

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1807

One of the maids replied with a yes subconsciously. Taken aback by her own reflex, the maid tossed a timid look at Sean.

With a gesture from Sean, the maids quickly prepared everything and brought in some warm water according to Francesca's wishes. They then left with a quick bow.

While the maids busied themselves, Gordon frowned before leaving silently for the living room and took a seat there.

Sean waited till the maids left to have a private word with Francesca. Before long, he too went into the living room to wait.

Unable to help himself, Gordon made a snide remark. "At this rate, she might as well be half the owner of this place."

Sean cleared his throat a little in response. "She definitely displays such a manner. It's no wonder the maids and medical staff are terrified of her."

"In other words, she's been spoiled." Gordon shook his head, displeased. "You tolerate her too much."

"How is it my fault?" argued Sean, feeling slightly aggrieved. "She's not even afraid of Mr. Lindberg himself. What makes you think I have any say?"

"Speaking of which..." Gordon's frown deepened. "Mr. Lindberg couldn't have fallen for her, could he? Otherwise, why would he be so tolerant of her?"

"I think it's a bit off as well..." Sean turned his gaze upward as he thought out loud. "Mr. Lindberg truly did show her special patience. Even though he's angry, he would always calm down at the most important moment."

“When it comes to romantic relationships, Mr. Lindberg is way too naïve...” Gordon could not help but feel worried for Danrique. “This is really dangerous. He could easily be fooled. Once he's recovered, we must bring him out to experience the cruel reality of this world...”

“Let's continue this conversation only after he's recovered.”

Throughout the entire time, Sean stood next to the curtains and kept his neck stretched as he tried to peek inside the room.

After Francesca had took Danrique's temperature and tuck him in, she took a seat on the rug next to the bed and played “Angry Birds” on an iPad.

Even though she had lowered the volume, it could still be heard.

Sean sighed in exasperation. There they were, worrying their heads off while the doctor could not even be bothered.

“She, she...”

“Alright, alright.”

Just as Gordon was about to lose his temper at Francesca, Sean quickly interfered. “Just let her play. He had taken his medications and the injection. It is probably safe to assume that his condition is stable for now.”

“This is preposterous!” Gordon was on the edge of exploding in fury.

“Stay calm,” said Sean, to himself as much as it was to Gordon. “I'll go in and ask about his condition again after half an hour,” reassured Sean.

“Fine...”

Both Sean and Gordon paced around the living room restlessly in subdued anxiousness.

After what felt like forever, half an hour finally passed. Gordon immediately urged Sean to inquire about the situation.

However, the sight that awaited him upon entering the room left him at a loss for words.

Francesca had gotten tired from gaming and had fallen asleep leaning against the bed.

Perhaps because she was cold, she had pulled a part of Danrique's blanket over herself as well.

Meanwhile, Danrique's arm dangled from the bed, coincidentally brushing her cheek.

The atmosphere surrounding the two seemed a little romantic.

Annoyance coursed through Sean's veins. He wanted to scold Francesca for not being professional, but just as he was about to speak, he swallowed his words.

He did not want to wake Danrique.

With a sigh, Sean made his way to the bedside and used a digital thermometer to take Danrique's temperature. Upon noticing Danrique's fever dropped, Sean breathed a sigh of relief.

“How is it?”

Impatient, Gordon went inside to ask.

“Shh!” Sean hushed, reminding Gordon to keep his voice low.

At the sight of Francesca sleeping by the bedside, Gordon's rage suddenly spiked. Aware of Gordon's anger, Sean quickly pulled the former away.

“His fever has dropped.”

“Really? That's good... but, that woman...”

“Forget about it. Just turn a blind eye.”

“But...”

“Patience. We'll discuss about everything else after Mr. Lindberg recovers.”

“Fine.” Gordon finally relented.

Meanwhile, Francesca was dreaming. It was once again regarding a beaming young woman with a young man whose face was blurred.

That time, the two of them were holding hands and running in a field.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, its warm gentle rays reflected the lucky and joyful smiles on their faces...