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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.

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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.

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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..."

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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.