

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1793

### Chapter 1793 Cece

Being the alert man he was, Sean felt something off about this woman.

Yet, he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was.

Casting his thoughts aside, he returned to Danrique, only to find the latter sweating profusely. "Dr. Felch! Come take a look. What's wrong with Mr. Lindberg? Why is he sweating so much?"

Francesca glanced over. "It means his fever's starting to subside," she said nonchalantly. "Give him a wipe and change the sheets."

"Thank goodness." Overjoyed, Sean hurriedly summoned someone over.

"Why do you have to get someone else to do this? Can't you do it yourself?" Francesca asked, curious.

"I have to get the nurse to wipe Mr. Lindberg down and change his clothes. Mr. Lindberg doesn't like other men touching him," Sean explained.

"Oh?" Francesca nodded. "So he's not gay."

"Ugh..." Sean stilled briefly. Did she think he was gay?

"Well, now that his temperature's lowering, there's not much else I need to do."

Francesca yawned and rubbed her eyes.

But just as the woman began to leave, Danrique suddenly let out a murmur. “Cece...”

Francesca stopped in her tracks and felt her chest tighten.

That sounds so familiar and intimate. It’s as if...

A mix of emotions swirled within her as she turned around to face Danrique.

“Hello, Master Felch.”

At that very moment, two nurses and maids walked in and greeted Francesca before tending to Danrique and changing his sheets.

“Use a hot towel. Mr. Lindberg’s sweating a lot,” Sean instructed on the side. “Be careful not to touch his wound. Give him a bathrobe instead of clothes.”

Everyone began to get busy and left Francesca alone.

The woman glanced at Danrique once more before leaving.

Yet, she couldn’t stop pondering over why that nickname gave her such a strange feeling.

Who on earth is Cece ?

Francesca’s head hurt as she returned to her room, and she went to sleep after having some breakfast sent over by a maid.

It wasn’t long until she drifted off and began to dream.

Inside the dream, there was a young lady in a white dress running barefoot on a field.

She had a radiant smile, and the sounds of her laughter resonated across the field as birds and butterflies fluttered around her.

Standing not far off was a tall figure who seemed to be watching the woman with his lips curved upward.

The sun rays bathed down on him, making him look divine.

She sped toward him, hoping to catch a glimpse of his face.

Yet, the dazzling sun seemed to mask his appearance, and she just couldn't see him clearly.

She wanted to reach him, but no matter how hard she ran, it felt as though she wasn't moving at all, and he remained as far away as ever.

The same scenario played out for a long while.

Francesca eventually woke up and tried to recall her dream. The scene of a man and a woman enjoying their time together felt like fragments of her own memory.

She tried even harder to recollect her past but only ended up aggravating the injury in the back of her head.

Turning pale from the pain, she closed her eyes.

I have to wrap things up here ASAP and get a doctor to treat me.

As she was lost in thought, a knock came on the door. "Master Felch!"

"Yes?"

“Mr. Lindberg has woken up. Mr. Lowe wants you to drop by,” Kerrie said carefully.

“Okay. I’m coming.”

Francesca felt slightly irritated at the thought of how difficult her client was. I could barely sleep last night, and now, I can’t even get some shut-eye?

Then again, it’s not like I have a choice. He’s paying me so much.

Francesca reluctantly got out of bed and washed up before dragging her feet back to Danrique’s room.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1794**

### Chapter 1794 Head Out

“But Mr. Lindberg, you’ve had a fever all night, and you look really pale right now. How about we take care of this another time?”

“He’s right, Sir. You should get some rest for now – “

“Silence!”

Francesca heard Danrique chiding Sean and Gordon as soon as she entered.

The maids and nurses stood nearby with their heads low, not daring to utter a word.

“Help me get dressed,” ordered Danrique as he attempted to leave his bed.

The nurses quickly helped him down while the maids brought his clothes over.

Sean and Gordon were extremely worried, but none of them dared defy him.

“Where are you going?” Only Francesca had the courage to speak, and she did it boldly. “You just had surgery and suffered a fever last night, and now you’re heading out? I can’t guarantee you won’t get an infection from your wound.”

Danrique turned to her with a darkened gaze. “What makes you think you can talk to me like that?” he asked frostily.

“I know you’re a somebody. But I’m a doctor, and I treat all patients equally!” Francesca refuted with her head held high.

Danrique glared at her questioningly, his brows furrowing. “You’re saying I’m no different from all your other patients?”

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Feeling oppressed, Francesca looked away. “It’s true that you’re taking a huge risk by going out in this state. Is there really anything more important than your own life?”

