

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2050

Though his words sounded like a disclaimer, how William handled the whole thing was a tactful one.

Now Danrique would not know which course of action to pursue next. Knowing his temper, however, he would not let this slide easily.

After a long silence, Danrique looked like he had thought things through. "Prepare to leave for the airport," he ordered coldly.

"Yes, sir."

Not daring to delay a second longer, Sean arranged for their journey to the airport at once.

They were actually supposed to return to Erihal. Well, Mr. Lindberg had spent so much time stabilizing the market over here, but there were a lot more to handle over at Erihal.

The president called several times each day to urge Danrique to return, but the latter purposefully delayed three more days because he wanted to drop by S Nation to bring Francesca home.

However, they encounter the matter with the prince right before taking off.

Sean knew Danrique very well, he knew it was already difficult enough for Danrique to take the initiative to call Francesca. However, they would begin quarreling before they could say much. To make matters worse, Danrique then saw the rumors between her and William.

It must have been difficult for him to control the impulse to rush over and stab Prince William.

Sean and everyone else were all alert and treading on thin ice. We would better watch our back.

Danrique did not say a word. He did not even take any action against the slander involving Francesca, nor did he make any comments.

After boarding, Danrique settled down to deal with his documents before retiring for a nap. Throughout the whole time, he remained silent.

Sean felt rather uneasy. Danrique throwing a tantrum and taking action was his typical response. However, it spelled danger if he did not say a word or do anything.

After getting off the plane, Sean found an opportunity to call Sloan behind Danrique's back. "Mr. Lindberg knows about Ms. Felch and is very angry. The consequences are dire. You must quickly find the opportunity to talk to Ms. Felch. It would be best to convince her to give Mr. Lindberg a call to sweet talk him."

"Er..." Sloan's scalp tingled unpleasantly at those words. "It's not easy to get Ms. Felch to sweet talk, Sean."

"I'm letting you handle it because it's not an easy task. How will you prove your persuasive skills otherwise?" Sean said encouragingly. "I really value you, Sloan. Besides, Ms. Felch and you are very close; hence, only you can accomplish this."

"Is that so? Ms. Felch and I are close?"

Sloan did not hear anything else other than that.

"That's right. Why else were you sent to protect her?" Sean was stroking his ego. "You have faced life and death with her in the forest. She is much closer to you compared to the other bodyguards. Talk to her. She will listen."

"All right. I'll look for Ms. Felch tonight."

“All the best! We're counting on you!”

Sean sighed after hanging up. Having gone through many life and death situations over the years with Danrique, he had the confidence to solve any problem that came their way.

However, Sean had to admit that any issues regarding Danrique's love life were the toughest challenge for him.

He found it exceedingly tricky because Francesca's thought processes were usually against common sense and could not be easily understood and predicted like other issues.

It was already past nine at night when Francesca emerged from William's villa.

Gazing at her shabby pickup truck, she put on some country music and pulled out to the road where not another soul was in sight. She felt rather relaxed.

Danrique's face occasionally flashed across her mind and made her heart twinge painfully, but she would regain her composure quickly.

Women destined for great accomplishments must not be tethered by emotions.

Suddenly, a car drove toward her direction from the opposite direction and blocked her path.

Francesca stopped her car and raised her eyebrows. Who is this blind idiot who dares to block my path? Is he seeking death?

Just then, Sloan led a bodyguard down the car and bowed respectfully at her. “Ms. Felch!”

“Sloan?” Francesca was stunned. “It's you!”

“We've been here for a while. We just didn't dare bother you,” Sloan explained. “Is this a good time? Can we talk?”