

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 361

Now, Zachary dared not do anything with Ellie anymore; he let her continue to sit on his shoulder as he sat down on a chair himself.

Right then, Robbie finally caught up with them. When he realized Zachary did not hurt Ellie and was in fact, coaxing her, he slightly let his guard down.

Staring at Robbie, Zachary asked solemnly, "Are you planning to just let your sister continue to sit on my shoulders?"

Hearing that, Robbie froze for a second. Then, he promptly tried to get Ellie down. "Ellie, come down now."

When Ellie saw her brother had arrived, some of her fear dissipated, and she carefully slid down from Zachary's shoulders.

Beside them, Ben quickly helped to carry her, thinking to put her on the chair beside Zachary's.

"I don't want to sit beside him," Ellie worriedly yelled before her feet even touched the ground.

"Okay, okay." Ben quickly moved her toward the chair opposite Zachary instead. "Is this all right?"

"Yes." Ellie pouted as she nodded.

Hearing her agreement, he then carefully put her onto the chair as if he was handling something delicate.

Finally, after she was seated, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Nevertheless, his hand remained by her side, fearing that she would slide off the chair.

“Ellie, are you okay?” Robbie queried in concern.

“I’m fine.” She shook her head. Sensing something in her palms, she lifted her hands to find out she was holding onto a few strands of hair.

“Um...” Ellie slowly looked at Zachary as she raised the small tuft of hair into the air. “Are these yours?”

She had spoken those words in such a naive and innocent voice.

The corner of Ben’s mouth twitched, and he nearly had a heart attack there.

When Robbie saw the hair in her hands, he snapped his head toward Zachary warily.

This time, they were in the wrong.

When Zachary himself saw the hair, his expression turned gloomy, as if dark clouds were gathering in his heart.

He never had anyone who dared to sit on his shoulders until now.

Or anyone who dared to grab onto his hair while sitting on his shoulders until now.

And he most definitely never had anyone who dared to grab onto his hair while sitting on his shoulders and pulled his hair off until now.

Only this plump little girl in front of him would dare to do it.

A distance away, Charlotte, who had witnessed everything, could not help but worry.

What do I do? Why was Ellie sitting on the Devil’s shoulders? Worse of all – why did she pull out his hair?

Oh no, oh no. The Devil’s going to burst in anger!

“What’s going on?” Right then, Henry arrived. When he saw the strands of hair in Ellie’s hands and the gloomy look on Zachary’s face, he cleared his throat awkwardly. Then, he consoled, “You have a full head of hair. It’s fine for you to lose a strand of two.”

Narrowing his eyes in disbelief, Zachary questioned, “A strand or two? Are you sure you’re my grandfather?”

“Nonsense!” Henry shot him a glare. “Are you going to hold a three-year-old accountable for this?”

A myriad of emotions washed over Zachary’s heart, and he could not control his facial expressions anymore.

“I-I’m sorry,” Ellie carefully apologized softly. “I didn’t mean to do it.”

Zachary, however, continued staring at her coldly. He wanted to lose his temper, but it was as if her gaze was tamping down his fury; no matter what he did, he could not release his rage.

It felt uncomfortable, to say the least.

Right then, the servers began serving exquisite desserts on the table with various beverages.

Picking up a cotton candy, Ellie then handed it to Zachary solemnly. “This is for you. Please don’t be angry anymore.”

Zachary rolled his eyes at her and did not take it. Instead, he quietly sipped on his wine.

At that, Ellie stood up and sprawled on the table before handing the cotton candy to him again. “I’m sorry, old man. Please don’t be angry at me!”

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Everyone fell silent.

Shuddering, Zachary snapped his head up to look at her. "What did you just call me?"

"Old man!"

Ellie smiled brightly as she shoved the cotton candy into Zachary's mouth before she dusted her hand. "Since you've eaten the cotton candy, that means you've forgiven me!"

As the cotton candy melted in his mouth, Zachary sat transfixed while wrath burned in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Ben was going insane in his mind. These three children had been provoking Zachary all day, yet he could not lose his temper at them. Ben was sure that, as his subordinates, they would be at the receiving end of Zachary's fury later.