Ignoring her, Danrique turned around and lifted his arms so the nurses could help him get dressed. “Take her with us. Don’t forget the medical kit,” he ordered Sean.

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg.” Sean nodded immediately before turning to Francesca. “You should go get ready, Dr. Felch.”

Francesca was at loss for words. She knew she wasn’t going to have it easy, considering he was paying her a hundred million.

They left without even having lunch.

Taking various factors into consideration – such as her patient possibly having another fever or other injuries – Francesca brought along a bunch of medication and tools, as well as her pouch of needles.

This time, they used a Rolls-Royce limousine to cater to Danrique's injury.

Sean, Francesca, and Kerrie sat inside the vehicle with Danrique.

Despite how grave his injury was, Danrique looked rather well as he leaned against the sofa to read a document.

Meanwhile, Francesca began to doze off.

Sean couldn't resist poking fun at her. "Dr. Felch, is it me, or are you always falling asleep whenever you're not working?"

"It's important to rest..." Feeling uncomfortable while remaining seated upright, the woman lay herself down as she spoke in a daze. "I'm going to take a nap. Don't talk to me unless it's urgent."

With that, she quickly fell into a slumber and even began to snore a little.

Sean couldn't help but chuckle. "What a simple lady. There's no way I'd believe she's actually up to something – unless she's that good at acting."

Danrique merely glanced at her before continuing to read his document.

Soon, a wave of pain took over him, causing him to break out in a cold sweat.

Sean immediately noticed that. “What’s wrong, Mr. Lindberg? Dr. Felch! Wake up!”

Francesca jolted up in annoyance. “What is it now?”

“Mr. Lindberg’s not well. Come take a look at him.”

“Well, that’s no surprise. Look at how serious that injury is.”

After checking on Danrique, Francesca snatched his document away.

“Stop looking at these. You need to rest.”

“How dare you!” Danrique frowned.

“There’s no use glaring at me like that. You have to lie down now, or you’ll get another fever.”

While speaking, the woman took a bottle of herbal concoction that she had long prepared out of the medical kit. “Drink this.”

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1795**

### **Chapter 1795 Afraid Of Bitter Food**

“You – “ “Just do it. Come, now.” Francesca began to coax the man as though she was talking to a child. “Take a nap after drinking this. You won’t be able to do anything if you get another fever.”

Hearing that, Danrique grabbed the concoction and began to drink it in one go. Suddenly, his brows furrowed intensely, and he wanted to spit the medicine out.

Francesca hurriedly covered his mouth and lifted his head, forcing him to swallow the concoction.

“Ugh...”

Sean was dumbfounded at the sight. I’ve never met someone who dared do such a thing to Mr. Lindberg!

How reckless could this woman be?

Does she not fear death?

As expected, Danrique shoved the woman away furiously, and the force caused her to stagger back and crash into the sofa. “Hey! What was that for?”

Her face had turned pale due to her head’s injury.

“Stay away from me,” Danrique warned while pointing a finger at her.

“Are you insane? I wouldn’t even bother with you if you weren’t my patient.”

This guy is crazy! He’s like a bomb that explodes at any time!

Looks like I should make him beg me to treat him the next time.

“Shut your mouth.” Danrique was in so much pain that he didn’t want to argue with her. He was so annoyed by how she couldn’t stop talking.

Not wanting anything to do with him either, Francesca leaned back into the sofa to continue resting.

Then, Sean handed Danrique a glass of warm water along with a piece of candy. “Here you go, Mr. Lindberg.”

Danrique downed the entire glass before popping the candy in his mouth. In an instant, the creases between his eyebrows disappeared.

“You’re afraid of bitter food?” Francesca was amused. “You don’t fear death, but this is how you’re like when you have to take something bitter?”

Danrique glared at her.

“Cut it out, Dr. Felch,” Sean whispered.

With that, Francesca made a face at Danrique before resuming her nap.

Sean observed his boss’ expression, wondering if the herbal concoction helped.

Expectedly, anything Francesca gave him was effective. Danrique appeared much better than before. He looked tired, though, so he cupped his forehead with one hand and rested on the sofa.

Sean sighed with relief and remained by his side.

After God knows how long, Francesca woke up just in time to see the car enter a manor. She rubbed her eyes and sat up to gaze at the beautiful scenery outside.

They had arrived at an Epean-style castle, where the walls of the courtyard were full of roses, and every plant had been trimmed meticulously. There were also guards surrounding every corner of the building.

