

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1753

The boss of Casino Inferno began to panic by the turns of events. He had captured Francesca for auction that night to butter Danrique up but did not expect things to play up this way.

How did things become like this? I might not live to see tomorrow if I angered Mr. Lindberg!

The five bodyguards approached Francesca, attempting to seize her.

Without hesitation, she pulled the trigger and fired a shot at Danrique.

The crowd widened their eyes in disbelief as they watched the bullet whiz through the air.

It was as though time had come to a standstill, and the air abruptly froze.

At that very moment, a silver glint swooshed through the air.

Following a loud thud and subsequently an agonizing scream, blood was splattered all over the place.

Stumped, Francesca stumbled a few steps back while grasping her injured hand. She was so stunned beyond words that her jaws went slack at how the gun was hacked into two and the crescent-shaped dagger was stuck on the silver cage.

At the same time that she fired the shot, a crescent-shaped dagger came flying in her direction, slicing through the bullet to interrupt its momentum and cleaving the pistol in her grip into two. She had sustained a cut on her hand as a result.

What the hell? Did that really just happen?

As much as Francesca could not believe her eyes, the dagger and the gun were shreds of evidence to prove what had happened moments ago.

Her eyes had not played tricks on her, and neither was that a hallucination.

Francesca directed her gaze toward Danrique. But this time, she was in awe. Who exactly is this guy? How did he manage to have such impressive skills?

Finishing the wine in his glass in one gulp, Danrique looked up and remarked, "You should be secretly relieved that you looked like a clown. Otherwise, I would have aimed for your neck instead of the gun!"

His frosty voice did not have a tinge of warmth in it.

A line formed between Francesca's brows as she instinctively clenched her fists tight.

"You've overestimated yourself!" The owner of Casino Inferno mocked with a laugh. "Are you trying to embarrass yourself in front of Mr. Lindberg with those useless moves? Get her!"

Two men in black went up to her and grabbed her by her shoulders.

Just when she wanted to retaliate, one of the men stepped on the chain cuffed on her legs, leaving her unable to budge.

Several other men stomped up and surrounded her. Francesca could not help but frown since she figured there was no way for her to escape at this point.

"I've spent a fortune on you. Even if you're wild and unruly, I must make you mine tonight!" Aiden walked up the stage with a dozen of his bodyguards, who all had guns in their hands.

Francesca was breaking out in cold sweat. Just when those men in black were about to hand her over to Aiden, she frantically looked up at Danrique.

Unfortunately, the man had already stood up and walked away. Seeing that he was about to disappear from her vision, she suddenly yelled, "Save me!"

Immediately, Danrique stopped and turned around, throwing her a disdainful look. "Give me a reason."

"I'll go over and tell you."

Francesca freed herself from the grip of the bodyguards escorting her, forcefully retrieved the dagger stuck on the cage, and walked barefooted toward Danrique.

Seeing how Danrique had no objections to her actions, no one dared to stop her.

Aiden was reluctant and frustrated about the situation but was apprehensive of saying anything more.

The thin white veil wrapped around her billowed in coordination with her pace, revealing her fair and silky smooth thighs. She was like a budding blossom emanating an alluring and intoxicating scent.

Along her way up, she had attracted the attention of every man present.

Yet, Danrique remained completely indifferent, seemingly unaffected at all.

The crowd was waiting to watch on in amusement. They were in anticipation of what tactics Francesca would use to convince Danrique since anyone could see that the man had no lecherous intents.

Upon meeting the man, Francesca reached her hand out as she said, "Your dagger."

Looking at her up close, it suddenly occurred to Danrique that she looked somewhat familiar.

While the man was seemingly still in his thoughts, Francesca held the dagger and pressed it against his groin.

Her eyes were glowing with arrogance and satisfaction as she cocked her eyebrows.

Danrique's lips twitched as he threw a glacial glare toward Francesca. As a surge of adrenaline rushed up to his brain, his frozen heart which had been voided by feelings for many years, suddenly sensed an intense pang of astonishment.

It was the first time in his life that he felt that he had made a blunder.