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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1873

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.

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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."

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"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.