

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1834

Francesca found a bomb in the car. She then connected it to the car's engine before driving the car over to the other cars.

At that moment, Danrique's silver Maybach was completely surrounded. It was simply impossible for him to escape.

A group of people on the opposing side had come down from their cars. They were all ready to capture Danrique alive.

Sean and Sloan were both defending Danrique with all their might. One of his subordinates was injured, and that man was laying slumped by the side of the car. Nevertheless, he still had a gun in his hands as he continued guarding Danrique.

Despite the situation, Danrique still looked unfazed. He was slowly loading the gun in his hands.

"Danrique Lindberg, you won't be able to escape from this place even if you're some kind of god, so why don't you just give up?" the leading assassin suggested.

"Who should I start with first?"

Danrique raised a brow and began staring at the group of people.

"Stubborn even on the verge of your demise."

With a wave from the leading assassin, the dozens of assassins then charged toward Danrique and his men with machetes.

Danrique, Sean, and the others calmly took them on, but soon, they were starting to weaken.

Right then, a black jeep flew toward them like a pouncing beast.

“Ah!”

The assassins were frightened. Before they could come back to their senses, the black jeep crashed into their convoy. Then, a figure jumped out of the car.

In the next second, the car exploded in a loud bang.

The explosion was a major one, and it sent the surrounding cars flying.

Through the fiery flames, Danrique saw a familiar figure. His eyes widened. Why is she here?

“Why are you still standing there in a daze? Hurry and leave!”

Francesca grabbed Danrique and began fleeing the scene in the opposite direction of the assassins.

Meanwhile, Sean and Sloan helped the injured subordinate and followed closely behind.

The assassins tried to go after them, but the initial explosion triggered even more explosions as the cars around it detonated.

Most of the assassins were killed. Those who managed to react in time and escape were more preoccupied with preserving their lives instead of going after Danrique.

Soon, Danrique and the others were out of danger. They reached a small town and settled down in a motel.

Francesca went to the nearby pharmacy to buy antiseptic and medication. Once she treated the injured man's wounds, she washed her hands and slumped onto the couch.

After a tired sigh, she groaned, "This is so tiring. It isn't worth the amount you're paying me!"

"Dr. Felch, why did you come back?" Sloan asked, agitated.

"It's because I realized you have no one to back you up. I'm scared that you'll all die here, so I came back to save you all," Francesca muttered nonchalantly.

"Dr. Felch, you're such a nice person!" Sloan cried out as tears welled in his eyes.

"Dr. Felch, you've saved us again." Mylo, one of Danrique's subordinates was moved by her actions as well. "Thank you so much!"

"I didn't make things worse this time, did I?" Francesca raised a brow and sneered.

"No, no..." Sean bashfully mumbled. "Still, you didn't need to come back. It's too dangerous."

"Sean, your leg's bleeding!" Mylo suddenly yelled.

"It's just a superficial wound," Sean quickly replied. "It's nothing."

"Let me have a look at it." Francesca gestured to him with a tilt of her chin.

Sean then pulled up the hem of his pants. When Francesca's eyes landed on his leg, she noticed that his calf was injured, and blood was streaming down his leg.

"Why didn't you say anything about this earlier?" Francesca sighed. "Hurry up and sit down."

She then started treating Sean's wound.

The entire time, Danrique sat by the window, using his phone. By the time Sean's wound was treated, he was done with his arrangements, and he raised his head to look at them.

“Dr. Felch, thank you!”

Three of his subordinates were all thankful for Francesca's help.

Sloan, especially, was even looking at her with admiration and respect.

That was something he had never been on the receiving end of from Sloan.

Danrique rolled his eyes, deciding that it was time for him to teach them a lesson. They must not have interacted with any women in the past. Now that they've encountered one, they're head over heels for her.