

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1786

“Whatever!” Francesca rolled her eyes at him.

“I think it is best if you don't stick your nose into these affairs. Like I said, knowing too much won't do you any good,” Sean reminded her.

“Ugh! You're so long-winded! I didn't think guys could nag so much!” Francesca exclaimed.

“I...”

“I know that, okay? I don't need you teaching me what to do. The fact that he's keeping so many wild animals in his courtyard suggests that he's planning to tame them through scientific methods. He is indeed a very talented and calm person, but he has very little experience when it comes to taming animals. It's obvious that it was his first attempt at summoning the wolf pack earlier...” Francesca deduced.

“How did you know?”

Francesca rolled her eyes at him again. “I was raised by wolves, duh!”

Those words had barely left her mouth when she froze in shock.

Wait... I remember that I was raised by wolves? I may have lost my memories, but I get flashbacks from my subconscious every once in a while. Most of them are just instincts that were deeply rooted in my mind though...

“Oh, I see... So that's why you're able to communicate with animals...” Sean was just as shocked.

“You're amazing, Master Felch!” Sloan exclaimed with a look of admiration.

Francesca flashed him a smile and continued asking Sean, "By the way, that stunt he pulled was far too dangerous. What if he fails to summon the wolves? Wouldn't he end up dead?"

"We think it's dangerous too. It's a good thing he did it successfully this time, and we were lucky that Gordon rushed over in time too. Things would've turned ugly by the time Sloan and I make our way out of the forest and send our location signal!" Sean said with a guilty expression.

Francesca smiled. "It was really risky, but at least we won. Sometimes, bravery is key to achieving victory in times of danger. Fortune favors the brave, after all! I think he must've set everything up in advance..."

"Yeah, I just found out that he deliberately had Gordon investigate something else so that Mafia would drop its guard..." Sean paused mid-sentence before continuing in a nonchalant tone, "Anyway, Mr. Lindberg had Gordon gather the men and tracked us through our location signal."

"Wait, I thought there was no signal in the forest? How did Gordon know where we were?" Francesca asked curiously.

"Gordon was aware of us making our way up the mountain. He was rushing over toward us from the opposite direction. He did lose our signal when we entered the forest, though. While Mr. Lindberg asked us to go down the mountain and get our signal out to Gordon, he had already signaled Gordon through some other method," Sean explained.

"What method would that be?" Francesca pressed on.

"That's something you don't have to know." Sean didn't want to provide her with too much information.

"Did he attach tracking devices to the animals? No, that can't be right. The animals didn't leave the forest... What about on the birds, then? The birds could get the signal out if they fly high enough!" Francesca racked her brain trying to figure it out.

"But the signal would be lost if the birds get too high up in the sky!" Sean replied with a chuckle.

“How did he do it, then? Looks like I've still got a lot to learn... Solving problems through traditional methods alone isn't going to cut it...” Francesca said.

“I think you should just focus on treating Mr. Lindberg for now. His treatment has been delayed for many days now, and his wound is starting to get inflamed,” Sean reminded her.

“And whose fault was it for kicking me out, huh?” Francesca shot him a sarcastic look.

“Well...” Sean found himself at a loss for words.

“Whatever... I can start the treatment tonight.”

Having taken an interest in Danrique, Francesca was eager to get him treated so she could ask him how he got the signal out.