

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

Chapter 1753

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort Chapter 1753 A Blunder

The boss of Casino Inferno began to panic by the turns of events. He had captured Francesca for auction that night to butter Danrique up but did not expect things to play up this way.

How did things become like this? I might not live to see tomorrow if I angered Mr. Lindberg!

The five bodyguards approached Francesca, attempting to seize her.

Without hesitation, she pulled the trigger and fired a shot at Danrique.

The crowd widened their eyes in disbelief as they watched the bullet whiz through the air.

It was as though time had come to a standstill, and the air abruptly froze.

At that very moment, a silver glint swooshed through the air.

Following a loud thud and subsequently an agonizing scream, blood was splattered all over the place.

Stumped, Francesca stumbled a few steps back while grasping her injured hand. She was so stunned beyond words that her jaws went slack at how the gun was hacked into two and the crescent-shaped dagger was stuck on the silver cage.

At the same time that she fired the shot, a crescent-shaped dagger came flying in her direction, slicing through the bullet to interrupt its momentum and cleaving the pistol in her grip into two. She had sustained a cut on her hand as a result.

What the hell? Did that really just happen?

As much as Francesca could not believe her eyes, the dagger and the gun were shreds of evidence to prove what had happened moments ago.

Her eyes had not played tricks on her, and neither was that a hallucination.

Francesca directed her gaze toward Danrique. But this time, she was in awe. Who exactly is this guy? How did he manage to have such impressive skills?

Finishing the wine in his glass in one gulp, Danrique looked up and remarked, "You should be secretly relieved that you looked like a clown. Otherwise, I would have aimed for your neck instead of the gun!"

His frosty voice did not have a tinge of warmth in it.

A line formed between Francesca's brows as she instinctively clenched her fists tight.

"You've overestimated yourself!" The owner of Casino Inferno mocked with a laugh. "Are you trying to embarrass yourself in front of Mr. Lindberg with those useless moves? Get her!"

Two men in black went up to her and grabbed her by her shoulders.

Just when she wanted to retaliate, one of the men stepped on the chain cuffed on her legs, leaving her unable to budge.

Several other men stomped up and surrounded her. Francesca could not help but frown since she figured there was no way for her to escape at this point.

"I've spent a fortune on you. Even if you're wild and unruly, I must make you mine tonight!" Aiden walked up the stage with a dozen of his bodyguards, who all had guns in their hands.

Francesca was breaking out in cold sweat. Just when those men in black were about to hand her over to Aiden, she frantically looked up at Danrique.

Unfortunately, the man had already stood up and walked away. Seeing that he was about to disappear from her vision, she suddenly yelled, "Save me!"

Immediately, Danrique stopped and turned around, throwing her a disdainful look. "Give me a reason."

"I'll go over and tell you."

Francesca freed herself from the grip of the bodyguards escorting her, forcefully retrieved the dagger stuck on the cage, and walked barefooted toward Danrique.

Seeing how Danrique had no objections to her actions, no one dared to stop her.

Aiden was reluctant and frustrated about the situation but was apprehensive of saying anything more.

The thin white veil wrapped around her billowed in coordination with her pace, revealing her fair and silky smooth thighs. She was like a budding blossom emanating an alluring and intoxicating scent.

Along her way up, she had attracted the attention of every man present.

Yet, Danrique remained completely indifferent, seemingly unaffected at all.

The crowd was waiting to watch on in amusement. They were in anticipation of what tactics Francesca would use to convince Danrique since anyone could see that the man had no lecherous intents.

Upon meeting the man, Francesca reached her hand out as she said, "Your dagger."

Looking at her up close, it suddenly occurred to Danrique that she looked somewhat familiar.

While the man was seemingly still in his thoughts, Francesca held the dagger and pressed it against his groin.

Her eyes were glowing with arrogance and satisfaction as she cocked her eyebrows.

Danrique's lips twitched as he threw a glacial glare toward Francesca. As a surge of adrenaline rushed up to his brain, his frozen heart which had been voided by feelings for many years, suddenly sensed an intense pang of astonishment.

It was the first time in his life that he felt that he had made a blunder.

