

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1959

That arrogant posture, imposing way of talking, and the sense of unruliness in her gaze. Everything about that woman was exceptionally familiar.

“Dr. Felch! It's Dr. Felch!” Sloan was the first to call out. He was so excited that he choked up, and his eyes turned red. At that moment, he was staring his goddess and idol with admiration.

“It's Ms. Cece...”

Startled, Gordon and Mylo looked at Francesca in disbelief.

“It's really her! She came back!”

Sean already knew that Francesca had run away but Danrique did not stop her. He wanted to see if she would leave for real.

When he witnessed how she had pretended to be Kerrie to get into the ambulance and left, he was utterly disappointed.

Just when Danrique thought that was the end of their relationship, she actually returned, and that was certainly not something he had expected.

Danrique cast his gaze upon Francesca with his brows furrowed. There was a complicated look in his eyes.

This woman is wearing the nurse uniform, and her makeup is all smudged. Her face is dirty, and she looks like a mess right now... Besides, she even put on a blonde hair wig. Those who stood further away will not be able to tell who she is.

Only Danrique and his trusted aides could tell at a glance that she was Francesca.

At the same time, Francesca was not in a mood to greet them, for she was thinking hard of a solution to resolve the situation.

“Hahaha...” The military officer burst into laughter. “Are you kidding me? Do you think you can blow up the entire presidential palace with these explosives? You're such a fool!”

Francesca did not say a word. She merely fired a shot toward the sky.

Bang! An indoor garden somewhere nearby exploded. The shed was blown up completely, and the surrounding land was wiped out.

The relentless blazes were burning, and thick smoke filled the place.

Everyone was startled, and even Frank was dumbfounded.

“This... What happened?” The military officer stared wide-eyed at the scene.

“Of course, this truck of explosives aren't enough to blow up the entire presidential palace.”

Francesca pointed the gun at the military officer and said arrogantly, “I've placed bombs at every corner of the presidential palace. My subordinates are all waiting. As soon as they receive my instruction, they will detonate the bombs.”

As she spoke, she turned to look at Frank, who was standing at the door of the ruined banquet hall, and bellowed, “Mr. Adams, let's make a guess if your spot will be the next to get blown up.”

As those words fell, the guests trapped in the banquet hall were terrified. They grew anxious and said to Frank, “Mr. Adams, you can't disregard our safety.”

“Yes. It's just a personal grudge between you and Mr. Lindberg. There's no need to drag us along with you.”

“I know, right?”

“What personal grudge do you mean?” Oliver swiftly explained, “Mr. Lindberg broke the law, and Mr. Adams is just carrying out his duty to handle the matter impartially.”

“Stop pretending! We're not fools,” a guest called out in rage. “Anyone can tell what's going on. However, we don't want to get involved in something that has nothing to do with us. You can fight and kill each other as you wish, but please let us leave safely.”

“Right! Let us go first.”

The guests were panicking, and they were all clamoring. Frank felt his head hurt from the noises.

He wore a long face as fury surged within him. In fact, it was a banquet with an ulterior motive. Hence, all the people he had invited were those who had always sided with him.

He thought those people would not leak any secrets even if there were any unforeseen circumstances.

Now, those people were turning their backs on him when the situation had taken a turn for the worse.

They were certainly trying to have it both ways.

Meanwhile, Harrier was watching the scene from afar. His lips curled into a cold grin. Frank surely couldn't figure out why his usual supporters would change their stance now.

The reason was simply. Danrique was too powerful.