

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1979

Francesca and Layla exited the airport and were about to get into a cab.

At that moment, a childish voice sounded. "Hello!"

Francesca turned around and saw Candice sitting obediently on a stone block with a rag doll in her arms.

"Hello, we meet again!" Francesca greeted the little girl.

"My name is Candice. What about yours?" Candice beamed at her.

"I'm Francesca Felch." Francesca returned the smile. "Where's your daddy?"

"Daddy went to drive the car here. He told me to wait for him here," Candice replied obediently.

Francesca exchanged glances with Layla as they sensed something was wrong.

If Candice's father had really gone to drive the car over, he should have brought Candice along. Moreover, Candice was waiting beside the taxi passageway, which prohibited the entry of private vehicles. They wondered why he left Candice there to wait for him and if he was in trouble.

"The car is here. Let's go."

Layla did not wish to invite trouble to themselves, so she dragged Francesca along to get in the cab.

"Are you leaving, Francesca?" Candice gazed at Francesca longingly.

“Yes.” Francesca pitied Candice as she gazed at the latter sitting alone on the stone block. “Candice, will you feel scared waiting for your daddy here by yourself?”

Candice nodded. Her eyes reddened the next second.

Francesca's heart ached slightly when she saw Candice's pitiable look, so she decided to stay. “Don't be afraid. I'll be here to accompany you.”

“Really? Thank you, Francesca.”

Candice was overjoyed. She hurriedly jogged forward and held Francesca's hand.

“Francesca!” Layla tried to persuade Francesca otherwise.

“It's all right, Ms. Layla. I'm just going to keep this little girl company for a little while. We'll get into the cab and leave as soon as her father returns,” Francesca whispered.

Layla felt helpless. She had no other choice but to wait together.

Candice introduced her rag doll to Francesca and told Francesca she had some delicious candy, but the candy was kept in her father's pocket. She expressed her desire to share the candy with Francesca when her father returned to pick her up.

Francesca thanked her cheerily. At the sight of Candice's cascading hair which was drenched in sweat, Francesca crouched down to braid the little girl's hair and yanked off the ribbon on her own clothes to tie the little girl's hair.

Candice took out a small mirror to examine the braids. Then, a bright and charming smile spread across her face.

She had not braided her hair ever since she left her home.

Francesca and Candice continued to chat happily.

Meanwhile, Layla scanned her surroundings but failed to spot Candice's father anywhere.

Nothing extraordinary happened near the crowded entrance of the airport, yet she felt a sense of foreboding.

Just then, a voice rang out. "Candice!"

"Daddy!" Candice turned around and saw her father advancing hastily in her direction. She said to Francesca happily, "Francesca, my daddy is back!"

"That's great." Francesca stood up and said to that man solemnly, "Mister, she's still very young. Please do not leave her alone because it is very dangerous."

He merely glanced at her in silence before grabbing Candice's hand and leaving with her.

"You..."

Francesca was about to mention something else, but she noticed something was odd about that man's right arm. Although he tucked his hand in the pocket in an attempt to conceal his condition, the fresh blood slowly oozing through the fabric had exposed his injuries.

"Don't be nosy. Let's go!"

Layla noticed the wound as well and quickly dragged Francesca away.

At that moment, Francesca realized the presence of a few men in black outfits wearing black face masks among the crowd. They were hurrying in Candice's father's direction with one hand hidden in their sleeves.

She turned around, wanting to warn him.

Right then, Candice suddenly broke free from holding her father's hand. She turned on her heels and ran toward Francesca while holding some candy. "Francesca, this is for you!"

"Candice..."

He hastily stepped forward to pull Candice back, but he was too late.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunshots rang all of a sudden. All the shots were aimed at Candice's father.

Candice, the pitiful little girl, accidentally took a shot in her father's stead. Her petite figure fell to the floor as she lay in a pool of blood.