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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## Chapter 1916

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1916 Treatment

Danrique removed Francesca's clothes and got rid of the ants and rats on her body. Subsequently, he wrapped her up with his jacket and carried her petite figure out of the cave.

At that very moment, Francesca was feeling woozy, and her head throbbed with pain. A pungent stench of blood from her neck slowly filled the air.

As they exited the cave, they were greeted by a gust of cold wind. It sobered Francesca up a little.

She clenched Danrique's collar and muttered weakly, "My backpack and passport... They're left in the wooden house..."

"I got them."

As he spoke, a jeep pulled over on the slope and picked both of them up.

Kate treated Francesca's wounds and bandaged them accordingly. Afterward, the jeep drove them down.

The sun was already breaking through the horizon by the time they got to the foot of the mountain.

The morning twilight was as refreshing as a beacon of hope.

Lowering his head to gaze at Francesca who was sleeping soundly in his arms, Danrique had never been so delighted before.

When she's not fussing, she's like a docile and obedient child.

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Although she was stinky and completely disheveled with dirt and blood stained all over her body, he did not mind that at all. Conversely, he even brushed away the loose strands on her forehead.

If only time could stand still for us to stay like this forever...

“Mr. Lindberg!” Sloan called out anxiously as a thought occurred to him all of a sudden. “Dr. Felch hurt the back of her head before. If I’m not mistaken, it was quite serious. I wonder if her new wounds would trigger her old injury.”

Sean recalled something upon hearing that. “Oh, that’s right. I remember seeing the X-ray images. Back then, Dr. Wright did a check-up on her and discovered multiple metal chips pressing on the nerves of her brain. As a result, she lost her memory.”

“If that’s the case, it’s going to be a challenge.” Kate added, “Let’s do a scan on Ms. Cece as soon as we get to the hospital.”

“Notify M Nation to call upon Helen now,” Danrique instructed decisively. “Arrange for the hospital to perform a thorough check-up and follow-up treatment.”

“Noted.” Immediately, Kate made a phone call to convey the order.

Thereafter, the convoy set off steadily for the hospital.

When they arrived, Danrique carried Francesca down personally, and they were met by a team of medical officers who had been patiently waiting at the entrance, on standby.

The medical superintendent and his team of experts hurried over to offer their care and concern.

However, Danrique ignored them all and made his way through the entrance.

Kate trailed behind him, explaining Francesca’s condition to the doctors. Soon, the hospital put her through an urgent MRI scan.

After running through a battery of tests, the medical experts and specialists had a discussion to research the most ideal treatment plan for Francesca.

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The next morning, they finally had an action plan.

Kate brought along the X-ray images to report the updates to Danrique. The situation was more or less similar to what Helen found out earlier. The claim regarding the metal chips pressing on the nerves of Francesca's brain was indeed true, and surgery was inevitable because her life was at stake.

However, no one dared to handle the case because it involved a high-risk operation. Kate and the other experts at the hospital were not confident to guarantee much success.

None of them could afford to bear the consequences should the surgery fail.

Instantly, Danrique asked for Helen, who was already on her way to the hospital. She should arrive in a few hours' time.

Since Danrique insisted on staying at the hospital to keep Francesca company, Sean made arrangements with the housekeeper to deliver them some change of clothes.

Right then, Gordon dashed over and reported, "Mr. Lindberg, the three prominent families are looking for you high and low. They said that there's an important meeting for you to attend this morning."

"Reschedule it to the afternoon." Danrique was rather annoyed.

"I told them that, but..."

Before Gordon could finish his sentence, a familiar voice rang in their ears, "I'm afraid the decision isn't yours to make, Danrique, for the vice president is coming over today."

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## Chapter 1917

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1917 Severity Of The Problem

Danrique knitted his brows when he heard that voice. He turned around and saw Harrier slowly walking toward him. "How did you know that I'm here?" Danrique shot him a cold glare and questioned.

"When there's a will, there's a way." Harrier grinned. "The entire company is looking for you, and they needed a representative to be the bad guy. Who else could it be besides myself?"

"The three of you could easily join hands and chair the meeting," Danrique said curtly. "I'll catch up when I can." He did not want to elaborate further.

"Fine." Harrier smiled, not wanting to argue with him. "You're the one in charge, whatever you say, goes. I'm just a messenger for all the shareholders. All right, my duty is done."

"Leave then," Danrique urged impolitely.

"Okay!" Harrier shrugged and walked away. A few steps later, he turned around and asked, "By the way, is everything all right with Ms. Cece?"

Danrique said nothing. He merely narrowed his eyes and stared daggers at Harrier, who then caught the hint and left with a pursed lips.

When he had finally disappeared, Sean asked under his breath, "Could it be him?"

