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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1825

Chapter 1825 Fever Subsided

Back on the mountain, Francesca drew the snake's blood to run tests so she could decide on the final treatment plan.

Sean remained by Danrique's side.

Feeling anxious, Gordon kept coming to Francesca to urge her.

At two in the morning, Francesca finally prepared the new medicine and fed it to Danrique at once. She also changed his dressing.

After everything was done, Francesca was drained of energy. She ordered, "Wipe his body and change his clothes."

With that said, she turned to return to her room.

"Dr. Felch, you can't leave!" Gordon stopped her from leaving. "What if Mr. Lindberg gets a recurring fever?"

"I'll take a shower and come back here," Francesca told him wearily. "Tonight's critical, so I'll stay with him. Prepare a blanket for me on the sofa."

"Got it. I'll do that now." Gordon bobbed his head.

Francesca went back to her room to take a shower. However, the flaring pain from the wound behind her head reminded her that she couldn't stay for long.

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I have to cure Danrique as soon as possible and then leave with the money. Hmm, who is that "Cece" he keeps mumbling in his sleep, though? Why do I feel odd every time I hear this name?

Alas, the more she pondered over it, the more her head ached.

Holding the back of her head, Francesca told herself to stop pondering over the matter.

After blow-drying her hair and changing into a fresh outfit, she walked into the neighboring room.

At once, Sean greeted her. "Dr. Felch, Mr. Lindberg is still running a temperature and showing no signs of cooling down."

"He took the medicine half an hour ago. Don't worry." Francesca yawned and flopped onto the sofa lazily. "I'll take a nap. If he's still running a temperature an hour later, wake me up."

"Can you even sleep here?" Gordon glanced at the crowded and brightly lit room with a frown.

Francesca hugged a pillow and rolled over to face the sofa. Soon, she began snoring.

"I've got to hand it to her," Gordon muttered under his breath and shook his head.

"Turn off the overhead light," Sean ordered.

The maid immediately did as told and only left the wall lamp on. Bathed in dim light, the room was now suitable for sleeping.

Sean dismissed the others and only left two medical staff behind.

He and Gordon stood aside silently to keep watch over Danrique.

An hour soon passed. Kerrie took Danrique's temperature and reported excitedly, "His temperature has dropped from thirty-nine degrees Celsius to thirty-eight degrees Celsius!"

"He's still having a fever," Gordon remarked with a frown. He immediately woke Francesca up. "Dr. Felch? Dr. Felch!"

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Francesca muttered sleepily, "What happened? Didn't his temperature decrease?"

"Yes, it decreased, but he's still having a fever at a hundred," Gordon reported.

"Great. Continue observing him," Francesca responded.

She rolled over and went back to sleep.

Yet another hour passed. Kerrie took Danrique's temperature again and discovered his temperature was back to normal. Delighted, she announced, "His fever subsided! Mr. Lindberg's fever subsided!"

Sean and Gordon hurried over to take a look. Indeed, Danrique's current body temperature was ninety-seven. He was back to normal.

"That's fantastic!" They beamed happily.

"His fever has subsided?" Right then, Francesca's voice rang out. She got to her feet and came over to Danrique. Rubbing her eyes, she yawned and felt Danrique's forehead. "Mm. He's okay now!"

"Will it come back?" Sean asked worriedly.

"I can't be sure about that." Francesca glanced at the necklace on Danrique's neck. "I'll keep watch here, so you can get some rest."

"We'll keep you company," Gordon said. "We can't let our guard down at this critical moment."

"Yes." Sean nodded. "Kerrie, you should get some rest."

"Yes, Mr. Lowe."

Kerrie lowered her head and retreated. She hadn't slept for a few days and was exhausted.

"Go to the study room instead of standing here like door guardians," Francesca said and returned to the sofa. "I'll take a nap and then take his temperature later."

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chapter 1826

Chapter 1826 Shameless Woman

Both Sean and Gordon knew Francesca hated crowds, so they went to the study room obediently.

After spending some time with her, they had grown to trust her.

Besides, they didn't get to sleep for they had to keep watch on Danrique every night. Feeling drained, they sat on the sofa and soon fell asleep.

Sound asleep, they started snoring lightly.

Francesca's eyes snapped open instantly as she flashed a smug grin.

After making sure they were sound asleep, she got up and went to the bed to get Danrique's necklace.

However, the necklace was really thick, so she couldn't pull it off. She dared not tug at it forcefully, for the rest would know it was her doing if she were to leave a mark on Danrique's neck.

Francesca turned at her shoulder, and both bodyguards were sleeping soundly. They didn't even stir.

She inched nearer hastily and used both hands to remove the necklace.

She was about to succeed when Danrique suddenly rolled over and pinned her underneath his body.

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Francesca's eyes widened in shock and instinctively tried to shove him away. Alas, his body was as firm as an iron wall. He also had one leg over her body, and she couldn't push him away.

After trying to remove herself to no avail, Francesca reached out for the necklace again.

Right then, Danrique opened his eyes abruptly.

Under the dim light, his amber eyes sparkled as he glared at her. It felt like she was being watched by a beast that was woken up rudely.

Francesca was lying in his arms on her side, and her hands were stretched out toward him. Her lips were puckered as she was feeling nervous.

It didn't seem that she was trying to steal his necklace. Instead, it looked like she was holding his face and trying to kiss him sneakily.

"Er..."

Sean, who had woken up from the commotion, had the same thought when he spotted them.

"Ungrateful Wretch!" Danrique kicked Francesca away.

His kick was so forceful that Francesca tumbled down the bed. She held her butt and rolled around on the ground in pain.

After a few seconds, Sean snapped back to reality and went over to help her up. "Dr. Felch, are you all right?"

"B*stard!" Francesca held her waist and stood up, her expression contorted in anguish. "Why did you kick me?"

"Drag her out," Danrique gave an order curtly, for he was done putting up with her nonsense. "She shall stay three meters away from me!"

"Uh." Briefly stunned, Sean grunted in acknowledgment. "All right."

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Carefully, he gestured Francesca toward the door.

Francesca shot him a nasty look and spun on her heels before stalking away.

Sean followed behind her and escorted her out.

Outside the room, Francesca rubbed her sore butt and cursed, "B*stard, how could he kick me?"

"Well..." Sean touched his nose awkwardly. "Mr. Lindberg won't cave even if you climb into his bed. Dr. Felch, you should give up."

Francesca's eyes bulged in disbelief. "What do you mean by climb into bed? I..."

Before she could finish, Sean turned and returned to the room.

Francesca was left alone in the corridor.

To say her emotions right then were complicated was an understatement.

She reflected, Did I do anything wrong? Why do they think that way? A pity that I didn't manage to get the necklace.

Now that Danrique had ordered for her to stay at least three meters away from him, it would be incredibly hard for her to get the necklace.

Ugh, how annoying!

Feeling frustrated, Francesca went back to her room and fell back into her bed.

Shortly after, she fell asleep.

As a carefree and heartless person, she wouldn't spend too much time pondering over a matter.

After all, she was sure that everything would work itself out.

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In the room next to hers, Danrique couldn't fall asleep. I've never met any woman as shameless as her. She kept coming closer to try to take advantage of me. First, she took my first kiss from me. She even climbed into my bed earlier to try to have sex with me! How shameless of her!