

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2127

"Yes, sir." Sean then went on to pass the instruction down.

There was also news from Gordon's end after a series of investigations. "Mr. Lindberg, there is no record of Ms. Felch entering S Nation too."

"If she didn't go to S Nation or Xendale, could something terrible have happened to her?"

Danrique frowned.

"I don't think so," Sean quickly consoled him. "That Federico is a very cautious person. Even if Ms. Felch has offended him, he would have discussed it with you before doing anything to her."

Gordon nodded in agreement. "That's right. Furthermore, Ms. Felch is a skilled fighter. Most people won't be able to hurt her. Perhaps, she had run away, but she has yet to make it to the airport. Or she might have put on a disguise and left the country as another person. That's why we can't locate her."

"It's possible," said Danrique. He then instructed, "Get our informant in M Nation to keep a close watch on that side and inform us if there's any news. At the same time, keep an eye on the immigration."

"Understood."

There was no way Danrique could sleep that night.

He tried calling Francesca's number several times but to no avail. The line could not go through. When he used another phone to contact her, it indicated that her phone had been switched off.

He was very worried...

In fact, he was feeling regretful and felt that he should not have agitated her using such an extreme method in a fit of anger.

Meanwhile, Francesca was deep in her sleep on the plane.

Monica, on the other hand, had not shut her eyes and had been on high alert.

Whether Francesca could reunite with Danrique very much depended on Prince William's ability to turn things around. Therefore, Monica dared not let her guard down.

Looking at Francesca who was sleeping peacefully, she could not help but sigh. "What a carefree and bold girl..."

After more than ten hours of flight, they finally arrived at Xendale.

Only when the plane was descending did Francesca wake up in a daze. She looked out of the window and saw the fluffy white clouds. All of a sudden, she remembered something and asked in a hurry, "Monica, do you have any clothes with you? I don't have anything."

"Don't worry. I have prepared some clothes for you," said Monica with a smile. "The weather is so different here. His Highness is worried that it may be too cold for you, so he has already instructed me to prepare everything for you."

"That's good then." Francesca patted her chest before continuing, "I'm afraid of the cold, and I am wearing a layer of clothes. If I get down like this, I will freeze to death."

"Don't worry. I'm here."

Everything went on smoothly. The two women disembarked from the plane with everyone else and were going to collect their baggage before heading to the changing room.

Just then, Monica felt something amiss when she saw a group of people approaching them. She immediately pushed Francesca aside and told her, “Ms. Felch, you go ahead first—”

Before she could finish her sentence, those men started firing at them.

Thankfully, Francesca was quick, and the bullets missed her. Unfortunately, Monica's arm was injured.

Monica rammed the baggage trolley at those attackers before grabbing Francesca and started running.

However, not long after, some men were chasing after them.

Monica had no choice but to let Francesca leave first. She stayed to cover her.

Just as Francesca was leaving, Monica took another bullet in her leg. Francesca turned back to save Monica. At the same time, she fired a drug at them.

Red smoke began to spread, and there were flames everywhere.

Those attackers had no choice but to retreat.

The tourists around them were frightened by their fight. Their screams rang out everywhere, and they ran for their lives.

Francesca carried Monica with her, and both women managed to escape. When they arrived at the car park, they stopped a car and wanted to leave. Just then, the doors of a few cars opened, and groups of men pointed their guns at them.

Francesca raised her brows and questioned them, “Who the hell are you guys?”

Those tall men looked like they were from Erihal. They were all wearing masks on their faces and dressed in black. It was impossible to see their faces.

Without a single word, they went forward and wanted to grab Francesca. At that instant, a silver convoy sped toward them like a flash of lightning.

Someone shouted in Erihalean, "Mr. Lindberg is here. Let's go!"