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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.

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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.

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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.

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