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Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1223

Louis practically skipped to Charlotte's room. "Charlotte, were you looking for me?"

She turned to her bodyguards and asked them to leave.

"Okay," Lupine and Morgan said in unison and left.

Overjoyed, Louis rushed forward and tried to hug his fiancée. "Charlotte."

She immediately avoided his arms and frowned. "I need to talk to you about something."

"Sure." Louis nodded eagerly and sat on a nearby couch.

"Last night, I remember you went to the bathroom to clean up after our argument. I drank some water on the couch, and I was so exhausted that I fell asleep."

She paused for a moment before asking suspiciously, "How did we end up in bed together? Could you explain it to me in detail?"

Louis was startled by her question. He thought Charlotte had been moved by his actions earlier that day and had called him over because she had grown to depend on him.

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Instead, here she was asking him about last night's happenings like she was a cop interrogating a suspect.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Charlotte frowned as she continued staring at Louis. "We've been friends for so many years. You drank a lot last night and seemed a bit odd, but I trust that you would never take advantage of me in such a way. That's why I'm asking you what exactly happened."

He only caught on to two words in her lengthy explanation. "Take advantage? Did you think that I took advantage of you while you were asleep? Charlotte, is that the kind of person you think I am?"

Charlotte's head throbbed in frustration. "Do you not understand what I'm asking? Look, I'm not in the mood to argue with you today. Please, could you just answer my question?"

"I don't want to argue with you either. Charlotte, I know you don't love me, but the fact remains that we slept with each other. Shouldn't we come to terms with it and begin to care for one another? Why can't you accept the truth?" Louis was infuriated.

She retorted, "What truth? I have no recollection of what happened last night. I only remember falling asleep on the couch. There was no way we could've slept with each other. Something's not right about this situation."

Louis became more agitated at her words. "Not right? Are you accusing me of taking advantage of you?"

"Well, I hope not. That's why I'm asking you--"

He cut her off before she could continue. "Charlotte, I never imagined that you would think of me that way." Shaking his head sadly, he continued, "I saw the

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way you looked at Zachary today. I know you still have feelings for him, but we're about to get married. Why can't you just accept reality?"

"Forget it; this is pointless. Please leave. I need to rest." Charlotte sighed in resignation.

"I was still talking to Mom and Dad about approaching Zachary to get the kids back. I've done nothing but put your best interests at heart! We're getting married in a week, and I hope you'd have organized your feelings by then!"

Louis turned and left the room after his despondent statement.

Charlotte was speechless at his petulant display. He refuses to tell me in detail about what happened last night, and the minute I suggest that something doesn't seem right, he goes into a huff and accuses me of living in denial. It's impossible to communicate with him!

She wondered how on earth she could figure out the truth at this rate.

Charlotte felt exhausted and decided to get a shower.

On her way to the bathroom, she noticed a stain on the white rug near her wardrobe. Moving closer, she realized that it was red and reminiscent of paint.

Charlotte immediately summoned Lupine to her room and had her send the stain for analysis.

She scoured her room for further clues, and she soon came across a few strands of hair in her wardrobe.

It looked like her hair, which seemed unusual to Charlotte.

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The royal maids were meticulous and would come by to clean her room every morning. They would never allow strands of hair to cling to her clothing, let alone litter her wardrobe.

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