

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2125

Right that instant, William could not resist thinking about Danrique.

He had heard how the others described the overwhelming scene many years ago. At that time, sixteen-year-old Danrique wiped out the Lindberg family overnight, annihilating anyone who dared to stand in his way.

His white shirt was drenched in blood. It was as though his amber eyes were covered in blood as well.

That was how he emerged as the new patriarch of the Lindberg family. Since then, his omnipotence was known to everyone.

Sooner or later, I'll be like him too!

Knock! Knock!

All of a sudden, William's subordinate knocked on the door hurriedly and reported, "Your Highness, Mr. Faulkner is here."

"Please let him in," William responded.

The subordinate hesitated. "But..."

"Tell me!" William instructed him.

The subordinate replied apprehensively, "Mr. Faulkner leads a group of military officers, claiming they are here to escort you to the palace. They are already at the entrance of the castle."

“That's too much! Your Highness, are they thinking of arresting you?” Robin was on pins and needles.

“Yeah, I guess so.” William flashed him a smile. “Don't worry. I'll only be away for a short stay with my grandpa and will be back soon.”

“Your Highness...”

“If Francesca calls, keep this information from her temporarily till you hear about the official news on their wedding. Do you get it?” William reminded him solemnly.

“I got it.” Robin nodded as his eyes were red with tears.

With that, William gestured to the subordinate to push his wheelchair out of the castle.

At the same time, Silas waited outside with the military officers. He stopped them from barging into the castle out of his respect for William.

He could not help sympathizing with William and tried to talk him out into changing his mind. “Your Highness, why are you putting yourself in a tight spot? Don't you know you'll only put yourself in a precarious position by going against His Majesty's will?”

William's lips curled up. “It's because I don't wish to betray my friend. Mr. Faulkner, thanks for your concern.”

Hearing that, Silas heaved a deep sigh.

Moments later, a few military officers stepped forward to handcuff William.

Silas lashed out at them. “What are you doing?”

“We're doing so as instructed by His Majesty...”

“His Majesty only instructed us to escort Prince William back to the palace for a short stay. What the heck are you doing? His Highness doesn't have any strength and can't even walk. How could you think of handcuffing him?” Silas thundered again.

“Yes, Mr. Faulkner.” The military officers saluted Silas before pushing William's wheelchair out.

“Your Highness...” A servant helped Robin out after they left. The latter choked up and knelt on one knee to plead with Silas, “Mr. Faulkner, please take good care of His Highness. He's weak...”

“I know.” Silas patted his shoulder and flashed him a reassuring look before he turned to leave.

William cast his head down and remained silent when he was carried onto the military vehicle in his wheelchair. As the rain was still pouring, his clothes and hair were drenched. His face was pale as a sheet.

William gazed at the castle via the rearview mirror as the military vehicle drove away from it gradually. He felt the throbbing pain in his heart when he caught sight of the servants gazing at his retreating figure in the rain silently.

There were about ninety of them, and all were fixing their gazes on him in silence.

After going through endless suppression and humiliation for twenty years, they were used to accepting everything silently. Undeniably, they had no choice but to bear with it regardless of what they encountered.

They shared the same fate as the gloomy castle that was gradually forgotten by others. Sadly, their prince could only lead a lonely and sorrowful life despite his identity as a descendant of the royal family.

...

Once Danrique was back in Xendale and got down from his car, a few maids hurried over to take his jacket from him.

“Mr. Lindberg, dinner is ready,” Norah greeted him with a smile.

Danrique only hummed before he headed upstairs to his study room in haste.

“Mr. Lindberg, you seem to be occupied lately. After coming back from the office, you still have to settle work matters here.” Sean brought Danrique a few copies of documents that needed his signature urgently.

“Did she make any calls?” Danrique was very concerned about that.

Sean replied warily, “Do you mean Ms. Felch? No, she didn't.”

“How about William?” Danrique asked again without lifting his head while signing a document.

“He didn't either. However, I received news that he has been taken to the palace. If I'm not mistaken, the military officers took him away on the spot in a military vehicle.”

