

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1820

“Really? Who said so?” Suddenly, a clear voice emerged from a distance, breaking the tension in the room. “Who says no one cares about him? I care!”

Upon hearing that, Danrique's eyes lit up instantly. It's her.

Prince William shuddered. He turned around and saw Francesca entering the room in a black dress and a mask.

As she was walking into the room, two men in black pointed their guns at her back.

Sean was at a loss for words. Francesca sounded so confident that he thought she had come to their rescue after taking down Pastor's bodyguards. But apparently, she was also held at gunpoint.

“Master Felch...” Sloan could not help but worry for Francesca.

“You're nothing but a small fry. Who do you think you are?” Pastor looked down on Francesca. “I hate people who bite off more than they could chew!”

He then gestured for his bodyguards to aim their guns at her.

“No, wait!” Prince William panicked.

“You seem nervous, Your Highness.” Pastor was intrigued by his reaction. “Is she your woman?”

Prince William did not know how to answer his question. He turned to Danrique and said, “Save her, Danrique.”

“He's right.” Danrique knitted his brows. “I hate people who bite off more than they could chew too.”

“Danrique...” Prince William got even more frantic.

“Excuse me?” Francesca gave Danrique a sullen glare. “How could you say that? I came here to rescue you!”

Danrique looked at her as if he was looking at a lunatic. You? Rescue me? Are you kidding me?

“For the record, I'm only doing it for the money.” Francesca gritted her teeth.

“What did you say, Master Felch?” Kerrie did not catch her words.

“Tell your men to put down their guns.” Francesca warned Pastor. “Quick. Do it before I lose my patience.”

Pastor laughed sarcastically. “Who on earth is this clown? Where did she come from?”

To him, Francesca was nothing but a clown. Who does this woman think she is? How dare she challenge me? She's asking for death.

“Francesca...” Prince William panicked. “Stop it!”

“Kill her!” Pastor ordered as he had run out of patience.

“Yes, Sir!” One of his men then placed his finger on the trigger and was ready to fire a shot at her.

Danrique's eyes narrowed. When he was about to make his move, a tiny green thing suddenly crawled onto the man's hand.

The man took a closer look at it and was shocked to find that it was a green snake.

He tried to get rid of the snake, but the limbless reptile had bitten his wrist.

He could no longer move!

The gun fell onto the ground, and his arm started to turn numb.

He grabbed his right arm with his left hand and shrieked in fear. "What's going on?"

Everyone, including Danrique, was stunned by the turn of events.

What is this green snake doing here? It's supposed to be in the lab! And the snake seems to listen to her command. How?

Pastor froze for a bit. He then ordered his other subordinates to take her down. "Kill her! Quick!"

Before Pastor could complete his sentence, the green snake glided over and wrapped around his neck tightly, suffocating the man.

All his subordinates dared not act impulsively. They went up and tried to remove the snake. "Pastor..."

"Go ahead and touch it if you want a quick death," Francesca said calmly. "If the snake bites him on the neck, he'll die right away!"

Everyone was stunned. No one dared to look down on Francesca anymore.

Prince William, Edward, Robin, the other bodyguards, and assassins looked at the woman in disbelief.

On the other hand, Sean and Sloan were not as shocked because they knew what Francesca could do.