

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1779

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."