

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1717

“The kids made this.” Charlotte placed the snacks on the table. “I’ll put it here. Eat it if you want to.”

Danrique looked at the snacks on the plate. They were of different shapes and sizes, and he felt touched. He could imagine how happy the kids must have looked when they were making the snacks. They might not like him, but they’d always save all the good food for him.

“The kids are in the garden. Do you want to see them?” Charlotte asked.

Danrique shook his head quietly.

“No matter how busy Zachary is, he’ll always take spend some time with the kids at night. Even if he can’t play with them now that he’s sick, he still tells them bedtime stories.” Charlotte smiled. “You can ask the girls to tell you stories as well. They know a lot of them.”

Charlotte left quietly after that.

Danrique looked at the plate of snacks. When he heard the kids' laughter, he was reminded of his own childhood, and suddenly, he thought that he had to make some changes.

He thought about the thing his aunt told him before. She told him that most children didn't have a happy childhood. Some had even become drifters and lived in slums, while some had to be alone for a long time, for their parents were not there for them.

Some of them might share similar childhoods, but they might grow up differently. Some would grow up to be sensitive and vulnerable. All they knew was to take and never give.

However, some remained strong even after going through the ordeal. Those would know how to give out love and warmth, and they would receive the same in return.

Some might end up vulnerable but eventually become strong people, while some might never change. Change was a perpetual process, and it would take a lifetime for some to realize that.

“Daddy!” a young voice called out to him, breaking his thought process.

He looked up and saw Alpha holding a glass of juice. Beta was holding some snacks, while Gamma was holding a book. All of them came up to him carefully.

“Aunt Charlotte asked us to send these to you,” Alpha said. “I made this apple juice myself.”

“And I picked these snacks,” Beta looked up proudly. “I saved some for Mommy and you.”

“I chose this book.” Gamma placed the book on the table. “I don't know a lot of the words in there, but Uncle Zachary would read it all the time.”

Danrique picked it up. The Art of War? I thought it was supposed to be a self-help book.

“We're going back to the courtyard, Daddy. Wanna come?” The children stared at him.

“I...” Danrique wanted to refuse, but then he remembered that Charlotte told him about how Zachary would always spend some time with their kids no matter what. He'd tell the kids stories even when he was sick.

He preferred a quiet surrounding, so he couldn't run wild with his kids. He suggested, “I'll tell you a story.”

“Yay!”

It was the first time Danrique ever told them a story, and the girls were excited. Alpha even called Zachary's kids over, and the kids sat on the bench, their chins on their hands. They waited eagerly for Danrique to tell his story.

As Danrique faced the children's anticipating looks, he started feeling nervous. He cleared his throat and started telling the story.

“Once upon a time, a car crashed into a man and tore his body apart. His limbs flew in every direction...”

The kids looked horrified halfway through, and they looked at one another.

Danrique, thinking that he was being a good storyteller, felt accomplished, so he stood up straighter and continued, “The officers came and cleaned up the scene...”