

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 1206

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

“Louis, I’m going back to my room to rest.” Charlotte made up her mind. “You should return to watch the show.”

“I need a rest too.” Louis fanned himself. “I don’t know why, but I feel a little hot.”

“All right. Let’s head back together.”

They returned to the villa together. Before Charlotte could enter her room, Louis stopped her. “Charlotte, I need to talk to you.”

“We can talk tomorrow.” The woman held her temples, drained of energy.

“I’m afraid I’ll lose the courage to say anything tomorrow,” Louis confessed, sounding despondent. “Now that there’s liquid courage in me, I’d like to talk to you.”

Charlotte could not bring herself to reject him, so she caved in. “All right. Come on in then.”

Louis entered her room after her.

Her two female bodyguards were also about to head in, but Louis’ bodyguard stopped them. “The couple wishes to talk in private. I don’t think it’s appropriate for you two to be inside the room, right?”

“But...” Charlotte’s bodyguards glanced at her hesitantly.

“Leave us alone,” Charlotte commanded.

“Yes!” The bodyguards left as instructed.

After slamming the door shut, Charlotte poured two glasses of water. She offered one to Louis and sat down on the sofa to drink hers.

“Charlotte,” Louis uttered, gazing at her affectionately. He then proceeded to reveal his true feelings for her. “Do you know how delighted I was when you agreed to marry me? My dream is finally coming true! Our wedding will be held eight days later—”

“Louis,” Charlotte cut him short. She frowned and continued, “If that’s what you want to say, you can do it another day. I’m too tired and wish to go to bed.”

“You’ve been so cold to me lately,” he complained wistfully. “Is it because Zachary’s arriving soon?”

“Can you stop acting like a child?” she snapped impatiently. “I’ve been honest with you from the start—I don’t have romantic feelings for you. If you insist on marrying me, you have to consider it carefully.”

“Yes, you’ve warned me, and I understand.” Louis could not seem to hide his grievance. “I’ve been trying so hard to close the distance between us. I thought you’d be touched by my efforts, but you remained unfazed no matter what I did. On the contrary, I think you’re drifting apart from me.”

The more he spoke, the more agitated he became. In a choking voice, he pleaded, “Charlotte, please be honest with me. Do you still love Zachary? Are you going to get back together with him?”

“That’s enough!” Charlotte did not want to hear any more of it. “Tonight isn’t a good time for us to talk. We can continue the conversation tomorrow.”

She placed her glass down with a thud. “I need to go to bed. Good night!” It was clearly an order to leave.

“I’m sorry for acting rashly. If I’ve upset you, please accept my apology,” Louis apologized instantly.

He was back to his cowardly self. Though an unknown fire was blazing within his body, arousing his desire, he dared not lay a finger on Charlotte.

"I hope I didn't affect your mood. Goodbye, and see you tomorrow."

Louis was all ready to leave when the phone on the coffee table rang. The caller ID showed that it was a call from Zachary.

Charlotte was startled. Why is Zachary calling me at this hour?

At the sight of the man's name, Louis exploded with anger. "Charlotte, did you kick me out so that you can answer his call? Didn't you tell me you've broken up with him and that you'll never get back together with him ever again? Why is he calling you this late?"

"Louis, what's wrong with you today?" she demanded.

He's acting strange tonight. Usually, Louis is a polite gentleman. No matter what, he'll choose to communicate in a sensible manner. He has never acted this capriciously before.

"Don't forget that you're my fiancée, Charlotte," Louis roared. "You announced our wedding to the public yourself. You can't do this to me!"

"Louis, are you drunk?" Charlotte rolled her eyes. "I didn't cheat on you, did I? Why are you so agitated?"

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1207

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

"Then why is he calling you at this hour?"

"You should ask him, not me. I have no idea!" Charlotte refused to continue talking about this, so she urged, "All right, leave now. We can talk tomorrow."

Instead of doing as told, Louis picked up her phone and answered the call.

"You—"

"Hello."

Before she could say anything, Zachary's voice came from the other end of the line.

Furrowing her brows, Charlotte glared at Louis before answering, "What is it?"

"Tonight, I..." Zachary was about to say something but suddenly changed his mind. "You sound different. What's wrong?"

"I'll hang up if you've got nothing to say."

Charlotte was about to end the call when Louis interjected indignantly, "Why are you in such a hurry? Are you afraid he'll find out that we're together?"

"Louis!" She stared at him in disbelief. I can't believe he just said that!

"Louis?" Zachary's voice rang out.

"Yes, it's me." Glaring at Charlotte, Louis responded furiously, "Zachary, she's my fiancée now! Please stay away from her!"

With that, he ended the call.

"Louis, do you have any idea what you're doing?" Charlotte finally lost her temper. Anger bubbled up in her chest as she demanded, "Even if he did call, it must be about the children. Why did you do that?"

"Why didn't he call in the day to talk about the children? Why at this hour?" Louis retorted. "Why did you treat me coldly when you found out he's going to come here?"

"You're drunk. I can't get through you." Charlotte refused to continue the conversation. "Please leave, now!"

Sorrow overwhelmed Louis when he saw how heartless she was treating him. At the same time, a strange impulse coursed through his body, making him extremely frustrated.

