

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1972

Upon hearing what Sean said, he recalled how Francesca risked herself to rescue him last night, their intimate moment last night, and their parting kiss just now.

Danrique's heart slowly calmed down as he convinced himself to have faith in her and not overthink things.

Meanwhile, Francesca was spacing out on her seat. Not moments ago, she was being carefree and didn't feel the melancholy of their parting. She didn't even think of hugging him before her departure.

However, now that she was alone, she felt empty within.

All she could think of was his figure, his handsome face, as well as his warm hug, and his strong arms.

She didn't think much of his presence when she had him, but she felt a sense of dejection now that she no longer had him around.

So this is how it feels to like someone.

“Would you like to have something to eat, Ms. Felch?”

A familiar voice came through.

Francesca was surprised to see Sloan when she raised her head. “You're here too, Sloan!”

“Yes. Mr. Lindberg had me come with Gordon as your escort.”

Every time Sloan saw Francesca, he would get all starry-eyed, his gaze full of admiration.

“Haha, that's great.” Francesca huffed a laugh. “Does this mean Mylo is staying in Xendale alongside Sean?”

“Yes. Mylo was highly regarded, so sir wanted him around.”

“Hm, you ain't half bad yourself. Do your best.” Francesca smiled at him.

“Tee-hee...” Sloan scratched his head shyly while blushing slightly.

“Ms. Felch, would you like to get some rest in the room? The flight will take fourteen hours,” asked Gordon with concern.

“Okay. I'll take a nap. Get me when we're about to arrive at our destination.”

Perhaps because Francesca was on her period, she was feeling a little lethargic.

All the while, Gordon kept an eye on the situation on board throughout their flight. Although there was only a slim chance of anything going wrong, he still exercised caution.

After all, he was well aware of just how important Francesca was to Danrique, so he was determined to keep her safe at all costs.

The private jet soared through the clouds and arrived at H City in Zarain after a fourteen-hour flight.

The staff from the local branch came to fetch them. Gordon escorted Francesca onto the car that drove them to a villa near South Sea.

Francesca admired the view along the way, feeling freshened up and relaxed. Compared to other countries, she liked Zarain the most, especially H City.

The city was abundant, technologically advanced, yet warm nonetheless. It was a place filled with memories.

The huge LED screens on the highrises that lined up along the road were playing advertisements for technology products by Divine Corporation. It was evident that the industry under the Nacht family was prospering in Zarain.

On the contrary, there was no longer a trace left of Windt Corporation, which was once the top-ranking corporation in H City. Just like a ship that went missing in the ocean, there was nothing left to prove that it once existed.

However, advertisements by the Sterling family and the Brown family still showed up occasionally. Although they weren't as eye-catching as Divine Corporation's advertisements, it was an indication that the two families still had a seat at the table.

Within a little more than a month, the market at H City had undergone a dramatic upheaval.

The same could be said of life, for sudden storms would bring about unpredictable changes.

As Francesca was feeling wistful while her mind ran rampant, her phone rang, which she picked up immediately. "Hello."

"Have you arrived?" Danrique's voice was kind and gentle.

"Mm, I just arrived and am in the car." Similarly, Francesca no longer displayed her previous aloofness and rowdiness. Instead, she sounded demure. "How did you know my phone number?"

“One learns whatever one wishes to know,” Danrique stated with pride. “Why didn't you inform me of your arrival? Do you no longer wish to become the major shareholder of Lindberg Corporation?”

“Hahaha!” Francesca burst into laughter. “I want it! Of course, I want it!”

“Make sure you call and text me every day. Do you understand?” Danrique sounded as if he were giving orders and making requests.

“Tee-hee! Sure.”

Francesca blushed a little. So this is how romantic relationships are...