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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1807

Chapter 1807 Half The Owner

One of the maids replied with a yes subconsciously. Taken aback by her own reflex, the maid tossed a timid look at Sean.

With a gesture from Sean, the maids quickly prepared everything and brought in some warm water according to Francesca's wishes. They then left with a quick bow.

While the maids busied themselves, Gordon frowned before leaving silently for the living room and took a seat there.

Sean waited till the maids left to have a private word with Francesca. Before long, he too went into the living room to wait.

Unable to help himself, Gordon made a snide remark. "At this rate, she might as well be half the owner of this place."

Sean cleared his throat a little in response. "She definitely displays such a manner. It's no wonder the maids and medical staff are terrified of her."

"In other words, she's been spoiled." Gordon shook his head, displeased. "You tolerate her too much."

"How is it my fault?" argued Sean, feeling slightly aggrieved. "She's not even afraid of Mr. Lindberg himself. What makes you think I have any say?"

"Speaking of which..." Gordon's frown deepened. "Mr. Lindberg couldn't have fallen for her, could he? Otherwise, why would he be so tolerant of her?"

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"I think it's a bit off as well..." Sean turned his gaze upward as he thought out loud. "Mr. Lindberg truly did show her special patience. Even though he's angry, he would always calm down at the most important moment."

"When it comes to romantic relationships, Mr. Lindberg is way too naïve..." Gordon could not help but feel worried for Danrique. "This is really dangerous. He could easily be fooled. Once he's recovered, we must bring him out to experience the cruel reality of this world..."

"Let's continue this conversation only after he's recovered."

Throughout the entire time, Sean stood next to the curtains and kept his neck stretched as he tried to peek inside the room.

After Francesca had took Danrique's temperature and tuck him in, she took a seat on the rug next to the bed and played "Angry Birds" on an iPad.

Even though she had lowered the volume, it could still be heard.

Sean sighed in exasperation. There they were, worrying their heads off while the doctor could not even be bothered.

"She, she..."

"Alright, alright."

Just as Gordon was about to lose his temper at Francesca, Sean quickly interfered. "Just let her play. He had taken his medications and the injection. It is probably safe to assume that his condition is stable for now."

"This is preposterous!" Gordon was on the edge of exploding in fury.

"Stay calm," said Sean, to himself as much as it was to Gordon. "I'll go in and ask about his condition again after half an hour," reassured Sean.

"Fine..."

Both Sean and Gordon paced around the living room restlessly in subdued anxiousness.

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After what felt like forever, half an hour finally passed. Gordon immediately urged Sean to inquire about the situation.

However, the sight that awaited him upon entering the room left him at a loss for words.

Francesca had gotten tired from gaming and had fallen asleep leaning against the bed.

Perhaps because she was cold, she had pulled a part of Danrique's blanket over herself as well.

Meanwhile, Danrique's arm dangled from the bed, coincidentally brushing her cheek.

The atmosphere surrounding the two seemed a little romantic.

Annoyance coursed through Sean's veins. He wanted to scold Francesca for not being professional, but just as he was about to speak, he swallowed his words.

He did not want to wake Danrique.

With a sigh, Sean made his way to the bedside and used a digital thermometer to take Danrique's temperature. Upon noticing Danrique's fever dropped, Sean breathed a sigh of relief.

"How is it?"

Impatient, Gordon went inside to ask.

"Shh!" Sean hushed, reminding Gordon to keep his voice low.

At the sight of Francesca sleeping by the bedside, Gordon's rage suddenly spiked. Aware of Gordon's anger, Sean quickly pulled the former away.

"His fever has dropped."

"Really? That's good... but, that woman..."

"Forget about it. Just turn a blind eye."

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“But...”

“Patience. We’ll discuss about everything else after Mr. Lindberg recovers.”

“Fine.” Gordon finally relented.

Meanwhile, Francesca was dreaming. It was once again regarding a beaming young woman with a young man whose face was blurred.

That time, the two of them were holding hands and running in a field.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, its warm gentle rays reflected the lucky and joyful smiles on their faces...

