

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1216

Zachary seemed different from the last time Charlotte saw him two months ago.

He had lost a lot of weight, causing his features to become more defined than before. The knuckles on his hands seemed unusually prominent, while his sunken eyes conveyed a hollow, depressed gaze.

Zachary's carefully-styled hair had become long, messy locks, making him seem wilder and more mysterious than ever.

Charlotte's heart ached at the sight.

She felt deeply regretful when she saw his heartbroken gaze.

When Zachary lifted his head, she immediately retracted her gaze. She did not want him to notice that she had been staring.

Steeling herself, Charlotte cooled her demeanor and ignored his gaze. She lowered her eyes and walked further into the room.

Sherlyn exclaimed, "Charlotte! You've arrived just in time. Please explain everything to Mr. Nacht. He seems to have some sort of misunderstanding about Louis, or he might've been too busy and missed the news of your engagement. Why, he thought Louis took advantage of you, and he's interrogating him right now!"

"Mom..." Louis warned, "Please leave. We'll talk things through with Zachary, and you shouldn't be involved."

"What are you rushing me for?" Sherlyn eyed her son disapprovingly before assuming the persona of a welcoming host and addressing Zachary instead. "Mr. Nacht, welcome to our manor. You and Louis are

great friends, and I'm happy to have you here as a guest. Feel free to stay for a few more days, so that you'll be around for Louis' wedding as well!"

Sherlyn's invitation reeked of insincerity and condescension.

"Mom, stop it."

Louis glanced at Zachary nervously and tried to push his mother out of the study room.

"Why are you pushing me?" Zachary's non-reaction fueled Sherlyn's insolence as she added, "This is my house, and I'm the host. I have every right to welcome him-"

"Mom, that's enough," Louis cut in and finally pushed his mother out the door.

Tensions remained high in the study room. Zachary had not exploded earlier because he did not care for Sherlyn's words at all; it had nothing to do with a good temper.

He only cared about Charlotte's opinion.

"I'm still waiting for an explanation," he said hoarsely, staring at Charlotte with an indecipherable gaze.

I'll believe whatever she says. I'll believe it over anything I saw with my own two eyes.

Charlotte refused to meet his gaze as she replied, "There's nothing left to explain. We have nothing to do with each other, and anything I do is none of your business."

Her calm words hurt Zachary more than Sherlyn's insults ever would.

He could let any insult slide off his back, but he was powerless in the face of Charlotte's words, which felt like daggers stabbing straight through his heart.

Zachary asked cautiously, "So, last night, did you and Louis really-"

He cut his sentence short as the scene he had witnessed the night before crossed his mind. The pain in his heart was unbearable.

The study room became eerily silent as he awaited Charlotte's answer.

Charlotte kept her head lowered as her hands kneaded her dress anxiously. She had no idea how to answer him. She wanted so badly to tell him that nothing had happened, yet last night's memories seemed to evade her.

I could tell him that I don't remember what happened last night, but it's just going to come across as a lame joke. He'll never believe that.

"Tell me!" Zachary suddenly shouted, his patience running thin.

His bellow frightened Louis, who had headed back to the study room after ushering his mother out.

"Louis, you need to take care of yourself!" Sherlyn stuffed something into his hands before she left.