

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1200

“Shut up right now!” Louis bellowed and flung away his glass in a fit of rage.

After jumping in surprise, Diana quickly kneeled on the floor to clear the broken pieces of the glass. She even stuck her firm and perky butt right at Louis in a seductive manner.

The man was stunned by her antics but quickly regained his composure and covered his forehead in annoyance. “Get out!”

“But Louis—”

“I said, get out!” he hollered in a fury. This was the first time he had ever lost his temper before Diana.

Shocked, Diana scurried out of his room with the tray hastily.

Sherlyn happened to be ascending the stairs when she saw Diana's exiting her son's room in a panic. She immediately demanded, “What happened?”

“Louis is trying to drink his woes away,” Diana explained, her eyes reddening. “I tried to persuade him to stop drinking, but he refused to listen and even yelled at me.”

“Why would he drink without reason?” Sherlyn questioned, a tad irritated.

Diana glanced around warily before inching nearer to whisper in her ear, “He must be in a foul mood after hearing some bad news.”

“What bad news?” Sherlyn pressed.

Still leaning close to her ear, Diana continued, "He heard Ms. Lindberg calling her ex-husband and addressed him 'Hubby.' She also told the kids that they were just friends, so there was no way they'd get married. That's why he—"

"That's outrageous!" Sherlyn raged.

Though she knew Charlotte did not love Louis, she never expected her to trample on her son's feelings.

Is she being arrogant because Zachary is about to come to F Nation?

"Aunt Sherlyn, why don't you give him some advice?" Diana suggested, seemingly concerned. "But don't mention those words again. He must've been so hurt by Charlotte."

In response, Sherlyn strode over to Louis' room and pushed the door open without hesitation. When she saw him slouching on the sofa, drinking silently, she fumed. "What the heck are you doing?"

"Mom? What are you doing here?" Louis asked in a low voice.

"What can you solve by drinking?" Sherlyn marched over and took the glass away from him. "Your father and I have always been proud of ourselves. How did we give birth to someone as useless as you?" the older woman barked.

"What did I do?" Louis seemed confused. "I'm just drinking—"

"The enemy is about to arrive, so you should perk up and show your stance!" Sherlyn rebuked. "Your wedding with Charlotte has been announced officially, and she's now your fiancée. You have the right to stop her from seeing Zachary if you wish. Just tell her about it. Why are you drinking your sorrows away?"

"I don't want to force her," he confessed bitterly. "Besides, I can't stop her. Even if I can, I can't stop Zachary."

"You..." Sherlyn was stumped for words. Louis might be intoxicated, but he was still in a clear state of mind.

Immediately, she tried to persuade him from a different point of view. "Don't worry. I assure you that your wedding will go on smoothly as planned. Charlotte will definitely get married to you!"

"Really?" Louis voiced excitedly. He soon calmed down and asked, "How can you be sure, though?"

"Just trust me on this," Sherlyn assured him confidently. "But be a good boy and stop drinking. Hurry, take a shower and go to bed. Tomorrow, cheer up and enjoy the magic show with the kids."

Louis thought his mother wanted him to accompany the children to win Charlotte over, so he nodded without thinking much. "Mm, got it."

"Help him with his shower."

"Yes."

After comforting Louis, Sherlyn left the room while sighing. Initially, she was still doubtful about her plan, but her resolve strengthened at the sight of her son's misery.

I need to give them a push so that the wedding will be held as planned.