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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

Chapter 1911

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1911 Francesca Vanishes

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.

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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!"

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.

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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.

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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.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1912

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1912 Despair

The sound of water dripping, the rustling of the leaves as animals moved among the bushes, and the unique sounds from unknown bugs blended in as background music for the quiet night. The enchanting melody of nature sounded near Francesca's ear, waking her up. As she slowly came to her senses, the agonizing pain was really unbearable to her.

What she had been through earlier was beyond description.

When the men in black were caught off guard in the cabin, she grabbed the opportunity to request the black bear to take her away.

Thus, it carried her on the shoulder and left. However, it stumbled along the way. Inevitably, her head knocked on the cabin's door, the trunk, and the stone wall. Subsequently, her wound opened up and started bleeding again.

In the end, the big black bear finally took her back to the cave and threw her violently on the floor. She only let out a yowl before drifting into unconsciousness.

It took her a few hours to regain consciousness again.

By the time she was awake again, night had fallen.

It was pitch black in the cave. The few black bears were sleeping soundly beside the rocks and exhaling breathes of pungent stench.

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Francesca tried to move, only to find that her entire body was stiff. Numbled by the tormenting pain, she could not even lift her head.

She parted her lips and tried to call out to the bear feebly.

After quite a while, one of the bears eventually woke up and fed her some water with a piece of leaf. Even though the beast was not gentle enough, it had at least helped moisten her dry throat.

When she was able to speak again, she requested the bear to help her search for her bag at once.

Nonetheless, it did not manage to find her bag even after searching high and low in the cave for a long time.

Finally, something came to her mind and she realized her bag was still in the cabin. Thus, she commanded the black bear to help her retrieve it.

Other than the identification documents and the jewelry, there was medicine inside the bag.

Not to mention, it was chilly on the hill, and she was severely injured. My life will be in danger if I don't take the medicine in time!

Seconds later, the big black bear stepped out of the cave to look for her bag as commanded.

Lying on the ground, the excruciating pain was numbing Francesca's senses. She realized even if the bear was able to retrieve her bag, the common medicine in her bag might not be able to cure her wounds.

She had lost a lot of blood after her wound opened up earlier and bled profusely. As she started to have a fever, she had a feeling that there was inflammation in her wound. No way! I must leave this place at once! Otherwise, my life will be in danger!

Time flew by as her mind ran wild uncontrollably.

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Before the black bear was back, Francesca was overcome by another wave of drowsiness. She had no choice but to keep reminding herself. You must stay awake! Don't fall asleep! If not, you won't be able to wake up anymore!

She suddenly felt itchy all over her body, as if some unknown bugs were biting her. In fact, there were countless of them!

She was not afraid of ferocious beasts and various types of animals. Notwithstanding, her blood ran cold whenever she thought about the rats and bugs.

The thought gave her goosebumps instantly, suffocating her with intense repulsion and fear, both mentally and physically.

She presumed the bugs were drawn toward the blood stench of her body. Hence, she shook her body frantically to shrug the bugs off, but in vain.

Screech! A mysterious chattering sound rang out as she waited to get over it with bated breath. Next, she felt something furry moving agilely on her body.

One of them even crawled along her thigh and abdomen before moving up to her breast!

When she mustered up the courage to take a closer look, it scared the wits out of her. Oh my! It's a rat!

Having an emotional breakdown, Francesca was on the brink of tears. However, she fought to refrain from bursting into tears—she could only whimper helplessly.

In the meantime, Sloan shone his flashlight in the direction of the cave. "Mr. Lindberg, there seems to be a cave over there."

Hearing that, Danrique advanced toward the cave at once and spotted the bears' footprints outside the cave. Hence, they lowered the brightness of their flashlights right away before moving toward the cave slowly.

Under the dim light, he could make out two bears sleeping soundly in the cave. Surprisingly, Francesca was lying next to them!

Sloan was about to dash into the cave and called out, "Dr. F..."

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Even so, a whip-smart Danrique stood in his way with a kick, gesturing to him to zip his mouth.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1913

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1913 Limitless Potential

Sloan quickly shut his mouth and didn't dare to utter another word.

Danrique stood at the cave entrance and squinted to observe the situation inside.

Sob...

He heard Francesca's sobbing voice. It seemed like she was crying.

It was the first time she felt lost and hopeless because more and more rats were crawling over her body, and she was about to go crazy.

At that moment, all she could do was wish for someone to save her.

As long as someone, anyone, could take her out of that place, she would be grateful.

Danrique made a gesture, and Sean aimed a tranquilizer gun at the two black bears.

Soon after, the two bears dropped their heads and slept soundly.

However, Danrique didn't rush inside. Instead, he gestured at his men.

Sean immediately spoke while pretending to sound casual, "Mr. Lindberg, we have been looking from evening till late at night, but there were still no signs of Ms. Cece. She might not even be on the mountain at all. Could she have been taken away?"

