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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1797

Chapter 1797 It Must Be A Trap

"Come with me, Master Felch. Hurry!"

Kerrie anxiously dragged Francesca along.

"What? Hey! Wait..."

Francesca was immediately brought to the room next door.

At this very moment, Danrique was seated on the sofa with his back facing her, loosening the buttons on his shirt one by one.

Sean placed a bag of ice against his boss' forehead, and he called out to Francesca upon seeing her. "Dr. Felch! Come over. Mr. Lindberg's having another fever."

Francesca walked over, knelt in front of Danrique, and began to examine his wound.

Danrique stopped unbuttoning his shirt and stared at her with creased brows.

The woman was dressed in nothing but a bathrobe, and her hair was still wet. Water droplets could be seen trailing down her neck.

The sight of it all seemed rather suggestive.

Danrique quickly averted his gaze. "Why aren't you wearing any clothes?" he demanded.

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Francesca froze momentarily and wasn't sure how to respond. "Who says I'm not wearing any clothes? Am I not in a bathrobe?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lindberg. I was so frantic that I dragged Master Felch over like this," Kerrie explained.

"Go back to your room and put some clothes – argh!"

Before Danrique could finish, Francesca ripped off the bandages covering his wound. The sudden pain caused him to yelp and stiffen.

"You!"

The man gritted his teeth. I'm going to kill her!

"I'm trying to treat you, not throw myself at you. Don't get the wrong idea," Francesca remarked bluntly without even looking up.

She kept her gaze on the man's injury and redressed it.

Fury burned in Danrique's eyes as his face reddened with anger.

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Sean sighed internally as he watched the ordeal. Mr. Lindberg's always been level-headed, but he seems to be losing his temper a lot recently. I'll have to admit this woman really has some guts.

She manages to p*ss Mr. Lindberg off every day, but he hasn't done anything to get rid of her yet.

The wound was quickly redressed, and Francesca stood up to touch Danrique's forehead. "You do have a fever. Wipe your body with a hot towel, then go to sleep. I'll get your medication."

With that, she returned to her room.

Two maids quickly followed her.

Kerrie was about to give Danrique's body a wipe when the latter took the hot towel from her. "I'll do it myself. Get out."

"Yes, Sir." Kerrie meekly did as told.

Francesca was puzzled to see her leave the room. "Why aren't you tending to him?"

"He didn't let me," Kerrie answered in a hushed tone.

"Why not?"

The woman glanced at the room and lowered her voice even more. "Mr. Lindberg doesn't like girls touching him."

"Huh?" Francesca's eyes widened in surprise. "But it's always the maids tending to him back on the mountains."

"Yeah, but all six of them are women over fifty who've raised him since he was a child. The other maids aren't allowed to enter his room," Kerrie explained.

"Ugh..."

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Francesca was taken aback. I never expected him to have such rules. It's no wonder he's always so wary of me.

What if he's actually...

Her lips twitching, Francesca hastily returned to her room to prepare Danrique's medication.

Meanwhile, in Danrique's own room, Sean handed his boss another towel and commented, "Mr. Lindberg, I think there really is something weird about Dr. Felch."

"You think so too?" Danrique looked up at him.

"It's like she's always deliberately getting on your nerves. Do you think she's scheming something – like what we always see on TV?" Sean surmised. "You know, like how the girl keeps provoking the guy just to stir him up and make him remember her. Then, the guy eventually falls for her. This seems to be a legitimate effect, psychologically speaking."