

## UNEXPECTED TEMPTATION: BILLIONAIRE LOVE STORIES

### CHAPTER 12 GOODBYE

Blake Coster

I looked at my phone for the thousand time today and still there's no a single answer from Jean. This girl successfully made me crazy all day long. I'm so frustrated since I landed in France.

I swear she makes my mind blow up.

"What's with you?" Max asked as he plopped on the sofa across me.

"Jean's not answering her phone." I said as I ran my hands through my hair.

"Chill dude, maybe she's hanging out with her friends or maybe her lover." Max smirked making me want to

punch him so bad.

“She doesn’t have another lover.” I hissed at him with a little hint of anger.

“Dude, she’s you’re temporary girl. Let her have fun a little.”

“Shut up Max.” I took my phone out from my inner pocket, I dialed my maid’s phone number. I need to know if she’s at home or not or maybe she went somewhere.

“Hello sir.” Romina answered.

“Romina, is Jean home?” I asked straight to the point.

“No sir, she came home yesterday not long you left but after that she took her things and call a cab. I ran to stop her but she was gone.” She said and I hung

up quickly. I made a call to Shawn to find Jean's whereabouts.

"Shawn"

"Yes sir?"

"I need you to find Jean's whereabouts now! Tell me as soon as you got it and tell me the details who is she with and what is she doing." I said in a really burning emotion. I hung up after that and put my phone back into my inner pocket.

"What?" I asked Max since he looked at me with a really weird expression.

"You like this girl already huh?" He asked.

"Yeah right." I said in a really uninterested tone.

“Then let her go, find another one. Why bother worrying about her? Girls are lining up and why do you care about this girl so much?”

“Yeah Max, why don’t you find another girl besides Rose? You’re stuck with her since highschool and now look at you idiot.” I asked him back and he smirked. since we both knew he can’t answer that. He got up and left the room.

Where is Jean now? Who is she with? What is she doing? Is everything okay? Why is she leaving my house? Why didn’t she reply my messages?

Damn it Jean!

I leaned back to my chair and can’t help but thinking a scenario about her whereabouts right now. I sighed and felt so tired with all of the work and Jean added the stress too.

My phone rang after waiting around 30 minutes, it's Shawn. I picked it up.

“Hello sir.”

“Where is she?”

“She's in Miami sir, she's with her VS crews to shoot a photoshoot there.”

“How many people?”

“There's 17 models and 20 staffs.”

“Okay, you did good.” I hung up and now I pain to go to Miami to find her.