

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1878

### Chapter 1878 Regrets

“Ah?” Stunned, Gordon muttered, “Mr. Lindberg, this...”

Equally shocked, Francesca asked, “W-Why?”

“I thought you didn’t like jewelry?” Danrique shot her a cold glare before adding, “You tried to reject it several times this morning. Since you don’t like it, why force you to accept it?”

“I-I...”

Francesca badly wanted to say that she liked the gift, yet she could not bring herself to utter those words.

A furious Danrique entered the car instead of waiting for her to reply.

Meanwhile, Gordon remained frozen to the spot in indecision.

Sean whispered in his ear, “Just follow his orders and return the jewelry.”

After that, Sean followed Danrique into the car.

Gordon could only close the jewelry box and address one of the bodyguards, Mylo, “You know what to do with it?”

“Yes.” Mylo lowered his head and acknowledged Gordon’s orders. “I’ll return the item right away.”

As he spoke, Mylo lifted the box and left with several people in tow.

Francesca stared at the box longingly.

It’s fine. I already got seven sets of jewelry. Losing this one necklace isn’t a big deal. We shouldn’t be too greedy, after all.

Gordon lamented, “What a shame! That necklace was Moon River’s Heart. It’s one-of-a-kind, and Mr. Lindberg pulled a lot of strings to buy it. It’s worth three hundred million!”

“What?” Francesca’s eyes widened in astonishment as she exclaimed, “Did you just say that the necklace was worth three hundred million? What currency is that? M Nation’s?”

“Of course! Returning it now is such a waste of betrothal money.”

Francesca was rendered speechless.

Three hundred million in M Nation's currency?

She suddenly asked, "T-Then, how much were the other jewelry worth?"

She was so agitated that her words came out as stutters.

"The seven sets of jewelry are worth over ninety million combined, just shy of a hundred million. Mr. Lindberg bought those directly from jewelry retailers. Moon River's Heart was an exception. It belonged to the collection of one of Mr. Lindberg's business associates, who only sold it to Mr. Lindberg because he personally asked to buy it," said Gordon.

Francesca's legs gave out, and she almost fell flat on the floor.

"What's wrong, Ms. Cece? Norah hurried forward to help her to her feet and muttered, "Is the weather too cold for your knees? Come on! Let's go inside."

Francesca's lips trembled. She felt as though she could cry.

Without a word, she allowed Norah to help her into the house.

Gordon asked worriedly, "Should we get you checked out by a doctor?"

His question met with Francesca's silence.

The woman was presently stewing silently in regret.

Why? Why did Danrique pretend it was no big deal when he gave me the jewelry? Why did I have to reject his gift? Why couldn't I just receive it happily? All that talk about wages from toil is b\*llcr\*p! A gift is a gift; I didn't steal or rob for it. Why can't I receive it? I can't live off of dignity alone. Urgh! I won't be this stupid again!

The more she thought about it, the more Francesca regretted her earlier actions. Morose and furious, she could not even stomach breakfast and sprawled dejectedly across her bed once she returned to her room.

Mistakenly believing that she had caught a cold, Norah prepared some warm fruit tea and even summoned a doctor to check on Francesca.

Francesca eventually asked them all to leave her alone.

She wanted to reflect on her poor decisions and figure out what was going on in her dumb, self-sabotaging brain.

When Norah delivered lunch to the room at noon, she asked cautiously, “How are you feeling, Ms. Cece? Do you feel unwell anywhere? Would you like to take any medicine?”

“I’m fine.” Francesca began to feel her hunger, and she got off the bed to eat.

“That’s great to hear.” Norah heaved a sigh of relief before continuing, “After lunch, you should select a gown and some jewelry for the banquet tonight. We’re setting off at five in the evening.”

“What banquet? I’m not going.” Francesca was utterly disinterested.

Norah coaxed her as though she was a petulant kid. “Mr. Lindberg rarely attends banquets, and he wants to bring you along. It’s your first public appearance, and it’s really important. Please don’t be stubborn.”

