

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1768

Chapter 1768 Captured

The car drove down the mountain and headed for the city.

There was no saying how long they had been driving because Francesca was dozing off by the time the car finally stopped.

It was extremely quiet there. There was even an echo when Sean talked to the others, and Francesca deduced they were in a parking lot.

She shoved a corner of her shirt at the lock on the trunk to prevent it from locking properly.

After that, she waited until the men had left, and she could no longer hear their footsteps.

Certain that the coast was clear, she slipped out of there right away and was going to flee the place.

That was when the elevator door suddenly opened. Danrique and the others had doubled back.

Francesca jumped in surprise and hurried to the other side of another car to hide.

"Mr. Lindberg's coat is inside the car. Go and retrieve it."

"Understood."

As Sean was giving his orders, his eyes took a quick scan of the surroundings. He soon noticed something at the side of a jeep.

There, beside one of the car's tires, was the corner of a shirt.

He signaled the others right away.

Two subordinates crept to the side slowly.

"Is it really her, Mr. Lindberg?" asked Sean softly and curiously.

Danrique didn't reply. He narrowed his eyes and glared in the direction where Francesca was hiding at.

Still behind the jeep, Francesca waited for quite some time. Her plan was to escape after the other had left with the coat.

She was going to sneak a peek when she heard something behind her.

Her instinct prompted her to turn around, but by then, someone had already grabbed her shoulder and pinned her down as though she was an animal.

"It is her, Mr. Lindberg!"

The men treated Francesca as though she was a thief and dragged her to Danrique.

She didn't struggle or complain. Instead, she glared at him.

"Why were you hiding there?" demanded Danrique coldly.

"It's dark out, and it'll take me forever to walk all the way down the mountain. That's why I decided to hitch a ride," answered Francesca with a straight face on.

Danrique was speechless.

His subordinates were so amused that they almost laughed aloud.

"Wait, so you never left? How did you end up like this?" asked Danrique curiously.

"I can't believe you have the audacity to ask that question," replied Francesca. She sniffed a little and pretended to be pitiful. "You guys chased me out for no reason, and I didn't have anywhere to go, so I ended up living in the forest for a few days. The only reason I decided to leave the mountain was because I was too hungry."

"This..." murmured Sean. He felt a little guilty.

"If you don't have anywhere else to go, why didn't you go home?" asked Danrique as he scrutinized her. "Also, you have a lot of cash on you, don't you? You could have gone to a hotel."

"I don't remember where my home is. Heck, I don't even know what my name is because I have amnesia," replied Francesca. Her expression suggested that she was telling the truth.

"Is that so?" asked Danrique. He obviously didn't believe in a word she said.

Sean inched over and whispered, "Dr. Wright mentioned that there is a possibility that her condition would lead to amnesia."

Danrique didn't respond to that. He simply turned around and went into the elevator.

Sean and the others followed quickly. Naturally, they brought Francesca along.

Everyone made it to the presidential suite on the top floor. Danrique sat on the sofa and gestured to the bathroom. In a domineering tone, he ordered, "Go clean yourself up."

"Okay," replied Francesca. She walked to the bathroom with bare feet.

"Mr. Lindberg, are we still going to Casino Inferno now that she's here?" asked Sean softly.

"Yes," replied Danrique right away. "Send Gordon over to check things out. See if her identity cards or papers are there. I want to know where she is from."

"Understood," replied Sean, who went to relay the message to Gordon.

In the bathroom, Francesca looked in the mirror and saw the two of them talking. That was when she discovered she could read lips.

I guess Danrique still doesn't believe me. That's the only reason he'd send his men to investigate the matter regarding my identity. It doesn't matter, though. I want to know who I am, too.

It didn't take long before a subordinate came over with a team of doctors. The doctors were then led to the living room inside the hotel.

The team of three greeted Danrique politely before revealing the elderly doctor they had with them. In Ustranasion, they said, "This is the renowned doctor, Dr. Francesco."