

## MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1218

“Everything I did was a joke to you! An utter joke!” Zachary's voice had lost its usual charm. Instead, it had turned hoarse with dejection.

He sounded both sad and spiteful.

Charlotte refused to allow her heart to soften. “We could never go back to the way things used to be. It's far too late.”

“Look at me, Charlotte.” Zachary desperately clung to his hopes for a reunion. He cupped her cheeks and forced her to meet his gaze. “Tell me you were forced and sabotaged. As long as you didn't agree to any of this, I'll forgive you!”

At that moment, Zachary had sunk to the lowest point of his life.

He had never begged so pitifully for a woman before, to the point of tossing aside all his pride. Nonetheless, it was a worthwhile sacrifice if he could regain her trust and love.

Charlotte's eyes welled with tears as she took in his bloodshot eyes.

She had never seen him in such anguish, and she could not help but sympathize with him.

Regret and hatred filled her soul, urging her to confess that she had not voluntarily agreed to this marriage, that she had no idea what had happened.

“Talk to me!” Zachary bellowed impatiently. He needed to hear the words from her own mouth.

I'll believe anything she says.

"I-I-" Charlotte was about to say something when Zachary stiffened at the sight of the bruises along her neck and collarbone.

He tore apart her blouse viciously, and his world came crashing down the moment he saw the hickeys littered on her chest.

Charlotte followed his gaze and froze, realizing that she had no way of explaining herself now.

"Charlotte! Y-You! How could you do this to me? Why would you?" Zachary was going mad with rage.

He suddenly punched a fist forward, causing Charlotte to close her eyes and wince subconsciously.

The fist whooshed past her and landed in an antique vase behind her.

The vase instantly shattered into pieces, some of which landed on Charlotte's face and body. One of the pieces slashed her cheek, and blood trickled down her face.

Zachary's bloody fist was full of cuts.

Morgan tried to rush to Charlotte's aid but to no avail as Marino continued holding her back.

"Zachary, what the hell are you doing?" Louis finally lost his composure and whipped out the gun in his sleeve. He yelled, "Let go of her!"

Ben was taken aback at his actions, having never expected the typically gentle Louis to point a gun at someone else.

He had perhaps lowered his guard far too much against Louis.

“Sir Louis, please stay calm and put the gun down,” coaxed Ben.

Louis seemed impervious to the bodyguard's words as he continued pointing the gun shakily at Zachary. “I said, let go of Charlotte! She's my fiancée, and I won't allow you to treat her like this!”

“Your fiancée?” Zachary sneered, though he gradually loosened his hold on Charlotte. Turning around, he stared at Louis patronizingly and said, “You were still out of the picture when she was giving birth to our kids.”

“Y-You,” Louis sputtered awkwardly.

Zachary swiped the gun from his hand in a flash. He pointed it at Louis' chest. “I treated you like my brother, but you stole my woman, and now you're here pointing a gun at me!”

Louis' eyes widened in fear. “I-” The words froze up in his throat.

Zachary switched off the safety and threatened, “I'll kill you right now, and she won't have to walk down the aisle. Go to hell!”

“No!” Charlotte ran forward and stood between him and Louis. “Zachary, don't be rash.”

He clenched his jaw and glared at her. “You're protecting him? Do you think I won't shoot you?”

Charlotte explained hurriedly, “Don't do anything stupid. There are royal forces from F Nation surrounding this place. You shouldn't put yourself at risk for me.”