

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1838

Hearing that sent chills down Francesca's spine.

Will Danrique hand me over? After all, the negotiation is going well. Not only are they not going after him anymore, but they're also not going to interrupt his business here in the future. As a matter of fact, they're going to restrict Pastor from crossing Danrique again. Danrique has an upper hand now. As long as he hands me over, the market in Epea and Adrune will be his... Anyone would make the right choice at a time like this.

Unsurprisingly, Danrique fell silent.

Three seconds... Ten seconds... Twenty seconds went by, and he still did not speak.

Oh no, oh no. I'm doomed. This ungrateful b*stard's going to hand me over!

"Mr. Lindberg—"

"Sure," Danrique finally said.

Francesca's heart lurched, and she balled her hands into fists. At that moment, she desperately wanted to dart over and strangle him to death.

"A wise man indeed, Mr. Lindberg."

"Please hand Pastor over first," Danrique said, his words a sudden turn of events. "He has been provoking and taunting me again and again. How am I supposed to answer to the people on my side if I don't tear him from limb to limb?"

"You—" Roth was rendered speechless.

"She's mine." Danrique pointed at Francesca. "When I'm in danger, the youth comes for me. They're such loyal dogs, so how can I leave them be? That'll be too cruel of me."

You're the dog! Your entire family's the dogs!

Francesca was furiously gritting her teeth, but soon, she realized that he was protecting her.

In other words, she should squeeze out a tear or two in gratitude.

"Since it's just a dog, why are you so protective of him?" Roth fumed. "Is that dog more important than the entire Epea and Adrune market?"

"That youth's mine." Danrique raised a brow. "I can call them a dog, but you can't!"

"You—"

"That's enough." Danrique had run out of patience. "Since you don't seem like you're sincere in this, there's no point in continuing our conversation anymore."

With that said, he glanced at his watch. "Return and tell the other three that they will have to show me their sincerity if they want to have a harmonious relationship with me. Don't assume that you can manipulate anyone just because this is your territory. Four-plus-one, and yet, you still can't do anything to me. If you really make me angry, I'll toss aside my business and drag you to hell with me. Let's see who's going to suffer more!"

"You—" Roth's face was purple from rage as his body shook. "Quit your arrogant act and open your eyes to the situation. You're on the losing side. With just one order from me, you and your men are going to be ridden with bullet holes!"

"Is that so?" Danrique's lips curled. "Why don't you look up and find out who will be the one ridden with bullet holes?"

Just as his words left his mouth, a loud droning noise came from a distance away.

When Roth lifted his head, he saw dozens of helicopters heading toward him. Right then, he spotted the golden L symbol on the helicopters.

Immediately, the group of people panicked.

Even Francesca, who was in the car, was dumbstruck by the sight.

It was then she realized that Danrique always had an ace up his sleeve. No one could ever restrain him, and he was never in any danger. All he wanted to do was to lure out the man in the shadows.

Danrique knew that the other party would not kill him, and that was why he had no fear even when he was surrounded back then. He was just waiting for Roth to come out and negotiate with him.

On the other hand, she, the foolish woman, had come to his rescue, thinking that he would thank her and reward her for her actions.

Francesca finally realized that, to them, she was nothing but a reckless idiot.

Sean, Sloan, and Mylo only felt admiration and gratitude toward her because of her bravery.

She was sure that, unlike them, Danrique must think of her as a fool.