

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1836

The quiet state of the town was disrupted by the sudden gunshot, and the people on the street let out screams of terror before they began running for cover.

Right then, a group of people darted out of the motel, running after Danrique and his group with guns in their hands.

By then, Francesca was no longer thinking about snatching the necklace. After all, saving her own life took priority in the situation.

The few of them stole a car and tried to drive out of the town, but a few black modified cars soon blocked their way. Clearly, the other party was determined to capture Danrique.

Nevertheless, Danrique gripped the steering wheel tightly, slammed his foot on the accelerator, and drove straight at them.

One of the cars instinctively dodged Danrique's car. With a flawless drift, the car's left wheels lifted into the air, and Danrique drove them through the gap.

Bang!

The rearview mirror of the car was sent flying, and it was a close shave. They managed to escape the barricade.

Francesca sighed in relief. Just as she was about to speak, Sean suddenly yelled, "Oh my god!"

At that, Francesca raised her head to look out of the window. A line of cars had formed a wall in front of them, blocking their escape route.

At the same time, more cars were coming from behind them.

"F*ck, I wouldn't have come back if I knew this was going to happen," Francesca grumbled.

"Are you regretting it?"

Danrique was still calm and collected as always. After he coldly glanced at the row of cars in front of them, he then looked at his watch.

"Extremely," Francesca huffed. "I risked my life and came back to you, and you repaid my kindness with cruelty. Now, you're getting me involved in your issues..."

"Answer me. Why do you want this necklace?" Danrique questioned. "If you give me a satisfactory answer, I'll give you another hundred million."

"Then will you give me the necklace?" Francesca quickly asked.

"No," came Danrique's reply without any hesitation.

"Is that ordinary necklace that important? Why are you so stubbornly holding onto it?" Francesca was absolutely baffled. "Answer me. If you give me a satisfactory answer, I won't keep asking you for it anymore."

At that, Danrique shot her an icy look and fell silent.

"The necklace is the keepsake Mr. Lindberg gave to his first love, so it's very important to him," Sean blurted out.

He did not think that matter was anything embarrassing.

“His first love?”

Francesca tensed up, and the image of the scene in her dream appeared in her mind.

Could it be that...

“Dr. Felch, why are you so adamant about getting the necklace?” Sean was equally curious about that as well. “Could it be that you—”

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot interrupted Sean's speech.

Then, a tall and large middle-aged man stepped forward from the convoy and spoke in Ustranasion, “Mr. Lindberg, let's talk.”

Danrique glanced at his watch again, and he went down from the car.

“Hey, don't get out! It's dangerous!”

Francesca tried to stop him, but he was already gone.

Sean, Sloan, and Mylo had gotten down from the car as well to stand behind Danrique. They were all holding up their guns, ready to protect him.

Francesca was at a loss for words as she stared at the group of stubborn men.

What do I do now?

“Mr. Lindberg, you're indeed a man with a regal demeanor!”

The leading middle-aged man did not seem like an assassin. Instead, he seemed more like a businessman. There was no trace of hostility in his eyes when he looked at Danrique; they seemed to shine with approval instead.

“You've wasted no bullets in taking down over a hundred members of the Mafia by yourself. Now, to save Prince William, you've managed to avoid the capture of hundreds of assassins. You're truly brave, smart, and loyal. Impressive!”

“Mr. Roth, what are you trying to say?” Danrique flatly asked.

“You know me?” The middle-aged man was astonished.

“I know the four men behind Pastor like the back of my hand.” Danrique curled his lips. “If anything happens to me, everything about the four of you will go public. Feel free to make a guess as to what will happen after that.”

Roth paled. “You're impressive. No wonder you're still so composed. It's because you have an ace up your sleeve!”