

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

chapter 1255

Knock, knock. Someone knocked on the door, and the door opened to reveal Avril. She bowed politely at Charlotte and said, "Ms. Lindberg, please rest here tonight. If there is anything you need, I can bring it to you."

"Huh?" Charlotte stiffened for a moment before a frown grew on her brows. "What are you talking about? How can I rest here? This is Louis' room."

"Lady Sherlyn has said that Sir Louis has been calling out your name in his feverish dreams. With you here by his side, he'll be able to recover quicker."

As Avril spoke, she motioned at Diana.

Diana immediately brought a blanket over and placed it beside Louis before putting down a pillow as well.

Charlotte was stunned into silence. This is too much. She's actually making plans on my behalf without bothering to hide it now.

Right as she was about to explode into an angry outburst, her eyes swept past Diana, and she was reminded about that clue.

Hence, she said, "Okay. I'll keep Louis company here tonight. However, I'll need someone to stay here. After all, I'm not used to taking care of others. If there's anything he needs, it'll be better to have someone else help him with it."

"Of course," Avril replied. "I'll be staying here to await your instructions."

"Let Diana stay instead," Charlotte said nonchalantly. "She's the one who usually takes care of Louis, so she'll know him better."

“But...” Avril glanced at Diana.

“Ms. Avril, I can do this.” Diana was more than willing to do it.

“Well, all right then,” Avril relented. “Take good care of Sir Louis and Ms. Lindberg. Feel free to come to me if anything happens.”

“Of course. Don’t worry.” Diana nodded fervently.

“Ms. Lindberg, I’ll excuse myself now. Please let Diana know if you need anything.”

With a bow, Avril moved to exit the room.

Once she was gone, Charlotte walked to the doorway and said to Lupine and Morgan, “I’ll be staying with Louis tonight, so you guys should go and rest.”

“Huh?” Lupine and the others were confused.

Morgan whispered, “Did they force you to do this? Don’t worry. At most, we’ll have a falling out with them.”

“No, it’s not that,” Charlotte replied. “Go and rest. Get your energy back. If anything happens, I’ll give you guys a call.”

“Ms. Lindberg...”

“Okay.”

Morgan was about to say more, but Lupine stopped her.

Lupine then handed Charlotte’s bag to her before pulling Morgan and the others away.

After Charlotte closed the door and went back into the room, she switched on the wall lights.

At that moment, Diana was standing by the side of the bed, watching Louis with indecipherable emotions in her eyes. When she noticed Charlotte’s returned, she quickly averted her gaze and said, “Ms. Lindberg, is there anything you need help with?”

“Fill a bucket of water to give Louis a wipe down.”

Charlotte then moved to sit on the couch and sipped on some tea.

“Understood.” Diana hurried away to fill a bucket of warm water. After squeezing the towel, she tentatively handed it to Charlotte. “Ms. Lindberg...”

“Did I ask you to stay so that you can watch me work?” Charlotte raised a brow.

“I’m sorry!” Diana squeaked before she started wiping Louis’ body with utmost care.

Charlotte paused in her tea-drinking motion as she silently studied Diana. The woman was being extremely gentle with Louis as if he was a morning dew that would fall off its leaf if she were any rougher.

Despite being deep in his sleep, Louis could sense someone cleaning him. Subconsciously, he muttered, “Charlotte... Charlotte...”

Then, he reached out to grab Diana’s hand and pulled it toward him.

Diana was startled, and she nervously peeked at Charlotte before prying Louis’ hand off hers. At the same time, she murmured, “Louis, you’ve gotten the wrong person. I’m Diana, not Ms. Lindberg.”

Then, like a frightened rabbit, she retreated to the side, not daring to go near Louis anymore.

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“He’s having a fever, so he’s not in his right state of mind. It’s fine.” Charlotte put down her teacup and said, “Bring the blanket over. I’ll be sleeping on the couch tonight.”

“Oh!” Diana promptly took the blanket and the pillow to the couch and arranged it for Charlotte. She even helped the latter down to a lying position. “Ms. Lindberg, is there anything else you need?”

“A glass of water,” Charlotte answered as she rubbed the bridge of her nose, looking exhausted.

“Of course.” Diana went to the side to pour a glass of water for her. While filling up the glass, she turned around to chance a glance at Charlotte. When she noticed that Charlotte was not paying attention to her, she quickly dripped a few drops of a drug into the water before bringing the glass of Charlotte. “Ms. Lindberg, your water.”

“Mm.” Charlotte drank a few mouthfuls before lying down on her side. “I’m going to rest now, so don’t disturb me anymore. Stay by his side and watch his condition. If Louis’ high fever doesn’t break, remember to let him drink water and take the medication.”

“Of course. I will.” Diana nodded.

Charlotte then closed her eyes. Soon, she fell silent and seemingly entered the dreamlands.

Diana stood by the side of the bed as she observed Charlotte. In a soft voice, she asked, “Ms. Lindberg, would you like to have more water?”

Charlotte did not respond. Diana let out a sigh of relief before sitting down on a chair near the bed and turned her focus to Louis instead.

Her gaze on him was gentle and loving.

Right then, Louis began coughing. Diana swiftly walked over to pat his chest. “Louis, are you okay?”

Instead of being relieved, his coughs worsened, and he could barely catch his breath.

Anxious, Diana rushed off to pour a glass of water for him.

After sipping on the water, Louis seemed to recover as he lay back down on the bed and panted.

Diana felt her heart break at the sight of him suffering. She could not help but say, "Louis, you're such a fool. Why are you so adamant about loving a bad woman? She doesn't deserve your love at all."

At that, Diana spun around to glare at Charlotte. The sight of Charlotte's pretty face made jealousy rear its ugly head in Diana. Hence, she walked over and raised her hand, about to slap Charlotte.

Just then, sounds of footsteps came from the outside.

Jumping in surprise, Diana quickly took back her hand and returned to the side of the bed.

Soon, the footsteps were gone. Nevertheless, Diana knew that there were people patrolling outside, so she dared not make any other reckless moves.

Besides, if she were to leave any marks on her, Charlotte was sure to find out Diana was the one who did it.

After all, there were only the three of them in the room.

It was only a short bout of coughing, but sweat had begun soaking Louis' body.

Noticing it, Diana took a warm towel and started wiping the sweat from his body.

"Charlotte..." Louis groggily called out. Thinking that Diana was Charlotte, he grabbed her hand and pulled it toward him again. "Charlotte, don't go..."

This time, Diana did not reject it. She threw herself onto Louis and began kissing his forehead, eyes, and cheeks.

Simultaneously, she whispered lovingly, "Louis, do you know this? I really wished that you'll be marrying me instead of Charlotte the day after tomorrow."

If I were to have a proper family background and a high social standing, I would have been worthy of you. Perhaps things would have been different now. You wouldn't be so miserable, and I wouldn't be living a life where I'll have to take my love to the grave. I'm different from that vile woman. I love you. I really love you. I'll be a good wife."

With that, she pressed her lips against Louis'.

Fever was making Louis disorientated. He thought that the one who was taking care of him was Charlotte, so when he felt her warm lips against his, he leaned into it.

The two lost themselves in the kiss, and they had completely forgotten about Charlotte, who was on the couch.

In a while, Diana even took off her coat and climbed onto the bed. She burrowed her way under Louis' blanket and started planting kisses all over his body.

Unable to withstand her passion, Louis soon melded his body with hers.