

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1764

“Mr. Lindberg!”

Noticing something off about Danrique's expression, Sean quickly followed him, but not before giving a female subordinate his order. “Get her out of there. Make sure she doesn't die.”

“Yes, sir.” The woman hurriedly went to rescue Francesca.

Meanwhile, Danrique removed all the needles from his body and returned to his room in a fury. He then put on his bathrobe, sat on the couch, and sipped on a glass of cold wine.

His eyes continued to burn with rage. That d*mned woman! How dare she...

“What happened?”

Gordon rushed over and was just about to report to Danrique when Sean stopped him.

Sean then leaned over to describe what had just happened, causing Gordon to pale in shock. “What? That was Mr. Lindberg's first kiss—”

“Shhhh!” Sean hastily covered the other man's mouth. “You have a death wish or something?”

Upon realizing he had said something out of line, Gordon scanned his surroundings nervously. Did he hear me? No? Okay. Guess I'm safe.

Sean let go and gritted his teeth. “I leave Mr. Lindberg for just one moment, and that woman makes a move on him,” he remarked softly. “It's no wonder I've been having this strange feeling about her. I thought she was only after the money or that she was sent by our enemies to spy on us, but I never thought...”

“D*mn! I can't believe a tomboy like her tried to seduce Mr. Lindberg!” Gordon raged. “And more importantly, she actually succeeded?”

“Mr. Lindberg's never been around women, so there are rumors saying he's into men. Maybe that's why she was the perfect candidate to approach Mr. Lindberg,” Sean lamented. “It's all my fault. Why did I walk away? I should've kept an eye on her.”

“No.” Gordon grew increasingly confused. “The point is that her face is so ruined that she's kept it wrapped all this while. No one knows what she even looks like! So, why did Mr. Lindberg still...”

“Maybe it's because he's never actually been with a woman. So when one finally tries to make a move on him, I guess he just...” Sean pondered. “Well, Mr. Lindberg's twenty-seven, but he's never even touched a woman's hand. So I can kind of understand why this happened.”

Gordon wasn't having it. “That tomboy is full of tricks. She can't stay. I'm going to kick her out now.”

“Wait.” Sean quickly stopped him. “Mr. Lindberg hasn't been cured yet. Besides, I was there when it happened. He looked like he enjoyed it, but I'm not sure what he was thinking. What if he calms down and asks for that woman only to learn that you've thrown her out?”

“Good point.” Gordon had always been more rash, unlike the meticulous Sean. “What should we do, then?”

“Let's just wait and see what Mr. Lindberg has to say.” Sean couldn't help but worry as he stared at the tightly shut door. “Poor Mr. Lindberg. He's probably feeling depressed now after getting his first kiss robbed by that tomboy.”

“Seriously. I can't believe this!” Gordon fumed.

Meanwhile, the female subordinate carried an unconscious Francesca into the building.

After a series of struggles, the bandages on Francesca's face had come loose, and a small part of her face could now be seen.

Her body was completely soaked, and the outline of her charming figure was now clear as day.

Regardless, all the men kept their gazes low, not daring to sneak a peek at her.

In any case, their boss was now considered to have touched her, so nobody dared to even let their eyes wander.

Before long, the female subordinate brought Francesca back to her room so the nurses and maids could take care of her. "She's unconscious. Should we get a doctor to see her?" the subordinate asked.

"Why should we? Isn't she a doctor herself?" Gordon snapped.

Sean, on the other hand, was more rational. "That doesn't mean she can treat herself. Get a female doctor to tend to her."

"Understood." The female subordinate immediately did as instructed.

"Did she seriously pass out after choking on some hot spring water?" Gordon was dumbstruck. "Is she that afraid of water?"