

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2188

Gordon usually stood on the sidelines, but the moment he was on the field, he would either maim or kill.

What he had done this time was break Charlie's hand. With a loud crack of bones shattering, Charlie fell to the ground and screamed in pain.

Everyone was frightened out of their wits, including Silas, Monica, and the others.

The princes, too, had their eyes wide in disbelief.

Is this real? Did Danrique just hurt a prince in Danontand's palace? How can he be such an arrogant lunatic?

When the guards outside heard Charlie's shouts of pain, they darted inside with guns.

One of the princes pointed at Gordon and roared, "How dare you do this? Take him down!"

Gordon narrowed his eyes in response and began inching toward the prince who spoke.

Startled, the prince quickly retreated.

"Stand down," Federico coldly ordered.

"Your Majesty, he—"

"Shut up!" Federico gave them no chance to speak as he turned back to Danrique with a smile. "Mr. Lindberg, are you satisfied now?"

"No," Danrique answered. "Still, for Your Majesty's sake, I'll stop here for now."

Danrique made it sound as if he was upset and forced to make such a decision.

Although the smile on Federico's face remained, his eyes darkened. "Charlie is young and foolish. It's nothing unusual for one older in life to teach him a lesson."

"Of course." A small smile grew on Danrique's face. "Your Majesty, your kind heart stops you from giving him a lesson, so I'll have to play the villain."

"Hahaha!" Federico laughed boisterously. "Men, bring Charlie to the medics."

"Understood!" Silas hastily instructed his men to bring Charlie away.

The remaining princes began shifting nervously at the side as they looked at Danrique in fear.

They could not fathom why Danrique could have such a conceited demeanor despite being on their territory, nor why their king was so cautious around him.

Monica stood transfixed in her spot. She had long heard rumors about how the devil Danrique was a haughty and cruel man.

Now, she had finally witnessed him in action with her own two eyes.

"Mr. Lindberg, you've traveled far, so you must be tired," Federico politely stated. "Please take a seat first. I've prepared the best wine."

"Thank you, Your Majesty." Danrique then wrapped his arm around Francesca and led her to the seats.

Francesca finally recomposed herself, but her heart was still thumping loudly as she leaned toward Danrique's ear and murmured, "Why are you acting so snobbishly? Aren't you afraid you won't leave this place alive?"

"No," Danrique told her. "I have Erihal backing me up."

Monica's eyes widened in realization upon hearing that. Right, he's not only representing himself; he's representing Lindberg Corporation and Erihal as well.

Not everyone dared to cross a mighty country like Erihal.

However, Francesca only felt more worried when she heard Danrique's words. Her nosiness had involved Danrique, and now, Erihal as well.

Things were getting more and more complicated.

No wonder my master told me not to interact with politicians and royal family members. I couldn't understand it in the past, but now I do. I didn't heed any of Ms. Layla's advice either, but now that I know why I should, I've already stepped into the murky waters. It'll be too difficult for me to leave now.

Right then, the maids began serving the dinner.

Danrique was uninterested in the dinner despite the scrumptious and plentiful dishes on the table. He turned to Federico and uttered, "Your Majesty, why don't we head inside and have a talk instead?"

"It doesn't look like you have any appetite for the dinner I've asked my chef to specially prepare for you," Federico started with a smile. "All right. I'll ask my men to prepare the best tea while we talk inside."

"Thank you."

Federico sat in the main seat as Silas and the other princes stood behind him.

Meanwhile, Danrique led Francesca to sit opposite the king. After taking a cup of black tea from the maid, he sipped on it and said, "Yes, this tea is good."