“I…”

Francesca was about to argue with Norah when a light bulb flashed in her mind. I can’t spend my days trapped in this castle forever. Perhaps I’ll have a chance to escape by attending this banquet outside.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1879

### Chapter 1879 Dressing Up

As the thought of a potential opportunity to escape crossed her mind, Francesca replied to Norah, “Anything’s fine with me. You can pick any gown or jewelry.”

“That’s great. I’ll arrange for a stylist right away.” With that, Norah scurried off to get in touch with other household staff.

Francesca gobbled up the delicious lunch before preparing to take a nap. She mumbled, “I want to sleep for a bit. Wake me up a little later.”

“Sure. I’ll wake you up at three. You still need to shower and do makeup and get dressed for the banquet.”

“Hmm.”

Francesca flipped over and hugged a pillow, falling asleep quickly.

Norah shook her head and smiled to herself. She reminded the maids to move around quietly so they would not disturb Francesca.

A short while later, Francesca's phone began vibrating under her pillow. She fumbled for it annoyedly and saw that it was a call from Anthony. She answered it, and he asked, "Where are you, Francesca?"

"What's up?" Francesca growled softly.

"I'm worried about those metal pieces in your brain, so I'm calling to remind you to go for surgery soon. You're a doctor, and you know better than anyone else how serious the situation is. You can't delay it any further."

Francesca replied flatly, "I know."

She woke up fully after Anthony's call. Francesca hardly considered the metal pieces a complex issue, and she would have easily operated on someone else afflicted with the condition.

Alas, she did not have eyes on the back of her head. Attempting to operate on the back of her head was unrealistic.

The back of her head no longer throbbed in pain over the past two days, though it was more an indication of problems instead of improvement.

As a doctor, she always prioritized the health of her patients, yet she always put her own well-being on the back burner.

If not for Anthony's timely reminder, she might have forgotten all about the metal pieces in her brain.

Absorbed in her thoughts, she remained silent for a good long while, prompting Anthony to call out, "Hello? Hello?"

Francesca jolted back to reality and said, "I know it's urgent. I'll try to get it done as soon as I can."

"Did Danrique bring you to Erihal?" Anthony suddenly sounded anxious as he demanded, "Did he lock you up or something? I'll try my best to get you out of there."

Francesca hurriedly cut off his line of thought and said, "What plan can you think of? I can settle my matters here. Just focus on managing the orphanage."

"But—"

She interrupted, "That's enough. Let's drop the topic."

Francesca hung up on him and rubbed her temples, which throbbed in frustration.

I have to think of a way to get out of here soon. Will I have an opportunity during the banquet later? Wait no, Danrique is escorting me there. Why would he let me escape right under his nose? Plus, these banquets are always tightly guarded. I should drop the idea instead of banking on false hope. Still, I could get to know new people at these banquets. Maybe someone like Eva could bring me away from the castle. Then, I'll have a better shot at escaping. That has got to be better than sitting around idly! This castle is practically impenetrable; no one can make it out of here. Any chance of escaping can only be outside its walls.

Someone knocked on her room door as Francesca mulled over her escape plan. "Are you awake, Ms. Cece?"

"I am. You may come in."

Francesca yawned and crawled out of bed.

Norah entered her room with a few maids and stylists, ready to assist her during her bath and styling.

The number of staff gave Francesca a headache. She declared, "Don't trouble yourselves. A simple styling will do."

"But-

"I'll take a bath now. You guys wait outside."

After that, Francesca headed straight into the bathroom and took a quick shower. Then, she came out in a bathrobe, her hair piled up on her head in a towel.

The stylists immediately stepped forward to dry her hair and apply skincare products to her face.

Francesca leaned against the chair and nodded off. She was still drowsy after Anthony's call interrupted her much-needed nap.

She closed her eyes and allowed the stylists to fix up her face as they pleased. Still, she reminded, "Don't go too heavy on the makeup; keep it simple. You have half an hour to finish up."

"Half an hour?"

The stylists were flabbergasted. One of them sputtered, "That's hardly enough time, Ms. Cece."

"Shall I take over then?" Francesca deadpanned and yawned.

