

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1847

When Francesca was still lost in her thoughts, another gunshot sounded from afar, followed by a subordinate reporting, "Mr. Lindberg, something happened."

Danrique furrowed his brows and shot Gordon a look.

Seeing that, Gordon quickly led the crowd away from the scene.

"Cece, come with me." Danrique pulled her into the car.

"No..." Francesca wanted to break free from his grip. "I still have some matters to deal with."

Before she could finish, Danrique pushed her into the car.

The engine was revved up, and they fled from the scene.

Not long after, a few black, modified cars could be seen tailing them.

Sean reported, "It looks like the Nacht family's car."

"Zachary?" Danrique narrowed his eyes coldly.

"I'm not sure." Sean frowned. "The person in the car doesn't seem to be Zachary's subordinates, Bruce and Ben. I've never seen them before."

"Maybe they don't want us to recognize them?" a subordinate suggested.

“How can we not when the Nacht family's convoys are easy to identify?” Sean said. “Besides, H City is Zachary's territory. If it's not his men, then who could it be?”

“Great.” Danrique narrowed his eyes while glaring at the car behind them. “I haven't even gone looking for him, and he's here already.”

“Mr. Lindberg, Zarain has strict laws. It's best if we don't start a fight here. Should we retreat for now?” Sean advised carefully.

Danrique raised his brow. “What are you afraid of? Let's go against them.”

“Okay.” Sean did not dare to argue.

Shortly after, both parties entered a violent race.

Soon, the Lindberg family's car had caused the Nacht family's cars to overturn completely on the viaduct.

Two modified cars collided into the railing, causing a massive traffic accident.

Some passersby called the police, and the Lindberg family's convoy left before the authorities came.

Along the way, the bodyguard who was driving the car cheered, “I heard the Nacht family's bodyguards are quite incredible with amazing driving skills. Looks like they're not so legendary after all.”

“That's weird.” Sean was puzzled. “Logically, the Nacht family shouldn't be so weak. Could they not be Zachary's men?”

“Let's go back first.” Danrique was absolutely not concerned about the incident earlier. He only had eyes for Francesca at that moment.

“Send me back to Storm Hotel.” Francesca did not want to go back with him. “My boyfriend is still waiting for me there.”

Danrique was shocked. “Boyfriend?”

“Yes,” Francesca said. All she wanted at that moment was to break free from him. “We haven't contacted each other for so long. It's natural for me to have found a boyfriend.”

Earlier, she heard him utter the words “seven years ago” faintly. On top of that, he was still a teenager in her memories. Thus, she was sure that they had lost contact for quite some time.

Despite that, her words struck Danrique like a lightning, and his body froze.

He could not believe the innocent first love, the woman he had been thinking of every day, actually told him she had a boyfriend in such a casual manner.

So, all these years I've been waiting was nothing but a joke?

“Forget it. Just drop me there. I'll take a cab home.” Francesca noticed his odd expression. Hence, she wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible before he lost his temper.

“Uh...” The bodyguard who was driving looked at Danrique through the rearview mirror.

“Go to Storm Hotel,” Danrique ordered.

“All right.”

“You're sending me back?” Francesca eyed him uneasily.

“Do you really have a boyfriend?” Danrique turned to look at her.

“Yes. We're getting married soon,” Francesca answered seriously. “He's the one who's been taking care of me all these years.”

“But we promised each other that I'd marry you once you're older—”

“That's just a simple joke made when we were kids. How can it be taken seriously?” Francesca interjected emotionlessly. “We're from different worlds. We don't suit each other.”

Danrique felt as though a pail of cold water was poured onto his head, dashing all his hopes. It was his first time having such a feeling.