

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1754

Francesca let out a wicked grin. "Your dagger is so sharp that it could even slice a gun into two. I wonder what your manhood is made of?"

"How dare you!" A deadly glint appeared in Danrique's amber pupils as he balled his hands into fists, his knuckles cracking.

Luckily, both of them had their back facing the main hall, blocking the gamblers from the view. Nevertheless, Danrique's subordinates that were standing close to the two had seen everything. Disbelief was written all over their faces as they gawped at the scene before them.

Their almighty superior, Danrique Lindberg, who had unmatched phenomenal power in the business world, and whose presence alone was enough to leave everyone in fear, had fallen prey to a woman in a spectacularly miserable fashion.

When Danrique threw his subordinates a bone-chilling glare, they immediately shifted their sights away, so terrified they did not even dare to breathe.

"Didn't you ask me to give you a reason?" Francesca brazenly raised her brow.

Indeed, the place where she was aiming the dagger was her reason.

Even if she might not stand a chance to hurt the man given how skillful he was, she reckoned it would still bring him shame and demoralization if the others saw the scene.

"You're dead meat, you hear me?" Fury was burning in Danrique's eyes.

If one's eyes could kill someone, Francesca would have long been reduced to ashes.

"I'll drag you along if I have to die!"

And with that, Francesca managed to escape from the situation successfully.

Danrique shot her daggers before he took her and treaded out of Casino Inferno.

Having spent so much money to bid for Francesca, Aiden was undoubtedly unwilling to concede defeat. Nonetheless, there was nothing he could do except watch them stride out.

After all, no one could afford to get on the bad books of that mysterious man in white.

Outside, the sky was drizzling, and a devastating cold permeated the atmosphere.

It was so chilly Francesca could not help but sneeze. Her body was shivering in the cold as there was not enough clothing to keep her warm.

With her eyes on the bustling roads, she bid goodbye and leaned into an oncoming sports car. Squeezing herself into the driver's seat and taking over the steering wheel, she stepped on the accelerator and sped off without hesitation.

When Danrique attempted to chase after her, a deafening blast sounded from inside the casino. The shattered pieces from the explosion scattered in all directions. Simultaneously, a siren from a car resonated through the air.

The noises were ridiculously thunderous and ear-shattering.

"Mr. Lindberg, it's an ambush! They must be coming for us!"

"Let's leave now!" By the time Danrique slowed his racing mind down and turned around, Francesca was long since gone.

Gritting his teeth in anger, he commanded, "Damn that g\*ddamn woman! I must find her! Run a citywide search to look for her!"

"Understood!"

On the other side, after speeding through over ten kilometers of road, Francesca jumped out of the sports car and scurried off into the streets like a wisp of vapor.

After that sudden episode, the sports car's owner was shell-shocked. He had merely decelerated while passing by the casino, yet an unknown, petite figure took the opportunity and jumped in without warning. Even more absurd was how she had taken charge of the car and whizzed it through the roads like a bolt of lightning.

Before he had time to react, she had stomped on the brakes impulsively and vanished from sight.

Puzzlement swamped him the entire time, and therefore he did not take a good look at Francesca's face.

Everything occurred so quickly that he thought that his mind had wandered off to a mysterious illusion for a short while.

How did the car bring me to an entirely new place within seconds? How amazing.

After getting herself a new set of clothing at the mall, Francesca headed to the washroom to change. Upon seeing her reflection in the mirror, she nearly jumped with fright, as if she had seen a ghost.

"What the f\*ck. I look like this?"

Francesca pulled off the wig from her head and those fake-looking false eyelashes. She freshened herself up with the cold tap water and changed into new clothes.

She took another look at her appearance in the mirror. Mmm, so much better.

Her current style resembled that of a handsome, energized teenager with a unisex casual outfit, charming short hair, and a cap on her head.

In contrast to her glamorous and captivating style earlier, she looked like a completely different person.

Making her way out of the mall, Francesca ran into that group of bodyguards from earlier. They were moving around in an orderly manner, and it was easy to tell that they were well-trained. They maneuvered among the crowd, seemingly looking for someone.

Francesca peeked at the photo in their hand.

Isn't that me? Huh... I guess they're looking for me.