

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1253

Charlotte frowned. "I'll do it myself. Please bring in my clothes instead."

"All right." Diana hung her head before preparing to leave.

Right then, Charlotte realized that Diana's toes were painted with red polish, and the nail polish on one of her big toes was chipped.

All of a sudden, she recalled the clue she had found at Arkfield manor. Could it be that it was Diana who entered my room that night?

"Ms. Lindberg, here's your clothes." Diana handed them over.

"Thank you," Charlotte said before closing the door and started showering.

As she showered, she thought about what happened back then. The more she mulled over it, the more fishy things seemed. At that, she told herself that she had to uncover the truth no matter what.

However, the day after the next was the wedding. By the next day, she would have to come to a conclusion. Therefore, she had to find out the answer as quickly as possible.

After the shower, Charlotte dried her hair in the bathroom. Then, she put on a white robe and stepped out of the room.

Even though she was barefaced, she was still as stunning as ever.

Diana stared at her with jealousy apparent in her eyes. Although she, too, was beautiful, the charming demeanor that Charlotte had was something she could never have.

"Sir Louis, Ms. Lindberg is here," Avril said.

Louis slowly came to, and he groggily squinted. When he saw Charlotte, he froze for a second. Then, he turned agitated and yelled, "How... How could you do this to me? Why did you do it?"

"Sir Louis!" Avril hastily consoled him. "Calm down. Please calm down."

"Louis, have some water." Diana walked over to feed him some.

However, Louis shoved her away and struggled upright before questioning Charlotte, "I love you so much. So why did you do this to me? Why?"

Charlotte frowned, but she stayed silent as she looked at him.

To say that she felt no remorse at all was a lie. She was partly to blame for making Louis turn from an innocent and gentle individual into the hysterical person that he was now.

If she had known that this was what would happen, she would not have agreed to the marriage.

"Why? Why?"

Louis began crying. He wailed, his heart breaking and his soul in despair.

Louis had always had an easy life. He had never come across any obstacles too big for him to cross. Furthermore, he was brought up with strict parenting, and he was a simple-minded person. Thus, he was stubborn in his views of love.

Charlotte was the first person he had ever fallen in love with.

He had taken years to court her. And right as he had finally gotten her, he saw her under another man.

It was a devastating blow to him, to say the least.

"Louis, don't cry."

Diana's heart ached to see him upset. She wanted to console him, but her outstretched arm retracted a second later.

Her actions did not go unnoticed by Charlotte.

“Louis, I’d like to have a private chat with you,” Charlotte finally said.

Louis sobbed for a while longer before he managed to get his emotions under control. He then quietly ordered. “The rest of you, leave.”

“But, Sir Louis...”

“Leave!” he bellowed.

Left without a choice, Diana and Avril stepped out of the room. However, they did not go far and simply waited right outside.

The room was finally silent. Charlotte took in a deep breath to muster her courage before saying, “Louis, let’s cancel the wedding.”

Louis stiffened as he snapped his head to look at her with wide eyes.

“I... I thought you were here to explain to me, to apologize to me, or to express your regrets... but, you’re here to break up with me?”

“I know you might have a hard time digesting this,” Charlotte solemnly said as a small sigh escaped her. “I’m sorry. I know you’ll hate me for saying this at a time like this, but I really don’t think we’re suited to be together.”

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“I used to think that we can be really good friends, so living together would be a relaxing and fun experience. However, I now realize this isn’t the case. Being friends and being a married couple are two vastly different matters. The moment we change roles, all sorts of problems would start popping up-”

“Stop! I don’t want to hear them,” Louis interrupted with a roar. “You’re breaking up with me because of Zachary, aren’t you? It’s because you still love him, that’s why you want to go back to his side. That’s why you want to break up with me. Am I wrong?”

“I’m not getting back together with him,” Charlotte started, her brows knitted. “I’m breaking up with you because I’ve simply realized that the two of us aren’t suitable for married life. Being together will only make us both unhappy. This has nothing to do with anyone else.”

“Then why did you and him... Why did you...”

Louis was distraught. He could not even finish his sentence. Every time he thought about what he saw back at the hotel room, rage would try to consume him.

“Actually...”

Charlotte thought of telling him the truth. However, she realized that he might not agree to break off the engagement if he were to find out that nothing had happened between her and Zachary.

With that thought in mind, Charlotte said, “Since that’s something that bugs you a lot, let’s break off the engagement and be friends again.”

“No,” Louis growled out stubbornly. “I won’t agree to break off the engagement.”

“Louis...”

“Promise me. Promise me that you won’t meet him ever again.” Louis leaped up from his bed and grabbed Charlotte’s hands. “As long as you promise me that, I won’t hold you accountable anymore.”

“Louis, don’t you know that you’re just lying to yourself like this?” Charlotte was at a loss for words. “You know that we’re not compatible with each other, so why are you insisting on us to stay together?”

“We’re not compatible with each other? How can you say that?” Louis hissed out. “Aren’t we happy together? I doted on you, and I did everything you want me to. Which part have I not done right by you? Tell me, and I’ll change it.”

Charlotte was truly speechless at his stubbornness. The issue with them did not lie in how well he had treated her, but that love could not be forced. No happiness would stem from forcing a relationship when she did not love him.

Nevertheless, Louis clearly did not realize that. More accurately, he did not want to confront that truth.

“Charlotte, don’t leave me,” Louis cried out by her ears as he hugged her.

“I really, really love you. Even if you made a mistake, or even if you were forced, I don’t mind. Let the past stay in the past. I won’t hold you accountable for it. As long as you promise not to see him again, I’ll still be as nice to you as ever.”

“Louis...” There were more things Charlotte wanted to say to him, but she did not know where to start.

“Charlotte, please, don’t leave me.”

Louis tightened his grip around her like an insecure child. He was afraid that once he let her go, she would disappear in the next blink of his eyes.

“Louis, you’re hurt. You should be resting.” Charlotte gently pushed him away, only to realize that he was burning up. She quickly helped him lie down on the bed as she muttered, “Louis, stay down. I’ll get the doctor for you now.”

“No! Don’t go.” Louis wrapped his hand around her wrist in a tight grip. “Don’t leave me.”

A pang of pain struck Charlotte’s heart to see him in that state, so she grabbed his hand and whispered, “All right, Louis. I’ll stay here and keep you company. I won’t go. Rest now.”

With Charlotte’s hands firmly in his, Louis slowly closed his eyes and fell asleep.

He was born with a golden spoon, and that meant that there were few rough patches in his life. After the beating, both his body and his mind had turned fragile.

Charlotte sat by his side, quietly watching him as various emotions swirled in her heart. She regretted her decision. Why did I agree to marry Louis because of some external factors back then?

Now, the three of us are in pain.