

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2051

Francesca glanced at her watch. "Ten minutes."

"Thank you!" Sloan followed Francesca to her car. "Mr. Lindberg sent us to protect you, Ms. Felch," he added nervously.

Francesca nodded. "Hmm. And?"

"A man in black intended to assault you two nights ago but we beat him."

Sloan spoke as if he was making a report to Sean.

"So it was you who have been helping me from the shadows! I've been wondering why it has been so peaceful lately. It appears that Chrono and his friends did not leave S Nation." Realization dawned on Francesca.

Sloan nodded. "That's right. That is why you must be careful and watch out for your safety."

"I will, thank you," Francesca said. "Did Danrique not summon you back?"

"He didn't," Sloan answered seriously. "We have been following you since the day you left and only found your whereabouts after several days of digging."

Francesca's expression hardened. "Who asked you to investigate me? Danrique?"

"Not at all!" Sloan explained hastily. "Sean had us protect you from the shadows, but we did not know where you are, so we just—"

"All right," Francesca interrupted him. "Your mission is complete. You may return now."

“No, we have not received the order to return,” Sloan protested solemnly. “Besides, our mission is not complete.”

“What mission?” Francesca asked casually.

“To... protect you.” Almost letting slip something secretive, Sloan changed tact at the critical moment. “Please don't be angry with Mr. Lindberg, Ms. Felch. He seems to care for you very much.”

“If he cared for me, he wouldn't have interminable ties with that Hazel.” Francesca grew angry at that thought. “If he cared for me, he would have flown to me long ago to explain instead of sending you to be his messengers.”

“No, it's not like that—”

“Enough.” Francesca did not wish to speak further with Sloan. “Bring these men back to Xendale. Stop wasting your time here.”

“Ms. Felch—”

“Get out of the car.” Francesca curtly chased him away.

Sloan did not dare to argue with her so he got off the car grumpily.

Then, Francesca added, “If Danrique asks, tell him I forced you to return. He wouldn't blame you then.”

“Ms. Felch—”

Sloan was about to say something else but Francesca sped away, leaving him to sigh helplessly while looking at the departing silhouette of her truck.

The bodyguard beside Sloan could not resist but remark, "Didn't Sean ask you to convince Ms. Felch to apologize to Mr. Lindberg, Sloan? How come you were kicked out after saying barely two sentences?"

Sloan appeared morose. "I can fight on command, but it is exceedingly difficult for me to convince women, especially Ms. Felch."

"Err..." The bodyguard seemed to pity him. Having learned her temper after following and protecting Francesca for a while, they knew their mission was more difficult than fighting.

Francesca glanced at Sloan and his companion through her rearview mirror and felt rather frustrated.

What does it mean for Danrique to send Sloan instead of explaining himself in person? Did he do something he's not supposed to and dare not face me? Or does he not care about me at all? I suppose it is both.

Finding her anger grow the more she thought about it, Francesca made a silent vow to never speak to Danrique again.

Spurred by that thought, she added Danrique's number to her blocked list along with Sean's.

After parking the car upon reaching home, Francesca planned to visit Lacy when Layla beckoned at her. "Lacy is asleep. See her tomorrow morning instead. Come to my room. I would like a chat with you."

"Oh. Let me change out of these first."

Francesca returned to her room to change into her home clothes before returning downstairs.

“Has Danrique contacted you?” Layla asked bluntly as soon as she brought out the tea.