Everything that had happened throughout the day was clearly carefully orchestrated by someone. The other party followed Francesca all the way and abducted her as soon as she got off the car.

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In addition, they were fully armed and even destroyed the surveillance cameras at the entrance to the airport in advance. The clues suggested that it was not an act of one person only.

"I'm not sure." Danrique frowned. "If it was him, he wouldn't have the courage to come see me in public. Then again, I doubt there's anyone else who is so bold and ambitious to do such a thing."

"Anyway, Gordon is investigating the case. We might be able to get more information once the few guys are awakened," Sean comforted him. "Mr. Lindberg, are you sure you don't want to attend the meeting? Don't worry about Ms. Felch since the doctors are with her."

"I'll decide when Helen is here to confirm the treatment plan." Danrique checked the time. "Go and call her again."

"Noted." Right then, another subordinate rushed in and reported, "Mr. Lindberg, Prince William is here."

"Usher him into a room downstairs and wait for me there." Danrique gestured.

"Yes, Mr. Linderberg."

Shortly after Danrique got himself changed, he made his way to the room next door and found an anxious William there.

"How is she?" the latter queried immediately and wheeled himself closer to Danrique.

"You knew her identity already?" Danrique answered with a question.

"Yes." William came clean with him. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hide it from you. It's just that the situation was a bit tricky. Once her identity is exposed, I'm afraid it will invite a lot of troubles."

"Telling me about it doesn't count as exposing her identity unnecessarily." Danrique looked right into his eyes.

"You're right." William nodded. "However, she doesn't want you to find out about that. Hence, I have to help my friend keep a secret."

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“Friend?” Danrique asked mockingly. “Well, she’s my fiancée!”

He purposely included the term to subtly remind and warn William who Francesca was.

Stunned, William quickly explained himself, “You know that I don’t have many friends except for you and Francesca. I don’t harbor any ulterior motives. Francesca is a friend, and she will always remain a friend.”

His words soothed Danrique. The icy aura in his eyes gradually dissipated...

“How is she?” William asked again.

“Nothing too serious.” Danrique gave him a laconic reply. “She might need a brain surgery. Anyway, I’m still waiting for Helen to get here.”

“I doubt Helen is able to solve her problem.” William furrowed his brows and continued, “It’s ironic that a miracle doctor like Francesca can’t heal herself...”

“Helen is of no help?”

At that point, Danrique finally realized the severity of the problem. Though he was the one who hit Francesca with a car, Sean was the person who cleaned up the mess and settled everything on his behalf. Therefore, Danrique had very little knowledge about the details.

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# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## Chapter 1918

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1918 Twenty Percent

"I suggest delaying the matter until Francesca is awakened," William proposed. "Perhaps, she has her own solution."

"Hmm." Danrique headed toward the door and instructed Sean, "Escort His Highness back."

"Duly noted." Sean immediately approached William and ushered him reverently, "Your Highness, this way, please."

William wanted to say something as he gazed at Danrique's back profile, but held himself back in the end.

He wanted to take a peek at Francesca. Unfortunately, with Danrique's imposing and domineering attitude on full display, the former would never grant him that request of his.

In the past, William thought that Danrique would only draw a line between friends and enemies in business. Now, it seemed like he acted the same in relationships too.

After escorting William out of the hospital, Sean directed two cars to send him off. He watched the convoy leave the hospital compound before returning.

Robin withdrew his gaze from the rearview mirror and said cautiously, "Your Highness, the Mr. Lindberg that I know will never leave any room for Your Highness to get near to Dr. Felch. Shall we go home?"

"Let's wait for a while more." William lowered his eyes, seemingly in deep thoughts. "Just wait for a few more days."

Sigh...

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Robin dared not say more, but he was fretting deep down.

The kidnapping incident reveals just how much Francesca means to Danrique. It's way beyond what we've expected. The moment he found out about it, he engaged the military and used its resources to locate her without considering the impact of his actions. He even went to the jungle and saved her personally. Now, he willfully neglects his business and insists on staying by her side at the hospital. He has never valued and focused so much on one single person in his life. This is definitely a first. As such, it's impossible for Danrique to give others a chance to covet his woman, not even Prince William.

Unfortunately, William refused to give up, making Robin very worried. A fight might break out between Prince William and Danrique, resulting in them both becoming archenemies...

"Don't you worry, for I know what I'm doing." William could read Robin's mind. "My only wish is for her to be well. That's it." He smiled.

Robin felt slightly relieved upon hearing his words.

When it stopped snowing in the morning, Helen finally arrived at the hospital.

After retrieving the latest X-ray images and examination report, she started checking on Francesca's wounds. At that time, she was oblivious to Francesca's real identity.

