

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1767

Upon closer inspection, Francesca realized that the bird was an adult female bald eagle.

The creature had fractured its wings, and there was blood all over its body from having its neck bitten. Even so, its eyes remained sharp and fierce.

Right underneath it was a clutch of eggs.

The bird was protecting its children with its life.

Seeing that, Francesca immediately moved the bald eagle and its eggs to a safe place before searching the forest for herbs. After smashing up the ingredients, she then applied them to the bird's wounds.

To prevent other animals from attacking the mother and its children, Francesca decided to stay in the forest to watch over them and head down the mountain only after the eagle had recovered.

Three days flew by just like that.

Francesca spent all her time with the eagle—sleeping on top of trees, eating wild fruits, and drinking dewdrops from plants.

Her white robe had since turned black from all the dirt, making her resemble a beggar.

The eagle was now feeling much better. While its wings still hadn't healed completely, it could now protect its children.

“I have to go after this,” said Francesca as she tore a piece of her robe to wrap the eagle's injury with. “You look so majestic, and you have such beautiful feathers. Could you actually be a queen bird?”

As though it could understand her, the eagle nodded and let out a cry.

“Really?” Francesca grew excited. “What's your name? Wait. I suppose you don't have one. Let me give you one, then.”

After pondering for a moment while stroking the eagle's head, she made up her mind. “You shall henceforth be named Snowy!”

She then pointed to the eggs. “I'll name your children when they hatch too. I hope we'll meet again someday!”

Snowy leaned against her, brushing its head against her face as a sign of gratitude.

“Good girl. You should hurry up and take the kids back to your husband.”

Francesca gave Snowy a hug before leaving the forest.

Soon, she spotted a silver Maybach at the roadside.

Dusk had fallen by then, and she would probably only arrive at the bottom of the mountain by midnight. Wild animals weren't a concern to her; the dark, however...

At the thought of this, Francesca quickly made her way over to the car and hid inside the trunk.

“Why is Mr. Lindberg suddenly asking to use a different car?”

The voice of a curious bodyguard could be heard.

“Mr. Lindberg's been experiencing pain in his waist. The Pagani is too low to the ground. He feels uncomfortable sitting inside it.”

Francesca instantly recognized Sean's voice.

Of course his waist would be in pain! That's where he was injured. If he doesn't do something about the poison, it won't just spread; the entire wound's going to start rotting too.

Well, that's what he gets for being such a know-it-all and choosing not to believe me. He even threw me out!

“I see.”

“Gordon's found the miracle doctor, so Mr. Lindberg's planning to meet him at the hotel. Anyway, just hurry up and change cars.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Be careful, Mr. Lindberg.”

Francesca felt the car sink slightly. It seemed that Danrique had gotten in.

Soon, the car began to move.

Francesca could still hear Sean's voice. “Have some water, Mr. Lindberg.”

Danrique remained silent.

Even while inside the trunk of the car, Francesca could feel the man's bone-chilling presence.

"We'll get to meet the legendary Francesco soon. It's definitely him this time," Sean assured carefully.

"Are you sure?"

Danrique's calm voice gave off an icy aura.

"I..." Sean dared not answer.

"Find out what happened to that tomboy," Danrique suddenly ordered.

"Huh?" Sean was visibly taken aback, but he quickly collected himself. "Of course, sir. I'll let Gordon know right away."

"Aside from that, tell him to go to Casino Inferno and find out everything about the woman who made fun of me that day."

"Yes, sir."

Something dawned on Francesca when she heard those words.

That's right. I woke up at Casino Inferno, so the people there might know who I am. I might even have left my ID there.