

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1785

Chapter 1785 Deja Vu

After Danrique left the scene, Gordon handed him a white towel which he used to methodically wipe the blood off his hands. Then, he ordered sternly, "Take them all away."

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg." Gordon went off to help the police tie up loose ends.

Meanwhile, Sean had led Francesca to rejoin Danrique and followed him ahead.

At the break of dawn, they had left the forest and arrived at a field.

There, Francesca was shocked by the sight that greeted her.

A few helicopters were parked on the field. At the same time, they were flanked by two rows of jeeps.

At that moment, Danrique's subordinates had made two lines and were waiting respectfully for him.

Walking ahead amidst the sunrise, he exuded an air of dignified nobility.

"Mr. Lindberg!" everyone greeted Danrique with a bow.

The vigor and spirit they displayed felt especially invigorating in the morning.

Consequently, it dawned upon Francesca that the leader of the Mafia was right. Everything that happened the night before went according to Danrique's plan.

He had expected the Mafia to attack. Hence, he lured them out to a secluded area on the outskirts of the city.

Francesca had even assumed that she had saved him with her amazing driving skills. In truth, his men had already prepared everything.

They were waiting for all the Mafia's troops to appear so that they can be wiped out in one fell swoop.

"Dr. Felch, Dr. Felch," Sean called out.

Only then did Francesca regain her senses. "Hmm?"

"It's time to get in." Sean held the car door for her.

"What about him?" Francesca watched as Danrique got into the helicopter. "Isn't he going home?"

"There's something he needs to do and he will be back in the evening," Sean replied.

"Okay," Francesca grunted and got into the car.

After Sean and Sloan joined her inside, they drove down the hill.

Behind them, the helicopter gradually took off, whipping up the leaves from the ground in a maelstrom.

Francesca opened the car window and stuck her head out. Then, she squinted her eyes and looked toward the sky.

She saw Danrique sitting inside the helicopter, looking extremely cool in his sunglasses.

As she stared intently at him, she had a faint feeling of déjà vu.

In that scene, he was also sitting in the helicopter, while she was looking up from the forest and gradually watching him leave.

No. I have just gotten to know him. There's no way we shared that experience before. My swooning must cloud my judgment over him.

Francesca then collected her thoughts and stopped dwelling upon the matter.

As their card sped along the uneven road. The beautiful scenery on both sides of the route was a feast for the eyes indeed.

Francesca had planned to sleep. However, she was so captivated by the stunning view that she lay by the window and admired it instead.

"Dr. Felch, thank you for what you've done last night. Nevertheless, there's something I must tell you."

After passing her a bottle of water, Sean reminded with a smile, "With regards to the things that you have seen, my advice is for you to keep them to yourself. Don't ask about them, for knowing too much doesn't do you any good—"

"Isn't that obvious?" Francesca interrupted. "I have no interest in those matters. However, after saving all of you last night, shouldn't I be paid something as appreciation?"

"Erm..." Sean was stunned. He had never met a girl that was so direct and money-minded at the same time.

However, Mr. Lindberg is right. Problems that money can solve aren't difficult problems at all.

"I don't see any problems with the fee. I'll check with Mr. Lindberg on that later."

"A few tens of millions should suffice." Francesca waved her hand as if she was easy to negotiate with. "Since all of us are so chummy now, there's no need to be particular about this."

"Erm..." Sean was rendered speechless.

"By the way," Francesca asked, as she could no longer hold back her curiosity, "does that dude know how to summon wolves?"

"Dr. Felch, you can address him as Mr. Lindberg, just like us," Sean sternly reminded.

"But I'm not his subordinate," Francesca casually remarked.

"Since he pays you, he is considered your employer." Sean's point was reasonable.

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Chapter 1786 Developing Interest

"Whatever!" Francesca rolled her eyes at him.

"I think it is best if you don't stick your nose into these affairs. Like I said, knowing too much won't do you any good," Sean reminded her.

"Ugh! You're so long-winded! I didn't think guys could nag so much!" Francesca exclaimed.

"I..."

"I know that, okay? I don't need you teaching me what to do. The fact that he's keeping so many wild animals in his courtyard suggests that he's planning to tame them through scientific methods. He is indeed a very talented and calm person, but he has very little experience when it comes to taming animals. It's obvious that it was his first attempt at summoning the wolf pack earlier..." Francesca deduced.

"How did you know?"

Francesca rolled her eyes at him again. "I was raised by wolves, duh!"

Those words had barely left her mouth when she froze in shock.

Wait... I remember that I was raised by wolves? I may have lost my memories, but I get flashbacks from my subconscious every once in a while. Most of them are just instincts that were deeply rooted in my mind though...

"Oh, I see... So that's why you're able to communicate with animals..." Sean was just as shocked.

"You're amazing, Master Felch!" Sloan exclaimed with a look of admiration.

Francesca flashed him a smile and continued asking Sean, "By the way, that stunt he pulled was far too dangerous. What if he fails to summon the wolves? Wouldn't he end up dead?"

"We think it's dangerous too. It's a good thing he did it successfully this time, and we were lucky that Gordon rushed over in time too. Things would've turned ugly by the time Sloan and I make our way out of the forest and send our location signal!" Sean said with a guilty expression.

Francesca smiled. "It was really risky, but at least we won. Sometimes, bravery is key to achieving victory in times of danger. Fortune favors the brave, after all! I think he must've set everything up in advance..."

"Yeah, I just found out that he deliberately had Gordon investigate something else so that Mafia would drop its guard..." Sean paused mid-sentence before continuing in a nonchalant tone, "Anyway, Mr. Lindberg had Gordon gather the men and tracked us through our location signal."

"Wait, I thought there was no signal in the forest? How did Gordon know where we were?" Francesca asked curiously.

"Gordon was aware of us making our way up the mountain. He was rushing over toward us from the opposite direction. He did lose our signal when we entered the forest, though. While Mr. Lindberg asked us to go down the mountain and get our signal out to Gordon, he had already signaled Gordon through some other method," Sean explained.

"What method would that be?" Francesca pressed on.

"That's something you don't have to know." Sean didn't want to provide her with too much information.

"Did he attach tracking devices to the animals? No, that can't be right. The animals didn't leave the forest... What about on the birds, then? The birds could get the signal out if they fly high enough!" Francesca racked her brain trying to figure it out.

"But the signal would be lost if the birds get too high up in the sky!" Sean replied with a chuckle.

"How did he do it, then? Looks like I've still got a lot to learn... Solving problems through traditional methods alone isn't going to cut it..." Francesca said.

"I think you should just focus on treating Mr. Lindberg for now. His treatment has been delayed for many days now, and his wound is starting to get inflamed," Sean reminded her.

"And whose fault was it for kicking me out, huh?" Francesca shot him a sarcastic look.

"Well..." Sean found himself at a loss for words.

"Whatever... I can start the treatment tonight."

Having taken an interest in Danrique, Francesca was eager to get him treated so she could ask him how he got the signal out.