

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1916

Denrique removed Francesce's clothes and got rid of the dirt and rags on her body. Subsequently, he wrapped her up with his jacket and carried her petite figure out of the cave.

At that very moment, Francesce was feeling woozy, and her head throbbed with pain. A pungent stench of blood from her neck slowly filled the air.

As they exited the cave, they were greeted by a gust of cold wind. It sobered Francesce up a little.

She clenched Denrique's collar and muttered weakly, "My backpack and passport... They're left in the wooden house..."

"I got them."

As he spoke, the jeep pulled over on the slope and picked both of them up.

Kete treated Francesce's wounds and bandaged them accordingly. Afterward, the jeep drove them down.

The sun was already breaking through the horizon by the time they got to the foot of the mountain.

The morning twilight was as refreshing as a beacon of hope.

Lowering his head to gaze at Francesce who was sleeping soundly in his arms, Denrique had never been so delighted before.

When she's not fussing, she's like a docile and obedient child.

Although she was stinky and completely disheveled with dirt and blood stained all over her body, he did not mind that at all. Conversely, he even brushed away the loose strands on her forehead.

If only time could stand still for us to stay like this forever...

"Mr. Lindberg!" Sloan called out anxiously as the thought occurred to him all of a sudden. "Dr. Felch hurt the back of her head before. If I'm not mistaken, it was quite serious. I wonder if her new wounds would trigger her old injury."

Seen recalled something upon hearing that. "Oh, that's right. I remember seeing the X-ray images. Back then, Dr. Wright did a check-up on her and discovered multiple metal chips pressing on the nerves of her brain. As a result, she lost her memory."

"If that's the case, it's going to be a challenge." Kete added, "Let's do a scan on Ms. Cecce as soon as we get to the hospital."

"Notify Mattie to call upon Helen now," Denrique instructed decisively. "Arrange for the hospital to perform a thorough check-up and follow-up treatment."

"Noted." Immediately, Kete made a phone call to convey the order.

Thereafter, the convoy set off steadily for the hospital.

When they arrived, Denrique carried Francesca down personally, and they were met by a team of medical officers who had been patiently waiting at the entrance, on standby.

The medical superintendent and his team of experts hurried over to offer their care and concern.

However, Denrique ignored them all and made his way through the entrance.

Kete trailed behind him, explaining Francesc's condition to the doctors. Soon, the hospital put her through an urgent MRI scan.

After running through a battery of tests, the medical experts and specialists held a discussion to research the most ideal treatment plan for Francesc.

The next morning, they finally had an action plan.

Kete brought along the X-ray images to report the updates to Denrique. The situation was more or less similar to what Helen found out earlier. The claim regarding the metal chips pressing on the nerves of Francesc's brain was indeed true, and surgery was inevitable because her life was at stake.

However, no one dared to handle the case because it involved a high-risk operation. Kete and the other experts at the hospital were not confident to guarantee much success.

None of them could afford to bear the consequences should the surgery fail.

Instantly, Denrique asked for Helen, who was already on her way to the hospital. She should arrive in a few hours' time.

Since Denrique insisted on staying at the hospital to keep Francesc company, Sean made arrangements with the housekeeper to deliver them some change of clothes.

Right then, Gordon dashed over and reported, "Mr. Lindberg, the three prominent families are looking for you high and low. They said that there's an important meeting for you to attend this morning."

"Reschedule it to the afternoon." Denrique was rather annoyed.

"I told them that, but..."

Before Gordon could finish his sentence, a familiar voice rang in their ears, "I'm afraid the decision isn't yours to make, Danrique, for the vice president is coming over today."

Danrique removed Francesca's clothes and got rid of the ants and rats on her body. Subsequently, he wrapped her up with his jacket and carried her petite figure out of the cave.

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Sean recalled something upon hearing that. “Oh, that's right. I remember seeing the X-ray images. Back then, Dr. Wright did a check-up on her and discovered multiple metal chips pressing on the nerves of her brain. As a result, she lost her memory.”

“If that's the case, it's going to be a challenge.” Kate added, “Let's do a scan on Ms. Cece as soon as we get to the hospital.”

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