

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1779

Chapter 1779 Amazing

Ben turned to scan the area again and spotted several pairs of green eyes.

Terrified, his face turned pale, and he frantically whipped out his gun as he jumped before Danrique and exclaimed, "Mr. Lindberg, you should leave first!"

Francesca could not help but scoff at how Danrique still required a young bodyguard to protect him.

"Aren't you scared?" Unfazed, Danrique studied Francesca's reaction.

"What is there to be scared of?" Francesca looked at the pack of wolves like she was part of them. "We are all living things."

Slowly, the wolves approached them. With green eyes glowing in the dark, they exuded a murderous aura.

Ben held onto his gun and stated, "Mr. Lindberg, you should leave with Dr. Felch."

"No need for that." Danrique shrugged. "I can take the time to try—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Francesca had started walking toward the wolves.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Ben shouted in alarm.

However, Francesca showed no signs of slowing down. She continued to walk forward, closing the gap between those ferocious animals and herself.

Gritting her teeth, she raised her chin and let out a low growl.

Immediately, those wolves turned their attention to her. They looked intimidated as they stopped in their tracks. Even the murderous look in their eyes had dissipated.

Even so, Francesca continued to walk to them. In response, the pack of wolves slowly retreated before they turned to run off.

Taken aback by her actions, Ben fervently rubbed his eyes in disbelief.

Sean was equally shocked. Seeing how the wolves scampered away, he stared at Francesca before turning to Danrique. "Mr. Lindberg..."

Once again, Danrique narrowed his eyes with an unreadable expression.

He spent over ten years trying to tame wild animals and only barely managed to communicate with them recently. However, those creatures were domesticated. He tried to tame a poisonous snake on one occasion and accidentally injured himself.

The pack of wolves gave him the perfect opportunity to try out his skills and test whether he could communicate with them. Little did he expect that Francesca had beaten him to it.

How did she manage to chase them away?

Danrique pondered.

At this point, he became more convinced that this woman was not a simple person.

"Okay, it's all right now." Francesca clapped her hands and uttered, "Let's go!"

"Master Felch!" The young bodyguard tried to catch up with her. Filled with respect for her, he probed, "How did you do that?"

"I don't know either." Francesca casually used a stick to clear the path before them. "I thought they looked familiar to me. It felt like they were my distant relatives."

"What? Your distant relatives?"

“Yes. They aren’t local wolves!”

“Pfft!” Sean could not help but burst out laughing. “Master Felch, you are a joker!”

Trailing behind her, Danrique kept stealing glances at Francesca. He could not help but wonder if she would fear other wild beasts.

“Ah!”

Suddenly, Francesca screamed and jumped up in fear. In seconds, she climbed up a tree like a monkey and clung to the trunk for her life.

“What’s wrong?” the bodyguard asked anxiously.

“There is a rat!” Francesca cried.

“Oh?”

All three men were puzzled as they could not believe that she was scared of rats but not wolves.

Hearing the distress in her voice, Ben and Sean stomped on several rats and kicked them away.

The two of them were busy getting rid of the rats when Danrique widened his eyes and stared at Francesca’s head. “Don’t move!”

“What?” Francesca froze and stared back at him.

“Uh...”

The other two men turned around to look at what had happened too. The moment they did that, their faces turned pale, and they instinctively pulled out their guns and pointed them above her head.

Right then, Francesca looked up cautiously. It turned out that there was a python thicker than her arm coiled around the thick tree trunk, hissing from time to time as it approached her slowly.

“Master Felch, don’t move!” Sean called out and prepared to shoot.

But Danrique quickly stopped him because Francesca had already reached out her hand to pet the snake. She gently stroked its scales and cooed, “Be good.”

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chapter 1780

an and the bodyguards were stunned.

They couldn’t believe Francesca neither feared the pack of wolves nor the python.

After she let out a strange sound, the python slithered down from the tree.

Terrified by its approach, the bodyguards jumped back. However, the python didn’t attack them. Instead, it cleared out all the rats in front before gradually disappearing again.

After heaving a sigh of relief, Francesca jumped down from the tree. Unexpectedly, she stepped on a rock and cut herself, causing a sharp pain to shoot through her leg and blood to ooze out of the wound.

“Argh!” she screamed before collapsing into Danrique’s arms.

As he looked at her with a frown, his eyes were devoid of warmth. After pushing her aside emotionlessly, he ordered his bodyguard, “Give her your shoes.”

“Right away.” The bodyguard took off his shoes and put them in front of Francesca.

“There’s no need—”

“Put them on!”

Just when Francesca wanted to refuse, Danrique barked, "I don't want to be stuck here until dawn."

With that, he continued walking ahead with Sean following closely behind.

"Master Felch, please put them on quickly," the bodyguard carefully suggested. "Or else, shall I carry you on my back?"

"It's fine."

Given that Francesca wanted to leave the place as soon as possible, she put on the shoes as instructed.

As the shoes were too big relative to the size of her feet, she felt like a child wearing adult shoes without permission. The only way she could walk was by dragging them around as if they were slippers.

"Be careful!" While escorting Francesca, the bodyguard was filled with admiration for her. "Master Felch, my name is Sloan. If there's anything you need, just go ahead and tell me."

"Haha, alright."

After replying with a smile, Francesca hurried after Danrique.

He walked so quickly that she was forced to run just to catch up.

Given how late it was, the forest began to fill with sounds of all sorts of animals.

Sean reminded, "Hurry up, or else we'll lose you."

"Yes, sir." Sloan followed behind closely.

Due to Francesca's small frame and the fact that she was wearing oversized shoes, she couldn't move fast and kept falling behind. Whenever she did so, Sloan would stop to wait for her.

Meanwhile, Danrique didn't slow down, as if he didn't care about her well-being at all.

As for Sean, he continued to stick close to Danrique.

Staring at their backs, Francesca scowled, "You ungrateful jerks! Have you forgotten how I saved you just now?"

"Mr. Lindberg just wants to leave this place as quickly as possible. Why don't I carry you instead?"

Having traveled for a while, Sloan's feet were filled with cuts and bruises from walking barefooted. Nonetheless, he didn't feel any pain at all while he continued to protect Francesca.

"Good idea." Francesca returned his shoes to him. "That way, you won't get hurt anymore."

After putting on his shoes, Sloan carried Francesca on his back and quickly caught up with Danrique and Sean.

When Sean glanced at them, he didn't say a word as he picked up his pace behind Danrique.

Suddenly, the latter stopped in his tracks and gestured for everyone to be silent.

Halting at his signal, Sean and Sloan didn't even dare breathe.

Francesca scanned the surroundings and commented, "They have caught up with us."

"From the sound of the footsteps, there aren't many of them." With furrowed brows, Danrique ordered, "Let's split up and move."

"Mr. Lindberg, Sloan and I will distract them, while you leave together with Dr. Felch," Sean suggested.

"Exactly." Sloan put Francesca down.

"Will the two of you be fine?" She was unsettled. "Since you don't know how to summon beasts and have limited bullets left, you'll be in danger when attacked."

"Our lives belong to Mr. Lindberg. In life and death situations, his safety is all that matters." Sean was resolute in his reply.

“That’s right—”

“Shut up!” Danrique interrupted them and made a decisive decision. “Both of you should go on ahead. Stay on the east side and you can make your way down the hill.”

“Mr. Lindberg...”

Just when Sean wanted to remonstrate, Danrique added, “Only by leaving the hill will your GPS tracker send a signal.”

At that moment, Sean realized that was the only way Gordon could pick up their signal and lead the main group to their rescue.