

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1825

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."