

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1825

Chapter 1825 Fever Subsidied

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.

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!”

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 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 tugged 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.

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."

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.

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!

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"Mr. Lindberg, your fever has subsided. When you recover completely, we can kick her out," Gordon assured him carefully.

"I've sent someone to contact that elderly doctor. He'll do his best to bring the good doctor here as soon as possible. We can ask that doctor to treat you using acupuncture and feed you your medicine while Dr. Felch watches from aside," Sean reported.

He had already started making the arrangements.

"Get out," Danrique ordered in irritation.

"But—" Gordon was about to protest when Sean stopped him. "All right. We shall excuse ourselves now."

After shutting the door behind them, Gordon asked in a low voice, "What was that? We can't leave Mr. Lindberg alone in his room. What if he gets a fever again?"

"If Mr. Lindberg feels unwell, he'll summon us," came Sean's answer. "He wants to be alone now, so let's not disturb him."

"All right." Gordon nodded. "Our priority is to find that girl. After finding her, Mr. Lindberg will return to Erihal."

"That's right. After today's events, Pastor won't give up. He might take action soon, so we need to leave as soon as possible."

"Mm. I'll go dig for more clues regarding the girl."

"Sure."

Gordon was about to leave when his phone rang. It was a call from Robin. "Gordon, we've been ambushed by Pastor's men."

"Where are you?"

"I've sent you the address. Please send backup."

"I'll be there right away."

Gordon promptly gathered his men to help them out.

Sean reminded him, "Bring more men and be careful. Don't expose our whereabouts."

"I know." Gordon left in a haste.

It began to pour outside.

Strangely, Sean felt uneasy. I wish Mr. Lindberg can leave M Nation soon and return to Erihal. Otherwise, his presence is inevitably going to spark a bloodbath.

Francesca was sleeping so soundly that she didn't realize her phone was vibrating. Anthony gave her a few calls, but she didn't answer them.

The next morning, Francesca was woken up rudely by someone knocking on her door urgently. "Dr. Felch? Dr. Felch, wake up!"

"What is it?" Francesca snapped.

I didn't get to sleep well for the past few days!

"Dr. Felch, Prince William was shot. He's in a dangerous situation, so please take a look at him!" the maid urged.

Francesca jolted awake at once. She scrambled out of bed and open the door hastily without even putting her slippers on. "What happened?"

"Prince William was attacked when he was heading to the airport last night. Mr. Gordon rushed there to save them, but Prince William has been shot..."

The maid led her to the guest room while explaining the entire situation.

"Where was he shot? Is it life-threatening?"

As Francesca spoke, Danrique stepped out of the room.

Their gazes met. Danrique immediately looked away coolly.

Francesca rolled her eyes and hurried into the guest room.

William was lying in bed weakly, his face pale from losing too much blood. His white suit was stained red by his blood.

"Your Highness, hang on. Dr. Felch will be here soon," Robin comforted him anxiously.

"Dr. Felch, hurry!" After spotting her, Sean dragged her to the bed. "Prince William was shot, and the bullet is still inside his body."

"Get out of my way."

Francesca immediately checked William's wound and realized the bullet was inches away from his heart.

Her brows scrunched up as she ordered, "Get me my medical kit."

“Yes.” Kerrie brought over the medical kit as told.

Francesca put on gloves and used a pair of sterilized scissors to cut William’s clothes open. She was prepared to remove the bullet for him.

At the same time, she said, “He’s losing too much blood, so we’ll have to get him to the hospital to get a blood transfusion.”

“He can’t go to the hospital now,” Sean answered hastily. “Pastor’s men are looking for us.”

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Chapter 1828 Prepared To Leave

“There is a lack of medical equipment here. If he doesn’t get any blood transfusion, he’ll die.” Francesca’s frown deepened. “Who will take responsibility if something happens to him?”

“Well...” Sean turned to Danrique to get an answer.

“Mr. Lindberg, nothing can happen to His Highness!” Robin chimed in fretfully.

“William’s badly injured. If we bring him to the hospital now and run into another ambush, that will only serve to worsen his situation.” Danrique made up his mind. “What equipment do you need? I’ll ask my men to get it right now.”

“That isn’t enough. I also need blood,” Francesca responded briskly. “I’ll prepare a list. You’ll have to get the things prepared within four hours, or the consequences would be horrible.”

“I’ll get to it right away,” Gordon promised.

Francesca scribbled down a list of things she needed swiftly and handed it to Gordon.

Gordon strode out to get the things needed. Robin followed after him and said, “Mr. Gordon, please do your best.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be back with the equipment and blood in time,” came Gordon’s answer.

He then left hastily with his men.

Francesca tended to William’s wound and stopped the bleeding. She stayed beside him all the while.

“Francesca...” William mumbled her name weakly and reached out to her.

Francesca took his hand, and he promptly fell unconscious.

Danrique's brows snapped together at the sight. Strangely, he felt discomfort prickling in his heart.

I thought she is only intimate with me. Turns out she does that to every man!

"You can leave. There's no need for all of you to remain here," Francesca said softly.

Sean dismissed the rest and left two medical staff to be of help.

Robin and two subordinates stood watch beside William.

Danrique sank into the sofa. He wasn't about to leave, for William was injured because of him. He couldn't stay out of the matter.

Sean offered Danrique a blanket. "Mr. Lindberg, you've just recovered, so you need to rest well."

Danrique propped his head on his arm and started dozing off.

Everyone was worried sick about William, but Danrique was unfazed. Perhaps he trusted Francesca's skills, or perhaps he trusted that William would get lucky.

Francesca remained beside the bed and kept William company.

All she could do now was wait, for the equipment and blood weren't here yet.

William held her hand tightly as though that was the only way he'd feel safe.

Francesca didn't resist his touch. She didn't remember her past, but William felt familiar to her. She couldn't stop herself from getting nervous after learning he got hurt.

However, the sight merely increased Danrique's disgust for her. Looks like she wants a handsome, rich, and powerful man instead of me. She has no loyalty in relationships whatsoever, and I'll never like her.

He caressed the black and gold cross necklace around his neck and thought of Cece. Cece's the best...

Gordon was efficient enough to get everything done before the time was up. He also brought along a surgeon and a few dependable medical staff.

Francesca began operating on William, and the rest retreated from the room.

After Danrique returned to his room, Gordon came to report to him. "Mr. Lindberg, we received an update that Pastor fell into a coma after the snake bit him. His men are looking for us now. The force behind him has also taken action. They have set up traps all over the city. Summerbank is unsafe now. Should we leave as soon as possible?"

Danrique pondered silently for a moment before giving a curt nod. "When William's condition stabilizes, we shall leave."

Despite wanting to stay behind to find the girl, he had to consider the big picture.

William was seriously injured, so his situation would worsen if they were ambushed by the enemy.

I need time to find out the force behind Pastor before planning my next move. It's dangerous to go against them right now.