

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2039

Sean felt aggrieved. Danrique could only take it out on him since he could not vent his frustration on anyone else. I still got a scolding from Mr. Lindberg even though I was cautious with my every action. He's been finding fault in everything I do today.

Judging from the current situation, he believed it would be unlikely for Danrique and Francesca to mend their relationship anytime soon. Mr. Lindberg will continue to throw a fit and test everyone's patience.

He flinched at that thought and instantly gave Sloan a call.

“Sean!”

“Have you managed to find Ms. Felch yet?”

“Not yet. We went to the hospital Ms. Felch visited earlier, but the hospital didn't have her address. However, we should be able to locate her soon since I've just gotten the address to the orphanage.”

“Mr. Lindberg wants you to protect Ms. Felch, but she mustn't know you're observing her. Keep an eye on her and update me from time to time.”

“Got it.”

After ending the call, Sean scrolled through the news on his phone. Stories about Hazel were all over the internet.

The media even widely reported the incident that happened to Hazel at the banquet and coupled it with a few misleading photos, claiming that Danrique had rescued a damsel in distress. Oh, great. Ms. Felch is going to flip if she comes across these news stories. But since Mr. Lindberg is planning to wipe out the three great families, he has no choice but to lay low and not act impulsively for now!

“Son of a b*tch! Go to hell!” Francesca roared when she scrolled through the news site.

She exploded with rage when she read the news story on how Danrique rescued Hazel and saw how intimate they were in the photos.

Initially, she thought she had misunderstood Danrique, but now it seemed she had not been wrong. It's like he doesn't care that I've run away! Shouldn't he put his work aside and fly to S Nation to explain to me personally? He could have at least given me a call! Not only did he not do that, but he's still not distancing himself from Hazel either!

It had not been long since their first misunderstanding, and yet another intimate photo of him and Hazel had popped up on the internet again.

This only proves how unimportant I am to him and how little he respects me. It was stupid and gullible of me to assume that he was serious about our relationship. The feelings he said he has for me are all fake!

The more Francesca thought of it, the more flustered she grew. In a fit of anger, she lifted her tablet and tossed it out the window, but upon realizing the device was hers, she leaped forward and caught it in a swift move. Phew, thank God.

Francesca held the tablet close, patting her chest while heaving a sigh of relief.

“What are you doing, Francesca? Juggling?”

Anthony, who was playing a game on his phone while lying on a recliner on the balcony, was amazed by Francesca's agility when she leaped forward and caught the tablet.

“It's none of your business!” Francesca glared at him before returning to her room.

“You must have read the news again, right?” Anthony asked suddenly.

A vortex of anger swirled inside Francesca, and she tossed the tablet in Anthony's direction.

“F*ck!” Anthony managed to dodge the tablet. Thankfully, the device did not break into pieces as it hit his chair before falling onto the carpet. Anthony picked it up and exclaimed, “Hey! It's your tablet. You bought it with your money!”

Francesca got so annoyed that she drew the curtains and gave him the cold shoulder.

Anthony shook his head and continued playing with his phone while lying on the recliner. Suddenly, he heard a knock on the door.

“I'm coming in!” Layla opened the door and came in with a plate of fruits.

“Oh, come on, Ms. Layla. Couldn't you at least wait for me to respond before entering? I'm a man now, mind you.” Anthony looked at Layla with a pair of puppy eyes.

“Stop acting shy. You've been with us since you were seven. We even know the number of moles you have on your butt!” Layla rolled her eyes at him.

“But I'm a man now. A grown man!” Anthony sighed and gave in. “Forget it. Take a seat, Ms. Layla. I'll get you a glass of water.”

“That won't be necessary.” Layla sat on the couch, crossed her legs, and gestured for the young man to take a seat. “Come here and sit quietly. There's something I need to tell you.”