

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1877

Danrique was at that moment sipping his coffee at the dining table. Expecting her to join him at the table at the sight of Francesca descending the stairs, he was most displeased to see her running out into the cold again.

Norah jogged in Francesca's determined wake as she fretted. "Be careful, Ms. Cece! There's a chilly gale today."

Francesca did not look back. A second later, she disappeared into the dense curtain of freshly falling snow.

Danrique was aghast at the blatant display of stubbornness.

I did everything right. Despite giving her flowers and jewels, she was not even moved to tears like the films depicted! It seems she doesn't even like jewelry. Right, I almost forgot that she's an unusual one. The laws of common sense don't apply to her.

"We're running late, Sir." Gordon appeared with an update. "You have an important meeting at ten o'clock where the three families will be in attendance."

Danrique set his mug down and strode out while pulling his coat over himself.

Gordon and the others followed at a respectful distance.

Danrique walked out of the main hall and was about to get into the car where the chauffeur was waiting when he paused to watch Francesca who remained on the prowl for something under the lighthouse not far from where he stood.

Norah was still fussing over her. "You're going to catch a cold if you don't put on a coat, Ms. Cece."

Francesca ignored her. Equipped with a stick, she used it as a shovel to brush aside the increasingly thick layer of snow.

“Didn't you boys already find everything?” Danrique asked the bodyguard stationed next to him.
“What's she doing?”

“It seems that there is still a ruby ring that has not been recovered, Sir,” the bodyguard responded smartly.

Danrique was too irritated to feel concerned anymore. Just as he was about to get into the car, a maid suddenly screamed. “Look!”

Danrique whipped around at the sound and spotted a small white squirrel holding the coveted ruby as it stood on an overhead branch.

Apparently confusing it for an acorn, it gnawed at it a few times before realizing that it was inedible. At a complete loss, it merely stared blankly at the ruby.

“So that's where it's been all along!” Francesca exclaimed as she extended a hand toward the squirrel.
“Come here, little one!”

“It won't understand you, Ms. Cece,” Norah explained patiently, quite convinced that Francesca had lost it. Not to worry, Ms. Cece, I'll have someone to catch it.”

Norah was about to summon somebody when the squirrel hopped onto her shoulders at her whistle as it held the ruby ring out with both paws like an offering.

With a triumphant cheer, Francesca took the ruby ring and gently stroked the squirrel's head. “You are such a stunning creature!”

White squirrels were rare, only native to cold regions like Xendale. The one that Francesca had befriended must have been out on a foraging mission when it had mistaken the ruby ring for food.

“Bring some pine nuts for him,” Francesca ordered.

“Yes, Ms. Cece.” A maid immediately went to fetch some.

Danrique's eyes glinted strangely at the spectacle.

“I didn't know Ms. Cece has such a gift with animals,” Sean said wistfully.

“It's just a squirrel,” Danrique said dismissively before entering the car and found himself interrupted yet again.

Francesca approached him with the white squirrel on her shoulder and the ruby ring on her finger.

Despite having his eyes fixed on her, Francesca did not meet Danrique's gaze.

His resentment brewing at her insolence, he retracted his gaze before getting into the car.

At that very moment, Gordon hurried over with two boxes in his arms. “This is the custom-made jewelry you asked for, Mr. Lindberg. And here are several sets of jewelry from the auction which will be delivered over in a couple of days, according to the auction house..”

Jewelry?

Francesca's eyes lit up at the mention of the magic word. “What is this?” she leaned closer and sniffed the air hopefully.

"It's customized jewelry that Mr. Lindberg had made for you, Ms. Cece."

Gordon opened the case to reveal a gleaming diamond necklace nestled within.

The main stone, at least thirty-six carats, was surrounded by smaller diamonds all around. Their multifaceted brilliance dazzled like stars in the sky under the bland wintry sun.

Francesca's eyes bulged. Despite her impressive collection, she still lacked a diamond necklace.

Especially one as gorgeous as that. I wonder how much it's worth?

"I knew Ms. Cece would like it," Gordon said happily.

"Return it," Danrique snapped.