

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2038

“Yes, just ignore him,” Anthony chimed in. “That Danrique isn't sincere at all. He hasn't even bothered to call you to apologize, so don't go easy on him and forgive him so soon.”

“I know,” Francesca muttered before tossing her bag of jewelry to him. “Now, get lost!”

“D*mn... Can't you be a little gentler?”

“Scram!”

“Okay! Okay!”

After Anthony had left, Francesca lay on the couch to play with her phone. However, when she saw the list of blocked numbers, she began to ask herself if she should finally unblock Danrique.

Monica was right about teaching him a lesson. Otherwise, he'd never make a clean break with Hazel. Then again, if I don't unblock his number, how could he call to clarify things to me? Well, I suppose I should do it. That'll give him a chance to explain himself and beg for forgiveness!

With that, Francesca immediately unblocked both Danrique's and Sean's numbers.

Before she went for her shower, though, she intentionally put her phone on silent and tossed it aside.

Even if he calls, I won't answer it. I want that a*shole to feel anxious and panicky. Yep! That's it!

It didn't take long before Francesca finished her shower. Upon coming out of the bathroom, her gaze fell straight on the phone's black screen as she wondered if anyone had called.

I'm sure he must have called, but who cares? He can continue panicking!

The next second, she sat in front of the dressing table and began applying medication to herself.

However, even as she did, she couldn't help but notice that her phone was dead silent.

He must have gotten mad when I didn't pick up his calls earlier. Fine, I think I've punished him enough. Let's see what he has to say now.

Francesca promptly got up to retrieve her phone, but when she unlocked it, she realized she hadn't gotten a single call.

Needless to say, she was stunned.

My goodness! Does Danrique not know I've unblocked him? Or does he think he's still blocked, so he didn't bother to call? Oh no, how should I let him know?

Just then, the phone suddenly rang. Francesca's anxiety quickly melted away as she stared excitedly at the screen. Alas, her happiness was short-lived when she saw it was Sean calling her.

Argh! Why isn't it Danrique? Then again, he might be using Sean's phone to test me.

At the thought of that, Francesca gulped and recomposed herself before taking the call. "Hello."

"Oh, thank heavens! I finally got through to you, Ms. Felch," Sean exclaimed. "Are you all right? Where are you now?"

"I'm very well," Francesca said coldly. "As for my whereabouts, I don't think there's a need to let you know."

“W-Well...” Sean stammered before looking at Danrique timidly.

Even though the latter's eyes were flaming with rage, he managed to restrain himself and made a gesture.

“Don't be mad, Ms. Felch. The incident from before was just a misunderstanding. Mr. Lindberg—”

“No need to explain to me. I don't feel like hearing it,” Francesca interrupted. “Is there anything else? Otherwise, I'll hang up now.”

“Please don't be like that, Ms. Felch. Mr. Lindberg is very worried about you—”

Unfortunately, before Sean could finish his words, Francesca had already hung up the phone.

What a useless man! Can't he explain things himself instead of getting his subordinate to do so? He isn't sincere at all!

Meanwhile, Danrique was just as furious as she was. “I've had enough of that ungrateful wretch and her foul temper! Since she loves being angry, I'll let her be! Don't call her again. I don't care anymore!”

“Calm down, Mr. Lindberg...”

“Also, why did you sound so timid earlier?” Danrique scolded. “You said I was worried about her and made it sound like I was begging her! I didn't do anything wrong, for goodness' sake!”

“Y-Yes, but—”

“What's the point of keeping you around if you don't even know how to speak up? Get out of my sight!”