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Francesca let out a wicked grin. "Your dagger is so sharp that it could even slice a gun into two. I wonder what your manhood is made of?"

"How dare you!" A deadly glint appeared in Danrique's amber pupils as he balled his hands into fists, his knuckles cracking.

Luckily, both of them had their back facing the main hall, blocking the gamblers from the view. Nevertheless, Danrique's subordinates that were standing close to the two had seen everything. Disbelief was written all over their faces as they gawped at the scene before them.

Their almighty superior, Danrique Lindberg, who had unmatched phenomenal power in the business world, and whose presence alone was enough to leave everyone in fear, had fallen prey to a woman in a spectacularly miserable fashion.

When Danrique threw his subordinates a bone-chilling glare, they immediately shifted their sights away, so terrified they did not even dare to breathe.

"Didn't you ask me to give you a reason?" Francesca brazenly raised her brow.

Indeed, the place where she was aiming the dagger was her reason.

Even if she might not stand a chance to hurt the man given how skillful he was, she reckoned it would still bring him shame and demoralization if the others saw the scene.

"You're dead meat, you hear me?" Fury was burning in Danrique's eyes.

If one's eyes could kill someone, Francesca would have long been reduced to ashes.

"I'll drag you along if I have to die!"

And with that, Francesca managed to escape from the situation successfully.

Danrique shot her daggers before he took her and treaded out of Casino Inferno.

Having spent so much money to bid for Francesca, Aiden was undoubtedly unwilling to concede defeat. Nonetheless, there was nothing he could do except watch them stride out.

After all, no one could afford to get on the bad books of that mysterious man in white.

Outside, the sky was drizzling, and a devastating cold permeated the atmosphere.

It was so chilly Francesca could not help but sneeze. Her body was shivering in the cold as there was not enough clothing to keep her warm.

With her eyes on the bustling roads, she bid goodbye and leaned into an oncoming sports car. Squeezing herself into the driver's seat and taking over the steering wheel, she stepped on the accelerator and sped off without hesitation.

When Danrique attempted to chase after her, a deafening blast sounded from inside the casino. The shattered pieces from the explosion scattered in all directions. Simultaneously, a siren from a car resonated through the air.

The noises were ridiculously thunderous and ear-shattering.

"Mr. Lindberg, it's an ambush! They must be coming for us!"

"Let's leave now!" By the time Danrique slowed his racing mind down and turned around, Francesca was long since gone.

Gritting his teeth in anger, he commanded, "Darn that g*ddamned woman! I must find her! Run a citywide search to look for her!"

"Understood!"

On the other side, after speeding through over ten kilometers of road, Francesca jumped out of the sports car and scurried off into the streets like a wisp of vapor.

After that sudden episode, the sports car's owner was shell-shocked. He had merely decelerated while passing by the casino, yet an unknown, petite figure took the opportunity and jumped in without warning. Even more absurd was how she had taken charge of the car and whizzed it through the roads like a bolt of lightning.

Before he had time to react, she had stomped on the brakes impulsively and vanished from sight.

Puzzlement swamped him the entire time, and therefore he did not take a good look at Francesca's face.

Everything occurred so quickly that he thought that his mind had wandered off to a mysterious illusion for a short while.

How did the car bring me to an entirely new place within seconds? How amazing.

After getting herself a new set of clothing at the mall, Francesca headed to the washroom to change. Upon seeing her reflection in the mirror, she nearly jumped with fright, as if she had seen a ghost.

"What the f*ck. I look like this?"

Francesca pulled off the wig from her head and those fake-looking false eyelashes. She freshened herself up with the cold tap water and changed into new clothes.

She took another look at her appearance in the mirror. Mmm, so much better.

Her current style resembled that of a handsome, energized teenager with a unisex casual outfit, charming short hair, and a cap on her head.

In contrast to her glamorous and captivating style earlier, she looked like a completely different person.

Making her way out of the mall, Francesca ran into that group of bodyguards from earlier. They were moving around in an orderly manner, and it was easy to tell that they were well-trained. They maneuvered among the crowd, seemingly looking for someone.

Francesca peeked at the photo in their hand.

Isn't that me? Huh... I guess they're looking for me.