

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1843

At the thought of that, Francesca took a cab and made her way to a street near Sultry Night. She bought some equipment and dressed herself up, disguising as one of the seductive women at Casino Inferno before entering the bar.

Sultry Night was crowded with people and deafening heavy metal music filled the air. The place was livelier than Casino Inferno.

As Francesca searched for Danrique among the sea of people, she noticed a man dressed in a suit was leading a group of male models that were wearing face masks, walking toward the section of private rooms.

The group of men chatted as they walked. They mentioned something about an honorable guest who had come to the bar that night and was choosing a male model in the VIP room.

It was her first time at the bar, so she did not know what a VIP room was. Despite that, when she heard the words "honorable guest," she wondered if it was Danrique.

Hence, she followed the group of male models into the private room section.

Along the way, she passed by a luxurious VVIP room, and she saw the suited man guiding the male models into the room.

Francesca leaned over and took a glance; two women sitting on the sofa came into view.

One of them was gorgeous, fair-skinned, and dressed in a white skirt. No doubt, everyone's eyes would light up at the sight of her. However, she was drunk and was lying on the sofa muttering nonsense.

The other woman was dressed in a yellow skirt and looked rather pretty. Yet, she was way out of the white-skirt woman's league.

At that moment, she was tugging at the woman dressed in a white skirt, consoling, "Don't be sad. Hector is on the way—"

"I won't forgive him even if he comes. What nonsense is this?" The woman in the white dress was enraged. "His parents announced the engagement was called off, while he said nothing..."

"Calm down. That's how men are. They just don't know how to appreciate things. This time, our purpose is to make him angry and nervous. Look, these are all the male models I've hired. Go ahead and pick one. Once Hector is here and sees another man pursuing you, he'll definitely panic."

Francesca rolled her eyes as she watched the scene. That woman in the yellow skirt is obviously setting the white-skirt woman up. But the latter is quite stupid as well. I can't believe she actually fell for such a cheap trick.

When she was about to go in and expose the yellow-skirt woman, a familiar figure passed her by. It was Danrique. Seeing that, she hurried after him.

Once Danrique, Sean, and the others entered the private room, Gordon brought a group of men and guarded the outside. Francesca was about to enter before the security guard of the bar stopped her. "This is the VIP room. No outsiders are allowed."

"I'm looking for—" Francesca paused halfway and rephrased her sentence. "I'm looking for that man who entered earlier. He's my friend."

"Who are you, ma'am? How are you associated with the honored guest?" The security guard showed no respect for her.

At that time, Francesca was dressed in a red lace dress and had delicate makeup, which was precisely the look of a dancer at Sultry Night. Naturally, she did not look like she was someone of high status.

Francesca wanted to charge in there, but a few more bodyguards came over and threw her out.

Infuriated, Francesca gritted her teeth. However, she had no choice. Danrique was too vigilant, and the security around the area was too strict. There was no way she could get close to him.

She had no choice but to think of other options.

Meanwhile, Danrique was meeting a middle-aged man in the private room.

The latter's gaze was alert and filled with wisdom. "Mr. Lindberg, I know you're both rich and powerful, but the country's market is being controlled completely by Zachary. I'm afraid no one is able to take it away from him. Besides, my business is encountering some issues. How am I supposed to help you when I can't even protect myself?"

Danrique merely sipped his wine in silence.

"I heard you're venturing into Epea and Adrune's markets. Why don't you put your effort in there for the upcoming years? I bet the markets there will be enough for you to earn for the next four to five years. It's still not too late to consider entering our country's market after the foundation there is stable," the middle-aged man uttered those words half-heartedly. With that, he got up and excused himself. "I might have said too much today. Of course, if you think my words don't make sense, you can ignore them. I'm sorry. I still have other matters to deal with at home. I'll be leaving now."