

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1775

Immediately, Danrique pulled her back and stared into her eyes. "It's you?"

"No," Francesca instinctively blurted out.

However, she regretted the moment she opened her mouth.

Danrique's eyes widened at her voice, and he reached out his hand to remove her mask.

In response, Francesca attempted to duck, but Danrique moved faster than she did.

Before she knew it, he had ripped off her mask.

Looking at her face, Danrique froze. Although her smoky makeup made her seem almost unrecognizable, he could tell that she was the lady who held him hostage that night.

"It is you!"

Even the boss at Casino Inferno recognized her. When he saw her fighting with the bodyguards earlier, it reminded him of the lady from that day. He drew parallels from the moves she used.

Flustered, Francesca hurriedly tried to escape.

Unfortunately, Danrique grabbed her backpack to stop her from leaving.

The force tore open her bag, and its contents spilled all over the floor.

At that sight, Francesca quickly bent down to retrieve them.

Yet, Danrique was one step ahead of Francesca, and he managed to snatch the gold necklace from her.

As the cold metal cross slid through her fingers, Francesca screeched, "Give it back to me!"

She desperately tried to reach for the item but to no avail as Danrique extended his right arm and held it above his head to move it out of her reach.

Given their difference in height, there was no way she could reach the necklace.

"What is this?"

At that moment, Sean reached down to pick up the clothes scattered on the floor.

Afraid that it would expose her identity, Francesca frantically grabbed her clothes and fled.

"Hey, don't leave," Sean called out, attempting to stop her. However, Danrique interrupted, "Don't scare her."

"Should I get our men to follow her?" Sean asked.

"It's not necessary," Danrique muttered while eyeing the necklace he held. His gaze softened as he continued, "It's her."

Meanwhile, Francesca ran out of Casino Inferno and hopped into a taxi.

When she finally got in the car, she pressed her hands to her chest to calm herself down.

Francesca felt more confused than ever when she recalled the earlier events.

Why did Danrique help me? If he noticed that I was the one who held him hostage that night, shouldn't he be angry? Wouldn't he want to lock me up and teach me a lesson? If he wanted to punish me, he would not have given me a chance to flee. But I managed to escape, and he did nothing to stop me. Besides, why did he have to take the necklace? Is it valuable? Even so, he is evidently wealthy, given that he could easily fork out a hundred million for medical fees, so why would he be hung up on a necklace? Please don't tell me that he took it on purpose so that I would return for it. It must have a significant meaning. Perhaps, it contains clues to my identity. If so, I must take it back, though I will have to use another identity.

"Where are you heading to?" the driver asked.

"Oh, I—" Francesca finally regained her senses and randomly thought of a place. "You can drop me at the nearest public toilet."

Annoyed, the driver rolled his eyes at her via the rearview mirror before stopping his car at a park nearby.

Then, Francesca grabbed her bag of clothes and headed for the public toilet in the middle of the park. After she washed her face and got changed, she took another taxi back to the hotel.

However, the place was heavily guarded by bodyguards hired by the Lindberg family. They surrounded the area to prevent any outsiders from entering.

Initially, they even stopped Francesca at the door. Luckily, one of the security guards recognized her and subsequently allowed her in.

When she walked into the hotel, she overheard the Lindberg family's bodyguards instructing the hotel security guards to stop any other outsiders from going into the building.

It made her more curious. Who the hell is Danrique? All this fuss makes him seem like the president. No matter where I go, there are always so many people protecting him. That being said, there are a lot of

people going after him. At Casino Inferno that day, someone even planted a bomb to kill him. I should keep my distance from him. Otherwise, I may die anytime. It's best to give him the cure as soon as possible and leave after I get my hands on the money.

Once Francesca went back to her room, she carefully treated her wound. She had suffered severe injuries due to the car accident. After the ordeal she went through earlier, her wounds had split open again.