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"That's right, Mr. Lindberg. Why don't we get off the mountain first?" Mylo cleverly chimed in.

"Huh? Ms. Cece is—"

Before Sloan could speak, Mylo covered his mouth and stopped him from uttering another word.

Sloan was an honest man. He didn't understand what Danrique meant by that. All he wanted was to go in and save Francesca.

Mylo was afraid that he would cause trouble, so he refused to let him speak any further.

When Francesca heard their voices from within the cave, she was overjoyed. She wanted to call out to them, but she hesitated.

Someone finally came to rescue her, and it was Danrique.

However, if Danrique brought her back, she wouldn't be able to escape again.

Moreover, he might have already known about her true identity. One could only imagine what he would do to her.

"Okay. Let's go down the mountain," Danrique deliberately said.

As the group prepared to leave, Sloan held on to a boulder next to him and tugged at Mylo's hand, refusing to leave. He made a whimpering sound, trying to remind Danrique that Francesca was in the cave.

Mylo was rendered speechless by Sloan's dense nature. If he ruined Danrique's plan, his fate would be uncertain when they returned.

Sean made a gesture, and the two other bodyguards helped Mylo drag Sloan away.

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

As expected, Francesca became anxious and shouted.

However, she was severely injured, and her voice was weak.

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She was afraid the people outside the cave couldn't hear her and wanted to get up in a hurry. But her stiff and numb body didn't allow her to do so. She couldn't even move a muscle.

Hence, she struggled to pick up a stone with her hand and threw it toward the cave entrance.

Thump!

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps outside the cave stopped. "What's that sound?" Sean asked.

"There seem to be someone in the cave," Mylo chimed in.

"No," said Danrique, "It must have been the wind."

"That's right!" Sean immediately responded, "If Mr. Lindberg said it's the wind, it is the wind."

"Yes," Mylo quickly replied.

Sob... sob...

Sloan whimpered and was about to cry, but Mylo kept his mouth covered. The two other bodyguards held on to his shoulders to prevent him from moving, or he would have rushed into the cave long ago.

"Let's go!" Danrique instructed, and the group continued forward.

Francesca shed tears when she saw them leaving before her eyes. She was shaking from all the panic. She mustered all her strength and shouted, "I'm here... I'm in here..."

But her voice was weak and no one paid her any attention.

"Help..." She became even more terrified as they moved further away.

Still, none of them seemed to hear her.

As their figures were about to disappear from the cave entrance, Francesca shouted, "Danrique!"

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This time, Danrique finally halted his tracks. "Did someone call out my name?"

"Seems like it!" Sean was very implicit, "If my ears served me right, it does sound like Ms. Cece's voice."

"It seems to have come from the cave," Mylo added.

Sean took a glance at Mylo and admired his limitless potential.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1914

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1914 Beg me, and I'll take you away!

In the end, Danrique turned around and walked into the cave.

Sean and Mylo followed closely behind him with flashlights.

Sloan and the other two bodyguards went in after them. The two stopped holding him but signaled him not to speak.

Sloan covered his mouth with his hand, not daring to make a sound.

The flashlight illuminated the inside of the cave like rays of hope penetrating the darkness.

When Francesca raised her head and saw Danrique's tall and slender figure, she suddenly had the urge to cry.

She was finally saved!

"So that's where you were."

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Danrique was calm and cold. There was no sign of excitement, worries or sadness on his expression at all.

He stood before Francesca and looked down at her as if looking at a frail creature.

“Dr. Felch!”

Sloan rushed over in a hurry. He wanted to drive away the rats and ants on Francesca, but Mylo tripped him and he fell to the ground.

He tried to get up, but the two bodyguards stopped him by stepping on his back.

Sloan was the most slow-witted of the bunch, and they couldn't afford to let him ruin Mr. Lindberg's plans.

“Save me...”

Francesca struggled to reach out to Danrique for help.

However, Danrique remained indifferent. He sighed, “I've been so kind to you. Why are you thinking of running away all the time?”

“Take me with you. Take me away...”

Francesca had no intention of discussing the matter with him. Many mice, ants, and various bugs were crawling all over her body.

The insects got into her ears, and the mice crept all over her body.

She was already on the brink of losing her sanity. Hence, she wouldn't be in the mood to explain herself to Danrique.

“Why should I take you with me? You won't even marry me.”

Danrique squatted down, picked up a mouse on its tail with two fingers, and dangled it in front of Francesca as he spoke.

“Argh!”

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Francesca closed her eyes at the unsightly scene.

“Aren’t you adept at manipulating animals?” Danrique looked at her with an amusing expression. “So why are you afraid of mice?”

“Rogue!”

Francesca was so angry that she wanted to shout at him. But Danrique brought the mouse even closer to her face, and its whiskers almost touched her face.

