

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2203

Francesca gazed up at the building in front of her. “This building is all mine?” she asked, dumbfounded.

“The whole place is your workshop,” Sloan replied with a grin. “There are seven floors. We had it made exactly like how buildings that host traditional medicine would look like. Go on in and take a look.”

Feeling touched, the woman strode into the building. Every part of it was made with the finest quality wood, and walking inside here made one feel as though they were actually inside a traditional medicine hall.

“It's perfect!” Francesca gushed. “This is everything I wanted in a dream workshop!”

She had long yearned for a workshop like this—one that contained an array of materials to create herbal concoctions, not to mention all those precious medicinal books.

Although she did have a workshop back in S Nation too, it was a room so tiny that she could only keep some common herbs. Moreover, all the shelves had been filled to the brim, and they looked messy all the time as she never bothered tidying them.

But this place... Every part of it belongs to me? I can now keep all the herbs and materials I want, and I can even run experiments on the other floors. Oh, God!

The woman was moved to tears. How did Danrique know I've always wanted a workshop? I never told him about this.

“Do you like it, Ms. Felch?” Sloan asked in anticipation. “Is there anything you want us to fix?”

“I do. I love it so much,” Francesca answered while feeling a lump in her throat. “You don't have to change a thing. Now, there's just one more thing left that we need.”

“The herbs?” Gordon asked, smiling. “We've taken care of that. The goods should arrive from Zarain within the next two days. You'll receive a portion of everything that's available on the market, and if there are other herbs you want that we can't buy, give us a checklist. I'll get someone to find them.”

“You guys are so thoughtful.”

Francesca reached for the shelves before running her fingers across a desk, her eyes brimming with tears.

“It's Mr. Lindberg who's thoughtful,” Gordon said. “He told Sean to find a well-known architect to design this building, and construction began right after all the materials from Zarain had arrived. Look, everything is almost complete. We're just waiting for the herbs now.”

“I can't believe it.” Emotions surged within Francesca. “He never told me anything.”

“Mr. Lindberg has always been the type who works in the shadows.” Just as Gordon spoke, a subordinate came over to report, “Mr. Lindberg has returned.”

“That was fast.” Gordon was visibly surprised. “I thought he'd be late, considering all the issues at work.”

“What issues?” asked Francesca.

“Uh... Well...” The man dared not answer.

“It's okay. I'll go ask him.”

With that, Francesca hurried over to where Danrique was and leaped into his arms like an elated child as soon as he stepped out of his vehicle.

“Be careful with your leg!” the man exclaimed while gazing at her lovingly.

“Thank you!” Standing on her toes, Francesca began to peck him on the chin. “I just had a look at the workshop. It's beautiful!”

Danrique clicked his tongue in displeasure. “So you only came running into my arms because I built you that workshop?”

The woman giggled. “But I love it so much. Let me kiss you!”

She jumped and tried to reach for his lips.

Yet, the man deliberately kept his head high. “I won't let you kiss me, shorty.”

“You're so annoying!”

Francesca then climbed onto him like a monkey and bit him.

Laughter ensued among the two.

Danrique held her by the waist and carried her back into the house.

It was a sweet and blissful sight.

Everyone at the scene felt happy for them.

Norah, in particular, couldn't stop beaming.

Meanwhile, in the castle not far away, William sat in his wheelchair while observing the spectacle from a distance. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but he could certainly see how affectionate Danrique and Francesca were with each other.

How lucky.

Curling his lips slightly, he looked down with a frosty gaze.