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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.

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"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."

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Francesca hung 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.

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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."