

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1851

"I'm heading to the airport right now." Francesca asked, "What's up?"

"Why are you going to the airport at this time?" William asked hastily. "Where are you going?"

"I have things I need to take care of in S Nation," she replied. "Do you need something from me?"

"It's nothing. I just want to meet you." He sounded disappointed. "Have you met with Mr. Lindberg?"

"I did," she answered. "I have things to do, so I'll hang up the phone now. Please remember to keep my secret. Goodbye."

Then she hung up the phone.

"He still hasn't given up on you yet?" Anthony sounded envious. "Both of you don't live in the same world. It's impossible for him to stay with you..."

"You keep saying no one lives in the same world as I am. How many worlds do you think are there on this planet?" Francesca rolled her eyes at him.

"Ugh..." He felt even more uneasy when he heard that. "Does this mean you like him?"

"You talk too much." She glanced at the watch on her wrist and urged the driver to go faster.

While her flight was a little over nine in the morning, she still wanted to arrive at the airport as soon as possible.

For some reason, she couldn't stop feeling uneasy. Danrique's cold expression and the bruised look in his eyes kept appearing in her mind.

She felt like she had done something wrong, which fueled her desire to leave the city as soon as possible.

“Breaking news. Richard Windt, CEO of the Windt Corporation, was found dead at the bottom of his company's building this morning. His daughter, Charlotte Windt, was at Sultry Night last night...” The radio broadcast inside the taxi was reporting morning news.

When Anthony heard that, he was shocked. “What? I didn't hear that wrong, did I?”

“Mr. Windt really did that? Is that really him?” Francesca was shocked too.

“How can this be? He was fine yesterday, and his daughter had just gotten engaged. Why would he do that this morning?” Disbelief was written all over his face.

“Life really is unpredictable.” The taxi driver sighed. “Who could've thought that the richest man in the city would jump off a building?”

“Why isn't there more about the news? Can you make it go back?” Anthony asked anxiously.

“The news had been reported several times in the morning already.” The taxi driver changed the radio channel. The same news was being reported there too.

He speculated, “I heard that the engagement was called off last night. He probably jumped because he was too embarrassed or something.”

“Impossible,” Anthony spoke firmly. “An ambitious man like him won't do something that foolish over such a small matter.”

"That I don't know." The taxi driver continued, "The news also said that after the engagement was called off, the daughter of Mr. Windt went to Sultry Night to fool around with gigolos. It was a pretty big mess. Maybe Mr. Windt felt so humiliated that he jumped?"

"I don't know if that's true or not, but even assuming that it is, I doubt Mr. Windt jumped because of it." Anthony sounded a little livid. "Right now, all negative news about the incident can't be trusted. Someone must've been trying to smear Mr. Windt's name."

Francesca stayed silent.

"My impression of Mr. Windt is that he's a composed, strong-willed, and optimistic man. There's no way he'll do it." Anthony furrowed his eyebrows. "Maybe he was killed by someone?"

"It's hard to tell when it comes to the business sector," the driver replied.

Francesca broke her silence and reminded, "He's gone now, and there's nothing we can do about that. You should check if her daughter needs anything. If she does, help her out in secret."

"Sure, I'll ask my friends to keep an eye out." Anthony nodded.

"Go do it yourself."

"But we're going to S Nation right now."

"The trip to S Nation will only take a few days. After our business is taken care of, you'll come back to H City and see what assistance you can provide Mr. Windt's daughter."

"Fair enough. They'll probably be busy taking care of his funeral for the next few days, so they'll be too occupied to care about anything else. After it's over, problems will begin to pop up."

“Mhm. Help her in secret. Don't do it publicly.”

“Roger.”