

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 481

That's weird. Why didn't the bad guy feel any pain?

Not a sound out of him.

Ellie directed her hatred-filled eyes to gaze at Zachary. Her face was red with anger.

Zachary bent over with an arm outstretched. He hoisted her up as easily as a baby chick.

"Let go of me!" Ellie demanded. She trembled, thinking that Zachary wanted to hit her. She kicked and struggled in vain.

Ellie scrunched up her face and wailed loudly.

"Let go of Ellie!" Jamie fired his gun at Zachary.

The toy bullets struck his thigh with several dull thuds. That should hurt.

Compared to Ellie, these should do more damage.

"Stop!" Several guards rushed over, as Mr. Nacht was being overwhelmed by the children's onslaught.

Jamie turned and pointed his gun at them, intending to hold them back. But a guard grabbed his toy in one swift motion.

"Give me back my gun!" Jamie shouted, looking as though he was fit to leap up if not for his broken leg.

"How dare you!" Zachary yelled at the guards. Fearing his employer, the guard hurriedly returned the child's toy and stood against the wall.

"Stop screaming, Jamie," Mildred was frantic. "Mr. Nacht will not hurt Robbie, I promise you."

"Then how did Robbie fall ill while he was with him?" Jamie demanded, staring at Zachary with distaste.

Zachary took Ellie by the hand and led her to Jamie's side. He knelt down and was about to address the children when Jamie swung a fist that met his nose with a crunch.

Though it wasn't particularly painful, the real sting was the embarrassment of it.

Zachary clenched his eyes and furrowed his brow. The bystanders were breathless with horror at Jamie's audacity.

Mr. Nacht has never been disrespected in any way before.

How will he react?

"You've gone too far, you little rascal!" A guard bellowed, reaching out to grab Jamie.

"Step down," Zachary commanded grimly. The guard obeyed without a word.

No one else dared to voice their displeasure. However, they eyed Zachary warily.

Ben, who just arrived, was equally speechless. He hid his face in his hands, unsure of what to say.

"You bullied my mommy and Robbie. I won't let you get away with this! You just wait until I'm grown up. I will pay you back twice as much the pain!" Jamie shook a little fist and shouted, looking like an angry little lion cub.

"That's right," Ellie said, her face flushed with righteous anger. "You are a jerk. I thought you wanted to be my friend, but if this is what you really are, I won't hold back on you!"

As soon as she uttered those words, Ellie headbutted Zachary in the chest with all the strength she could muster.

Zachary would have fallen over if he was not a practitioner of martial arts. He merely swayed, but held his ground.

Zachary felt aggrieved. He was used to dealing with murderous beasts and savage foes. These little children who seemed to hate him with a passion, however...

All of a sudden, his salvation arrived.

"Jamie!" came a feeble voice from within, with a trace of the authority of an elder sibling.  
"Stop that racket!"

Zachary saw that Robbie had arisen. He shuffled towards the door with his drip, looking pale and exhausted. "Uncle Zack did not hurt me. It was my mistake. I'm allergic to peach, and have had some peach juice by mistake."

"Robbie..." Ellie rushed over as quickly as she could to hold him. "How do you feel? Does it hurt?" she asked tenderly.

"Just a little," Robbie sighed with a resigned air. "I wanted to lay down for a nap, but you were all too loud."

"Sorry, Robbie." Jamie pushed a wheelchair towards him. "I was thinking that something had happened to you. You made me worry," Jamie said in a shaky voice.

"You should apologize to Uncle Zack." Robbie jerked his chin to indicate Zachary.

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Jamie glanced timidly at Zachary. He felt that he should be apologizing, but words failed him.

He was only three and a half, but he had pride.

"It's fine," Zachary said loudly, sparing Jamie the necessity to speak. "Have a good rest."

He then turned around to instruct the nurses, "Take good care of them!"

"Yes, Mr. Nacht," the nurses replied, scrambling to round up the children.

Zachary glanced at Robbie once more before departing, with Ben hurrying to keep pace.

Zachary addressed him in a low voice, and he turned around to address the guards, "You four, the children's safety is in your hands."

