

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1874

Flowers were very rare in a city like Xendale which snowed all year round.

It was no easy feat to procure so many flowers overnight, and even harder to arrange them within that span.

Francesca gazed about the castle in ecstasy which looked like it was rejuvenated overnight.

Having grown up in the mountains, Francesca had a soft spot for flowers. From as young as she could remember, she seemed to have a special affinity with flowers, plants, and small animals.

When she first arrived, the castle existed within a spectrum of only blue and grey.

The dazzling embellishment of flowers turned it into a warm and romantic place.

Even the servants were affected. Their newfound joy was a pleasant change from their cautious and formal demeanors. Every one of them wore bright smiles on their faces that morning as if in anticipation of a major celebration.

“Do you like it?” A familiar voice came from behind.

Francesca turned and saw Danrique coming out of his room. He looked immaculately beautiful clad wholly in white. The gentle smile across his lips was the icing on the cake.

“Did you do all of this?” Francesca asked happily.

“Guilty.” Danrique was delighted at her smile. “I bought other gifts too. I hope you like them.”

“What else did you get me?” Francesca asked curiously.

“You'll find out later.” Danrique smiled mysteriously and brushed a strand of hair away from her ear so that she did not miss his whisper. “I'll wait for you downstairs.”

His hot breath washing over the delicate skin of her ears sent a delicious current down her spine.

With a great shuddering breath, Francesca felt her whole body turning prematurely sore.

Before she could react, he brushed her shoulder and went downstairs without another backward glance at her.

Francesca was rooted to the spot.

What's gotten into him? Since when did he behave like this?

Meanwhile, Danrique smirked at the tangible proof of Francesca's nervousness. The skills from the romance novels are being put to good use!

Francesca rubbed her tingling ears and returned to her bedroom and pondered Danrique's strange behavior as she fell onto the couch.

At that moment, there came a knock on the door followed by Norah's voice. “May we come in, Ms. Cece?”

“You may!” Francesca responded lazily.

Norah pushed the door and led a dozen maids into Francesca's chambers, each holding an exquisite gift box in her hand.

Francesca gazed at them blankly for several seconds before shaking her head in astonishment. "What's this for?"

"These are gifts prepared by Mr. Lindberg for you, Ms. Cece." Norah smiled and gestured.

As one, the maids stood in a line before Francesca and opened the box in their hands for her inspection.

Francesca rolled off the couch to get a closer look. Upon recognizing what they were, her eyes bulged excitedly.

A sparkling array of priceless jewelry which included ruby necklaces, sapphire rings, and diamond necklaces glinted before her beady eyes.

Francesca stretched out her trembling hands and touched them one by one. "Are all these for me?" she asked excitedly.

"Of course." Norah answered with a smile. "Mr. Lindberg had them prepared for you."

"Oh my god!" Francesca was overjoyed and whispered to herself in Chanaean, "I wouldn't have run away if I knew he's this generous!"

Norah didn't understand her. "I beg your pardon, Ms. Cece? What did you say?"

"I said," she repeated loudly and slowly, "I like it very much. Please thank him for me." Slightly incoherent with excitement, Francesca shook herself. "Please set the gifts down, everyone. It looks so tiring."

"Yes, Ms. Cece." Norah gestured at the maids who promptly placed all jewelry on the bed before bowing and retreating.

“Let me do your hair today, Ms. Cece,” Norah offered. “Mr. Lindberg is awaiting your presence at the breakfast table.”

“No need,” Francesca said at once. “I can manage. You may leave.”

“Yes, Ms. Cece. I’ll be right outside if you need me.”