

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1750

Like any other night, darkness descended four years ago upon the city to reveal the true splendor of the casinos of Lightspring.

Casino Inferno was the most popular casino in the city of late. As was the custom of the establishment, an opening ceremony preceded the gambling.

There were excited whispers amongst the patrons gathered there that that night was going to be more memorable than others.

Upon the stage, the red curtains rose slowly at the appointed hour.

A group of salivating men had been crowding below the stage well ahead of time for their favorite non-gambling attraction the casino had to offer.

The owner of Casino Inferno was in the business of auctioning young women and had a good supply of rare beauties.

Before the auction began, the men in the audience were already giving in to their primal instincts.

With agonizing showmanship, the curtains finally rose high enough to reveal a large, ornate cage.

White sash spilled out through the bars from within the cage and fluttered with the breeze as if beckoning the hearts of men toward greater sin.

“Start the auction! Start the auction!” chanted the men, maddened with lust.

Their fever was so contagious that it had tangibly raised the ambient temperature of the room, infecting even disinterested patrons with their enthusiasm.

When the curtains were fully raised, the cage was revealed to be filled with red motifs with a scantily clad young woman of exceptional beauty curled up on the bed of petals in deep sleep.

Her jet-black hair spilled out of the cage. As the men stared, stupefied with wonder, a breeze sent its scent wafting through the air.

The woman had a mesmerizing face. She was clad in a long white dress that was scarcely thick enough to even keep her warm in the sweaty, humid air on the stage. In fact, her dress made her look like an angel who had mistakenly fallen into Casino Inferno.

The crowd fell deathly silent as every eye was fixed on her with quivering anticipation.

The private room on the second floor contained a patron whose amber eyes were fixed upon the woman in the cage with a regal haughtiness as if he controlled her fate in his hands.

“Mr. Lindberg, please accept this gift as a token of my gratitude,” the owner of Casino Inferno simpered.

Danrique was clad in a white shirt. In the casino filled with debauchery and sin, his garment stood out as a beacon of purity and salvation.

“When's the show starting?”

“Time is of the essence! One of us could be spending time with this beauty instead of standing around waiting like idiots!”

“Can't wait any longer, mate?”

“Obviously not. I'm rock hard just looking at her.”

“Hah, good man! Keep it steady!”

The men below the stage burst into boisterous laughter.

The host walked on stage. “Silence, please! The auction is about to begin.”

“Yes, we know,” shouted the men impatiently. “Start the bidding!”

“Without further ado, the bidding starts at one million. Let the auction begin!”

“Two million!”

“Three million!”

“Five million!”

With such a prize at stake, the auction went by fiercely as the bidders made their intent clear.

Danrique averted his gaze, losing interest. She obviously isn't Aunt Isabella's daughter.

Having little interest in games like that, he was about to stand up and leave when a shout came from the stage. “She's awake!”

Danrique glanced across and found the woman in the cage to be stirring. Her trembling fingers were the first to twitch.

“Ten million!” roared a sonorous voice belonging to a large man, startling the crowd into complete silence.

Several seconds later, the hall was abuzz with speculation.

“Ten million going once, ten million going twice, sold!”

The usher banged the gavel at the final word.

“Aiden's going to have a good time tonight!”

The men below the stage displayed jealousy and admiration. Many were whistling and making lewd remarks.

“Yes,” Aiden said as his eyes gleamed. “A good time indeed.”

The woman in the cage got up slowly to her feet. With one hand supporting her head, another held on to the bars of the cage as she swayed dangerously on the spot.

Francesca squeezed her eyes shut in an attempt to organize the fragmented memories swimming around her mind's eye.