"Yes, sir!"

"Robbie, Jamie, Ellie, let's head back to the ward." The nurses led the way.

Outside, the four bodyguards stood as still as statues, barring the entrance with their wide physiques.

"What are they doing?" Ellie asked in a frightened voice. She hid in the folds of Violet and peered timidly outside.

"Don't be afraid, child. They are sent by Mr. Nacht to protect you," Violet assured Ellie.

"Robbie, is he a bad man?" Jamie frowned, concerned. "Was he the one who captured Mommy?"

"No, he wasn't," Robbie replied, feeling exhausted as he stretched out on his bed. "He did not capture her. He told me that Mommy will be back tomorrow."

"Really?" Jamie was overjoyed. His young handsome face was radiant.

"That's great!" Ellie clapped excitedly. "We can finally see Mommy again."

"Mommy! Mommy!" squawked Fifi the parrot.

"Alright, children. You need to rest now," Amelia said. "Jamie, Ellie, these two beds are for you. You tuck yourselves in, I will bring you some milk in a while."

"Did you bring my bottle?" Ellie asked, her eyes widening expectantly. "And my little lamb!"

"Yes, we've brought everything, don't worry," Violet started unpacking their belongings.

"I don't want a bottle," Jamie said in a low voice, not wanting to wake Robbie, who just fell asleep. "I want a cup. I'm a big boy!"

"Very well, now get into bed," the nurse said.

On the other side of the building, Zachary arrived at the laboratory, eagerly awaiting Raina's test results.

Ben understood his anxiety but felt that it was unnecessary.

If they were indeed Mr. Nacht's children, his relationship with Charlotte would mend. Besides that, the Nacht family would not be short on heirs.

Buzz. Ben's phone buzzed. He glanced at it and leaned towards Zachary. "It's Spencer. He's calling."

"Don't tell him about the DNA test," Zachary whispered.

"I won't." Ben didn't understand why but obeyed him anyway. "Hello, Spencer!"

"The other two kids are at Kindness Hospital too?" Spencer asked.

"Yes, they just arrived," Ben answered. "They were cursing and hitting Mr. Nacht. It's a good thing he didn't take offense, though."

Spencer sighed. "It's not in his nature for Mr. Zachary to pick fights with three-year-olds. Anyhow, the kids are cute. He will grow fond of them once he interacts with them more."

"That's right." Ben nodded.

"I've just received a call from Ms. Zara. She's coming to visit Mr. Henry tomorrow night." Spencer's voice suddenly turned tired and sad. "Is Mr. Zachary aware of this?"

Ben did not answer but handed the phone over to Zachary.

"Yes, I am," he said coldly. "Tomorrow at seven in the evening, I will meet her at the lobby of the hospital, and escort her to meet Grandpa."

"Roger that," said Spencer. "Mr. Henry's condition has improved greatly tonight. He asked to see you when he woke up. Would you like to come over tomorrow morning?"

“Alright, I will drop by tomorrow,” Zachary replied. “The children are being taken care of over here, so you don’t have to come for them.”

“Yes, Mr. Zachary,” said Spencer.

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Zachary remained behind the door of the lab, anxious for the results of the DNA test.

At that moment, nothing can be more important than the answer to this question.

He was desperate and mad with waiting, like a man whose wife is in labor.

Raina convinced him to get some rest—the test would take at least another few hours.

Zachary assigned two bodyguards to wait in his place and visited the pediatric ward.

He observed the sleeping children. The longer he looked, the more convinced he was that they were his.

Robbie slept soundly, in a stiff position that perfectly embodies his strict and disciplined character.

Jamie slept with limbs sprawled in all directions. The foot freshly out of its cast was on a little stool by the bed. He was still clutching his toy pistol.

Ellie was suckling on a pacifier. She clutched her plush alpaca and snored gently, without a care in the world.

Zachary felt his heart melt away from the sight of the kids before him. He didn’t think they looked like him when they first met, but now he’s not so sure anymore.

It's the imposing and domineering characteristics that were trademark traits of the Nachts that made Zachary feel all the more convinced of his theory.

"Mommy..." Ellie was startled awake and sobbed for her mother.

