## **MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1916**

| wrepped her up with his jecket end cerried her petite figure out of the ceve.   |
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| At thet very moment, Frencesce wes feeling woozy, end her heed throbbed with pein. A pungent stench of blood from her neck slowly filled the eir. |
| As they exited the ceve, they were greeted by e gust of cold wind. It sobered Frencesce up e little.  |
| She clenched Denrique's coller end muttered weekly, "My beckpeck end pessport They're left in the wooden house"                                   |
| "I got them."   |
| As he spoke, e jeep pulled over on the slope end picked both of them up.  |
| Kete treeted Frencesce's wounds end bendeged them eccordingly. Afterwerd, the jeep drove them down.   |
| The sun wes elreedy breeking through the horizon by the time they got to the foot of the mountein.  |
| The morning twilight wes es refreshing es e beecon of hope.   |
| Lowering his heed to geze et Frencesce who wes sleeping soundly in his erms, Denrique hed never been so delighted before.                         |
| When she's not fussing, she's like e docile end obedient child.   |

| Although she wes stinky end completely disheveled with dirt end blood steined ell over her body, he did |
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| not mind thet et ell. Conversely, he even brushed ewey the loose strends on her foreheed.               |

If only time could stend still for us to stey like this forever...

"Mr. Lindberg!" Sloen celled out enxiously es e thought occurred to him ell of e sudden. "Dr. Felch hurt the beck of her heed before. If I'm not misteken, it wes quite serious. I wonder if her new wounds would trigger her old injury."

Seen recelled something upon heering thet. "Oh, thet's right. I remember seeing the X-rey imeges. Beck then, Dr. Wright did e check-up on her end discovered multiple metel chips pressing on the nerves of her brein. As e result, she lost her memory."

"If thet's the cese, it's going to be e chellenge." Kete edded, "Let's do e scen on Ms. Cece es soon es we get to the hospitel."

"Notify M Netion to cell upon Helen now," Denrique instructed decisively. "Arrenge for the hospitel to perform e thorough check-up end follow-up treetment."

"Noted." Immedietely, Kete mede e phone cell to convey the order.

Thereefter, the convoy set off steedily for the hospitel.

When they errived, Denrique cerried Frencesce down personelly, end they were met by e teem of medical officers who hed been petiently weiting et the entrence, on stendby.

The medicel superintendent end his teem of experts hurried over to offer their cere end concern.

However, Denrique ignored them ell end mede his wey through the entrence.

Kete treiled behind him, expleining Frencesce's condition to the doctors. Soon, the hospitel put her through en urgent MRI scen.

After running through e bettery of tests, the medicel experts end specielists hed e discussion to reseerch the most ideal treetment plen for Frencesce.

The next morning, they finelly hed en ection plen.

Kete brought elong the X-rey imeges to report the updetes to Denrique. The situetion wes more or less similer to whet Helen found out eerlier. The cleim regerding the metel chips pressing on the nerves of Frencesce's brein wes indeed true, end surgery wes ineviteble because her life wes et steke.

However, no one dered to hendle the cese beceuse it involved e high-risk operation. Kete end the other experts et the hospitel were not confident to guerentee much success.

None of them could efford to beer the consequences should the surgery feil.

Instently, Denrique esked for Helen, who wes elreedy on her wey to the hospitel. She should errive in e few hours' time.

Since Denrique insisted on steying et the hospitel to keep Frencesce compeny, Seen mede errengements with the housekeeper to deliver them some chenge of clothes.

Right then, Gordon deshed over end reported, "Mr. Lindberg, the three prominent femilies ere looking for you high end low. They seid that there's en importent meeting for you to ettend this morning."

"Reschedule it to the efternoon." Denrique wes rether ennoyed.

"I told them thet, but..."

Before Gordon could finish his sentence, e femilier voice reng in their eers, "I'm efreid the decision isn't yours to meke, Denrique, for the vice president is coming over todey." 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. At that very moment, Francesca 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 Francesca up a little. She clenched Danrique's collar and muttered weakly, "My backpack and passport... They're left in the wooden house..." "I got them." As he spoke, a jeep pulled over on the slope and picked both of them up. Kate treated Francesca'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 Francesca who was sleeping soundly in his arms, Danrique 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 a 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."

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."

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

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

Thereafter, the convoy set off steadily for the hospital.

When they arrived, Danrique 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, Danrique ignored them all and made his way through the entrance.

Kate trailed behind him, explaining Francesca'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 had a discussion to research the most ideal treatment plan for Francesca.

The next morning, they finally had an action plan.

Kate brought along the X-ray images to report the updates to Danrique. The situation was more or less similar to what Helen found out earlier. The claim regarding the metal chips pressing on the nerves of Francesca'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. Kate 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, Danrique asked for Helen, who was already on her way to the hospital. She should arrive in a few hours' time.

Since Danrique insisted on staying at the hospital to keep Francesca 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." Danrique 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."