Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 1257

That night, Charlotte slept soundly. When she woke the next day, her head felt heavy as if someone had filled it with lead.

Turning around, she glanced at the bed. Louis was gone.

She stiffened for a second before jumping to her feet. "Louis? Louis!"

"I'm here," came Louis' voice from the bathroom.

When Charlotte turned around, she found him walking out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist as he dried his hair.

It seemed like he was much livelier than the night before. His fever had broken, and there was a healthy blush on his face. Even a sweet smile was on his lips as he enthusiastically greeted, "Good morning, Charlotte!"

"Put on your clothes." Charlotte frowned and turned away from him.

However, not only did he not put on his clothes, but he even hugged her from behind. He kissed the tip of her ear and murmured, "I knew it. You still love me."

"What are you doing?" Charlotte half-shrieked as she pushed him away and took numerous steps back.

"Why are you acting like this again?" Louis asked, confused by her action. "You were so passionate last night, but now you're yelling at me?"

"Last night?" Charlotte froze. Then, her eyes flicked to the messy bed before realization struck her. "Where's Diana?"

"What? Why are you asking about her?" Louis grumbled.

"Nothing," Charlotte dismissed. "I just want to get her to come in and clean up the place."

"Oh, you're right." Louis flashed her an apologetic smile. "We do have to tidy up this place. Not to mention we've got to change the bedsheets too."

"Didn't you see her when you woke up this morning?" Charlotte asked, not planning to reveal anything right away. "I've asked her to stay by your bed last night."

"She was in the room?" Louis froze before a look of embarrassment crossed his face. "No wonder she was blushing so hard this morning when I saw her. Did she see us do it last night?"

At the end of his sentence, Louis' voice weakened. "I'm sorry, Charlotte. I was too out of it from the fever last night, so I didn't notice her there. Please don't be angry. She won't tell anyone about it."

"You saw her this morning?" Charlotte asked instead, ignoring Louis' apology.

"I did." He nodded as he pointed at the desk. "When I woke up, she was sleeping sprawled on the table. Once she realized I was awake, she hurried over, but I dismissed her."

"Oh." Charlotte said nothing else for a second. "I'll go back to my room to change. You should rest for a little longer."

With that, Charlotte took her bag and turned to leave.

"Charlotte!" Louis darted over to stop her. "Since you still have me in your heart, why don't we stop fighting? We're going to be married tomorrow, so let's make the preparations tonight."

"Louis," Charlotte started before pressing her lips. "Do you mind that kind of thing?"

"What? What kind of thing?" Louis tensed. Then, he blurted out, "Do you mean that we shouldn't mind what we've done?"

"No..." Charlotte lowered her eyes as she trailed off. "We're all adults, so even if it happened, it's nothing, right?"

"What are you talking about?" Louis panicked. "You can't do this to me-"

"I mean, if you found out that..." Charlotte halted mid-way through her sentence. "Forget it. We'll talk about this later. I'm going to wash up in the guest room first. See you later."

Just as she spoke, she retracted her hand and turned off the lights before hurrying away.

Louis was crestfallen to watch her go. He could not comprehend why Charlotte was acting in that way. It felt as if she was two different people during the day and during the night.

When Charlotte reached the guest room, she called Lupine and Morgan over. Then, she instructed them, "Show me the footage of the second mini surveillance camera."

"Huh?" Lupine was taken aback for a second, but she soon recomposed herself. "Of course."