

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1985

Francesca was speechless.

Why did Mr. Lincoln go all the way to Erihal just to investigate Danrique at this point of time?

However, she had to admit that she had forgotten all about Danrique recently, as she had been preoccupied with Candice and Chrono's matters.

“Francesca? Francesca...” Anthony called her name twice and continued, “I'm not trying to interfere with your decision, but I want to remind you to think it through. Did you see the news recently?”

“What news?” asked Francesca.

“International news. Mostly Erihal's local news, of course. Various media platforms have been spreading the news about Danrique, and I suppose you will hear about it in Zarain. You should check it out,” reminded Anthony.

“Danrique's made the headlines?”

Francesca hurriedly went to grab her tablet. She seldom used electronic products, as she disliked using them, but sometimes she didn't really have a choice.

As she switched on the tablet to look up news about Danrique, she mumbled to herself, “Did Danrique publicize our marriage to the media? How could he do that? I haven't even agreed to it yet.”

The moment she finished her sentence, she froze.

Danrique was indeed all over the news and headlines, but it was not because he made their marriage public. Instead, he was all over the news because of his love affair with Hazel.

The news articles described everything vividly. Furthermore, there were even ambiguous photos taken of the duo.

There were photos of the two of them attending a banquet. In one of the photos, Hazel was holding Danrique's arm and looking up at him lovingly.

Besides, there were photos of them having dinner together. Danrique even gave her a ride.

As if those weren't outrageous enough, there was even one photo of them sitting intimately beside a fountain. Perhaps because Hazel had gotten her shirt wet, Danrique had taken off his jacket and was draping it over her shoulder.

In all those photos, only Danrique's side profile or back was seen, and the image was blurry. However, Hazel's face was clear.

The news spread like wildfire, and almost everyone knew about it. Besides, the media even propagated them as childhood sweethearts who had grown up together and even disseminated the idea that they were about to get married soon.

To make things worse, some self-media wrote romance fictions with Danrique and Hazel as the main characters. Along with the photos that portrayed them as a match made in heaven, a lot of netizens were envious of their relationship.

Currently, almost everyone around the globe was giving the couple their blessings.

As Francesca read the news, she felt like her brain was about to explode out of fury. A surge of burning anger rushed up her head, causing her to lose her mind.

How dare you, Danrique Lindberg? He was so loving and affectionate to me before we parted, but only a few days after I left, he began hooking up with another woman? Before this, he looked completely uninterested in Hazel when I was around. Was that all an act?

Anthony could sense Francesca's fury even though he was on the other end of the line, and he questioned cautiously, "Francesca... Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be okay? I didn't agree to marry him, after all. Thank god I didn't marry him." She spoke through gritted teeth and hoped she could fly to Xendale right now and snap Danrique's neck.

"Yeah, you're lucky you didn't marry him. It's still not too late for you to get out of this mess. All in all, you can't be with a man like him. I've already seen this coming since a long time ago. A man who has a noble status and an honorable identity like him will never be loyal to only one woman. I've seen things like this happen way too many times before. Once you've recovered, Ms. Layla and I will go pick you up in H City, and when the time comes, you must cut all ties with that Danrique guy. Oh, and another thing, you must stay put within the Lindberg family's protection. Ms. Layla told me that the crazy guy would be observing you secretly, so it'd be dangerous if you were all alone. Hello? Francesca? Hello?"

Before Anthony could finish his words, Francesca hung up on him and called Danrique.

The phone rang for a long time, but no one picked up.

Francesca called again but to no avail. After three attempts, she boiled with rage.