

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1207

“Then why is he calling you at this hour?”

“You should ask him, not me. I have no idea!” Charlotte refused to continue talking about this, so she urged, “All right, leave now. We can talk tomorrow.”

Instead of doing as told, Louis picked up her phone and answered the call.

“You—”

“Hello.”

Before she could say anything, Zachary's voice came from the other end of the line.

Furrowing her brows, Charlotte glared at Louis before answering, “What is it?”

“Tonight, I...” Zachary was about to say something but suddenly changed his mind. “You sound different. What's wrong?”

“I'll hang up if you've got nothing to say.”

Charlotte was about to end the call when Louis interjected indignantly, “Why are you in such a hurry? Are you afraid he'll find out that we're together?”

“Louis!” She stared at him in disbelief. I can't believe he just said that!

“Louis?” Zachary's voice rang out.

“Yes, it's me.” Glaring at Charlotte, Louis responded furiously, “Zachary, she's my fiancée now! Please stay away from her!”

With that, he ended the call.

“Louis, do you have any idea what you're doing?” Charlotte finally lost her temper. Anger bubbled up in her chest as she demanded, “Even if he did call, it must be about the children. Why did you do that?”

“Why didn't he call in the day to talk about the children? Why at this hour?” Louis retorted. “Why did you treat me coldly when you found out he's going to come here?”

“You're drunk. I can't get through you.” Charlotte refused to continue the conversation. “Please leave, now!”

Sorrow overwhelmed Louis when he saw how heartless she was treating him. At the same time, a strange impulse coursed through his body, making him extremely frustrated.

“Why are you in a hurry to kick me out?” He grabbed her shoulders, seemingly heartbroken at her action. “I love you so much. Can't you feel it?”

“Louis—”

Her reply was cut short by Louis' attempt to kiss her.

Charlotte panicked and tried to shove him away, but she was not his match, and he refused to release his grip on her.

In haste, she gave him a tight slap across his cheek.

Slap! Louis was rooted to the spot.

Furious, Charlotte barked to chase him out of her room.

“Get out right...” However, her voice trailed off upon seeing the blood trickling out of Louis' nose, staining his pristine white suit.

“Charlotte, I'm sorry. I don't know what happened. Perhaps it's because I'm too drunk.” Louis regained his senses from the slap and hung his head low in embarrassment.

He was about to head out when footsteps sounded from outside. A maid had come upstairs.

Covering his bleeding nose, he came to a halt, clearly at a loss.

“Clean yourself in the bathroom,” Charlotte urged. She then quickly apologized, “I'm sorry. I didn't do that on purpose.”

I didn't slap him that hard. Why did he get a nosebleed that easily?

“Oh, okay.” Louis hurried into the bathroom.

Feeling her head throbbing, Charlotte slumped on the sofa and placed a palm on her forehead grouchily.

I thought it was all right to agree to marry him. After all, I won't fall in love again. It was all for my family, especially Danrique's sake. Back then, it sounded like an excellent opportunity to avoid Zachary. I only realize now that some things can't be forced. Even if the entire world buys my lie, I can't lie to myself. I can't pretend to like Louis nor be intimate with him. I can't even put up an enthusiastic front before him. I just can't.

Frustrated, Charlotte felt parched. She grabbed the glass on the table and downed the water. Only after her third glass was her thirst quelled.

Exhaustion took over her, and she slowly dozed off on the sofa.