The only thing she knew was that Francesca pretended to be a guy in M Nation the last time they met.

After a detailed check, Helen said solemnly, "I can perform a surgery on her, but the risk is exceptionally high with only twenty percent of success rate."

"What?" Sean gasped. "Twenty percent? Didn't you say it's fifty-fifty back in M Nation?"

"Yes, there was a fifty percent chance because her condition then was not as serious as now. But currently, she has a brain injury too. I studied the X-ray images just now and noticed that the metal chips are completely pressing on her nerves. In addition, there's evidence of infection on her wounds as they are covered with pus. I'm not too positive about this surgery..."

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Helen's expression grave. Moments later, she added, "If we want a hundred percent survival rate for a risky surgery as such, there's only one person who could do it – the legendary miracle doctor, Francesco. Rumor has it that her techniques and skills are impeccable with a hair-splitting mentality."

"Um..." Sean took a deep breath. Gosh, how could the amazing Francesco operate on herself? This is close to impossible.

"Besides Francesco, do you know any other miracle doctor on the same par as her?" Danrique who had been keeping silent finally spoke.

"Hmm... Not that I know of." Helen looked extremely concerned. "Mr. Lindberg, I urge that you contact Francesco soonest possible. This lady's condition can't drag on like this any longer, or else her life will be at stake."

When Danrique heard that, a conflicted look crossed his face. He felt so sorry for her.

It's all my fault. I overlooked the fact that any delay in denying her a well-deserved treatment could cause her condition to deteriorate. How could I even threaten her on purpose when we were trapped inside the cave?

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

### Chapter 1919

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1919 Get Lost

"Then, what else can be done?" asked Sean anxiously.

"I can clean her wounds now to stabilize her condition. There's no problem with that." Helen said grimly, "However, that won't be able to buy you a lot of time. The priority is still to get Francesco. It's better for you to work on that right away."

"Okay." Sean nodded. "Please help to treat Ms. Felch's wounds first."

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With that, Helen attended to Francesca at once.

Danrique exited the ward and gave a command to his subordinates. "Go all out and look for the best doctors in the world. I don't believe that there's only one miracle doctor."

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg!" Gordon hurried off to carry out his task.

Danrique's phone had since rang multiple times, but he could not be bothered to pick up any calls. He was too distracted by that one thought that kept on playing in his mind – how could he save Francesca?

In the evening, Francesca woke up with a terrible headache. Her whole body was aching too. When she opened her bleary eyes, a familiar handsome face appeared in front of her.

Surprised, she shut her eyes close.

Darn it! Is there no way for me to escape him?

"You're awake!"

Seeing so, Danrique pressed the emergency bell to call for a doctor.

"Would you like some water?" he offered gently.

Francesca's eyes remained closed. She did not want to engage in a conversation with him.

She could vividly remember everything that happened inside the cave. Thus, she was filled with deep hatred toward him and wished for nothing more than to strangle him to death.

Too bad she was so badly injured that her exhausted body could not move a muscle.

Therefore, she chose to ignore him totally.

"What's the matter? Why aren't you saying anything?" Danrique leaned forward and stroked her face.

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Francesca did not want to entertain him at all. Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of her rolling eyeballs and knew that she was pretending to sleep. At that instant, he forcefully opened her eye lids and yelled, "Look at me!"

"D\*mn you, b\*stard! Argh!" cursed Francesca.

Just as she had finished reprimanding him, the flaring pain from the wound behind her head throbbed intensely and caused her face to pale drastically.

"Keep that energy to take care of yourself first instead of scolding people." Danrique's forehead creased. "Can't you just behave?" He was angry and heartbroken at the same time.

"You..." Francesca got all worked up, but she was too weak to lash out on him.

A few seconds later, a team of doctors strode into the ward to check on Francesca.

"Be gentle, and don't hurt her," reminded Danrique while observing from afar.

"Sure thing, Mr. Lindberg."

Hiss!

"I told you all to be gentle!"

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg."

Francesca was at a loss for words. The nurses are just doing their job. Can he stop shouting each time I draw a sharp breath? His rage is making them trembling in fear.

Thankfully, Norah came forward and appeased the situation. Otherwise, it would have been unbearable for the poor nurses. She also brought along Francesca's favorite Chanaean cuisine.

Afterward, Norah waited on Francesca during lunch along with two other housekeepers.

Danrique noticed the food and commented with displeasure, "Why is the portion so small? It's so plain too. Hurry up and order her some beef and seafood."

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"I'm sorry, Mr. Lindberg, a patient should avoid those food." She explained, "Ms. Cece is injured. So, her diet has to change to something light."

"Err..." Danrique shifted his gaze to Sean upon realizing that he had no knowledge in this area. The latter nodded as a response.

