

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1872

### Study Material

“Find me some of everything, jewelry, necklaces, you know, and the like. Find out what girls like, buy everything.”

She’s going to see how much she means to me when she wakes up tomorrow morning!

The study fell silent as Sean left at once to make the necessary arrangements.

Without wasting a second, Danrique began entering a series of search queries with his tablet.

What’s a girl’s favorite gift?

How to capture a girl’s heart.

How to fall in love?

The Art of Love.

To Danrique’s astonishment, there were so many sources of information on the Internet that the input of those stupid bodyguards was completely unnecessary.

Taking great care to organize his findings, Danrique jotted them down in a notebook for later use.

His curiosity not satiated, he began searching again. How to kiss.

Conscious that he was about to tread into unknown territory, Danrique waited nervously for the page to load with the resemblance of a child facing an exam.

The search engine returned a fascinating array of techniques supplemented by video tutorials.

Danrique opened a link and found that it was a couple about to demonstrate and explain the art of kissing.

With the ardor of a curious student, he studied the video earnestly and carefully.

Before he could prepare for it, Francesca’s figure appeared in his mind and caused an involuntary blush that preceded the quickening of his pulse. Undeterred, he persevered and moved on to the all-important question with increased boldness.

After displaying a series of harrowing pop-up advertisements, his tablet promptly displayed an unresponsive blue screen as its final act of defiance and horror at the depravity of its master.

Danrique stared at his device in amazement. After several more tries, he still could not resurrect it.

It was only then that Danrique recalled that he had had especially strong firewalls installed to bolster the cybersecurity of his home in order to prevent the invasion of hackers. Once an unsafe webpage was opened, the system would automatically shut down.

Turns out that this system has been put in place to exert control over me.

Embarrassed yet stony-faced, Danrique summoned Sean and gave him two tasks. The first was to deal with the firewall problem in such a way that nobody would ever find out about it. The second was to find him some adult films for his self-proclaimed academic purposes.

Sean gazed at Danrique incredulously upon hearing the second mission.

Is he serious?

“As soon as possible,” Danrique repeated urgently. “Also, keep that a secret as well. Nobody is to know.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sean strode away quickly to hide his scandalized expression. Why did I have to be a trusted confidant of his? Now I’m handling all of these embarrassing errands and not a soul to complain to!

As he had never had a girlfriend, Sean, too, was clueless as to where to begin executing his employer’s request. He did not even know what adult film meant.

Danrique retired to his chambers while Sean searched with increasing desperation for those on his mobile phone. Due to not even knowing what to search for, he found himself frustratedly empty-handed after hours of aimless browsing.

Near tears in despair, Sean enlisted the help of Mylo and Sloan again.

“What can we do for you, Sean?” Mylo asked with hushed excitement as if he had become Sean’s secret informant.

“I’ve never actually been in a relationship, Sean,” said Sloan cautiously, worried about his secrets coming to light. “I’m not sure if I would be of much help.”

“I have an urgent task for you boys, but you need to keep it a secret.”

Sean lowered his voice as if he was setting up a very rigorous and dangerous mission.

“Go ahead, Sean.” Mylo and Sloan waited solemnly.

“Er...” Sean hesitated before gritting his teeth resignedly and blurting, “Find me some adult films.”

Sloan and Mylo exchanged a flabbergasted glance. “What’s an adult film?” Sloan asked loudly.

“Idiot! Don’t you remember?” Mylo lowered his voice, “That thing I showed you.”

Sloan blushed suddenly, which was all the confirmation Sean needed.

“Since you’ve seen it, I’m sure you have a collection, don’t you?” he said at once. “Hurry up and send it to me.”

“You got us, Sean.” Mylo scratched his head embarrassedly, “I have several gigabytes of material, though. What kind would you like, Sean?”

“We’ll start with a few simple ones for virgins first.”

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1873**

The Art And Science Of Love

“Are you still a virgin, Sean?” Mylo’s eyes widened with shock. “No way!”

“Why not?” Sean shouted as he flushed crimson. “Enough chattering and send it to me quickly!”

Mylo nodded fervently. “I’ll search through my collection for something you asked for and have it sent to you as soon as I can.”

“The ones you gave me seem to be what Sean needs, don’t they?” Sloan asked sheepishly. “Here, Sean. I have a copy in my phone.”

Sean was so mortified to the point that he was at that point contemplating starting a new life abroad at a place where no one knew his shame.

Danrique was toweling his hair dry after a shower when he received a message on his phone. He picked it up and saw that it was a video clip sent by Sean.

In his haste to his phone, he had forgotten to proceed with caution when his phone which had been on maximum volume suddenly shrieked with a pair of the most awful sounds Danrique had ever heard.

He was so frightened that he threw his phone across the room from him as if it were a grenade.

The screams bounced off the walls and echoed throughout the house. Horrified, Danrique dived to retrieve his phone and turned off the sound. Heaving a sigh of relief, he continued to peruse the muted video.

While he was studying the writhing characters, Danrique suddenly widened his eyes unblinkingly.

Is this even possible?

Not daring to watch another second, Danrique skipped ahead as he tried to look for something more wholesome.

His quest failing miserably, Danrique gave up soon after and started another one.

This time, there was an introductory plot. Danrique shifted a little straighter in the hopes of learning something useful.

Quickly growing weary about the ridiculously shallow plot between the young and attractive couple, Danrique turned off the second video as well.

After serious consideration of the matter, he decided against spending his time just sabotaging his self-esteem.

I'll learn something more useful from innocent romance novels. At least there are detailed instructions on how to fall in love and how to kiss.

