my help.”

“Someone!” Danrique barked impatiently. “Seal her lips!”

“Uh...” Sean and Gordon shared a look instead of taking action.

“Mr. Lindberg...” Sloan wanted to defend her, but changed his mind and swallowed his words.

“All right. I shall stop talking. Will that suffice?” Francesca shut her mouth and raised her hands to surrender.

The odds are against me, and a wise man knew when to back down.

Danrique gestured at her in a warning manner before leaning into his seat and shut his eyes.

He was feeling unwell, but she kept annoying him.

As he couldn’t outwit her, he had no choice but to do it the hard way.

Francesca knew him well enough, so she didn’t confront him head-on. However, she’d only give in after making him utterly furious.

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It seemed like he was the winner, but the real winner was none other than Francesca.

She had him on a leash, but he didn't even realize that.

The journey back home took over three hours by car.

Danrique's condition worsened, for his temperature kept rising and dropping.

Sean asked Francesca to figure out a solution as soon as possible.

Hearing that, Francesca touched Danrique's forehead, "Taking medicine won't do him any help. We need to return to the mountain so I can come out with a new treatment plan."

"But Mr. Lindberg is feeling unwell. Don't you have any medicine to relieve his condition?" Sean urged.

"No," came Francesca's calm answer. "Don't worry, he won't die."

"You..." Gordon fumed. "Dr. Felch, this is too much."

"You can take over my position any time!" Francesca shrugged nonchalantly.

Gordon was dumbfounded and couldn't find any response.

"All right, stop arguing so Mr. Lindberg can rest in a quiet environment," Sean cut in.

He then told the driver to speed up.

The car increased its speed and sped all the way to the mountain. To save time, Sean sent someone to the lab to find the snake that bit Danrique.

Kerrie applied an ice pack to Danrique's forehead to cool him down.

In a daze, Danrique muttered, "Cece..."

This time, Francesca heard the name clearly. Her heart skipped a beat, and an indescribable feeling overwhelmed her heart.

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