“Erm...” The stylists looked to Norah for instruction.

Norah hastily declared, “Mr. Lindberg has made it clear that we must follow Ms. Cece’s wishes. If she wants simple, that’s what we’ll give her.”

“All right.”

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1880

### Chapter 1880 Flats

Francesca got ready in the blink of an eye.

She was all dolled up in an asymmetrical white dress and her hair was light and bouncy. Her light, fresh makeup look made her look just like a little fairy.

A few of the make-up artists started marveling at her lively beauty.

Even Francesca herself couldn’t really recognize herself in the mirror.

She had dressed herself up before, even to the extent of wearing dresses and wigs, but she had never seen herself look this exquisite before.

The makeup look was simple and the hairdo was simply neat and subtle, yet there was a certain cadence to it that she had never seen before.

The wild child who had scurried around in the forest was now a strikingly pretty fairy. She was almost unbelievably beautiful.

“You’re gorgeous!”

A bunch of stylists and maids began to sing her praises.

“Look! Just a little bit of touching up and you’re already gorgeous,” Norah said gleefully. “Mr. Lindberg will be very happy to see you.”

“I don’t care if he’s happy or not. My happiness is more important right now.”

Francesca looked down at her three-inch heels and stood up, wobbling as she did so. “For example, these shoes are making me really unhappy right now. I can’t even stand properly in them, let alone walk.”

“We prepared a lot of shoes for you that will go with this dress. Feel free to choose your favorite ones!”

The stylists immediately brought out pair after pair of shoes and placed them in front of her.

She looked at them and frowned. "They're all high heels!"

"There are some of them that are just two-inch heels."

The stylists brought the shorter heels to Francesca, but she still shook her head.

"I can't wear any of these," she said.

"But..." the stylists all trailed off as they looked at each other, not daring to say what had come to mind.

Norah had to step in and explain, "Ms. Cece, everyone in Erihal is quite tall. You're already quite small and petite compared to the rest of us, and you might look like a child if you don't wear heels-

"I can't even walk in these."

Francesca kicked off the heels on her feet and collapsed onto the sofa. "Find a pair of flats for me, please. If not, you'll just have to tell Danrique that I couldn't make it."

"Then-" The stylists all turned to look at Norah in confusion.

She sighed and said, "Listen to Ms. Cece."

"Understood."

The stylists immediately went to look for a pair of flats and finally managed to get someone from the company to send some over.

They hadn't prepared any themselves since every woman would be wearing expensive high heels at such an event. They hadn't ever heard of someone showing up wearing flats to a banquet.

Francesca was truly the first.

Luckily, they had enough time to waste. Simply deciding on a pair alone took more than an hour.

The stylist company sent over a few dozen pairs of flats and the stylists immediately began helping Francesca try them on.

Soon enough, she decided on a pair of pristine white flats and asked for a pair of socks as well. She nodded in approval after stomping her feet a bit. Much better!

“I’ll go with these.”

“Um...”

The stylists just stared in shock. They couldn’t help but feel like it lacked style and wanted to say something, but Francesca was already strutting out with her flats on.

“Is the car ready? Let’s get a move on! The sooner we get this over with, the sooner I can come back and sleep.”

“Ms. Cece! Your jacket!”

Norah chased after her and placed Francesca’s jacket over her.

Gordon and the other subordinates had already prepared the car and were waiting for them downstairs.

They were absolutely taken aback at the sight of Francesca all dolled up.

A slight touch of makeup and proper styling had completely changed her from head to toe. She looked the same, but upon a closer glance, she seemed completely different.

“Please enter, Ms. Cece.”

Gordon opened the door himself for Francesca to enter the car.

She walked in and immediately closed her eyes to take a nap on the comfortable seats.

“The car ride will be about forty minutes, so feel free to rest on the way,” Gordon said with a smile. “Mr. Lindberg will go to the banquet from the company and meet us outside the castle.”

“What is this banquet for, anyway?” Francesca asked nonchalantly.

“It’s the birthday party that the other three great families are throwing for Mr. Lindberg,” Gordon replied.