

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1777

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.”