Spencer cleared his throat before reminding, "Princess Ellie, this isn't the right way to address him. You can't call him that anymore."

"Why?" Ellie cocked her head to the side as she wondered, "He's Mr. Henry's eldest grandson, so he's an old man!"

All the adults by the table were at a loss for words after hearing her explanation.

"Hahaha! Kids say whatever's on their mind," Henry laughed. To him, the dear children would never do anything wrong.

"Ellie, you can't call him that," Robbie reminded quietly. "We have to be polite."

"Fine." Ellie pouted before mumbling, "What should we call him then?"

“Boss!” Jamie blurted out.

At that, Henry nearly choked on his coffee. This dear boy loved to watch mafia films, but he never thought that the boy would pick up phrases from the show.

“Yes. He should be the boss.” Robbie nodded seriously. “He’s older than the three of us, so we should call him boss.”

Zachary was speechless by his train of thoughts.

What have I done to deserve this today?

I can’t reprimand a creature like this, and I can’t even glare at them.

Otherwise, they’d start crying, and it’s frustrating to hear it.

Hence, no matter what they did, even if they pulled out his hair and called him an old man, he had to tolerate them in silence.

However, tolerance was not a word in Zachary’s dictionary.

Moreover, he was tolerating the children that Charlotte had with someone else.

Right then, he spotted a janitor by a pillar, stealing glances in his direction. Upon locking eyes, she quickly turned away and escaped with her broom.

Staring at her retreating figure, Zachary’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

“Mr. Nacht, I’ll prep the car right away,” Ben uttered as he motioned to the bodyguards, thinking that Zachary wanted to leave.

However, Zachary sat back down and placed the serviette in front of him, ready to eat.

“You’re not leaving anymore?”

“I haven’t had my food. I’ll leave once I’m done.” Zachary then sipped on his red wine before he started cutting up his steak.

“Old-” Ellie stopped herself in time before whispering, “B-Boss, this is for you. Thank you for carrying me earlier.”

Her plump little hands handed Zachary a chicken wing.

This was her favorite, and there was only one on the plate, but she had given it to him.

Although he looked fierce, and she was crying from fear earlier, he had not been mean to her. In fact, he even carried her to the seats.

The sensible Ellie knew that she should show him her gratitude.

When Zachary looked at Ellie’s oily fingers and the chicken wing she was holding, his brows knitted.

The girl was the same as her mother; they both enjoyed using their hands to eat like a barbarian.

“Use your utensils, not your hands,” Zachary uttered.

“Oh.” Ellie then put down her chicken wings before wiping her hands carefully. Finally, she used a fork to pick up the chicken wing and handed it to him. “Now you can eat it.”

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Zachary frowned at the speared chicken wing in disgust. Ellie, noticing Zachary’s distaste, stared down and took back the chicken wing, clearly crestfallen.

"Why you little..." Henry was about to yell at Zachary. But before he could, Zachary took the chicken wing along with the fork and put them on his plate before handing another fork to Ellie.

Charlotte, who was watching from nearby, smiled. She wasn't planning on having Ellie call him daddy yet, but she was still happy to see the event that transpired.

Ellie grinned and gesticulated. "This is tasty. Have it while it's still hot, Boss."

"Don't call me that." A frown creased Zachary's forehead, much to Ellie's surprise. And she puffed her cheeks.

Charlotte frowned at the sight of that. The Devil's a capricious one. He's going to mess Ellie up at this rate. Hmm... this is not good.

"Don't scare the girl." Henry rolled his eyes, but he wasn't as harsh at Zachary as he was. His germaphobe of a grandson taking a chicken wing Ellie touched was already a big concession. He used to worry about Zachary ending up childless since he hated kids and was indifferent to love. But he was glad to see Zachary starting to get along with Ellie.

"Finish your dinner, Ellie." Robbie gave her his buffalo wings and took a slice of cake for her. "We have to go home soon. Mommy's waiting."

"Okay." Ellie nodded and dug into her food.