"Okay then. She shall be consuming a light diet these few days. Mdm. Norah, please help to deliver her some healthy meals every day."

"I will, Mr. Lindberg. Don't worry." Norah nodded as she grinned. Then, she spoke softly, "Um... Mr. Donald has been waiting for you at home for the entire day. Basically, he's just wondering when you are coming home?"

"Now," Danrique said after glancing at his watch. Subsequently, he gave his men a stern warning. "Deploy more people to station here and ensure her safety always."

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg." Sean went off to make the necessary arrangements as requested.

Danrique waited for Francesca to finish eating. Then, he said, "I'm leaving in a bit, but I'll return as soon as I'm done with work. Take a good rest."

"Get lost!"

Francesca rolled her eyes and blurted the words through gritted teeth.

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## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1920

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1920 A Stubborn Old Man

Unexpectedly, Danrique did not get upset. After giving some orders to the doctor and reminding Sean to wait for Gordon to return before ending his shift, he left the ward.

Later on, Sean needed to go consult the doctor. So, he gave Mylo and Sloan a stern warning. "Take good care of Ms. Felch, and don't let anything untoward happen to her if you want to live to see another day."

"Okay, okay. Don't worry, Sean." Mylo nodded fervently. "I'll protect Ms. Felch with all my life."

Sean then fixated his gaze on Sloan who was tiptoeing to peep on Francesca from outside the ward.

Mylo smacked Sloan's back. Upon coming to his senses, Sloan promised at once, "Rest assured that I won't make any more mistakes, Sean. Anyhow, Dr. Felch is severely injured. She can't go anywhere, can she?"

Indeed, he's right about the last part of the sentence.

Sean rolled his eyes at him before leaving to see Helen.

In the evening, Norah wiped Francesca down and served her a glass of warm milk. "Rest well, Ms. Cece. I'll bring you breakfast first thing in the morning." She was reluctant to leave her side.

"Thank you, Mdm. Norah." Francesca watched her exit the ward.

Then, she turned to the two medical staff who were guarding the ward after cleaning it up.

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“Feel free to leave too. I’m going to get some shut-eye.”

Right before she snoozed, she was interrupted by the knocking on the door. “Ms. Cece, may I come in?”

It was Sean.

“Sure.” Francesca was having a slight headache.

Sean walked in with a couple of documents in his hands, followed by a cautious Sloan.

“Ms. Cece.. Oh no, I should address you as Dr. Felch.”

Sean was not used to the change of terms because Francesca was completely a different person when she was Dr. Felch.

Back then, she was always the one chasing after Mr. Lindberg. She even stole kisses from him, and he would detest her presence. Now, it’s the total opposite. He’s the one begging and pleading for her to marry him.

“The cat is out of the bag, eh?” Francesca felt so helpless. “Tell me, what is it?”

“There are two things that I need to report to you,” uttered Sean as he reached for her backpack. “This belongs to you. There are jewelry, documents, and some medication. Everything should be here. Could you check if anything is missing, please?”

“Bring it over and let me have a look at it.” Francesca appeared excited when she heard that.

Sean obliged and whipped out one item after another to show her.

Upon examining that everything was there, Francesca heaved a sigh of relief.

“Thank God nothing is missing.” Sean grinned before continuing, “I’ll take this home for you..”

Francesca cut him off and said, “Just leave it here. I feel safer when it’s all under my nose.”

“Err... Sure.” Sean smiled wryly.

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Then, he placed the backpack in the cupboard next to her bed.

“There’s one more thing...” Sean relayed what he knew, “Regarding your illness, we’ve consulted Dr. Wright. However, she’s not too keen to handle the operation herself as she only has about twenty percent of confidence to get it right. So, she wants us to look for Francesco, the miracle doctor, soonest possible to heal your sickness.”

“Rubbish!” Francesca’s wounds hurt so much that she couldn’t speak.

“Yes, I know.” Sean nodded vigorously. “I’m aware that you are Francesco herself, but doctors don’t treat themselves. So, no matter how excellent your skills are, it’s impossible for you to perform a surgery on yourself. Then again, your condition right now is very risky. We can’t afford to drag it any longer. Therefore, I want to ask if you know of any other miracle doctors, or perhaps a senior or junior of yours of similar caliber? Maybe your master?”

It suddenly dawned on Francesca that her life was at stake. She fell silent and mulled it over for a moment.

I guess the only person who could save me is none other than my master. Considering that I disobeyed him in the past and cut off ties with him for so many years after being adamant that I should leave the mountains, I’m really doubtful if he would be willing to lend a hand. Who knows if I’m able to locate him in the first place? Ugh, that stubborn old man. I wonder how long he is going to lecture me this time...

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