

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1975

Layla went on, "As for that insane fellow, he's already on a killing spree. He's got his mind set on you that you were the root of his daughter's mishap, so he'd never let you off the hook. The likes of him wouldn't be of sound mind. If you run into him somehow, don't waver!"

She stopped to ponder before going on, "If you cave in, you'll be the one who'll suffer in his stead. What would be of Danrique if you were dead? Ever thought of that? And what should we all do by then? How about the children? As long as that person is alive, he'll always be out for blood—"

"Okay, okay! I hear you," interrupted Francesca. She felt that her head was about to crack from all the pain, so she blurted out, "I'm having a migraine right now. I'll talk to you later..."

"All right, I won't disturb you anymore." Layla's heart ached for Francesca. "Get proper rest and remember my words..."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Francesca held her throbbing head as she lay on the recliner, trying to sleep her worries away. Still, sleep eluded her as the scene where Candice got injured popped right back into her head once more.

That past event fired into her mind all of a sudden like a bullet, making her life a living hell.

As she placed her palm on her head, she struggled to make her way back into the bedroom before retrieving the medical kit and opening it up. She fished out the acupuncture needle and used it on herself so that she could fall into a deep slumber and escape her messy thoughts.

Little did she know that there had been someone in the villa next to her home peeping at her every move via a pair of binoculars.

Meanwhile, Layla and Anthony just got back home in S Nation. They were still on pins and needles, dwelling on the matter regarding Francesca.

“Why won't you let me have a word with her?” Anthony was displeased because he didn't get to speak to Francesca on the phone earlier.

“You son of a—are you a moron? Do you think we're interested in listening to your nonsense at a time like this?”

Layla smacked the back of Anthony's head with all her might as she spoke. She exerted so much force that the latter dropped to the floor from the impact.

Anthony climbed back up to his feet pathetically. His cheeks flushed red like a tomato, hollering, “Danrique always smacked me like this. And now, you, too, followed suit. I'd rather you guys just beat me to death.”

“I'll throw you out the door if I hear one more word coming out of your bloody mouth.”

Layla wasn't in a good mood that day, so naturally, she would throw a fit.

Feeling indignant, Anthony pouted and held back his tears. He then pulled himself together and cautiously uttered, “I also wished to show her some concern and talk some sense into her...”

“What kind of sense could you possibly offer? You're full of nonsense yourself. Would you ever have anything useful to say?”

A glint of disdain flashed across Layla's eyes as she looked down on Anthony as usual.

“You!” A wave of anger erupted like a volcano within Anthony's heart. “Why do you keep treating me this way since I was a kid? Do I really mean nothing to you?”

“Enough. Save it.” Layla was annoyed. “Go video call Mr. Lincoln and tell him to get his butt here at once. I need to discuss with him a plan to deal with all this. That maniac isn't a normal being. He's one of those elite assassins, and he's even backed by the world's top assassin organization. If he really got to Francesca, she'd be in grave danger.”

“I'm on it.” With that, Anthony hastily went off to do her bidding.

Lighting a cigarette, Layla sat on the balcony and puffed to her heart's content. She then jogged down memory lane to that fateful scene two years ago. Her heart sank to her stomach.

Out of the blue, a bold idea came to her mind. If I tell Danrique everything and let him protect Francesca, wouldn't it be better?

However, she perished the thought almost immediately.

That would make sense, for Danrique might seem to be true to Francesca, but nothing was certain when it came to relationships and feelings. If things were to take a turn for the worst in the future, he would only have gotten dirt on her.

I'd rather not take a risk like that... Bah! Forget it. I'll just handle it myself.

At the thought of that, Layla began running a background check on a direct flight to H City. She was contemplating making a trip there personally. Even so, she had to first wait for that old man to return for a discussion.

In a flash, Anthony rushed back to report to Layla after ending the video call. “Mr. Lincoln is on his way back right now as we speak. He'll arrive tonight.”

“That old geezer is always so tardy like a tortoise!” Layla went through the roof again. “Go book us three tickets to H City. We'd better have another string to our bow!”

“All right!”