

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1958

“That's right!” Enraged, Sean added, “As the vice president of Erihal, this b*stard didn't even side with his people. Instead, he accused us of killing the innocents and breaking the laws!”

“He will find all kinds of reasons to accuse us!” Danrique seemed rather calm. “Well, he's just trying to accuse me of something to justify his action.”

“Mr. Lindberg, we will keep you covered, and you can escape first.” Sloan held the gun, doing his best to protect Danrique.

“Don't worry. None of us will be left behind!” Danrique stated indifferently. He then pushed them away and stormed forward.

The military officer who took the lead yelled, “Stay right there!”

Danrique did not stop moving but continued to walk forward.

“We're going to shoot if you come any closer!” the man threatened, holding the gun. The rest of the soldiers aimed their guns at Danrique.

Sean, Gordon, and Sean instantly strode forward to protect him.

The situation was extremely dire at the moment. Danrique would get shot at any time soon.

All the elites, guests, and the three great families were all watching the scene. They were so worried that they could feel their chest tightening.

Kevin and Gerard held their breath, not daring to even blink their eyes.

Harrier narrowed his eyes as he glared at Danrique. He then mumbled, "Danrique, don't let me down. I don't believe that you will get defeated so easily!"

"Mr. Adams, do you really want to kill him?" Oliver reminded uneasily, "Please think twice. The economy in Erihal is looking grim now. Lindberg Corporation is the one sustaining it, and the company depends on Mr. Lindberg. If he dies, then-"

"Shut up!" Frank cut Oliver off and replied coldly, "I refuse to believe that we can't get another person like Danrique in Erihal when our country is full of talents. Even if we can't find one, we can always train one. I can even hire someone from abroad."

"Ahh..." Seeing that Frank had made up his mind, Oliver knew it was pointless for him to continue persuading, so he did not comment further.

Right then, Hazel, who had escaped from the back hall, hurried over with bare feet. Tugging at Frank, she pleaded, "Mr. Adams, please let Mr. Lindberg go. I'm willing to do anything if you can let him off."

Furrowing his brows, Frank made a gesture nonchalantly.

His subordinates came forward and pulled Hazel away.

Hazel was still struggling and begging, "Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams..."

"Silence!" Frank looked annoyed. "You stand right here and watch how I end Danrique to make sure you won't have any other thoughts in mind in the future."

"You..."

Hazel widened her eyes in shock. At that moment, she finally realized marrying her was just an excuse made up by Frank. His ultimate and real motive was to take over the Lindberg family's properties and force Danrique to work for him.

Since he had failed to persuade Danrique, he decided to go hard on him.

However, Danrique did not buy Frank's method and ended up rebelling. Hence, Frank decided to get rid of Danrique completely.

“Move!” Frank made a gesture.

The military officer received his instruction and raised his hand, wanting to make his command.

“Danrique Lindberg, don't be this arrogant in your next life!”

Frank curled his lips into a smirk. A determined look filled his eyes.

Danrique squinted his eyes and looked at the sky.

Just when the people were about to fire, a military truck sped toward the crowd like an untethered horse.

It moved as fast as lightning.

Before the people could react, the truck had broken through the encirclement.

“What's that?” Oliver exclaimed abruptly.

Frank took a clearer look, and his brows settled into a frown. “What the hell is that? Drop your guns!”

In the blink of an eye, Francesca had already moved to the top of the truck from her seat.

She removed the tarp on the truck, revealing a full truck of explosives. She pointed at the explosives with the gun in her hand and said indifferently, "All these explosives are enough to blow up the entire presidential palace. You can try firing if you don't believe me!"