"Take your time. I'll give you two a ride home." Henry watched over the kids lovingly. "Get more buffalo wings for the kids," he told the manager. "They need more."

"Yes." The manager obliged.

"Aw, I couldn't go on the rides I wanted. It's all because of this stupid injury." Jamie was sulking because he didn't have enough fun. "Can we come here again once I heal up, Mr. Henry?"

"Of course," Henry quickly replied. "You can come here anytime. Give me a call, and I'll pick you guys up. Wanna come here again tomorrow?"

"We'll be kindergarteners tomorrow, Mr. Henry." Robbie was the only one who remembered about that. "We're only free on weekends."

"Sure. I'll pick you up at weekends then." Henry beamed.

"Yay. We can come here again on weekends." Jamie swung his arms in excitement.

"I'm coming earlier next time so we can play around a bit longer," Ellie mumbled happily with a full mouth.

Henry laughed heartily. "I'm happy as long as you're happy. What will you need? I'll get the waiter to serve it up."

"I want ice cream." Ellie raised her hand as fast as she could.

"Me too..." Jamie raised his hand too.

"Of course, of course." Henry gestured at the manager, then the manager quickly went to fulfill the order.

"Oh no!" Ben gasped, and everyone looked at him just to see the chicken wing Ellie gave to Zachary slipping from Zachary's hand, falling on his shirt before tumbling down onto the ground.

"Did it get on your shirt?" Ben asked. "Oh, it did. I'll get someone to send some clothes over."

"Easy there. Let's get someone to clean this up." Zachary glanced at the "janitor" not far from them as he wiped the sauce off his shirt with elegance.

The manager who had been standing behind them came up with the waiter to clean the mess, but Zachary frowned. He casually knocked over the wine glass, splashing the wine onto the table before smashing it against the ground. The wine dripped down, forming a small crimson pool.

"Sorry, Mr. Nacht. I'll get the janitor right away." The manager waved at the "janitor" nearby. "Come here, Felicity."

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Charlotte wanted to escape when she noticed the manager waving at her, but since he called her by the janitor's name, and everyone was looking at her, leaving the room would be suspicious. It would be difficult to clean up if she was exposed, so Charlotte went up to them.

"The wine's spilled, Felicity. Clean it up fast," the manager ordered.

"Okay." Charlotte cleared the glass shards away, but she hung her head low in case someone could recognize her. Meanwhile, Zachary had moved away from the spot, wiping the stain on his hand with a piece of wet tissue.

"Will you be changing clothes, Mr. Nacht? I can go with you," Ben proposed carefully.

"No. It's just the coat." Zachary took it off and tossed it to Ben before going back to his wine.

"Whoa, muscles!" Jamie was excited to see Zachary's muscular body. "What's your routine, Boss?"

Charlotte stopped cleaning for a moment and looked up at Zachary. He calls Zachary "Boss?" What's going on?

"Boxing," Zachary answered curtly.

"You box? What do you specialize in?" Jamie's interest was piqued. Instantly, he put his cutlery down and waited for Zachary's answer with anticipation.

"I know everything," Zachary answered calmly.

"Really? Then spar with me when we have the chance." Jamie loved martial arts.

"You? Spar with me?" Zachary thought it was laughable. "I can beat you down with one finger."

"As if." Jamie puckered his lips, swinging his fists. "My leg's injured, but once I heal up, you're getting it."

"We'll see." Zachary sipped his wine without looking at the boy.

Ellie gave Henry a piece of candy. "We're going to kindergarten tomorrow, Mr. Henry," she said pleasantly. "We can't wear smartwatches when we're in school, but you can call us once school's out. That is if you miss us anyway."

"Why can't you wear smartwatches? What if you go missing again like last time?" Henry frowned.

"I don't know. The teacher said smartwatches aren't allowed in the kindergarten." Ellie fiddled with her cherry ice cream.

"What's your kindergarten's name?" Henry asked.

"Apple Kindergarten!" Ellie held up a little apple and grinned. "That's its name."

"I see." Henry gave Spencer a look. Spencer understood what must be done, and he went to do it.

