

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1688

### Chapter 1688 The Rascal

"I know. I'm fine" Just like an adult, Robbie replied with a serious tone. "Be good and don't make a fuss, all right?"

"Okay, we understand."

The trio nodded at once.

"Go and play now." Robbie gestured with his chin. "And keep your voices down."

"Got it, Robbie."

Just as they spoke, the girls covered their mouths, worried that they would disturb Robbie with their loud voices.

After the maids led the children downstairs, everyone heaved a sigh of relief when peace returned to the house.

While Robbie was about to return to his room, he noticed Danrique giving him a look of approval from the end of the corridor.

"Uncle Dan, shall we talk?"

Robbie had something to discuss with him.

Breaking into a smile, Danrique ushered the boy into the study.

In response, Robbie followed him in.

Inside, a nurse carefully placed a piece of gauze over the indwelling needle on the back of Robbie's hand before leaving.

At the same time, a maid prepared some coffee and waited by the door.

"How's your injuries?"

Drinking his coffee, Danrique gave Robbie a gentle look.

Robbie's head was bandaged with blood faintly oozing out of his wound. His left wrist was dislocated while his legs were covered with lacerations.

On top of that, he had a bad cold. It was probably caused by the insufficient rest during his kidnap.

Nevertheless, Jesse didn't harm him given how important he was as a hostage. Most of his wounds were incurred in the process of his escape.

"It's just a scratch. There's nothing to worry about."

Despite being a seven-year-old, Robbie was as mature and steady as an adult.

"What would you like to discuss?" Danrique didn't like beating around the bush.

"Why are you keeping me here?" Robbie saw through him at once. "Are you trying to get my parents to exchange Aunt Francey for me?"

"Aunt Francey?" Danrique raised his brow in surprise. The address sounded foreign yet familiar to him.

"The girls' mommy." Robbie was aware of what was truly going on. "Is that right, Uncle Dan?"

"Mmm-hmm." Danrique nodded as he replied candidly, "I need to take her back."

"Threats don't work in relationships." Robbie frowned. "They will only end up causing more resentment."

"Kid, are you telling me what to do?" Danrique was amused by his answer.

"No matter what, this isn't going to work." Robbie couldn't be bothered to elaborate. "That being said, I'm cognizant that you won't hurt me. Furthermore, my daddy will definitely think of a way to rescue me."

The moment he finished, Robbie got to his feet and bowed at Danrique. After that, he swaggered out of the study.

Danrique cracked a faint smile as he watched Robbie's leaving silhouette.

Sean couldn't help but exclaim, "The kid holds great potential,"

"Indeed." Danrique sighed. "Wouldn't it be great if he was my son?"

"A nephew is a part of your family too," Sean comforted him at once. "Besides, you already have three cute little princesses."

"More like three little witches instead, just like their mom."

Danrique felt exasperated the moment he thought about them. In truth, he didn't particularly favor boys. It was just that he didn't know how to communicate with children.

Considering that Robbie had the presence of mind of an adult, Danrique had no trouble interacting with him. In fact, he felt that Robbie was easier to talk to than an ordinary person.

Unfortunately for him, not all children were like Robbie.

"Girls will always be more cheerful and cute," Sean remarked with a smile. "Also, they're still children now. Once they grow up, they'll be a lot more reserved."

"I definitely hope so."

After Danrique returned to his bedroom, he turned on the shower and stood underneath it. When he lowered his head to look at his sleeping "beast," he gritted his teeth as a cold glint flashed in his eye.

The thought of Francesca had caused a raging fire within him to torment his heart.

I'm not sure when she will be back, but I will definitely make her pay for the pain and humiliation she has wrought upon me.