

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1771

“Send some more men over,” ordered Sean softly. “Mr. Lindberg seems to care a lot about this girl.”

“Maybe it's because he wants to get back at her for the kiss?” asked Gordon while smiling.

“That's one of the reasons,” replied Sean. He shot a look at Francesca's room before lowering his voice and saying, “My guess is that she is the person Mr. Lindberg has been looking for...”

“Wait, are you saying that she's Mr. Lindberg's aunt's daughter?” asked Gordon as his eyes bulged in surprise.

“No, I think she's the other one.”

“Ah, I see...”

Back in the room, Danrique leaned against the sofa lazily and rested his head on one hand. He had a pocket watch in his other hand, and in there was a photo of a young woman in her teens.

She was a little thin and had long, dark hair. Her innocent eyes shone brightly while a cheerful smile lit up her face.

That photo was from seven years ago. Danrique was in trouble at the time when he met her. To him, she was his angel and also his first love.

Back then, he was being chased by assassins and was gravely wounded. She was the one who rescued him.

Running from their assailants, they dashed into a photo booth to hide. She got curious and took the photo that had since been placed inside Danrique's pocket watch.

Danrique had kept that pocket watch and that photo with him for seven years.

When he first met the woman at Casino Inferno, he thought she looked familiar, but he couldn't quite put a finger on it.

He had been thinking about her for the past few days and realized that she might be the girl in the photo.

It had been seven years, so naturally, she had grown up and looked different. That being said, the woman's facial features and her bright eyes were rather similar to that of the girl in the photo.

Not to mention that arrogant and unrestrained style is a perfect match as well.

The only problem was that the woman had make-up on that day, so he couldn't be sure if she and the girl in the photo were one and the same.

Danrique hadn't just been searching for his Aunt Isabella's daughter all these years. He had been looking for the girl in the photo as well.

Problem was that he knew nothing about her, except that she was an expert in medicine. Since there was virtually no clue to go on, it was extremely difficult to locate her.

The silver lining was that he left her a token of his love. If the woman had that item with her, then it would prove that she and the girl are one and the same.

"Mr. Lindberg, I have some news to report," said Gordon after he knocked on the door.

"Come in," replied Danrique while putting his pocket watch away.

Gordon entered the room and had his head down as he made his report. "I've searched every inch of Casino Inferno, but the woman's identity cards are nowhere to be found. The employees there said they bought her from a bunch of human traffickers.

"When I found those human traffickers, they said they found her on the beach.

"She was already wounded at the time, and her wounds suggested that she might be connected to the yacht explosion from some time ago."

"Figure out who owned that yacht. I want all the details," said Danrique.

"We've already started working on that," replied Gordon. "My men are looking for the place the woman went after she fled. We actually found the car she stole earlier, but the owner is scared witless and knows nothing."

"Call the local police forces to gain access to the surveillance camera," ordered Danrique immediately.

"I've already called them. It might take some time..."

"Then head over there in person. Right. This. Instant!" demanded Danrique as he frowned angrily.

"Understood," replied Gordon. He ran out to work on the task right away. Getting in the elevator, he saw Francesca rushing over to get in as well.

"Hold the door!"

One of the subordinates pressed the button right away to wait for her.

"Dr. Felch, where are you going?"

Gordon didn't feel right calling her Master Felch, so he had been addressing her as Dr. Felch instead.

"I have some errands to run. What about you guys?" asked Francesca. She was wearing a baseball cap and a black mask. Coupled with the casual outfit she was dressed in, she looked just like a guy.

"We're heading out to run some errands as well," answered Gordon with a smile. "Should we prep a car for you?"

"No, but thank you for offering," replied Francesca politely.

The elevator door opened, and Francesca strode out of there. Behind her, Gordon lowered his voice and instructed, "I'll drop by the police station. You boys go back to Casino Inferno. See if we missed anything. Maybe you'll end up finding clues about the woman."

"Understood."