

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2019

“What?”

Everyone inside the house was stumped as they simply could not wrap their heads around the situation. Why is Ms. Felch suddenly making an announcement that they're breaking up? Weren't they getting along just fine earlier on?

Francesca ignored them and started to make her way out.

Sloan hastened to intercept her. “Don't be so rash, Ms. Felch. Surely, things can be talked over amicably. Have we done something wrong? Kindly berate us if we did, but please do not get mad.”

“This has nothing to do with you guys.” Francesca's brow creased up. “It's that b*stard Danrique. He's been unfaithful to me, and that is why I'm done with him. Just tell him that I said that if he asks.”

Considering her personality, she was not the type who would bother to explain too much. She, however, did not want to cause Sloan and Kerrie to get into trouble.

“There has to be some kind of misunderstanding here. Mr. Lindberg isn't that sort of man,” Sloan protested. “Did you hear about that from some news report you have seen? You can't trust those as they are mostly sensationalistic...”

“I went to ask him directly because I did not trust the news, but there was a woman's voice coming from his end of the phone...” Francesca was positively livid. “Forget it. It's too embarrassing, so I don't want to talk about it anymore. Regardless, do not try to stop me, or else don't blame me for being uncivil.”

“Ms. Felch...”

“Out of my way!” Francesca roared.

"You've yet to recover from your injuries, so it's dangerous for you to go out at this time... M-Ms. Felch..."

There was no chance that Sloan would be able to impede Francesca.

Kerrie got so worked up that she was stamping her feet. "What now? What should we do? Mr. Lindberg is going to be so upset with us if Ms. Felch were to leave!"

"Where's Gordon?" Sloan anxiously asked.

"He left a couple of minutes ago," a jittery Kerrie explained. "He seems to be quite busy. After Ms. Felch called him inside to ask some questions, he left in a hurry."

Bereft of options, Sloan could only call on Gordon. He was, however, unable to get through to the latter over the phone.

As an alternative, he called Sean instead but had no luck there either.

As such, Sloan had no choice but to go after Francesca himself first. By then, she had already reached the parking lot where two bodyguards were fervently trying to talk her around.

From a distance, Sloan came running. He thought that they would be able to stop her, but a sudden kick from Francesca sent one of the bodyguards flying.

With the other one in a state of shock and unable to react in time, Francesca hopped right into a red Lamborghini, started it up, and sped away.

"Close the gates!" Sloan yelled.

The bodyguards manning the iron gates immediately moved to shut it, but that was not going to deter Francesca.

Performing a drift, she directed her vehicle over to another car and drove right onto the roof. With the momentum created, she went soaring over the walls of the compound.

“Jesus Christ!”

Leading some men out in pursuit on wheels, a panicky Sloan found that both Francesca and her car had already vanished from sight by the time he got beyond the gates.

Without a clue as to where Francesca could have gone, he could only split the search party into two groups. One would head into the city, while he himself would lead another handful of people in the direction of the airport.

At the same time, he instructed Kerrie to continue to try to get in touch with Gordon or Sean.

Over at Summerbank, Danrique had just finished off the ambushing team of assassins and was about to guide Hazel and the others away from the banquet hall.

It was evening time in Summerbank, and the light of the crimson sun had illuminated the horizon in a gorgeous hue.

Recalling Danrique's dashing ways earlier when engaging his foes despite being outnumbered ten to one had Hazel's heart pounding wildly. Her big, doe eyes regarded Danrique with deep affection and were on the verge of tearing up.

“The market here hasn't stabilized yet, and I'm being besieged from all sides. Why would your father send you here for an inspection tour despite knowing how dangerous it is?”

Danrique had his hands on the steering wheel and his eyes focused to the fore. He did not even cast a glance in Hazel's way.

“Initially, Harrier was supposed to be here, but he got held back at the last minute. After conferring with each other, Father and Mr. Yarrow decided to allow me to come here instead.”

Hazel's voice was filled with the same adoration as it always had, and her body language unreservedly revealed her admiration and reverence for Danrique.

“Your sense of timing is simply impeccable.” Danrique shot her a look. “Fancy arriving and running into me at the airport at the exact same time the way you did.”