

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1911

All the other men in black were about to dart into the cabin to give their comrades a hand. Right that instant, someone pointed at the sky and shrilled, "My goodness! What's that?"

All the other men in black lifted their heads instinctively. They were thunderstruck by the sky darkened by a soar of eagles! They loomed over the men in black like an air force battling against their mortal enemies.

The men squealed at the top of their lungs as they fired frantically, but they were incomparable to the eagles that outnumbered them outrageously.

A series of gunshots resounded to every corner of the hill.

Coincidentally, Danrique had reached the foot of the hill. Startled by the gunshots, his face turned ashen.

Without hesitation, he sped off up the hilltop at a mind-blowing speed with his outstanding driving skill. In a blink of an eye, his car was nowhere to be seen. His convoy trailing behind his car a while ago could not catch up with him.

Gordon instructed the others placidly, "Stay calm and head toward the hilltop."

"Noted," the other drivers responded respectfully.

Preoccupied with the possibility that Francesca might have met her tragic fate, Danrique's heart was in his mouth. He stepped on the accelerator to reach the hilltop soonest possible. The moment he caught sight of the cabin, he was utterly speechless at the overwhelming chaos.

A badly damaged jeep was stuck on a big tree. Meanwhile, a few men in black were lying motionless on the ground carpeted with feathers. On top of that, the cabin's door was wide open, and the roof was gone.

Panic-stricken, Danrique shrieked, "Cece!"

He jumped off the car at once and dashed into the cabin. Again, he was taken aback by the unsightly mess there. Apart from a few lifeless snakes, there were animal furs and ghastly pools of blood on the floor.

Nevertheless, there was no sign of anyone there. Francesca seemed to have vanished into thin air with them too.

"Cece! Cece!" Danrique called out her name as he continued searching every corner of the cabin for her but to no avail.

Like a cat on hot bricks, he switched to search for her in the forest.

Shortly after, Sean and Gordon arrived with the others. After being momentarily dumbfounded by the absolute mess, they started tracking down Francesca without wasting time.

As the hours passed by, the sky became darker gradually. However, there was still no sign of Francesca at sunset.

Gordon assigned his men to bring the few severely injured men in black with them. Furthermore, he collected other potential clues that he believed would be helpful to them in tracing Francesca's whereabouts.

Meanwhile, Sean approached Danrique and tried to appease him warily. "Mr. Lindberg, don't worry. I'm convinced that Dr. Felch will be all right. My gut instinct tells me all these animals were summoned by her earlier. Perhaps, they had rescued her!"

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Even so, Danrique only stared into the distance with inexplicit complex emotions in his eyes without uttering any words.

At that very moment, the fiery redness of the sunset bathed the entire sky, shrouding the whole forest with a red veil.

It was a breathtaking view, but Danrique was not in the mood to admire it.

After what seemed like an eternity, he finally opened his mouth. "Let Gordon leave with all the others."

Sean was flabbergasted. "Huh? Mr. Lindberg, aren't you looking for Dr. Felch? She should be still in the hills. I have a feeling she is not very far away."

"She has been hiding from me. Thus, I'm sure she won't show up when the others are around. Just bring along a few quick-witted ones to back me up. Let the others retreat," Danrique stated placidly as he smoothed his clothes.

"Noted." Sean nodded solemnly and proceeded with the arrangement.

At the same time, Gordon rushed over and reported, "Mr. Lindberg, we spotted Ms. Cece's bag and this..."

He handed a blood-stained bag and passport to Danrique.

The latter's eyes lit up the moment he caught sight of Francesca's name on the passport. Ha! My instinct is proven right!

Later, he opened her bag intuitively. Other than identification documents, there was a big bag of jewelry given by him.

Catching sight of the bag of jewelry, Danrique's mouth lifted into a triumphant smile. "She's indeed fantasizing about money. Hmph! She didn't even forget to bring this bag of goody along when running away from me!"

Sean suggested hastily, "Since Dr. Felch's identification documents and jewelry are still here, I'm sure she'll be back to retrieve them. Mr. Lindberg, do you think we need to assign a few men to wait for her here?"

"Yeah! Get a few men to stand guard here." Danrique nodded.

"Mr. Lindberg, noted." Sean arranged for a few men to stand guard around the cabin immediately.

Danrique continued to track Francesca down with him and the other bodyguards. On the other hand, Gordon led the others to retreat as instructed by his boss.