

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1776

She had locked her door before she tended to her wounds.

Luckily, the Lindberg family had medical kits with them at all times.

Although it only contained essential medicine, it was still enough to deal with Francesca's injuries.

Soon, Francesca finished cleaning her wounds. However, she suddenly felt a sharp pain at the back of her head.

Closing her eyes, she cradled her head. Enduring the pain, she popped a painkiller into her mouth.

I guess I can't hold out any longer. I should undergo the surgery to get that metal out of my brain soon.

While she considered her options, she heard a flurry of footsteps outside. A subordinate politely greeted, "Mr. Lindberg."

Hearing that, Francesca knew Danrique had arrived.

Since he took her necklace, she had to take it back before she left.

In the end, she fell asleep on the bed.

Meanwhile, in the room beside hers, Danrique received a call from Gordon. The latter reported, "Mr. Lindberg, I checked on the lady who left Casino Inferno earlier. She got into a car and headed for Maze Hospital."

“Maze Hospital?”

As Danrique thought about it, he narrowed his eyes. That day, he had been chased down by assassins near Maze Hospital too. Then, he crashed into a tomboy, injuring her.

“Yes, I am right in front of the hospital, trying to investigate further.”

Bang! As soon as Gordon finished, Danrique heard a loud noise coming from the parking lot. Police sirens filled the air shortly after, disrupting the silent night.

“Mr. Lindberg.” At that moment, Ben frantically knocked on Danrique's door. “There is an attack!”

“Let's leave,” Danrique instructed firmly.

“Mr. Lindberg, what about me?” Gordon questioned.

“Come back here first to deal with the Mafia.”

“Yes, Mr. Lindberg,” Gordon acknowledged.

After putting on his jacket and grabbing his gun, Danrique left the room. A large group of bodyguards surrounded him as they hurriedly headed to the back door.

“What's wrong?”

Francesca walked out of her room barefooted, still in her pajamas. Despite so, she did not forget to put on her mask. Staring at the chaotic scene before her, she widened her eyes in confusion.

“Someone launched an attack. We have to leave now,” Sean stated before grabbing Francesca's hand to drag her along with them.

“Wait a moment. I forgot to put on my shoes.”

Without sparing a look at her, Sean insisted, “We don't have time for that.”

Amid the chaos, Francesca followed the men out of the hotel, who then shoved her into a car parked outside.

Looking at the roaring flames, Francesca could not help but frown. “Who the hell are you? Why are there people chasing after you no matter where you go? Isn't it dangerous for whoever follows you?”

“Shut up!” Danrique growled.

“I—”

Francesca wanted to continue but was interrupted by a dozen jeeps surrounding them. They drew down their windows and started firing shots at their car.

Without a choice, Ben quickly drove the car and sped toward the back door.

At the same time, a few of their bodyguards guarding outside also tried to stop the attackers.

In the end, they shook off all but two of the jeeps.

However, besides Francesca, there were only three other people in the car—Danrique, Sean, and Ben in the driver's seat.

Things were not looking good for them as they were outnumbered by their enemies.

Sean held onto his gun in preparation for any attack.

On the other hand, Danrique seemed unusually calm. He glanced outside before ordering Ben, "Turn to the right. Speed up and hit them!"

"Okay!"

Given the circumstances, Francesca did not dare to speak anymore. Her heart pounded as she prayed to get to safety as soon as possible.

It did not take long for the car to leave the hotel and continue its journey on the road.

Despite so, another modified vehicle in black continued to chase after them while aiming to shoot their tires.

"I guess the pastor wants you dead, seeing how he collaborated with the Mafia to come after you," Sean seethed.

"Obviously! I offended him big time, so why would he let me off?" Danrique still looked composed as he spoke, "We are in their territory, and there is no need for us to face them head-on. After we sign the contract tomorrow, we shall retaliate."

"Yes, Mr. Lindberg!"