

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2022

Danrique spat out his mouthful of hot tea and began to cough badly.

Sean patted his back and comforted him, "Don't worry, okay? I think she's fine and—"

"What happened? Why did she run away so suddenly?" While talking, Danrique picked up his phone and rang Francesca.

"Well, you would know, wouldn't you?" Sean replied weakly. "Kerrie told me you had an argument with her, and she left because of that."

"What?" Danrique was rendered speechless. We had an argument, all right. All I need to do is just explain myself, no? Why did she need to run away? What's with this woman?

While he was still angry, he heard the automated reply through the phone, "The number you have dialed is unavailable."

He then furrowed his brows and questioned, "Where did she go? When did she leave?"

"Exactly four hours and ten minutes ago," Sean answered. "Sloan said she kicked a bodyguard away and took a Lamborghini. After that, she went sailing over the walls and sped off. Sloan thought she could be going to the airport, so he sent people there. However, she had driven to a nearby city to catch a flight. Sloan is sure of it because he found the Lamborghini there. She's now on a flight toward S Nation."

Danrique was utterly baffled. What she has done is even more courageous than any of the men here! I love it! Still, did she really need to do that? It's not like I've done something unforgivable, right? I hung up on her, and that's all I did! Did she need to kick my bodyguard, steal a car, drive to another city, and board a flight to S Nation? What is she going to do next time when we're married? Is she going to leave every time we have an argument? I have enough bodyguards for her to kick down all she wants, and I also have a lot of cars for her to use. However, I doubt my heart can take it!

“Mr. Lindberg, would you like to send Gordon and Sloan to S Nation to look for her?” Sean asked tentatively. “I doubt Ms. Felch would want to come back, though.”

“Let Gordon continue with his mission. After all, that matter is rather important,” Danrique ordered firmly. “Send Sloan to S Nation to keep an eye on her from afar. Don't disturb her or let her realize his presence.”

“Okay. I got it.” Sean then left to relay the message.

Danrique tried to call Francesca again, but he was still getting the same response. Could she still be on the plane now?

After thinking it through, he texted: Call me back when you see this!

Danrique never liked explaining himself. A couple should just trust each other. Furthermore, I've never wronged her or done anything to betray her trust. Why must she always get jealous and doubt me? She must change that attitude of hers.

Achoo!

Francesca sneezed a couple of times on the flight. I bet Danrique is talking bad about me right now.

When she recalled his actions, she gritted her teeth in anger.

While Francesca was fuming, she suddenly noticed the young woman next to her crying. The woman had finished all her tissues but was still sobbing inconsolably.

“Are you all right?” Francesca gave her some tissues and comforted her. “Bad things are bound to happen in life. Cheer up, okay?”

“That scumbag! He tricked my feelings and ran away with my money. He left me with nothing except for his child...” The young woman held her stomach and cried even more fiercely.

“What?” Francesca reacted dramatically. “He ran away with your money? How much money are you talking about?”

“Around three hundred thousand. My parents gave me the money to pay for my school fees and living expenses. I gave everything to him. My parents still think I'm in school. I don't even know what I'm supposed to say to them when I get back...” The young woman was crying her heart out. With a hand over her stomach, she added, “When I first got pregnant, he told me he was going to marry me. However, he kept stalling. Now that my pregnancy is showing, he ran off. What am I supposed to do now?”

Francesca was taken aback when she heard that. Men and relationships are scary. They'll trick our feelings and steal our money!