

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2190

“Hahaha!”

Federico lifted his own cup to clink it against Danrique's before downing his drink. “Danrique, Francesca's naive, and I like it. Please do inform me when you marry her in the future. I'll surely send you a big gift!”

“Of course I will.” Danrique nodded, smiling. “But... Prince Charlie has dealt quite a heavy blow.”

The change in the topic came quickly and suddenly.

Even Francesca was taken aback by it.

So Danrique has already made public the news when I was being hunted down. I didn't know.

Federico's expression stiffened, and it took him a while before he recollected himself and said with an apologetic smile, “Charlie didn't know who Francesca was at the start. If he had, he wouldn't have laid a finger on her. Of course, this is partially my fault for not keeping an eye on him. My apologies.”

“How can I possibly blame you for this, Your Majesty?” A confused look crept upon Danrique's face. “There is one thing I don't quite understand. I've already announced her identity while she was getting hunted down. I don't know why the media in Danontand was so slow with their news coverage. That must be why you didn't know about her identity.”

“I really didn't,” Federico insisted grimly. “If I knew who she was, I wouldn't have allowed Charlie to do this. Most importantly, I heard the news from the outside saying that you were going to get engaged to the daughter of the Atkinsons.” Federico sighed. “Do you see the misunderstanding? Pah! The media is evil to have spread nonsense as news. I'm old too, and I was slow to realize that there were issues with the news coverage.”

“You're right, Your Majesty.” Danrique nodded. “It's understandable that you didn't understand the news. However, Prince Charlie seems young, and he has his own account on the internet. It looks like a party there too. He can't have not known about her, can he?”

“I...”

“At the end of the day, he just doesn't have much respect for me.”

Danrique heaved a deep sigh, seemingly resigned. “Young people nowadays are fearless once they have someone backing them up. They are nothing like us, who had to pave a way ourselves with our own hands.”

With that, Danrique crushed the teacup in his hand.

Crunch! The teacup shattered, and the tea sprayed all over him.

Francesca jumped in fright before whipping her head to the side to stare at him in surprise.

“It's true that Charlie wasn't thinking clearly when he did this,” Federico hastily blurted out. “The lesson you've taught him today has been a good one. Otherwise, he would have continued being a conceited boy.”

Federico was skillful with his words, too, for he had managed to draw a line between him and Charlie's incident in seconds.

That lesson Danrique had taught Charlie—that arm he had broken—would take at least three to five months before it could fully recover.

Furthermore, Danrique had broken Charlie's arm in front of the king and the other princes.

Federico was already offering Danrique due respect to not have commented on it at all.

What else does he want?

“My, Your Majesty, don't misunderstand me.” Danrique put on an innocent look. “I didn't say anything. The one who did it was my mindless subordinate.”

He then pointed at Gordon and asked, “Gordon, did I ask you to do anything?”

“No, sir.”

Regardless of how slow Gordon was to react, he could understand what Danrique wanted him to do—to become the scapegoat.

The king was dumbfounded by that, his eyes as wide as saucers as he stared at Danrique.

In contrast, Francesca was thrilled.

Oh my. Oh dear. I never knew how sly Danrique could be until now! Since the king says that Charlie's actions had nothing to do with him, Danrique can similarly say that Gordon acted on his own. He's giving Federico a taste of his own medicine! F-a-n-t-a-s-t-i-c!

“Idiot,” Danrique began cursing at Gordon. “How dare you hurt His Majesty's grandson? Pay with your life!”