

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2047

Life was busy but fulfilling, and everything was progressing smoothly.

Danrique was the only exception.

It had been seven days since he last contacted Francesca.

He didn't call or send her any message.

Even Sean didn't contact her.

Francesca would fiddle with her phone every night before she went to bed. She even checked the blocked numbers to make sure she didn't forget to unblock Danrique's number. Soon, she suspected that something was wrong with her phone.

Alas, she was just imagining things.

He didn't contact her because he didn't want to.

There was no other reason!

Francesca read a saying on the Internet: Perhaps he doesn't love you that much...

She thought that it described their story perfectly.

Francesca's heart ached at that thought.

She kept reminding herself to ignore that b*stard and think of the whole thing as a dream.

I wanted to escape and avoid him, and now my dream has come true. There's no need to be sad. Well, this is the end!

Francesca changed Danrique's name on her phone to "The End." She also changed his profile picture to one of a dog consuming shit.

It took her ages before she found the perfect picture!

Every time she saw the name and photo, fury would overwhelm her heart. Feeling pleased, she would then curse inwardly, Danrique, have this!

It was callous and vulgar, but it was the true Francesca.

Taking a few deep breaths, she balled her fists up and cheered herself up. Francesca, cheer up. Forget the scum and start anew!

Suddenly, her phone rang.

The caller ID was "The End," and the profile picture was a dog consuming shit.

Shocked, Francesca thought she saw things. It took her a while before she regained her composure. Answering the phone, she greeted icily, "Hello, who is this?"

"Did you delete my phone number?"

Before making the call, Danrique reminded himself to stay calm and control his emotions. He was mature and should act like a gentleman.

Alas, his temper erupted right after he heard her voice.

Francesca pretended they were strangers. "Oh, Mr. Lindberg. What is this about?"

"Francesca Felch!" Danrique snapped.

He was about to lose his cool.

"If there's nothing, I'll hang up now," Francesca said deliberately.

"Don't you dare hang up!" Danrique growled. "You ungrateful woman, did you forget your husband just after a few days? Do you have a death wish? I finally finished work and gave you a call, but this is how you treat me? Apologize now, and I might consider forgiving you. Otherwise..." He trailed off in a warning tone.

Silence ensued.

Danrique moved his phone away from his ear and glanced at the screen to realize that the call had been disconnected a while ago. Gosh, did she just hang up on me?

He had wasted his time yelling at nothing!

Infuriated, Danrique soothed himself by patting his chest. He used to be calm and unfazed, but that woman managed to invoke his wrath every other day.

"Er..." Sean shot him a helpless look and was about to sneak away.

"Stand right there!" Danrique vented his anger on Sean. "Why didn't you stop me just now?"

"I-I dare not do so..."

"Why wouldn't you dare? You had the guts to persuade me to call her and arrange for a private jet to S Nation. What else can't you do?" Danrique barked furiously.

"Huh?" Sean gaped incredulously. "Didn't you ask me if it's right to call Ms. Felch? I told you there's no harm in trying. You also told me to arrange for the private jet..."

He trailed off after seeing Danrique's menacing look and corrected himself. "I shouldn't have done that. It was all my fault!"