With a newfound determination at hand, Danrique summoned Sean for another task. What she needs to see is the pureness of my intentions toward her. For that, I need to learn the art and science of love. Other things can wait.

Sean received his instructions through the call. Though embarrassed beyond belief, he maintained his stoic professionalism and summoned Mylo.

"This is what I'm after. Gather all you can and send it to me as soon as possible."

After hanging up the phone, Mylo called Sloan. "Sean has an assignment for you," he said seriously, "find some romantic films and send them to me."

"I have some of those," Sloan replied eagerly. "Novels of that genre too, if you like. They're really well written."

"Great, send them all to me."

“Already on it.”

Through a series of secretive forwarding, the romantic films and novels Danrique asked for eventually reached him.

Leaning on his elbow, he reached over to turn on the bedside lamp to locate his silver-rimmed glasses. Grabbing a pen and notebook ready, he began to note as he read.

Like any other craft, love can be mastered through hard work and setting realistic goals.

Sean sighed at the lights coming from the crack beneath Danrique’s door. “Love channels can consumes a man’s entire being.”

“This proves that Mr. Lindberg is quite serious about this Ms. Cece.” Gordon was optimistic. “It’s about time, too. Mr. Lindberg has never felt the warmth of a family since he was a child. With the appearance of such a lovely girl who makes him happy, he won’t have to spend the future alone.”

“I hope so,” Sean said wistfully, though with the slightest hint of doubt in his eyes about Ms. Cece.

Francesca was greeted by the smell of flowers when she woke up the following morning. As she got up and sniffed hopefully around, she noticed that there was nothing unusual in the room. The fragrance of flowers seems to be coming from outside.

Her mounting curiosity getting the better of her, Francesca put on her coat and opened the door only to be rooted to the spot in absolute shock.

Everywhere in sight, from along the corridor, through the banisters of the spiral staircase, to across the tables of the living room, flowers of every variety included, but not limited to, roses, lilies, carnations, sunflowers, and gypsophila, adorned every logistically sound surface.

Francesca pinched herself absently. This sight truly is a dream.

## **Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1874**

### **Unexpected Surprise**

Flowers were very rare in a city like Xendale which snowed all year round.

It was no easy feat to procure so many flowers overnight, and even harder to arrange them within that span.

Francesca gazed about the castle in ecstasy which looked like it was rejuvenated overnight.

Having grown up in the mountains, Francesca had a soft spot for flowers. From as young as she could remember, she seemed to have a special affinity with flowers, plants, and small animals.

When she first arrived, the castle existed within a spectrum of only blue and grey.

The dazzling embellishment of flowers turned it into a warm and romantic place.

Even the servants were affected. Their newfound joy was a pleasant change from their cautious and formal demeanors. Every one of them wore bright smiles on their faces that morning as if in anticipation of a major celebration.

“Do you like it?” A familiar voice came from behind.

Francesca turned and saw Danrique coming out of his room. He looked immaculately beautiful clad wholly in white. The gentle smile across his lips was the icing on the cake.

“Did you do all of this?” Francesca asked happily.

“Guilty.” Danrique was delighted at her smile. “I bought other gifts too. I hope you like them.”

“What else did you get me?” Francesca asked curiously.

“You’ll find out later.” Danrique smiled mysteriously and brushed a strand of hair away from her ear so that she did not miss his whisper. “I’ll wait for you downstairs.”

His hot breath washing over the delicate skin of her ears sent a delicious current down her spine.

With a great shuddering breath, Francesca felt her whole body turning prematurely sore.

Before she could react, he brushed her shoulder and went downstairs without another backward glance at her.

Francesca was rooted to the spot.

What’s gotten into him? Since when did he behave like this?

Meanwhile, Danrique smirked at the tangible proof of Francesca’s nervousness. The skills from the romance novels are being put to good use!

Francesca rubbed her tingling ears and returned to her bedroom and pondered Danrique’s strange behavior as she fell onto the couch.

At that moment, there came a knock on the door followed by Norah's voice. "May we come in, Ms. Cece?"

"You may!" Francesca responded lazily.

Norah pushed the door and led a dozen maids into Francesca's chambers, each holding an exquisite gift box in her hand.

Francesca gazed at them blankly for several seconds before shaking her head in astonishment. "What's this for?"

"These are gifts prepared by Mr. Lindberg for you, Ms. Cece." Norah smiled and gestured.

As one, the maids stood in a line before Francesca and opened the box in their hands for her inspection.

Francesca rolled off the couch to get a closer look. Upon recognizing what they were, her eyes bulged excitedly.

A sparkling array of priceless jewelry which included ruby necklaces, sapphire rings, and diamond necklaces glinted before her beady eyes.

Francesca stretched out her trembling hands and touched them one by one. "Are all these for me?" she asked excitedly.

"Of course." Norah answered with a smile. "Mr. Lindberg had them prepared for you."

"Oh my god!" Francesca was overjoyed and whispered to herself in Chanaean, "I wouldn't have run away if I knew he's this generous!"

Norah didn't understand her. "I beg your pardon, Ms. Cece? What did you say?"

"I said," she repeated loudly and slowly, "I like it very much. Please thank him for me." Slightly incoherent with excitement, Francesca shook herself. "Please set the gifts down, everyone. It looks so tiring."

"Yes, Ms. Cece." Norah gestured at the maids who promptly placed all jewelry on the bed before bowing and retreating.

"Let me do your hair today, Ms. Cece," Norah offered. "Mr. Lindberg is awaiting your presence at the breakfast table."

"No need," Francesca said at once. "I can manage. You may leave."

"Yes, Ms. Cece. I'll be right outside if you need me."