Right that instant, William could not resist thinking about Danrique.

He had heard how the others described the overwhelming scene many years ago. At that time, sixteen-year-old Danrique wiped out the Lindberg family overnight, annihilating anyone who dared to stand in his way.

His white shirt was drenched in blood. It was as though his amber eyes were covered in blood as well.

That was how he emerged as the new patriarch of the Lindberg family. Since then, his omnipotence was known to everyone.

Sooner or later, I'll be like him too!

Knock! Knock!

All of a sudden, William's subordinate knocked on the door hurriedly and reported, "Your Highness, Mr. Faulkner is here."

"Please let him in," William responded.

The subordinate hesitated. "But..."

"Tell me!" William instructed him.

The subordinate replied apprehensively, "Mr. Faulkner leads a group of military officers, claiming they are here to escort you to the palace. They are already at the entrance of the castle."

"That's too much! Your Highness, are they thinking of arresting you?" Robin was on pins and needles.

"Yeah, I guess so." William flashed him a smile. "Don't worry. I'll only be away for a short stay with my grandpa and will be back soon."

"Your Highness..."

"If Francesca calls, keep this information from her temporarily till you hear about the official news on their wedding. Do you get it?" William reminded him solemnly.

"I got it." Robin nodded as his eyes were red with tears.

With that, William gestured to the subordinate to push his wheelchair out of the castle.

At the same time, Silas waited outside with the military officers. He stopped them from barging into the castle out of his respect for William.

He could not help sympathizing with William and tried to talk him out into changing his mind. "Your Highness, why are you putting yourself in a tight spot? Don't you know you'll only put yourself in a precarious position by going against His Majesty's will?"

William's lips curled up. "It's because I don't wish to betray my friend. Mr. Faulkner, thanks for your concern."

Hearing that, Silas heaved a deep sigh.

Moments later, a few military officers stepped forward to handcuff William.

Silas lashed out at them. "What are you doing?"

"We're doing so as instructed by His Majesty..."

"His Majesty only instructed us to escort Prince William back to the palace for a short stay. What the heck are you doing? His Highness doesn't have any strength and can't even walk. How could you think of handcuffing him?" Silas thundered again.

"Yes, Mr. Faulkner." The military officers saluted Silas before pushing William's wheelchair out.

"Your Highness..." A servant helped Robin out after they left. The latter choked up and knelt on one knee to plead with Silas, "Mr. Faulkner, please take good care of His Highness. He's weak..."

"I know." Silas patted his shoulder and flashed him a reassuring look before he turned to leave.

William cast his head down and remained silent when he was carried onto the military vehicle in his wheelchair. As the rain was still pouring, his clothes and hair were drenched. His face was pale as a sheet.

William gazed at the castle via the rearview mirror as the military vehicle drove away from it gradually. He felt the throbbing pain in his heart when he caught sight of the servants gazing at his retreating figure in the rain silently.

There were about ninety of them, and all were fixing their gazes on him in silence.

After going through endless suppression and humiliation for twenty years, they were used to accepting everything silently. Undeniably, they had no choice but to bear with it regardless of what they encountered.

They shared the same fate as the gloomy castle that was gradually forgotten by others. Sadly, their prince could only lead a lonely and sorrowful life despite his identity as a descendant of the royal family.

...

Once Danrique was back in Xendale and got down from his car, a few maids hurried over to take his jacket from him.

"Mr. Lindberg, dinner is ready," Norah greeted him with a smile.

Danrique only hummed before he headed upstairs to his study room in haste.

“Mr. Lindberg, you seem to be occupied lately. After coming back from the office, you still have to settle work matters here.” Sean brought Danrique a few copies of documents that needed his signature urgently.

“Did she make any calls?” Danrique was very concerned about that.

Sean replied warily, “Do you mean Ms. Felch? No, she didn't.”

“How about William?” Danrique asked again without lifting his head while signing a document.

“He didn't either. However, I received news that he has been taken to the palace. If I'm not mistaken, the military officers took him away on the spot in a military vehicle.”