

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1751

Though she kept getting glimpses of an explosion and seemed to remember passing out a lot, she was too disoriented to arrange them into a sequence that made sense.

As she strained to remember, her head throbbed painfully.

Aiden was beside himself with glee. Unable to contain himself any longer, he reached out with a greedy hand. "Come here."

As his hand neared her bosom, Francesca's eyes suddenly flung wide open. Her bright eyes glinted murderously as she caught hold of the man's wrist and gave a vicious twist.

"Ah!" Aiden screamed. Despite wriggling for all his might, Francesca afforded him no such opportunity for escape.

With nimble haste, she wrapped the silver chain between her hands around his wrist and heaved him over her shoulder to bring the large man falling onto the floor with an earth-shattering crash.

As Aiden writhed in pain on the ground, the men below the stage were flabbergasted at the unexpected strength and ferocity of so frail a girl.

As creatures craving novelty, they developed an intense interest in the wild woman who had demolished all stereotypes of her gender within the span of several seconds. Some of them had even begun wolf-whistling again.

"Hah! The night hasn't even begun and you're already tapping out, Aiden!"

"I like them beautiful and wild. Start the bidding for her again if Aiden's not up for it!"

Francesca gave her throbbing head a little shake as she gazed at the men below the stage through the cage bars. Her vision was beginning to regain its sharpness, though there were more questions than answers she had at the moment.

"What am I doing here? What is this place?"

The back of her head seared with sudden sharpness. She reached out to touch it gingerly and found fresh blood on her fingertips.

Even the sight of blood was unable to help her recall what had transpired.

How did I get hurt? What's my name?

As soon as the thought crossed her mind, her heart gave a leap of horror as she realized that she could not even remember who she was.

"How dare you lay a finger on me, b*tch!" Aiden stumbled to his feet and lunged at Francesca from behind.

Her eyes narrowed as she swung a devastating kick out to meet his face with a sickening crunch. After crumpling to the floor in a heap, the large man moved no more.

"What's his problem?" Francesca shouted as she stepped on Aiden's body on the way out of the cage before realizing that her ankles had been locked together as well.

The chains upon her wrists and ankles bore many tiny bells which tinkered at her every gesture. Though pleasant, it was severely impractical for stealth.

Her eyes swept the audience before falling onto the host. "Who did this?" she demanded, raising a hand to display the padlocked shackles on her wrists.

The host made a gesture. Two large men appeared from the back of the stage and made their way closer to her, sneering at the slight woman before them.

The men on the stage below grew anxious for Francesca.

Aiden was not trained for physical confrontation like the bodyguards of Casino Inferno's employees were. At that moment, even one of them looked too much for the frail woman to handle.

The poor girl. Both the guards are going to manhandle her.

Francesca did not display the slightest hint of fear. Even more impressively, she strode forward to meet her opponents.

Limping as a result of her injury, her gaze remained steady and severe.

I'll show them! Women are not to be trifled with!

Seized by a sudden impulse, Danrique felt compelled to stay and see the fight through. Turning back around, he returned to his seat on the red leather armchair and joined the rest of the patrons to spectate the battle below.

Having attained success at an early age, he had been desensitized toward many things. The unorthodox actions of the woman in the cage sparked his interest.

Francesca raised her chin haughtily as she beckoned with a menacing finger.

The man on the left leered at her chest before lunging at her with his arms outstretched.

Francesca sidestepped to the opposite direction from whence he came and deftly snatched the dagger on his hip before swiping downward.