

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1215

Zachary was slumped on a couch in the study room, his eyes downcast.

It was impossible to tell what was responsible for his cold, murderous gaze.

Bruce scrunched his brows in concern as he whispered, "He looks like he's about to kill someone."

Ben seemed more optimistic about the situation as he replied, "He won't. He's a lot calmer after that harrowing incident."

The words had barely left his mouth when someone opened the door from the outside. A familiar voice drifted in. "Zachary!"

It was Louis.

He had come to explain things for fear that Zachary would make things difficult for Charlotte.

Louis was fraught with nerves as he entered the room carefully. Even his voice shook as he called out his greeting earlier.

Zachary lifted his head slowly and stared coldly at Louis, looking like a predator scrutinizing its unfortunate prey.

Louis decided to defuse the tension in the room by mentioning Zachary's children. "Where's Jamie? Robbie and Ellie miss him dearly, and they've been hoping to meet him soon."

Zachary continued glaring at Louis wordlessly as the hands he had placed on his thighs gradually clenched into fists.

Still, Louis pushed on with his agenda and added, "Since you're already here, you're welcome to stay for a few more days. This way, the children can spend more time with each other--"

"They're my children!" Zachary seethed, finally breaking his silence. "You have no right to organize their lives."

"That's not what I meant. What I'm trying to say is--"

"Enough!" Zachary interrupted his meek defense. "Now tell me everything about last night; you'd better have a darn good explanation for what happened."

Louis sat obediently on a couch facing Zachary and launched into an explanation. "We were watching a magician troupe's performance last night, and Charlotte and I got drunk."

He suddenly paused in the middle of his words and said, "Wait, why should I be explaining anything to you? Charlotte and I are getting married soo--"

"She's my woman!" Zachary roared furiously

Stunned by his outburst, Louis stared at him silently.

"You're mistaken."

Sherlyn had shown up just then as Louis' cavalry.

“You may have been with Charlotte in the past, but all of that is history. We made a public announcement regarding Louis and Charlotte's marriage two months ago; Charlotte even made the statement herself. They're getting married in a week.”

Instead of looking at Sherlyn, Zachary frowned and continued to interrogate Louis, “Is there anything else you'd like to say?”

“There's nothing left to say.” Louis glanced at him timidly and lowered his head. “We got drunk, and then things just happened.”

Sherlyn chimed in, “They're adults, for heaven's sake. Nothing's wrong if they slept together. Besides, you're her ex-husband; you don't have a say in their relationship. Why should Louis be explaining things-”

Crash!

Zachary slammed his fists on the glass coffee table before him, shattering it.

His action had Sherlyn shuddering in fear, utterly tongue-tied.

Meanwhile, Louis trembled and instinctively scooted backward.

The atmosphere in the study room instantly chilled by several degrees.

“D-Don't do anything stupid now,” Sherlyn said fearfully. “We're in F Nation.”

“Lady Sherlyn, please leave.” Zachary's request was nothing more than a thinly-veiled command.

He seemed even more menacing as he wiped off the blood and glass shards on his hand with a wet towel.

“Why should I leave?”

“Lady Sherlyn, please leave.”

Just then, Charlotte's voice rang out, sounding a lot calmer than Zachary.

She added for good measure, “I promise that nothing will happen to Louis.”

With that, Charlotte entered the study room slowly, her gaze landing on Zachary. Her heart swirled with an array of conflicting emotions.