

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1789

Because Francesca was completely focused on treating him, she didn't seem to notice that tiny detail.

Soon, the bandaging of the wound was complete.

Francesca put on a pair of latex gloves and began the acupuncture procedure.

“He may have a fever that comes and goes several times tonight, so he'll need someone to watch over him and monitor his body temperature. It mustn't go past a hundred and two, okay? Let me know if it's about to exceed that temperature.”

“You can't leave tonight, Dr. Felch. We may have people watching over him, but summoning you every time his temperature goes up is far too troublesome. How about you just stay here instead?”

Francesca kept quiet until she was done with the acupuncture procedure. “Maybe you should ask him if he wants me to stay. He was frowning so hard when I bandaged his wound that his eyebrows nearly ended up in knots. Honestly, he made it look like I was trying to rape him or something.”

“Uh...” Sean was at a loss for words.

Danrique was sweating so much from the pain that he couldn't even be bothered to argue with her.

“Well? Do you want your life or your virginity?” Francesca teased him.

“Get lost!” Danrique shouted angrily through clenched teeth.

“See? He asked me to get lost, so I have no choice but to do so. Keep an eye on his temperature, and summon me if it goes too high,” Francesca said while she took her gloves off and walked away.

“You...”

Sean was left speechless by her behavior.

What... She has got to be the most difficult doctor I have ever seen! We're paying her a huge sum of money for this treatment, and yet she acts like she owns this place?

After returning to her room, Francesca had a little snack and went back to sleep. She was really tired after going an entire night without rest.

She had just fallen asleep when a knocking was heard on the door. “Dr. Felch! Dr. Felch!”

“What is it?” she asked sleepily.

“Mr. Lindberg is having a fever! Mr. Lowe requests your presence immediately! Please come quick!” shouted the female medical staff.

Although reluctant, Francesca had no choice but to get out of bed after she was woken up. She rubbed her eyes as she got dressed and dragged her exhausted body into the room next door.

The light was off in the room, and it was only illuminated by an orange-colored lamp on the wall.

The warm lighting from the lamp cast a gentle glow over the room and added some warmth to its cold color theme.

Danrique was lying on the bed and appeared to be unconscious.

Sean and Gordon could be seen standing on the side with worried looks on their faces.

Two medical staff were kneeling beside the bed and wiping Danrique's sweat off with warm towels.

“What's his temperature?” Francesca asked as she made her way over.

“A hundred and one degrees, Dr. Felch! Please take a look at him!” Sean replied.

Francesca yawned. “Didn't I say to only summon me if it reaches a hundred and two degrees? It's still too early now!”

“But, Dr. Felch...” Sean was about to say something further, but Gordon got so mad that he cut him off, “Dr. Felch, we paid you a huge sum of money to look after Mr. Lindberg! How could you behave so unprofessionally?”

Instead of getting mad at him, Francesca simply shot him a glance as she explained patiently, “When kids have fevers, we try to reduce their body temperature through physical means unless it goes past a certain level where medication is necessary.”

She then sat down lazily on the sofa and continued, “My fever medication has some side effects, so I won't administer it unless absolutely necessary.”

“Even so, you should stay here instead of going back to sleep in the room!” Gordon shouted angrily.

“That's enough, Gordon. Dr. Felch, you may not be aware of Mr. Lindberg's identity, but his safety will affect the fate of an entire family and an organization. We really can't afford to have anything go wrong with his treatment.”

Francesca frowned slightly. “This has nothing to do with his identity. Being a doctor, I will do everything I can to save him even if he's just an ordinary person.”

“But—”

Not wanting to waste any more time and energy talking to them, Francesca cut them off, "Fine, I'll stay here tonight, so you guys can leave."