

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1835

“All right.” Francesca took off her gloves and tiredly lay back on the couch. She then turned her head to the side to look at Danrique. “What about you? Are you hurt?”

“What do you want?”

Danrique was giving her a suspicious look.

This woman risked her life for us, but there's no way it's because she has a crush on me... She must have ulterior motives.

“I told you—I want this.”

Francesca pointed at the black and gold cross necklace around his neck.

“Uh...”

This time, Sean and the others did not misunderstand the situation again. Instead, they were taken aback.

“I told you I can't give you this.” Danrique narrowed his eyes at her in confusion. “But I'm curious. Why do you want this?”

“No reason.” Francesca then impatiently asked, “Are you going to give it to me or not?”

“No.”

Just as that word left Danrique's mouth, Francesca whipped out a gun and pointed it at his head before hissing, "This is so annoying. You just have to make me use force!"

Sean and the others froze for a few seconds before they, too, took out their guns to point them at Francesca.

No matter how much they were grateful for Francesca's help, they were still loyal to their employer at the end of the day.

Sloan hastily cried out, "Dr. Felch, please put your gun down now! Don't do this!"

"You b\*stards, I've just saved your life earlier, but now you're repaying my kindness with cruelty?" Francesca gritted out as she glared at Sloan, Mylo, and Sean.

"I'm sorry. We're thankful that you've saved us, but protecting Mr. Lindberg is our duty."

At that moment, Mylo felt helpless.

"That's why you should put down your guns," Francesca said as she removed the safety. "Otherwise, I'm going to blow his head off!"

"Ah!" Danrique's subordinates were all frightened out of their wits.

Sean attempted to persuade her otherwise again. "Dr. Felch, let's have a talk instead. Don't do anything... rash."

Just as the last word was out of his mouth, a sound of a gunshot rang out.

The bullet whizzed past Danrique's hair and buried itself into the wall beside him with an explosion of sparks.

Everyone was stunned, and their eyes widened into saucers as they looked at Francesca in disbelief.

She actually fired the gun?

“Dr. Felch, are you serious?”

Sean could not believe what he just saw.

Meanwhile, although Danrique was not shocked by the gunshot, his expression was already darker than the night.

A cold glint flashed past his amber eyes, and he shot Francesca a death glare. “You must have a death wish!”

“I just want the necklace.” Francesca knitted her brows and extended her hand toward him. She then impatiently urged, “Hurry up and give me the necklace.”

Right then, sounds of footsteps came from the outside. The motel owner had brought men up when he heard the gunshot, and he was even telling his employees, “Call the cops quickly!”

“The cops will be here soon, the people behind Pastor will be coming soon. Hand over the necklace now, and we'll go separate ways from now on,” Francesca prompted. “Hurry up.”

“What if I refuse?” Danrique questioned, unfazed.

“You're such a pain in the \*ss!”

Irrked, Francesca reached over to snatch the necklace off him.

However, Danrique frowned and swiftly grabbed her wrist before snatching her gun away from her. Then, he pressed it against her forehead and said, "Ungrateful Wretch, how dare you threaten me? Are you tired of being in this world?"

"Ugh."

Francesca stiffened.

How did he snatch the gun from me? I never even realized it until it was too late. He was so quick! Wait, no. This isn't the right time to be thinking about this.

"Hey, don't do anything silly," Francesca hurriedly pleaded. "This necklace is originally..."

Before she could finish her sentence, the sounds of police siren came from the outside.

In the next second, the motel owner barged into the room with an air gun and a few police officers with him.

Sloan stepped forward to explain the situation to them, but at that moment, Sean noticed the group of people behind the officers. Promptly, he shouted, "They're Pastor's men!"

Danrique instantly kept away the gun and brought Francesca away from the room while Sean and the others followed him.