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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1611

Chapter 1611 Survival Instincts

"Are you saying that I am talking sh*t?"

This time, Francesca reacted very quickly as she stared at him fiercely.

"Of course not. Every single word you said is of utmost importance."

Zachary's survival instincts were very strong. He was only able to move his head right now, so his very survival was dependent on Francesca's mood.

I won't dare to offend her.

"Hmph! You are not that stupid after all!"

Francesca rolled her eyes at him and scooped the food out of the pot.

She had prepared another dish for herself as well.

"I thought we are discussing about curing my illness. Why are you eating?"

Zachary frowned. The mood of this woman shifts so fast. One minute she is immersed in sorrow, and the very next moment, she starts eating.

"I will only have the energy to treat you once I am full."

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While Francesca was eating, she crushed an apple with her hand and squeezed the juice into a glass. Once the glass was full, she sipped the juice and enjoyed her meat at the same time.

Once in a while, she would throw a few pieces of meat and bones for the limping aged wolf next to her. As for the eagle and python, she would leave them to hunt for their own food.

Zachary saw her savoring the food with such relish that he started to feel hungry. He asked, "Any food for me?"

"You still can't move right now, so you can only consume a liquid diet."

Charlotte pushed the glass of juice to him.

"That's mine?" Zachary looked at the leftover apple juice and could not help but frown. "I feel that I'm down to all skin and bones, and I should be eating some solid food."

"After you eat, you will poop. Who is going to clean up for you?" snapped Francesca. "Before you can take care of yourself, this is all you're allowed to consume."

Zachary was taken aback. "I will get hungry, won't I?"

"But you won't starve to death." Francesca continued to enjoy her meat.

"Your service is below par. I'm afraid I will have to scale back on your treatment fee," said Zachary grumpily.

"Scale back?"

At the mention of money, Francesca's eyes turned ice-cold. She reached out for the cleaver next to her and threw it. The large knife stabbed into a wooden board beside Zachary's neck, the tip of the knife only a millimeter away from cutting him.

Zachary's eyes widened in shock. He did not even dare to breathe.

Francesca removed a notebook from her pocket and walked up to him. She opened the book up and placed it in front of his eyes with her finger pointing at the page.

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"Look carefully. This is what you owe me for the treatment. Your handprint is on it. If you deny it, I will chop you up right now!"

Zachary squinted his eyes and exclaimed in disbelief, "What? Eight hundred million? Are you sure?"

"Am I sure? There's no mistake here. In fact, I have yet to add in the charges for the past few days."

With that, she took out a pen and started to write in the notebook.

As she was writing, she uttered, "I still have to include the compensation for my psychological trauma, physical danger, security fees, and also for the help that I will be rendering this time around. All in all, it will cost you half of your inheritance!"

Pfft! Zachary nearly spat out a mouthful of blood. "I have never heard of any doctor who wants half of her patient's inheritance. You are too much!"

"Why? You don't want to pay?" An evil smile appeared on Francesca's face. "It's fine if you aren't willing to pay. Anyway, my wolf hasn't had its fill yet."

The limping wolf perked up when it heard that and started to make its way over to Zachary.

"Fine, fine. I'll pay."

Zachary gave in immediately. Nothing mattered most at the moment other than his life.

"That's right." Francesca smiled smugly. "All right. I will go out and find a computer and phone for you. Stay here and finish your juice. If you die of hunger, who am I supposed to collect my fee from?"

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