MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 1246

With a sharpened gaze, Zachary launched a kick at Louis.

Spewing out a mouthful of blood, Louis crashed onto the ground.

"Do you really think that I don't dare to kill you?" Zachary glared ferociously at Louis. "Let me tell you. If I had wanted to do so, you would have been dead in your home, let alone in F Nation."

"Zachary, you..." Seized by rage, Louis spat out another mouthful of blood.

"Sir Louis!" At that moment, Louis' subordinates came to help him. They questioned Zachary, "Mr. Nacht, how can you do this to Sir Louis? Aren't you friends?"

"Friends?" Zachary sneered. "I treated him as my friend. But, he stole my woman."

"Charlotte is my fiancée. She's mine!" Louis roared adamantly.

"Do you still want to marry her despite the fact that she has just slept with me?" Zachary triggered him on purpose.

"You..." Louis raged hysterically, "I'm going to kill you!"

"As if you can." Zachary taunted him at every turn.

"Gather my men and soldiers here, I'm going to kill this b*stard right now!"

Louis had gone berserk.

Wrapping herself with the blanket, Charlotte walked up to Louis and struck his neck, rendering him unconscious.

Suddenly, silence filled the air.

"Take your Duke home," Charlotte ordered Louis' subordinates.

"Yes." They left with him at once.

When Charlotte gave Lupine a look, she quickly followed them out. She then gave Gordon's men a call and instructed them to escort Louis safely home.

If something were to happen to him along the journey, it would significantly complicate matters.

After that, everyone was asked to leave.

Back in the room, only Charlotte, Zachary, Lupine, and Ben remained.

"Zachary, you've got guts." Charlotte gritted her teeth as she glared at him. "Are you satisfied now? Have you vented enough?"

"Not even close." With a cigar between his fingers, Zachary held his wine glass without even looking at Charlotte.

"What will it take before I'm allowed to see my children?" Holding back her anger, Charlotte demanded, "State your conditions!"

After a brief silence, Zachary replied, "Cancel the wedding and swear to never marry again!"

Stunned, Charlotte stared at him in bewilderment. "Why? What has my marriage got anything to do with you? What gives you the right to control me?"

"It appears that you have no intention of seeing the children," Zachary mocked. "Didn't you ask me for my conditions? And yet, you can't even meet this simple request of mine."

"Those are my children. You have no right to stop me from seeing them," Charlotte screamed furiously.

"I don't care. What are you going to do about it?"

Stonewalling her, Zachary was in no mood for reason.

"You..." Charlotte was outraged.

"Are you that desperate to get married?" Zachary questioned her instead. "After what happened tonight, do you think Louis would still want to marry you?"

"Whether he or I want to get married or not has nothing to do with you. You have no right to interfere in my private affairs." Charlotte was incensed.

"Hmm, in that case, go ahead and enjoy your freedom."

Having no intention to discuss the matter any further, Zachary walked toward the bathroom.

"Zachary..." When Charlotte wanted to stop him, Ben persuaded her, "Ms. Lindberg, Mr. Nacht is blinded by anger right now. Whatever you say will only fall on deaf ears. Why don't you go back first."

"Exactly. Let's just leave first, okay?"

Lupine put a jacket over Charlotte.

She sympathized with Charlotte when she saw how Charlotte's negotiations ended in her being in a pathetic state. Nevertheless, she was cognizant that reason sometimes just couldn't prevail.

Looking miserable, Charlotte had no choice but to leave.

"Ms. Lindberg," Ben called out to her suddenly. He softly reminded, "Morgan and her subordinates have been asked to leave. There's no way the three of them are enough to take the children from Bruce."

"What are you saying? Are you looking down on the Lindberg family?" Lupine snapped.

"That's not what I meant." Furrowing his brows, Ben explained, "Trying to take them by force isn't going to work. You have to slog it out."