

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1998

“What?” the pilot asked in bewilderment.

“Circumvent it and take off from the adjacent runway. Hurry!” Chrono barked out the order swiftly.

“Huh?” The pilot was dumbfounded. “That's impossible.”

“Why? Just do it!” Chrono pressed the pistol against his head.

The pilot could only do what he was told, but as he was about to switch runways, the silver private jet glided in their direction, threatening to crash into them.

The plane couldn't be steered away in time, and the expression on the pilot's face resembled a deer caught in headlights.

Chrono knew he was no match for Danrique and immediately pivoted on his heels to hold Francesca hostage.

Meanwhile, the chief steward had opened the door to release Francesca when Chrono was preoccupied. He wouldn't have any incentive to stay on the plane that way.

However, as soon as the plane door opened, other passengers rushed out in a frenzy and blocked the exit.

Francesca couldn't make it out and was caught by Chrono.

“Get out of the way!” He fired a single shot at the crowd.

One passenger was hit and collapsed on the ground, fresh blood pouring from the gunshot wound.

The others screamed in terror, huddling in a corner and afraid to make one wrong move.

“Don't shoot!” Francesca stopped him.

Chrono ignored her and forcefully hauled her off the plane to beat a hasty retreat.

He was obstructed after a few feet by a human wall of the Lindberg family's bodyguards.

Without releasing Francesca, he turned around to escape in another direction but stopped in his tracks.

A line of men in black moved aside to allow Danrique, who was wearing a white shirt, to pass. He carried no weapons except for Sam, which snaked around his arm like a burnished jade bracelet.

The snake straightened its upper body, its forked tongue continuously flicking and hissing while its reptilian eyes were pinned on Chrono menacingly.

“Sam!” Francesca shouted instinctively.

Danrique rolled his eyes. I traveled thousands of miles to save you, and you only have eyes for Sam?

It slithered around Danrique's arm in excitement as if it had heard her call.

Francesca pulled her gaze from Sam to Danrique, and she was blown away.

Perhaps it was his tall stature or the warm rays of the morning sun washing over him, but he looked absolutely stunning. His gaze was stern and arrogant, as though he towered over all living things on earth.

“Danrique Lindberg?” Panic shone in Chrono's eyes, despite his usual calm and composed demeanor.

The higher-ups had repeatedly warned him not to provoke Danrique, but he ignored them and remarked that Danrique was merely fooling around with Francesca. How could an egomaniac have real feelings for someone else?

Now he finally realized that he had messed with the wrong person.

“This is between her and me. It's none of your business!” Chrono stood his ground.

“You and her?” Danrique narrowed his eyes ominously. “Don't you know she's my chick?”

Chrono shot a glance at Francesca before his gaze darted back to Danrique, suspicion flashing behind his eyes.

“Do you have a death wish?” Danrique's brows gathered in a frown, a murderous aura emanating from him.

“I wouldn't mind taking you down with me!” Chrono's Chanaean was limited, so he switched to Jetroinian and held up a makeshift bomb, ready to face death unflinchingly.

He wasn't afraid to die. The only thing he feared was dying while Francesca lived.

He let out a series of menacing chuckles. “I'm taking you to meet Candice now!”

“She's in heaven. You're going to hell,” Francesca shouted coldly with a frown.

“No matter what happens, I'll drag you down with me,” he declared, “those orphans will be buried with you too.”

Francesca's face fell at his words, and she asked in a panic, "Where are the bombs in the orphanage-"