

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2018

That's Hazel's voice! Francesca grew so enraged that her hand began to shake as she clenched her phone. Like a bomb, the woman was ready to explode. "Danrique Lindberg!"

The shout was so loud that it almost deafened Danrique. With his eyebrows furrowed, the man was about to explain himself when he was distracted by a noise outside.

"You better have a good explanation for that. Otherwise, I'll—" Before Francesca could finish her sentence, the call ended.

The woman stared at her phone with widened eyes because she could not believe what had just happened. Did he just hang up on me? At a moment like this? This means he must be guilty of seeing that woman!

Francesca's heart hurt even more when she thought about how Danrique had hugged and kissed her before leaving. The man had even proposed to her romantically.

Suddenly, everything seemed like a big fat joke to her. How naive and stupid can I be? Why did I believe his words?

When Francesca felt as though she was on the brink of losing her mind, she felt a sharp pain from the wound behind her head.

The woman then reminded herself to stay calm as she leaned back on the sofa while holding her head.

Francesca tried to convince herself that it was all just a misunderstanding. Maybe it's not what I think; maybe Hazel's trying to gain attention by fabricating a scandal; maybe it's just a part of Danrique's marketing strategy. I have to believe that he won't cheat on me.

With that thought in mind, Francesca suppressed her emotions and tried calling Danrique again. This time, her call was outright declined. When she tried again, all she could hear on the phone was a busy tone.

Obviously, her phone number had been blacklisted.

Wonderful! Francesca's face turned as grim as a graveyard as she mocked herself for trying to defend Danrique.

After tossing her reasoning out the window, the woman wanted nothing more than to fly over to Summerbank to strangle both Danrique and Hazel.

Just when Francesca was about to go crazy, her phone suddenly rang.

She hurriedly answered the call, thinking it was Danrique on the other end of the line. "Danrique, you—"

"It's me, Francesca," informed Layla. "Is this a good time? Can I talk to you?"

"Sure, Ms. Layla." Francesca did not want to worry Layla, so she did her best to control her emotions.

"How's your recovery?"

Even though Layla sounded calm, Francesca could immediately tell that something was wrong. "I'm much better now; I can move around without any trouble. What's wrong, Ms. Layla? Did something happen at the orphanage?"

"Lacy is suffering from complications, and it doesn't look good. There was nothing the hospital could do to help, so I had no choice but to call you," revealed Layla anxiously.

"Just hang on. I'll be right over." Francesca immediately began to collect her credentials.

“Are you sure?” inquired Layla worriedly. “I know I shouldn't have called you, but Lacy is hanging by a thread. You're the only one who can save the child.”

“It's fine. I'll be back as soon as possible.”

“Wait! You should have the Lindbergs' men escort you. Since Chrono and the others are still targeting you, it's not a good idea for you to travel alone,” reminded Layla.

“Don't worry about me; I know what to do. I'm hanging up now.”

After ending the phone call, Francesca was ready to do as suggested. However, she changed her mind when she remembered how Danrique betrayed her.

Besides that, Francesca was sure that she had recovered enough to defend herself should Chrono come looking for trouble.

The woman then booked a flight and quickly packed her bags before heading downstairs.

“Ms. Felch, are you... going somewhere?”

“I'm going back to S Nation. Tell Danrique that he and I are over and that I don't want to see him again. Goodbye!” uttered Francesca while putting on her sunglasses.