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## 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."

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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.

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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."

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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.