

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1773

“All right, that's enough. Stop scaring me.”

The lady with the red hair was frightened. She nervously retrieved a necklace from her bag and looked longingly at it before shoving it back into her bag. After that, she ran out to chase after the Lindberg family's bodyguards.

Francesca followed her immediately. She took advantage of the crowd present and bumped into that red-haired lady.

“Ah,” yelped the lady as she was almost knocked to the floor.

With her head down low, Francesca murmured an apology before rushing off.

“Hurry. Things will be bad if they leave before you catch up to them,” said the red-haired lady's friend.

The two of them ran out the doors and saw how the bodyguards were getting into their cars. The red-haired lady quickly opened her bag to retrieve the necklace, only to realize that it was gone. In its place was a stack of cash.

Her eyes bulged in surprise, and she stood there, stunned.

“What's wrong?”

“T-The necklace... it's gone.”

“What? Are you serious? Look through your bag again. Toss everything out.”

"It's not here. It's definitely gone. What do I do now? What do I do?" said the lady, who was on the verge of crying after searching her bag for a while.

"Okay, calm down. Let's go back to our fitting room and check there. If we can't find it, we'll just pretend you never stole it."

"Marrisa, you can't tell anyone about this. If you do, they'll kill me."

"Don't worry. I won't. We're besties, after all."

Listening to the ladies' conversation from the secluded corner she was hiding in, Francesca only sighed a breath of relief when she saw them heading back in.

Good, I don't think I got them in any trouble.

She waited until everybody was gone before she fished the necklace out and examined it. The necklace had a cross as a pendant, and it looked familiar.

She was certain that it belonged to her.

She was about to put it on when she thought of something. Wait, won't this reveal my identity? I better put it away for now.

Francesca didn't think much of it and put it in her bag before she left Casino Inferno.

At the same time, the bodyguards who had left suddenly doubled back.

Turned out, Danrique had dropped by, and his men were there to protect him. He strode over.

Francesca's heart skipped a beat. I'll be in so much trouble if he recognizes me.

She had no choice but to go back into the casino.

Meanwhile, the red-haired lady and her friend were looking for Francesca.

"It has to be that lady with the long, black hair. She bumped into me earlier, and I think she must have stolen the necklace then."

"You're right. It must be her."

"We have to find her as quickly as possible. If those men find out what happened before we do that, they'll kill me."

"Calm down. I'll search for the lady with you."

It was then that Francesca realized she had gotten herself into an "out of the frying pan and into the fire" kind of situation.

She started to panic. D*mn it! what do I do now?

It took her some time, but she eventually found a small warehouse behind her. She snuck in right away.

The warehouse was filled with costumes and gadgets for the performance on stage. There were masks, laces, wings, and others.

Francesca grabbed a random red skirt and changed her wig into a blond one before putting on a black-laced mask. After that, she put all her things in another bag and strolled right out of there.

“That's strange. Where is she? She should be around here somewhere, right?”

“Do you think maybe she's one of the new girls the casino hired? Maybe she overheard our conversation and knew that the necklace was priceless, so she stole it.”

“Should we ask the owner about this?”

“No, asking him about it would only expose you as the thief who stole the necklace in the first place. We should just look for it ourselves.”

“Okay.”

The two ladies were so busy looking for the Aploth lady with long, black hair that they didn't even recognize Francesca when she walked right by them.

Seeing that her plan worked, Francesca sped up and was going to leave via the front door when a familiar voice sounded behind her. “Stop.”

It was Danrique.

Francesca froze and frowned. Shit...