

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2137

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They had known each other for quite some time, but she had never seen that side of him before.

He never talked about his family, either. They slept together, and that must've changed things. Perhaps that was why he was finally willing to let her in his heart and why he no longer felt the need to hide anything from her.

“What's wrong? Are you scared?” asked Danrique as he shifted his gaze to Francesca.

“No,” replied Francesca as she shook her head. “I think that, deep down, you are a kind man who will not kill for no reason. You definitely won't hurt anyone who didn't have it coming.”

That was what she truly believed in.

Francesca recalled what had happened when they had just met. Everyone was lost in the forest in Lightspring at the time. Danrique had Sean and Sloan run first while he stayed back to buy them more time.

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Someone as powerful as Danrique would always have subordinates who would die to protect him.

Yet, Danrique protected his men and demanded that they leave.

That wasn't the only time something like that happened, either. There were several other encounters where Danrique had put others' safety over his own.

He might seem cruel and unloving on the surface, but the truth was that he cared for the people around him deeply. That was why he could inspire loyalty among his men.

Francesca didn't think that a man as honorable as Danrique would kill an innocent person.

“Everyone calls me a bloodthirsty demon, and here you are, claiming that I am kind,” said Danrique. “You really are too innocent. You know that, right?”

“Nope, I don't know that at all,” insisted Francesca while pouting in annoyance. “I trust my instincts, and I know a good man when I see one.”

When Danrique saw how cute she looked, his lips curved into a sexy grin. He waved at her. "Come here."

While barefoot, Francesca crawled onto the desk like a cat.

Danrique dragged her into his embrace right away and had her sit on his lap. He kept his arm around her waist and used his free hand to pinch her chin to force her to look into his eyes.

"What if I were to tell you that I wanted to kill those people? What would you think of me then?"

"What would I think?" said Francesca. "You are mine, so naturally, I will trust you. You must have your reasons for wanting to kill them."

"That's true," replied Danrique as he nodded. "They laced the wine with poison and tried to kill me. All I did was return the favor."

"You..."

"I switched the wine glasses," said Danrique calmly. "They ended up drinking the very poison they got me. When they realized what was going on, they sent assassins after me, so I killed all of them."

It didn't look as though he were talking about a dark past when he spoke in such a casual manner. It was almost as if he were telling someone else's story.

Francesca's heart broke when she heard that.

Danrique kept everything simple and never cried over the injustice done to him, but anyone could imagine how difficult the situation was for a sixteen-year-old boy. His family failed to poison him, so they sent their subordinate to assassinate him...

Every crime he committed was only done to protect himself.

If he hadn't retaliated, he and all those who protected him would've died.

Heartbroken, Francesca hugged him to offer some comfort.

She knew that he was in pain and was sad. At the end of the day, he was only human and was being chased after by his family... There was no way that wouldn't hurt.

The only problem was that he was too good at hiding his emotions and pretending to be strong. At the same time, he was also good at letting go.

That was why he never bothered explaining anything to others and would simply let them assume that he was a bloodthirsty monster.

It seemed Danrique Lindberg never needed anybody else's approval... except the woman he loved.

"Did I scare you?" asked Danrique while caressing her face.

"No," answered Francesca. All she felt was heartache for him, and he could see that in her eyes.

"I shouldn't have told you any of this," murmured Danrique before he planted a kiss on her head. "Those memories just come flooding into my head suddenly because..."

"Because of William?" asked Francesca softly.

"Yeah," replied Danrique while nodding. "In a way, his situation is similar to the one I was in when I was younger. However, there is a slight difference though."

“I had my Aunt Isabella protecting me, and I was physically fit. That makes my past self luckier than him.

“The other difference is that I have only ever turned to my Aunt Isabella for help. I never turned to anyone else or owe any favors. I certainly never took advantage of or con others...”