Francesca couldn’t help but find this place rather familiar.

It feels like I’ve been here or at least somewhere similar to this.

A squad came forward to welcome them as soon as the vehicle stopped. The man in the lead was dressed extravagantly and spoke to Danrique with the utmost respect.

After a few exchanges of words, Danrique walked into the castle with his subordinates.

Francesca was about to tag along when Sean instructed two female guards to take her to the guest room at the back of the castle.

The one who had welcomed Danrique was the attending butler, Robin, and he couldn't help but freeze upon seeing Francesca. "Who is that young man wearing a mask?" he asked cautiously.

"That's Mr. Lindberg's personal doctor," answered Sean.

"Doctor?" Robin lowered his head.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, it's nothing," the man replied with a smile. "I believe you're aware that His Highness hasn't gotten much better. We've searched for countless renowned doctors to treat his legs, but nothing has worked so far. How skillful is this personal doctor, if I may ask?"

"She's only good at traditional medicine and doesn't know much else," Sean explained. "But from what I see, I don't think she has much experience, given how young she is."

"I see." Robin looked slightly dejected.

**Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1796**

Chapter 1796 Prince William

“Didn’t William hire a famous doctor before?” asked Danrique.

“His Highness was poisoned three months ago and fell gravely ill. After a great deal of effort, we finally managed to hire a renowned doctor from Zarain. She was incredible. In two months, not only did she cure His Highness, but she also mentioned that there was a possibility of his legs making a recovery. After that, she had to return to Zarain to find some herbs, so His Highness arranged for her to take the royal cruise. And yet...”

Robin sighed.

“Are you talking about the cruise incident that happened a while ago in Lightspring?” Sean asked in shock.

“Indeed.” Robin nodded. “To avoid speculation, we had the media announce that the explosion had occurred inside a business cruise. It was actually the royal Danontand cruise.”

Sean turned to Danrique with a complicated look on his face.

Danrique fell into thought for a moment before suddenly asking, “Did the doctor William hired so happen to be Francesco?”

“Yes,” the butler answered softly. “Mr. Lindberg, please keep this – “

“Robin!”

A charming voice suddenly interrupted Robin.

“Good day, Your Highness,” Robin immediately greeted after walking over.

A young man looking to be in his twenties showed up in a wheelchair. He looked slightly frail, and there seemed to be a hint of melancholy in his blue eyes. His face looked rather pale, too.

Even so, none of that could mask the man's gorgeous face – or his noble presence.

“Mr. Lindberg!” William nodded. “It's been a while.”

“Long time no see, William.” Danrique smiled faintly.

“I should have been the one visiting you, but given the state I'm in, it's unfortunate that I had to make you come over instead,” the former said apologetically.

“Don't say that. We're friends, aren't we?” Danrique was never a huge fan of pleasantries. “Shall we head in?”

“Of course! This way.”

The man entered the castle, enjoying some coffee while discussing matters regarding a collaboration.

“Are you not feeling well, Mr. Lindberg?” William asked, having noticed something off about Danrique.

“Just a small injury,” the latter responded casually.

William frowned. “You don't look too good. It's not actually a small injury, is it? Why don't you get some rest for now? We can talk when you feel better.”

“It's fine,” Danrique refuted while taking out the document he had read earlier. “I've gone through this and signed it.”

“All right.”

Robin took the document and gave it to William with both hands.

William then penned his signature on the paper and embedded the royal Danontand seal without even going through the contents.

“You’re not going to read it?” Danrique raised an eyebrow.

“We’re friends who’ve worked with each other for years. Can’t I trust you?” William smiled. “I always make a buck whenever you’re involved!”

Danrique let out a rare chuckle. “Thank you for your trust.”

“I’ll be sure to aid you in your goals to take over the Epean market,” William said earnestly. “It’s about time we kick Pastor off his high horse!”

“Have a good rest. We have an important show tomorrow night.”

With a smirk, Danrique prepared to leave.

“Are you not joining the banquet?” asked William.

“I just want to get some rest,” Danrique replied without looking back.

“I understand. Take good care of Mr. Lindberg and his employees, Robin.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

Robin personally led the way. “This way, please, Mr. Lindberg.”

Danrique took off his coat as soon as he entered his room, his entire back now covered in sweat.

He's sweating like this again? The fever must have come back.

Sean hurriedly instructed someone to look for Francesca.

At this very moment, the woman had just come out of the shower and was drying her hair while in a bathrobe.

Before she could even put her bedroom slippers on, Kerrie came barging in, and the former hastily wore her mask.