

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1752

As the sound of fabric tearing sounded, A split was formed on the pants of the man in black, and floral-patterned underwear peeked through the wide hole.

“Hahaha!”

The crowd below the stage roared with laughter at the sight of the bodyguard getting pranked by a woman.

“What a useless piece of trash!” A mocking smile appeared on Francesca's face. Then, she tried to break open the chain on her hand with the dagger but frowned as her attempts were unsuccessful.

Not daring to underestimate his opponent anymore, the furious man swung his fist toward Francesca.

She deftly avoided his attack, then moved behind him and gave him a stab, fooling him just like a game of cat and mouse.

Even after a long time, the man failed to lay a finger on her. On the other hand, he found himself getting more and more injuries as time went on. It was no doubt why he was growing more irritated.

The gamblers below the stage vehemently booed as they were full of despise toward the tall and muscular bodyguard for not being able to defeat a weak woman.

The emcee hastily shot a look at another man in black.

Without hesitation, the other man in black stepped forward to offer his help, and the two surrounded Francesca.

Remaining composed, Francesca nimbly climbed to the top of the cage and waved the dagger in the air.

Upon sensing the imminent danger, one of the men managed to dodge the dagger successfully while the other man was, unfortunately, stabbed.

Blood splattered on her face, but she did not even bat an eyelash. Instead, she took the opportunity to grab the gun on the man's waist and took aim at the emcee. "Pass me the key."

The emcee furrowed his brows and waved his hand in the air again.

Five bodyguards strode up the stage and charged toward Francesca menacingly.

Narrowing her eyes dangerously, she fired a shot toward the emcee without hesitation.

Bang!

"Ahh!"

The bullet hit the emcee on his right calf, and at once, he lost his balance and fell on one knee before Francesca.

"Oh, my God!" The crowd flew into an uproar.

They figured that things had gotten out of control. No one had dared to stir trouble at Casino Inferno since the mysterious boss behind it had massive powers.

This woman is obviously here to create trouble for being so fearless to fire a bullet at the emcee.

"Give me the key!" Francesca held onto the gun and inched toward the emcee.

Following that, the five bodyguards pulled out their guns and aimed at her. Despite that, she had no fear and arrogantly uttered, "Is the boss behind Casino Inferno so useless? All the bodyguards he hired are all losers! They can't even win against a woman like me!"

She glanced at the row of bodyguards behind the emcee and raised her brows. "Why don't you all come at me at once?"

"What an insolent brat!" A stern voice that was burning in rage boomed from the corridor on the second floor.

Francesca turned toward the voice but swept her gaze passed the person speaking and landed on Danrique instead.

The man was seated on a deep red-colored leather chair in an exceptionally condescending posture. He was exuding an overwhelming haughtiness and arrogance from tip to toe, almost as if he was God that many greatly revered.

A sense of familiarity hit Francesca while she was still in a daze. I think I've seen that guy somewhere...

However, nothing came to her mind except a sharp, intense pain in the back of her head. She shook her head and gathered her thoughts before turning to Danrique for a confrontation. "So, you're the mysterious boss behind Casino Inferno? Ask your men to hand me the key and send me out of this place with due respect. Otherwise..."

She pointed the gun at Danrique. "I'll start shooting and hope for the best!"

A deadly silence filled the atmosphere as the crowd was in astonishment.

Even though they had no idea who Danrique was, they knew he was not someone to be trifled with, given how he could sit in that private room and the fact that even the casino's owner had to lower himself to serve the man like how a servant would.

Moreover, that intense and domineering aura he was exuding was enough to leave everyone in fear and trepidation. There was an exception, though, and that was none other than Francesca.

That woman is certainly not afraid of death!

Despite Francesca's threat, Danrique did not even spare her a glance. It was almost as though she was not talking to him.

The sharp, crescent-shaped dagger felt so full of murderous intent as it remained spiraling in Francesca's palm.

“Insolence! How dare you talk to Mr. Lindberg with that tone? Take her down!”