

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1875

Francesca threw herself on the bed as soon as the room was empty once again and let the jewels fall through her trembling fingers. "I'm going to be rich!"

The number of precious jewels on her bed at that instant was almost comparable to all the wealth she possessed in the world.

Danrique is far richer than I thought. Could I possibly achieve my dream of achieving financial freedom and traveling the world by the age of thirty ahead of schedule?

Francesca was beginning to grow comfortable with the idea of having somebody as tolerable as Danrique who was willing to pamper her all her life.

In fact, she mused, it wasn't a bad life at all.

I could just stay here.

Francesca was about to succumb to temptation when she roused herself with a fierce little shake of her head. No! Not like this like this. If I stay, I'll have to get married and have children. Having a baby really hurts. Worst of all, I'll be chained for life after having a child. It'll be too late for me to leave then.

Being used to a free life, Francesca felt suffocated at the very thought of being tied down. Preferring to take her own orders, she hated being involved in a large family filled with schemers and politics.

With the exception of medicine, Francesca did not enjoy exerting her mind much for any other cause. She could not see herself engaged in a never-ending mind game with people whose names she could not remember anyway.

Donald and Eva have shown themselves over the past couple of days. I wonder what other surprises lie in wait?

At that gloomy thought, Francesca replaced the jewelry back into their boxes once more.

The only wage I can accept is the one I toiled for.

Though she charged exorbitant amounts in medical fees, with a myriad of expenses cunningly tacked on, Francesca justified her income as rightfully earned.

This feels different. Danrique gave them to be because he wants to establish a relationship with me. Since I don't plan on staying, it wouldn't feel right to accept.

The door creaked open while she was lost in thought.

Danrique strode in gracefully and gazed at her tenderly. "Do you like them?"

"I do." Francesca sat up from the bed, her eyes never leaving the jewelry. "I really do."

"I'm glad you do." Danrique smiled warmly. "Pick something to wear to the banquet tonight."

Francesca's mouth hung open. "You're taking me to a banquet?"

Danrique nodded. "Don't worry, nobody will dare pick on you with me around."

"No." Francesca pushed the jewelry away from her a little too quickly. "I can't accept them."

"Why not?" Danrique looked at her suspiciously.

"I didn't work for them," Francesca answered bluntly. "Though it is very well received, I can't accept such expensive gifts from you."

“Why not? You are my fiancée.” Danrique frowned as a thought occurred to him. “I knew it. You hate them.”

“No, I do like them! So much.” Francesca cast another reluctant gaze at the jewelry. “But I can't marry you.”

“Who said anything about marriage?” Danrique shrugged. “Accept it if you like it, or throw it away if you don't.”

Francesca seemed to be undergoing an intense mental struggle, which her frequent gazes at the jewelry did not help.

Danrique noticed her hesitance. Without warning, he grabbed the jewelry and threw them out the window.

“Are you crazy?” Francesca howled as she hurried over to the window and peered down. The jewelry had already fallen out of sight into the dense layer of snow that covered the castle grounds.

In her panic, she leaped out of the window.