

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1792

Francesca tensed up from the shock and turned around, only to see that Danrique had woken up.

"I-I was just..."

She desperately tried to explain herself, but Danrique cut her off, "Water..."

Feeling relieved that he didn't realize what she did, Francesca quickly put the necklace back and poured him a glass of water.

"Is Mr. Lindberg awake?" Gordon asked when he came in and saw her feeding him some water.

"He has regained a bit of consciousness, but still quite groggy at the moment," Francesca replied while eyeing the necklace.

Good thing I didn't take it with me, or these guys would surely notice and think I'm trying to steal from Danrique! Oh, well... I'll just have to try again some other time...

"Is he still having a fever?" Gordon asked worriedly.

"It won't subside so soon. I think it'll be morning before it goes down," Francesca said after placing her hand on Danrique's forehead.

Gordon stared at Danrique with a pained look on his face. "This is the first time I've seen Mr. Lindberg fall sick in so many years. I used to think he was ridiculously strong and tough."

"Everyone falls sick at some point. Still, he got sick because he was bitten by his own pet snake, so he kind of brought this upon himself," Francesca mentioned casually.

Gordon got furious when he heard that. "How could you say that? What do you mean he brought this upon himself?"

"Why would he keep a venomous snake as a pet? I bet he was trying to poison someone with its venom, wasn't he?" Francesca snapped back at him.

"You..."

"Also, it wasn't exactly very nice of him to keep the beasts with the intention of using them like tools."

Francesca felt extremely conflicted when she recalled Danrique chasing the Mafia off with the wolves.

Although it was fine to summon the wolves for self-defense, the sight of the bodies lying everywhere still shook her to the core.

"What do you know? Mr. Lindberg only kept those beasts as pets because—"

"Gordon! The sun is going to be up soon. You should get some rest," Sean cut him off and tried to change the topic.

Gordon shot Francesca a furious glare, but turned around and left anyway.

"Thank you for the hard work, Dr. Felch. You don't mind if I stay here and watch over Mr. Lindberg, do you?" Unlike Gordon, Sean had always been calm and collected in his mannerisms.

"Of course not. Make sure to keep a close eye on his temperature, then. Remember to let me know if it goes up again." Francesca placed the glass of water down and yawned as she lay down lazily on the sofa.

“Got it.”

Sean then sat down beside the bed and looked after Danrique while Francesca tried to get some shuteye.

However, she couldn't seem to fall asleep after going through such an eventful night.

As Francesca lay there staring silently at Danrique, she suddenly realized that he looked a little familiar.

That was something she had felt ever since she met him for the first time at Casino Inferno, but she couldn't remember where she had seen him before.

“Why aren't you sleeping, Dr. Felch?” Sean asked softly.

“I can't fall asleep. By the way, have you guys been to Zarain before?” Francesca asked.

“Of course we have. We go there every year,” Sean replied.

“You guys have business there?” Francesca pressed on.

“We have yet to enter Zarain's market, so we don't have any business there. We just follow Mr. Lindberg whenever he makes personal trips there to take care of some private affairs,” Sean said casually.

They were actually there to look for someone.

While being pursued by his enemies in Zarain seven years ago, Danrique came across a girl who was as sweet as an angel.

After getting himself to safety, he started having his men look for her.

Six months ago, he went looking for his cousin twice in Zarin after hearing that his aunt's daughter might still be alive.

“What kind of private affairs are we talking about here?” Francesca asked.

Sean stared at her. “I'm not at liberty to disclose that. You seem to be awfully interested in Mr. Lindberg's affairs, Dr. Felch.”

“I was just curious, that's all.”

Francesca stopped asking any further when she knew she wouldn't get the answers she wanted.