

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1785

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 car 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.