

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1774

He won't recognize me, will he?

Francesca could hear a series of footsteps and knew that Danrique was approaching her.

He walked slowly, but for some unknown reason, every step echoed with power.

Francesca couldn't help panicking a little. Did he already figure out who I am? Is he going to expose me right here and now? Will he exact his revenge immediately after?

She looked at the long corridor in front of her and instinctively clenched her fists.

What are the chances of me successfully fleeing?

"You dropped something."

Danrique's voice was emotionless, without a hint of warmth or hostility.

Francesca was slightly taken aback. She turned around and saw the lipstick he was holding.

That's mine.

She had bought that lipstick earlier that day because she needed it to disguise herself.

"Thank you."

Francesca accepted the lipstick and left the scene right away.

Danrique stared at her and narrowed his eyes.

A complicated glow shone in them.

“Mr. Lindberg...”

Sean approached slowly while paying close attention to his boss.

Danrique waved his hand and issued an order.

“Understood.”

Meanwhile, Francesca had snuck into the casino, moving past the crowd before leaving the place.

She wanted to be out of there as soon as possible, but a drunkard got in her way when she was in the lobby. “Hey beautiful, come and have a drink with me.”

“F*ck off!” growled Francesca angrily, planning on circling around him and leaving.

Unfortunately, the drunkard would not relent. “How dare you talk to me like that? You're nothing but a stripper, and I'm loaded.”

As he spoke, he took a stack of cash out and was about to shove them in her bra.

Fuming, Francesca kicked at the man.

Bang! The drunkard was sent flying before crashing into a table, frightening all the gamblers there.

“Y-You...”

The drunkard had his hand on his stomach and was in so much pain that he wanted to cuss. Unfortunately, that same pain made it impossible for him to talk.

“Who the hell is making a ruckus here?”

It didn't take long before a group of bodyguards surrounded the place.

After the previous incident, Casino Inferno had strengthened its security, and they had since hired many skilled fighters to keep the place safe.

They likely would have never guessed that the person who made a mess back then was the same person who was currently making a scene.

Francesca frowned. All she wanted to do was to leave quickly because things would be bad if Danrique caught her there.

“How dare you assault a client? Come with me.”

Two bodyguards stepped over to take her away.

Francesca responded by breaking a bodyguard's nose before running away.

“Stop!”

The other bodyguards chased after her immediately and tried to have her surrounded.

Francesca ended up fighting them. Given her skills, it would not be a problem for her to fight a few guys simultaneously. However, there were quite a few bodyguards there, and they were more skilled than the previous ones she beat up.

To make matters worse, her injuries still hadn't recovered, so she was at a disadvantage soon after.

Two bodyguards were about to apprehend her when someone sent them flying with a kick.

Bang! The loud noise came after the two bodyguards landed heavily on a table that was over ten meters away. Silence ensued as everyone was stunned by the scene.

Francesca lost her balance and almost fell, but someone with strong arms supported her shoulders before that could happen.

She turned around to see who it was and was immediately dumbfounded. Danrique!

The man tilted his head down to stare at her. Since he was thirty centimeters taller than her, he was practically looming over her.

Dazed, Francesca continued to stare at the man before her. The way he moves, the position we're in, the look on his face... why does everything feel so familiar?

"You imbeciles, back off!" roared the owner of Casino Inferno angrily. "You useless pieces of trash. How dare you idiots attack Mr. Lindberg?"

Only then did the bodyguards realize that they had offended a VIP. They quickly bowed and apologized.

Danrique had his men clear the place out and disperse the crowd after that.

Finally snapping back to her senses, Francesca lowered her head and murmured her thanks before she made to leave.