"You shouldn't spoil the kids," Zachary commented, knowing what his grandfather had done.

"Bite me then," Henry snapped back.

Zachary didn't answer. Instead, he looked at the janitor and sneered. "Why don't you take the kids with you if you love them so much?" he told Henry. "Their home's tiny. Makes it hard for them to move around."

Charlotte trembled, and she started to panic. No, no, no. Don't say yes, kids.

"Sure." Henry had the same idea. "Why don't you stay over at my place, kids?" he asked lovingly. "I can give you a ride to the kindergarten every day, and I can take you guys back too."

"Sure," Ellie answered without even a moment of hesitation. She was even rubbing her pudgy hands happily. "Can we come here when school's out then?"

"Of course, you can." Henry nodded. "And I can hire a boxing coach for you," he told Jamie. "You can learn whatever you want to."

"Really? Cool." Jamie punched the air with excitement. "Can I learn taekwondo then?"

"No problem. I'll get the best coach to teach you." Henry was about to tell Spencer to get to it.

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"Mr. Henry!" Robbie blurted. "We thank you for your kindness, but we can't move to your place."

"Why?" Henry was crestfallen.

"Because we have mommy, Mrs. Berry, and Fifi waiting for us at home." Robbie tilted his head earnestly. "Mrs. Berry fell ill because she had to take care of us. Mommy's still not healed up yet. We can't leave her alone."

"You're a good kid." Touched by his kindness, Henry patted his head. "A really good kid."

"Sorry, Mr. Henry, but we have to take care of mommy and Mrs. Berry." Jamie stared down in shame.

"Yes." Ellie held her tears back. "Mommy sprained her waist, and she can't pick me up anymore. I wanna take care of her, and I still have to visit Mrs. Berry."

"Of course, of course," Henry quickly calmed them down, since they were on the verge of tears. "You don't have to move for now. Come over when your mommy and Mrs. Berry are all healed up."

As if I'll go over. Charlotte shivered. You guys are going to chase me out before I even get close.

"I'll get the best hospital for them." Henry told Spencer, "Call Serene Hospital-

"No need for that," Zachary interrupted. "I've made the necessary arrangements."

"Oh?" Henry was surprised. "When did that happen?"

"The day I sent the kids home." Zachary glanced at Robbie. "That was when I did it," he answered.

"Yes." Robbie looked back at Zachary before replying to Henry, "Mrs. Berry and mommy are getting the best treatment now. Don't worry, grandpa."

"That's good to hear." Henry reminded Zachary, "Hire the best doctors."

"Raina's in charge of it," Zachary replied. "Is that not good enough?"

"I can put my trust in Raina." Henry nodded. "Don't worry, kids. Your mommy and Mrs. Berry are going to heal up in no time."

"Thank you, Mr. Henry!" the kids thanked him at the same time.

"You should wear the smartwatches with you even in kindergarten, just in case. If something were to happen, then I can be reached immediately," Henry told them.

"But-

"Don't worry about the teacher. I've already bought Apple Kindergarten." Henry grinned. "So I'll be setting the rules from now on."

"Huh?" The kids widened their eyes in shock.

Charlotte was equally surprised. So does he know that these kids are actually his great-grandchildren? Why else would he spend so much money?

"You bought the whole kindergarten, Mr. Henry?" Jamie asked in disbelief. "Really?"

"To be exact, I bought the whole Apple Education Group, including... How many estates do they have?" Henry looked at Spencer.

"Twenty-six kindergartens, seventeen private education institutions, and fifty-two training centers," Spencer smiled. "There's no need to worry when you go to school now, children."

"Um..." Ellie's eyes couldn't go any wider even if she wanted to. She was overwhelmed by disbelief.

"I thought the Sterlings own that education group," Robbie quipped. "I heard Timothy's mommy and grandma saying that their family's the biggest shareholder."

"The Sterlings have pulled out long ago. Now Apple Education Group belongs to the Nachts." Henry grinned. "Tell me if you want anything. I'll buy them for you."

Oh god. Zachary was at a loss for words. "Henry, they're not a part of the Nachts," he reminded in a rather annoyed tone.