

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1200

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“Shut up right now!” Louis bellowed and flung away his glass in a fit of rage.

After jumping in surprise, Diana quickly kneeled on the floor to clear the broken pieces of the glass. She even stuck her firm and perky butt right at Louis in a seductive manner.

The man was stunned by her antics but quickly regained his composure and covered his forehead in annoyance. “Get out!”

“But Louis—”

“I said, get out!” he hollered in a fury. This was the first time he had ever lost his temper before Diana.

Shocked, Diana scurried out of his room with the tray hastily.

Sherlyn happened to be ascending the stairs when she saw Diana’s exiting her son’s room in a panic. She immediately demanded, “What happened?”

“Louis is trying to drink his woes away,” Diana explained, her eyes reddening. “I tried to persuade him to stop drinking, but he refused to listen and even yelled at me.”

“Why would he drink without reason?” Sherlyn questioned, a tad irritated.

Diana glanced around warily before inching nearer to whisper in her ear, “He must be in a foul mood after hearing some bad news.”

“What bad news?” Sherlyn pressed.

Still leaning close to her ear, Diana continued, “He heard Ms. Lindberg calling her ex-husband and addressed him ‘Hubby.’ She

also told the kids that they were just friends, so there was no way they'd get married. That's why he—"

"That's outrageous!" Sherlyn raged.

Though she knew Charlotte did not love Louis, she never expected her to trample on her son's feelings.

Is she being arrogant because Zachary is about to come to F Nation?

"Aunt Sherlyn, why don't you give him some advice?" Diana suggested, seemingly concerned. "But don't mention those words again. He must've been so hurt by Charlotte."

In response, Sherlyn strode over to Louis' room and pushed the door open without hesitation. When she saw him slouching on the sofa, drinking silently, she fumed. "What the heck are you doing?"

"Mom? What are you doing here?" Louis asked in a low voice.

"What can you solve by drinking?" Sherlyn marched over and took the glass away from him. "Your father and I have always been proud of ourselves. How did we give birth to someone as useless as you?" the older woman barked.

"What did I do?" Louis seemed confused. "I'm just drinking—"

"The enemy is about to arrive, so you should perk up and show your stance!" Sherlyn rebuked. "Your wedding with Charlotte has been announced officially, and she's now your fiancée. You have the right to stop her from seeing Zachary if you wish. Just tell her about it. Why are you drinking your sorrows away?"

"I don't want to force her," he confessed bitterly. "Besides, I can't stop her. Even if I can, I can't stop Zachary."

"You..." Sherlyn was stumped for words. Louis might be intoxicated, but he was still in a clear state of mind.

Immediately, she tried to persuade him from a different point of view. "Don't worry. I assure you that your wedding will go on

smoothly as planned. Charlotte will definitely get married to you!”

“Really?” Louis voiced excitedly. He soon calmed down and asked, “How can you be sure, though?”

“Just trust me on this,” Sherlyn assured him confidently. “But be a good boy and stop drinking. Hurry, take a shower and go to bed. Tomorrow, cheer up and enjoy the magic show with the kids.”

Louis thought his mother wanted him to accompany the children to win Charlotte over, so he nodded without thinking much. “Mm, got it.”

“Help him with his shower.”

“Yes.”

After comforting Louis, Sherlyn left the room while sighing. Initially, she was still doubtful about her plan, but her resolve strengthened at the sight of her son’s misery.

I need to give them a push so that the wedding will be held as planned.

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The weather was nice on the following day.

In the morning, the children woke up and promptly went to Sherlyn, asking if the magician troupe had arrived.

Laughing, she told them the troupe was on their way.

The kids were delighted. At breakfast, they told Charlotte all about the magician troupe enthusiastically.

Charlotte casually asked what the magician troupe was all about, so Sherlyn explained it to her briefly.

Her answer stunned Charlotte. Although she had heard from Ellie that a magician troupe was arriving at the manor to perform for them, she had no idea it would be such a big scale.

More than a dozen staff would be entering the manor with their equipment and setting up a stage for their performance at night.

This means the assassins from Erihal will get a chance to sneak into the manor. That's dangerous!

At that thought, Charlotte hastened to convince Sherlyn to cancel the magician troupe's performance or at least get only a few of them to perform at a smaller scale.

Alas, Sherlyn was adamant about having the magic performance. She claimed it was not nice to break her promise when she had given the children her word. Besides, the magician troupe was about to reach the manor.

As she said that, someone came to report that the magician troupe had arrived at the gate.

Before Charlotte could say anything, Sherlyn relayed orders that they were to be let in. She even told her subordinate to receive the magician troupe.

Thus, Charlotte said nothing else to dissuade her, merely reminding the kids not to go to the garden before the stage was set up, for it might be a hazard.

The children nodded obediently.

Sherlyn frowned, making no attempt to hide her displeasure. "Charlotte, you're being too uptight. Our employees are scattered around the manor, so the kids will be fine. I've invited the magician troupe so many times, and they're practically my friends. Why are you so worried?"

"Of course not, Lady Sherlyn," Charlotte offered an explanation urgently. "I'm not worried. It's just that Danrique will be arriving in a few days to pick the kids up, so I have to be extra careful. If anything happens to them, I can't explain to him."

As she used Danrique as an excuse, Sherlyn could not reprimand her. "Well, I suppose you're right. It doesn't hurt to be careful." In the end, she relented.

She then hollered at her bodyguards and subordinates, "Everyone, pay attention. Today, as outsiders will be entering our manor, keep your guard up, especially when it concerns the children's safety. If something happens to them, I shall hold you accountable!"

"Yes!" everyone answered with a polite bow.

"Thank you, Lady Sherlyn." Charlotte put her fork down and wiped her mouth elegantly. "I'm done with the meal, and I'd like to take a walk in the garden."

"Sure. Go ahead." Sherlyn nodded.

"Charlotte, I'll come with you," Louis offered at once, standing up from his chair.

"No need. I have to call Danrique." Charlotte rejected his offer almost immediately.

With that, he sank back into his chair, utterly dejected. It occurred to him that Charlotte had been treating him more and more coldly for the past few days.

Sherlyn frowned at him, losing her appetite.

"Kids, should we go play now?"

Morgan brought the kids to their playroom, and Robbie returned to his room to continue his online class.

Louis, Sherlyn, and their subordinates were left in the dining room.

Sherlyn comforted her son, "Louis, perk up. The more you act this way, the more you'll repel her."

"I know." Louis inclined his head and cheered himself on. "I'll spend some time with the children."

“Go, then.”

Seeing how defeated he looked, Sherlyn could not help but sigh to herself. Though Louis had never been really successful for his entire life, she had never seen him so discouraged before.

If this isn't dealt with in a proper manner, I'm afraid he'll lose his confidence forever.

“Aunt Sherlyn,” Diana called out as she scurried over to Sherlyn. She then bent slightly to whisper in the latter's ear, “Everything's ready.”

“Be careful. The Lindberg family planted a lot of spies here,” warned the duchess softly.

“Got it.”