“You dare to raise your voice even when you’re stuck in this situation, huh?” Danrique smirked and said smugly, “You should beg me.”

“Why you...” Francesca got so livid that she couldn’t speak.

“Well, this is a beautiful cave. It’s warm in the winter and cool in the summer. There are even pets as company. If you lie here for half a month, you’ll get used to these mice. You might even eat them alive to survive.” Danrique felt gratified at her frightened face.

“You...” Francesca was about to cry. “W-What exactly do you want?”

“I want you to beg me.” Danrique finally said it. “Beg me, and I’ll take you away!”

“Why you...”

“Come on. My patience is limited!” Danrique refused to give up his long-awaited opportunity. “Do you want to see a doctor downhill or remain here as mice food? You decide!”

“Go to hell.”

Francesca was infuriated and was about to summon animals to attack Danrique. But if she drove them away, she would lose her last hope for survival.

“How stubborn!” Danrique stood up and said, “Since she doesn’t want us to save her, what are we waiting for? Let’s go.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sean and Mylo quickly followed behind.

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“Mr. Lindberg—”

Before Sloan could speak, the two bodyguards dragged him outside.

Poor Sloan, who wholeheartedly wanted to save Francesca, was still shouting anxiously, “Mr. Lindberg, please save Dr. Felch. Mr. Lindberg—”

Danrique remain unfazed. He simply turned around and left.

Francesca looked at his retreating back, distressed. Before his figure disappeared from the cave, she yelled, “I’m begging you... Save me...”

“Hmm?” Danrique finally stopped and turned around to look at her. “What did you say?”

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1915

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1915 Vows

“I—” Francesca gritted her teeth and said humiliatingly, “I beg you. Please save me.”

She was in a disadvantageous situation. It would be wise for her to do as Danrique said.

As long as she survived, it would never be too late for revenge.

At that moment, countless thoughts flashed through her mind.

It would be best for her to stay alive for now.

“Hmm.” Danrique walked to her and looked at her condescendingly. “You should have do that from the start.”

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"You..." Francesca was beyond enraged. "Now, will you take me away?"

"Not yet." Danrique crouched and smiled at her. "How will you repay me for saving you?"

Francesca was about to explode with anger. She had to repay him even after begging.

"How about this," Danrique crouched and continued, "Vow that you will marry me, and I will take you away right now!"

"Go to hell." Francesca erupted. "You can kill me but I will not be humiliated. I'd rather die here than beg you."

"Very well!" Danrique nodded with a smile. "You have some spine!"

Having said that, he was about to leave with his men.

"Rogue! I dare you to kill me right now! Otherwise, I will come back for you! Just wait and see!"

Francesca was so angry that she was gritting her teeth when she was cursing him. At that moment, she didn't sound weak at all.

Danrique ignored her and continued to step out of the cave.

"I will snap your limbs, skin you, and cut you up into a thousand pieces! Argh!"

Before Francesca finished her swearing, she began to scream.

Suddenly, a mouse got into her clothes and climbed up her skirt.

"Ah!" Francesca shrieked in horror. "Save me! Save me! Rogue!"

"Will you make your vows?" Danrique looked back at her.

"Yes. I vow! I vow!" Francesca was already crying. "Save me!"

Danrique strolled toward her and reached out to grab the mouse. Then, he kicked the mouse away.

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"There's more. There's more."

Francesca trembled as she looked at the mouse in front of her chest.

Danrique frowned, kicked the mouse away, and shouted displeasingly, "Get lost! I haven't even got to touch her!"

Boohoo... Francesca's tears fell down her cheek. "Rogue, I was wrong. Please save me."

"Vow." Danrique wouldn't budge. "I will save you after you swear upon it!"

"You!"

Francesca rolled her eyes. However, she held back her anger, gritted her teeth, and squeezed her vows from her mouth, saying, "I, Francesca... hereby vow to repay Danrique for saving my life... even if it means marrying him. May God smite me if I go back on my word!"

"Wait."

Danrique took out his phone and turned on his camera. "Repeat it. Say it loud and clear!"

"You!"

Francesca was seething in rage, but she had no choice but to hold back her anger and repeat it again.

"I, Francesca, hereby vow to repay Danrique for saving my life even if it means marrying him. May God smite me if I go back on my word!"

"Well done!"

Danrique recorded her oath with his phone, took a picture of her embarrassing appearance, and threatened her.

"If you go back on your word, I will make this video public. Then, the world will see that the legendary Francesco couldn't keep her promise!"

"You win!"

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Francesca no longer had the strength to speak. Her body was as weak as a kitten.

“Is Kate not here yet?” Danrique asked with a frown.

“I gave her our location when we found the cave. She should be on her way here. I have already sent someone to pick her up,” Sean explained.

“Leave us for now!” Danrique ordered.

“Yes.” Sean quickly led the other subordinates away.

“What else do you want? Hey, Rogue. What are you—”

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