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1808

Chapter 1808 A Familiar Feeling

“Cece...” Out of the blue, a familiar voice called out.

It was as though there was a telepathic connection, Francesca woke up abruptly and raised her head to look at Danrique with her eyes still half-closed. Complicated emotions swirled in her heart.

This beautiful face really does look familiar...

All of a sudden, a strange yet familiar feeling rose to her chest.

“Is Mr. Lindberg awake?”

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Gordon's voice broke the romantic atmosphere.

Francesca snapped out of her daze and retracted her gaze before pushing herself off the floor.

"How's Mr. Lindberg?" Gordon asked anxiously. "I thought I heard him speak just now?"

Francesca did not reply immediately. Instead, she placed the back of her hand on Danrique's forehead to assess his temperature. "His fever is gone."

"That's great." Both Gordon and Sean felt a weight being lifted off their shoulders.

Francesca then turned her gaze to the clock on the wall, noticing that it was already seven thirty in the morning. "I'll go take a nap. You guys can help him clean his body with warm water, and prepare some broth for him when he awakes."

"Alright, I'll have someone on it immediately."

With that being said, Sean quickly went around to give orders.

"Would Mr. Lindberg's fever spike again?" Gordon pressed on.

"That remains unknown." Francesca yawned. "The virus will come and go. Not to mention, viruses mutate. No one can predict what will happen next."

"Hey, you..." Before Gordon could say anything else, Francesca had dragged her exhausted body out of the room.

Gordon was utterly furious. "Why are you always so against her?" Seeing Gordon's reaction, Sean asked.

"Just look at her attitude!" snapped Gordon.

"She's telling the truth, and the truth is often ugly." Out of the two, Sean was obviously more composed and open-minded. "We're so used to the precious doctors beating around the bush that her brutal honesty comes off a bit too strong."

Sean's reasoning managed to shut Gordon up. After all, it did make sense.

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"Alright, enough. Let's take care of Mr. Lindberg first."

"Okay," agreed Gordon.

In the meantime, Francesca truly had been worn out. The moment she reached her room, she collapsed onto her bed right away.

Just then, she recalled that she had once again forgotten the necklace.

Guess I'll have to wait till next time.

However, since she had found out that her identity was Francesco, the necklace no longer seemed to hold the same weight as it did before.

But what else have I forgotten?

As the thoughts flowed in her mind, Francesca drifted into a slumber.

Once again, she had a dream. Or rather, she had a nightmare. In the nightmare, a crowd of angry people were after her life.

Suddenly, a huge force fell on the back of her head. After that, she could remember nothing...

The back of her head began to ache in response.

Francesca jolted awake. She gasped for air and kept her eyes fixed on the ceiling. Her heart was still pounding against her ribcage.

She had been having that dream repeatedly for some time now.

And every time she woke up from the dream, there would be a sharp and unbearable pain at the back of her head.

Deep in her soul, she knew that the incident had something to do with her memory loss.

However, she could not place her finger on the reason people wanted to kill her. Wasn't she just a doctor living a peaceful and undisturbed life?

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Just as she was lost in thoughts, a knock came from her door. Following suit, the voice of a maid called out. "Dr. Felch, His Highness has invited you for lunch!"

Francesca rolled over to sit up. Eyeing the clock on the wall with narrowed eyes, she realized it was already noon.

"Be there in a minute."

Just in time. I'd love to find out more about the past.

"Alright, I'll be waiting for you out here," replied the maid respectfully.

After freshening up and changing into a suitable outfit, Francesca put on a mask and exited the room while yawning.

"This way!" Four maids were waiting outside her door to welcome her.

Francesca trailed behind lazily. Once in a while, she would rub her eyes and yawn, completely out of place in the luxurious atmosphere.

Passing through a long hallway, they reached a grand hall. From afar, Francesca could already see Prince William seated in front of a long table with two people standing behind him, waiting to be of service.

As for the maids, they were busy serving the scrumptious food onto the table.

The mere sight of it all made Francesca drool. Just as she was about to make her way there, a familiar voice sounded from behind her. "What is she doing here?"