

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1875

Wages Of Toil

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 hesitation. 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.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1876

Danrique dashed forward a moment too late, only managing to grasp at the thin air her arm used to be moments before. By the time he realized what had happened, Francesca was already soaring out of the window with her arms outstretched.

Danrique was about to follow suit when he found to her relief that she had landed safely and was busy rummaging for missing jewelry in the snow.

Although her bedroom was only situated on the second floor, it was still forty feet above the ground. Inexplicably, it did not even seem like a superhuman feat to her.

Under the increasingly heavy snowfall, Francesca brushed the snowflakes off of her shoulders impatiently. Despite being clad in only a thin gauze skirt, the cold did not seem important enough to pause her search.

Even more suspiciously, the sprightly movements with which she plodded atop the snow barefooted were most unlike that of a frail woman in convalescence.

Danrique squinted his eyes and looked at her, his eyes flickering with a spark of recognition. What a familiar looking back.

“Oh, Ms. Cecel!” Norah appeared anxiously with a coat at the ready. “Aren’t you a little underdressed? What are you looking for out here by yourself? Come in, you’re going to catch a cold.”

“I’m looking for the jewels your idiotic master has thrown out of the window,” Francesca blurted aloud in her anxiety. “I couldn’t find them anywhere.”

Her voice rang clearly up the castle walls and reached Danrique’s ears who frowned at the unflattering title.

“Come in quickly, please. I’ll have someone look for it for you. We will find every single gemstone there is.”

Norah draped the coat over Francesca’s shoulders. “It’s freezing today. We must warm you up and ensure that you’ll be fit enough to attend the banquet with Mr. Lindberg tonight.”

“What banquet? I’m not going anywhere!” Francesca retorted, her mind occupied with nothing else but the lost jewelry.

The glint of a topaz caught Francesca’s eye. She pounced and extracted a beautiful topaz necklace from a mound of snow. Slipping it carefully into her pocket, she resumed her search.

Norah had no choice but to summon several bodyguards to join in the treasure hunt.

With the additional pairs of hands, most of the lost gems were recovered swiftly.

After the men swore that there was none left to be found, Francesca counted her loot and found seven pieces. However, the total number of items that had been flung out of the window by Danrique remained unknown to her as they had been contained in two large boxes.

Cradling the jewelry as if they were fragile, she dashed back upstairs for another tally.

After ordering the bodyguards to resume their search in the snow, Norah escorted Francesca back to the castle.

Two maids immediately came over with more coats and blankets to drape over her cold body.

Francesca was about to head up the stairs when Danrique descended gracefully. "Why did you throw them out, you lunatic?" she asked angrily.

"I told you that you're free to throw it out if you don't like them."

Danrique could not be indifferent, as if it was not something worth mentioning.

"It was through my efforts to have recovered them," Francesca said quickly as she clutched the jewelry against her chest, for fear of being robbed by him again. "They're mine now."

Danrique nodded. "Sure."

Francesca threw one last suspicious glare at him before disappearing upstairs to count her loot and found everything else accounted for except for a ruby ring.

In her panic, Francesca was about to dive out of the window again when Norah hurriedly grabbed her. "The walls are exceptionally high, Ms. Cece. You'll hurt yourself."

"I won't! I did it earli-

Francesca stopped herself just in time. She was just beginning to realize how reckless she had been by defying all expectations of a frail woman with a gunshot wound by leaping out of the window without a second thought.

Danrique might have noticed something amiss.

"Please, Ms. Cece," bleated Norah earnestly. Change out of these wet clothes and go have breakfast with Mr. Lindberg. Leave the ruby ring to me."

"I think Mr. Lindberg seems a little angry," she added with a wink. "You should coax him."

Francesca was speechless with indignation. "On what grounds? He threw the things, didn't he?"

"I-"

"Forget it, Norah," Francesca cut across flatly. "I'm going back out for the ring."

Francesca stowed the jewelry away safely, put on her boots and coat, and went back out to the cold for the remainder.

Finders, keepers.

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1877

Melodrama

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.