

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2205

Wondering if he had gone to the study room, Francesca put on her coat and headed out to look for him.

A maid greeted her as soon as she opened the door. "Good morning, Ms. Felch."

"Is Danrique inside the study room?" Francesca asked softly.

"Well..." The maid kept her head low, not daring to speak.

Without another word, Francesca made her way to the study room. She pushed the door open and found the room completely dark, and there was no one inside when she switched on the lights.

Something felt amiss to her at that very moment. "Is anybody there?" she shouted.

"Yes, Ms. Felch!" Sloan came running upstairs.

"Where's Danrique?" Francesca asked anxiously.

"Mr. Lindberg is..."

"Mr. Lindberg is on his way to M Nation." Gordon walked in. "He just boarded the plane."

"Danrique's flying to M Nation?" Francesca's eyes widened in shock. "When did he leave?"

She paused briefly before muttering to herself, "If he's just about to board, that means he's been gone for over an hour..."

Rage overtook her instantly. "That jerk! He actually left while I was asleep? What is he doing, running off to M Nation right after coming back home?"

"Please don't be upset, Ms. Felch," Sloan consoled immediately. "Mr. Lindberg has some matters to take care of."

"That's right. Mr. Lindberg has work to do," Gordon chimed in.

They have a point. He's no ordinary guy, so it's not like he can keep me company all day. Now that I think about it, he was constantly on the phone during our flight back home. Something must've happened.

"Well, if he has work to do, he could've just told me. Why did he have to sneak out like that?" she commented in exasperation and indignance. "Couldn't he have just said his proper goodbyes?"

"He was worried you'd be mad at him," Gordon answered meekly.

"Then when will he be back?" Francesca asked, sounding worried. "Did he tell you?"

"No. We're really not sure how long he'll be away, but he'll definitely come back once he's done taking care of everything there."

Francesca was speechless. There was no point questioning them any further. It would only trouble them.

Hence, she returned to the bedroom and plopped herself onto the couch in a sullen manner.

Gordon reminded the maid to keep watch outside before leaving to run his own errands.

Francesca tried to dial Danrique's number, thinking that perhaps the private jet had not taken off yet.

Unfortunately, she couldn't reach him. I guess he's taken off.

Francesca: Text me once you see this!

After leaving him a text message, the woman sprawled on the bed. The more she thought about his departure, the more infuriated she became.

We were just together in this bed a few hours ago, and now he's gone. He left without even saying anything.

She felt extremely aggrieved.

Meanwhile, Danrique was reviewing some documents on his private jet when Sean poured him a hot cup of tea. "You've been working really hard, Mr. Lindberg. You didn't even get to have a proper meal when you got home."

"You're as long-winded as a woman," Danrique commented with a glance.

Hearing that, Sean stopped talking immediately.

"By the way," Danrique suddenly added, "how is Layla doing?"

"Gordon just asked the guys in H City about her today. It seems she's woken up and is still resting in bed."

"Well, there's shouldn't be any more problems now that she's awake, so get someone to take her to Xendale. Francesca tends to overthink when she's alone. She'd feel better if Layla were with her."

“Very well. I'll give Gordon a call.”

Sean whipped out his phone and connected it to the Wi-Fi on the plane right away.

Danrique continued to gaze at his documents, but the only thing on his mind was Francesca. “Tell that blockhead Gordon not to let Francesca know that I'm going to M Nation with Hazel. I don't want her to throw a fit.”

“Of course.” Sean immediately relayed the message to Gordon.

“Got it. Don't worry about it. Also, I'm not a blockhead.”