“Why are you in a hurry to kick me out?” He grabbed her shoulders, seemingly heartbroken at her action. “I love you so much. Can’t you feel it?”

“Louis—”

Her reply was cut short by Louis’ attempt to kiss her.

Charlotte panicked and tried to shove him away, but she was not his match, and he refused to release his grip on her.

In haste, she gave him a tight slap across his cheek.

Slap! Louis was rooted to the spot.

Furious, Charlotte barked to chase him out of her room.

“Get out right...” However, her voice trailed off upon seeing the blood trickling out of Louis’ nose, staining his pristine white suit.

“Charlotte, I’m sorry. I don’t know what happened. Perhaps it’s because I’m too drunk.” Louis regained his senses from the slap and hung his head low in embarrassment.

He was about to head out when footsteps sounded from outside. A maid had come upstairs.

Covering his bleeding nose, he came to a halt, clearly at a loss.

“Clean yourself in the bathroom,” Charlotte urged. She then quickly apologized, “I’m sorry. I didn’t do that on purpose.”

I didn’t slap him that hard. Why did he get a nosebleed that easily?

“Oh, okay.” Louis hurried into the bathroom.

Feeling her head throbbing, Charlotte slumped on the sofa and placed a palm on her forehead grouchily.

I thought it was all right to agree to marry him. After all, I won't fall in love again. It was all for my family, especially Danrique's sake. Back then, it sounded like an excellent opportunity to avoid Zachary. I only realize now that some things can't be forced. Even if the entire world buys my lie, I can't lie to myself. I can't pretend to like Louis nor be intimate with him. I can't even put up an enthusiastic front before him. I just can't.

Frustrated, Charlotte felt parched. She grabbed the glass on the table and downed the water. Only after her third glass was her thirst quelled.

Exhaustion took over her, and she slowly dozed off on the sofa.

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1208

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort](#)

In the bathroom, Louis splashed cold water onto his face until his nosebleed stopped. He stared at his reflection in the mirror and gradually became sober.

Recalling his prior actions, he squirmed.

I've always been a gentleman. What happened today? Why did I become this bold? I even tried to take advantage of Charlotte. That was horrible of me!

Louis reprimanded himself silently as he tried to clean his clothes in exasperation.

His white suit was stained with blood. If he were to leave Charlotte's room right now, the maids would definitely see the bloodstain and inform his mother.

I'm her only son, so she dotes on me a lot. If she sees me in this state, she might get upset and reprimand Charlotte. Their relationship might sour if that were to happen.

At that thought, Louis went back to cleaning his clothes hurriedly.

The water flowed from the faucet noisily, drowning the sounds outside, so he was unaware of the intruder.

After entering the room quietly, Diana locked the door.

Delight flashed across her eyes when she saw Charlotte was fast asleep. She then glanced at the bathroom carefully and made sure the water was still running before heading toward the sofa.

Swiftly, she poured a packet of powder into a glass and shook it lightly to make sure it had dissolved before feeding Charlotte the spiked water.

Then, she dragged Charlotte into the closet and hid the latter inside.

Right at that moment, the sound of flowing water ceased. In a panic, Diana switched off the lights on the bedside table, took off her clothes, and dived onto the bed.

“Charlotte, I can’t wash the blood off my blazer. It should be fine if I remove it and leave with just my shirt on, right?” Louis asked as he stepped out of the bathroom.

He stopped, realizing that the lights were switched off. The only light source was the dim emergency lights from the closet.

“Charlotte?” Louis was confused. “Why did you switch the lights off?”

“Mm...” A low sound came from the woman on the bed. It seemed that she was moaning in a state of drunkenness.

“Are you all right?” Thinking that Charlotte was drunk, Louis carefully made his way over to the bed. “Why are you lying in bed? Are you feeling unwell?”

Diana dared not utter a word. She was afraid Louis might recognize her once she said something.

Louis finished that glass of water earlier. Why is he still conscious now?

“Are you still mad at me?” Louis sounded guilty. “I have no idea why I lost control of myself earlier. I’m really sorry. Please forgive me.”

Saying nothing, the woman in bed turned slightly, exposing her long legs and half of her perky butt.

It was obvious that she wanted to seduce Louis.

Louis halted at the sight of the long legs. The fire inside of him lit up all of a sudden, and he felt his nether regions stirring.

However, he swiftly looked away and reminded himself. No, you can’t do this, Louis. Seriously, what is wrong with me today? It feels like there’s a worm in my body, and it’s making me extra restless.

The last shred of consciousness in him stopped him from forcing himself on Charlotte.

I love Charlotte, so I can’t take advantage of her when she’s feeling unwell.

“Charlotte, I have to go. I’ll ask Lupine to come in and take care of you.”

As he turned to leave, a hand slipped out from under the duvet and grabbed his.

“Charlotte!” Louis was startled. Before he could do anything, he was pulled onto the bed, and something soft was pressed against his lips.

At the same time, a pair of slender and smooth hands slipped underneath his clothes and roamed everywhere.

Louis’ eyes widened in disbelief as his body tensed. Burning passion rose within him and took over his entire being. He could not suppress his desire anymore.

No longer rational, he pinned the woman underneath him and showered her with wild and passionate kisses.



