

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1791

### Chapter 1791 Grabbed By The Arm

Gordon was outraged when he saw that. He wanted to scold her and sue her for it, but Sean dragged him aside before he could say anything.

"She already stole Mr. Lindberg's first kiss at the hot spring. This is the second time!" Sean said.

"Was he not mad at her?" Gordon protested angrily.

"He was. That's why I kicked her out the next day, but then... Well, you know the rest." Sean shrugged helplessly.

"I bet Mr. Lindberg got seduced by her because he has never been with women. Looks like we'll have to get him some experience in that field!" Gordon said with his fists clenched.

"Hey, don't go doing anything crazy now!" Sean shouted with his eyes wide.

"Let's not talk about this for now. Everything can wait until Mr. Lindberg wakes up," Gordon said.

"Yeah. His treatment takes priority right now." Sean nodded.

"His fever has subsided." Kerrie held the thermometer up for them to see after taking Danrique's temperature.

"Oh, that's good to hear!"

Both of them breathed sighs of relief upon hearing that. Looks like Dr. Felch does have some skill, after all!

Francesca's eyes lit up when she noticed the black and gold cross necklace underneath the pillow. She was racking her brain trying to get it back, but it seemed luck was on her side this time. "You guys can go get some rest. I'll take care of things here."

Gordon objected to it right away. "No, we have to stay here and watch over Mr. Lindberg. If anything happens—"

Francesca cut him off, "Nothing is going to happen to him. The medication will keep his fever from burning up again. Even if his temperature doesn't go down by itself, it won't exceed a hundred and two degrees because I'll bring it down through physical means."

"But..."

Francesca frowned. "Geez, you're so annoying! Mr. Lindberg needs some peace and quiet!"

Sean quickly stepped forward to defuse the situation. "Let's go wait in the study room, then. That way, we won't disturb Mr. Lindberg, and you can just call out to us if anything happens."

They won't be able to see anything from the study room, so it should be fine.

With that in mind, Francesca replied, "Sure thing. You should get some rest too, Kerrie. Just leave me with some wet towels and a pot of warm water."

"But..." Kerrie flashed Sean an uncertain look.

"Go on, then." Sean nodded at her.

Having received her orders, Kerrie then prepared the stuff as told and left the room.

Francesca checked Danrique's temperature one more time before lying down on the sofa. "Well? What are you guys still standing here for?"

"You'd better make sure to keep a close eye on Mr. Lindberg's temperature, you hear?" Gordon instructed worriedly.

"Oh, I'm a lot more worried about his well-being than you guys are! I know you guys will kill me if anything happens to him," Francesca replied lazily while yawning.

With no other choice, Sean and Gordon could only retreat to the study room and continue observing from there.

"Don't worry. It'll be fine. She knows her life is on the line here, so she'll definitely take good care of Mr. Lindberg," Sean reassured him.

"That may be true, but her life is nothing compared to Mr. Lindberg's! She could die a hundred times over and it still wouldn't be enough! Have you forgotten about the suicidal assassin who tried to take his life before? The assassin would rather die than expose the mastermind behind the operation!" Gordon protested angrily.

"She doesn't strike me as an assassin, though. I doubt an assassin would be that obsessed with money, possess superb driving skills, and be able to tame animals like her."

"That's hard to say. We should still be extra careful."

"You got that right!"

Francesca could hear them talking softly in the study room, but she wasn't in the least bit interested in what they were saying. All she cared about was getting her hands on that necklace.

She was waiting for them to fall asleep on the sofa so she could make her move, but an hour had passed with both of them still on high alert.

Unable to wait any longer, Francesca got up and took the necklace while checking Danrique's temperature. She was about to stuff it into her pocket when someone grabbed hold of her arm.

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1792

### Chapter 1792 Getting A Little Nosy

Francesca tensed up from the shock and turned around, only to see that Danrique had woken up.

"I-I was just..."

She desperately tried to explain herself, but Danrique cut her off, "Water..."

Feeling relieved that he didn't realize what she did, Francesca quickly put the necklace back and poured him a glass of water.

"Is Mr. Lindberg awake?" Gordon asked when he came in and saw her feeding him some water.

"He has regained a bit of consciousness, but still quite groggy at the moment," Francesca replied while eyeing the necklace.

Good thing I didn't take it with me, or these guys would surely notice and think I'm trying to steal from Danrique! Oh, well... I'll just have to try again some other time...

"Is he still having a fever?" Gordon asked worriedly.

"It won't subside so soon. I think it'll be morning before it goes down," Francesca said after placing her hand on Danrique's forehead.

Gordon stared at Danrique with a pained look on his face. "This is the first time I've seen Mr. Lindberg fall sick in so many years. I used to think he was ridiculously strong and tough."

"Everyone falls sick at some point. Still, he got sick because he was bitten by his own pet snake, so he kind of brought this upon himself," Francesca mentioned casually.

Powered by Hooligan Media

Gordon got furious when he heard that. "How could you say that? What do you mean he brought this upon himself?"

"Why would he keep a venomous snake as a pet? I bet he was trying to poison someone with its venom, wasn't he?" Francesca snapped back at him.

"You..."

"Also, it wasn't exactly very nice of him to keep the beasts with the intention of using them like tools."

Francesca felt extremely conflicted when she recalled Danrique chasing the Mafia off with the wolves.

Although it was fine to summon the wolves for self-defense, the sight of the bodies lying everywhere still shook her to the core.

"What do you know? Mr. Lindberg only kept those beasts as pets because—"

"Gordon! The sun is going to be up soon. You should get some rest," Sean cut him off and tried to change the topic.

Gordon shot Francesca a furious glare, but turned around and left anyway.

"Thank you for the hard work, Dr. Felch. You don't mind if I stay here and watch over Mr. Lindberg, do you?" Unlike Gordon, Sean had always been calm and collected in his mannerisms.

"Of course not. Make sure to keep a close eye on his temperature, then. Remember to let me know if it goes up again." Francesca placed the glass of water down and yawned as she lay down lazily on the sofa.

"Got it."

Sean then sat down beside the bed and looked after Danrique while Francesca tried to get some shuteye.

However, she couldn't seem to fall asleep after going through such an eventful night.

As Francesca lay there staring silently at Danrique, she suddenly realized that he looked a little familiar.

That was something she had felt ever since she met him for the first time at Casino Inferno, but she couldn't remember where she had seen him before.

"Why aren't you sleeping, Dr. Felch?" Sean asked softly.

"I can't fall asleep. By the way, have you guys been to Zarain before?" Francesca asked.

"Of course we have. We go there every year," Sean replied.

"You guys have business there?" Francesca pressed on.

"We have yet to enter Zarain's market, so we don't have any business there. We just follow Mr. Lindberg whenever he makes personal trips there to take care of some private affairs," Sean said casually.

They were actually there to look for someone.

While being pursued by his enemies in Zarain seven years ago, Danrique came across a girl who was as sweet as an angel.

After getting himself to safety, he started having his men look for her.

Six months ago, he went looking for his cousin twice in Zarain after hearing that his aunt's daughter might still be alive.

"What kind of private affairs are we talking about here?" Francesca asked.

Sean stared at her. "I'm not at liberty to disclose that. You seem to be awfully interested in Mr. Lindberg's affairs, Dr. Felch."

"I was just curious, that's all."

Francesca stopped asking any further when she knew she wouldn't get the answers she wanted.