

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1777

Chapter 1777 I Can

Ben gripped the steering wheel tightly and floored the accelerator, hoping to dodge the attacks.

Unfortunately, the Mafia continued to follow them.

When their car reached the highway, a convoy suddenly appeared. It formed a line before their car and attempted to intercept them.

"They sent so many people to ambush us!"

Sean anxiously dialed Gordon's number to ask for backup.

"Mr. Lindberg..." Ben broke out in cold sweat.

"Hit them!" Danrique decisively ordered.

Unexpectedly, Francesca said the same thing at the same time.

"But if we hit them, we—"

"Get out of my way!"

Frowning, Danrique was about to climb into the driver's seat. Yet, someone else beat him to it.

"What are you doing?"

Since Ben did not react, Francesca pushed him away and squeezed into the front seat.

Given her petite size, it was not difficult for her to take over the driver's seat. On the other hand, Ben was forced to press himself against Sean's body.

"Move aside now. It isn't a game," Sean yelled at Francesca.

"You don't know what you are dealing with!"

Danrique frowned and wanted to pull Francesca away.

At that moment, the car sped up, and its front wheels lifted from the ground. With that, the vehicle balanced on its hind wheels as it raced forward.

"Ah!" Ben could not help but shriek.

Even Sean widened his eyes as he watched the scene unfold in disbelief.

Danrique was slightly alarmed, and he looked at the lady in the driver's seat with an unfathomable expression.

Outside, the people in the convoy was at a loss.

They thought they could stop Danrique if they formed a line to block his car. Little did they expect that the vehicle would speed up and head for them like a wrecking ball.

Boom!

Before they knew it, the silver Maybach landed on the ground swiftly after breaking through the barrier and spun around, as though Danrique and the rest were declaring their victory to them.

With a smirk, Francesca stuck out her thumb at their pursuers and turned it downwards before she sped off.

The convoy wanted to continue their chase. However, they had to turn their cars around first. By the time they did that, the Maybach was already out of their sight.

It was as though the Maybach traveled at the speed of light as it disappeared silently into the night.

Soon, they shook off their pursuers.

Minutes had passed, but Ben was still staring at Francesca in shock.

Sean was also in disbelief. "W-Who the heck are you?"

It was the same question on Danrique's mind too.

"I don't know either," Francesca casually answered. "If you know anything about my background, remember to tell me."

"Huh?" Ben gave her a puzzled look.

"I almost forgot you lost your memories."

After Sean managed to regain his composure, he climbed into the backseat.

"I'm impressed by your driving skills," Danrique finally spoke. He sounded calm and emotionless.

There was only a slight change in his gaze when he looked at Francesca.

"It's all right." Then, Francesca narrowed her eyes and glanced at the rearview mirror. "Ugh, they are back!"

Instantly, Sean and Ben held up their guns and prepared to shoot.

At the same time, Francesca stepped on the accelerator and prepared to shake them off when she noticed oil leaking from the hind wheels.

Their car probably got shot during the pursuit. Luckily, it was a good car, and it could still hold up temporarily. Given the urgency earlier, they did not notice it.

However, now that the oil tank was leaking, it was unlikely that they could travel for a long distance.

Francesca made a quick decision and started to drive up the mountain.

"What are you trying to do?" Sean questioned.

"There are only a few of us, and two of our wheels are down. Do you think we can get rid of them on the highway?"

"If we can't escape from them on the highway, how would we do that on a mountain?" Ben was more confused than ever.

"We can do it." Confidently, Francesca continued to explain, "They have yet to complete the construction of the road on this mountain, and there are no lights here. If I turn off our headlights, they will find it hard to follow us."

"If you turn off the headlights, how will you drive?" Sean cautiously pointed out.

"You can't do it, but I can."

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1778

Chapter 1778 A Pack Of Wolves

Francesca swiftly switched off the headlights and sped up the road to the mountain.

It seemed like she had night vision that could see the road ahead in the dark.

Although it was a narrow path, she could still control the steering wheel well enough that they did not veer off course.

Admittedly, Sean was impressed, and Ben also watched her with admiration.

On the other hand, Danrique observed her calmly and asked casually, "There is only one way up the mountain. Even if you turn off the headlights, they will follow us up the same route. In the end, they will catch up with us too."

"Wait, so we can only go up and down this mountain using one road?" Sean asked in a panic.

"Yes." Francesca nodded. "That's why we're not taking the usual route."

As she spoke, she swerved the car into a forest.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Sean raised his voice. "The forest is full of trees. We will not be able to drive far before we come to a stop."

"Well, it's better to stop here than to meet them on the road." With a grin, Francesca stated, "They will never realize that we drove into the forest."

"But—"

Sean wanted to protest, but Danrique raised his hand to stop him.

While driving through the woods, Francesca crushed the bushes and flowers on the forest floor. She could even drive the car through the small gaps between the trees.

She was quick on her feet and could estimate the distance between the trees. Judging from the width of the space, she masterfully weaved through the trees.

Like that, she managed to drive a long way from the main road.

She finally pulled the car to a stop when she could no longer drive between the trees.

It was not long before they heard several cars driving up the mountain and passing them.

In the silent night, one could hear those engines clearly on the empty mountain.

Ecstatic, Ben exclaimed, "Since they are driving up the mountain, I don't think they would come for us here. Should we wait for them to move further from us before we get off the mountain?"

"I think they will have men guarding at the foot of the mountain," Sean commented.

"Yes," Francesca agreed. "Therefore, we have to find another path to leave."

"I—" Sean shifted his gaze to Danrique.

However, Danrique did not oppose Francesca's suggestion. Instead, he stared at her blankly. "This is a forest. Aren't you scared of poisonous snakes lurking around here?"

"Why should I be afraid when none of you are?"

To Francesca, women and men were equals.

The four of them then pushed open the doors and prepared to leave.

Noticing that Francesca was barefooted, Sean reminded, "The ground is uneven with plenty of stones and debris. It's easy for you to get hurt without shoes."

"It's all right. I'm used to walking on such roads," Francesca retorted before skipping deeper into the woods.

Although she lost her memory, some things still came naturally to her.

A riot of emotions brewed in Danrique's eyes as he watched her walk away happily.

The lady in his memory was no different. She would walk into the woods barefooted too.

Although she looked thin and vulnerable from behind, she seemed like a butterfly dancing in the air as she hopped around.

Besides, the lady was also medically skilled, and to Danrique, they shared plenty of similarities.

The only difference was their appearance. Danrique remembered how beautiful the lady was, and she was nothing like the tomboy before him.

Shaking those thoughts away, Danrique quickly started walking forward.

Meanwhile, Sean quietly followed behind him. What's wrong with Mr. Lindberg tonight? He usually takes control of the situation around him. Yet, he allowed that crazy woman to run amok.

"What is that?"

Suddenly, Ben stopped in his tracks and pointed at something in front of him.

"It's a wolf!" Sean replied.

"No." Francesca slowly added, "It's a pack of wolves."