

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1755

Francesca pulled her cap lower and calmly walked past the bodyguards, who did not spare her a glance as they had all their attention on the beautiful women in the crowd.

As soon as she waltzed out of the mall, she saw a silver Pagani right in front.

Inside the car was none other than the man in white whom she had threatened earlier.

With the windows wound halfway down, all that was within her vision was the man's darkened yet charming gaze and a bone-chilling glint in his amber pupils.

In that instance, it felt like every molecule in the air had frozen on the spot.

Francesca pursed her lips, and as she walked off, the corners lifted into a scornful smirk.

I bet that guy must be so mad!

Inside the car, Danrique was fiddling with the crescent-shaped dagger between his fingers as he narrowed his eyes while carefully recounting the face he had seen earlier.

Have I seen her somewhere before? But where exactly? Why can't I seem to recall anything?

Successfully avoiding being tracked down, Francesca hopped into a taxi and was about to leave when she felt a sharp pain in the back of her head.

A wave of dizziness followed thereupon that she quickly held onto her head.

Pieces of memory regarding an explosion flashed across her mind once again. She vividly recalled how she had lost her consciousness after something crashed onto her from the back.

At that instance, she had a sudden revelation that she must have lost her memory because of the injury.

“Where are you heading?” the driver asked in Ustranasion.

“The hospital.”

After arriving at the hospital, it took her some effort before she could find a surgeon.

Francesca illustrated her issue in Ustranasion, and the doctor told her to go for an X-ray before they proceed with a diagnosis.

Reckoned that it was too much of a trouble, she grabbed the knife, gritted her teeth, and slit open her wound to retrieve the metal chip with forceps.

“Oh, my God!” The people present were scared witless by the gruesome sight before their eyes.

The surgeon and several nurses hurriedly stopped Francesca, snatched the tool from her hand, and got someone to call for the security.

Rendered speechless, Francesca freed herself from their grip, grabbed a bag of medical tools, and ran outside.

She had wanted to look for a quiet spot to stitch up her wound, but because the hospital's guard had followed behind her at full speed, she had no choice but to flee the scene.

Throughout this, she had a question running through her mind. Her instincts told her that she was naturally born with a flair for medicine.

It was so that she had a sense of familiarity and confidence that rose within her when she saw the medical equipment and tools. It almost felt like she was acting on her reflex while believing that she could solve the problem by herself.

She could even skillfully grab a scalpel to cut open the wound on the back of her head and use forceps to remove the metal piece stuck in it.

Unfortunately, the others had thought she was insane and even called the security guards to chase after her.

What a bunch of brainless fools...

Running out from the back of the hospital, Francesca was ready to jump into a taxi when a beam of silver lights shone in her direction.

Following that, several black jeeps rushed toward her like freed horses.

Shocked, Francesca hastily backed away.

Upon a closer look, she realized that the silver glare was coming from that same Pagani she had seen earlier.

The black jeeps surrounded the silver Pagani, and in no time, a fierce gun battle ensued between the two parties.

Nonetheless, Francesca could not be bothered about it, as all she was concerned about was running for her life.

Just as she took a detour in an attempt to get herself out of the situation, the silver Pagani sped toward her like a gust of wind.

As the car hood thrust Francesca into the air, all she could feel was an intense collision against her. In the next second, her whole body crashed through the windscreen and landed right inside the car.

Appearing within her line of sight was that man in white from earlier, staring at her icily. Then, her vision faded, and she fell unconscious.

Danrique pushed Francesca away from his embrace and yanked the steering wheel to swerve the car endlessly.

The Pagani made a skillful drift, leaped off the ground, rolled over the roof of a jeep, and flew into the air.

A split second later, it landed back on the ground steadily, and with a speedy swerve, it disappeared from the scene.