Violet, who was dozing at the side of her bed, did not notice.

Zachary rushed into the ward and comforted Ellie. He held her hand and patted her chest gently—just like how Robbie was comforted by the medic earlier.

Ellie fell back asleep soon after and hugged his arm. He tried extracting it but she held on to it tightly. The slightest movement would wake her again.

He had no choice but to bend over with his arm outstretched for the sleeping child.

After a long while, the pain in his waist was unbearable. He decided to alleviate it by squatting down.

It helped for a little while, but soon his legs were going numb. He had no intention of sitting on the hospital floor, as the hygiene of the floor was something he would rather not contemplate.

So there he remained. An hour passed, and then another.

Finally, he had had enough. Germs or not, his thighs were killing him. So he sank down onto the floor with a groan. He looked up at Ellie's sweet face in the moonlight.

She smelled like milk all over. Her exquisite little face looked exactly like her mother, even down to her manner of sleeping.

She looked adorable in his eyes. He pinched her plump cheeks, unable to help himself.

She drooled in her sleep through the corner of her mouth.

Zachary eyed the impending droplet of saliva with some apprehension. Please do not drip... Please do not drip...

To his anguish, the massive, sticky blob of drool broke off and landed on his arm. It did not stop there—it continued to flow downwards.

Zachary, being a germophobe, felt like he was in a waking nightmare. He tried once more to tug his arm out of her grasp, but she held on even tighter. Even worse, she rubbed her face against his arm, which sent out another stream of drool.

Zachary's brow furrowed with stress. His eyes followed the stream helplessly. It felt like a kitten sharpening its claws against his skin, which made him deeply uneasy.

This was what germophobes had to contend with.

Before, Zachary would just volunteer his arm, and give it a quick rinse if it got soiled on.

But now, he was incapable of that. Still frowning with anxiety, he nevertheless kept his position on the floor.

Looking around for some paper towel to wipe the drool, he caught sight of some on a shelf not too far away. He stretched with all his might to reach it without waking the little girl.

Outside, through the clear glass door, Ben witnessed the entire scene in disbelief. Zachary Nacht, in all his strategic and diplomatic prowess, was being tethered and drooled on by a kid?

This was depressing!

Zachary finally managed to grab hold of the paper towel by his fingertips. He heaved a huge sigh of relief.

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Zachary tore off a generously large sheet and wiped his arm, as well as the drenched cheeks and lips of Ellie, who was still fast asleep.

He tossed the soaked wad over into the bin not far away, landing perfectly with one try.



After all was said and done, he exhaled in relief again. It was hard work to care for a child.

How did Charlotte do it all those years?

One is bad enough, but three...

Thud. Something fell over.

Zachary turned and caught sight of Jamie's gun on the floor by his bed. He jumped in his sleep and rolled off the bed.

Zachary shot out his leg to intercept Jamie. He fell onto it and clung on like a koala bear.

Currently, Zachary's left arm and right leg were occupied by one child each. He was forced to remain frozen, limbs stretched out in opposite directions, like a grotesque performer of sorts.

Zachary attempted to retract his leg, but at the slightest hint of movement, Jamie clung on harder.

He did the same with his arm. Ellie held on as well.

Well, this is great. Both are stuck on me.

Zachary pondered on his current predicament. He prided himself on his ability to solve problems. However, that day was the first time he'd doubted himself. They're just children, how hard could it be?

A minute passed. Five more. Ten minutes. Twenty minutes was gone.

Zachary did not feel a thing. However, at the one-hour mark, his leg began to seize up.

Ben was prepared to come in and assist, but as he was about to, he caught sight of Robbie being wide awake, staring at Zachary unblinkingly.

That was a gaze of admiration from the little fellow!

Zachary was not aware that he was being watched. He was deeply focused on maintaining his balance. He was doing well and nearly forgot about the cramp in his thigh until Jamie who had his butt towards Zachary let out a fart.

Poof.

Zachary shut his eyes and held his breath.

Oh, God! Please have mercy on me! What creature is this?

I don't even mind that they use my arms and legs as bolsters.

But to drool and to fart on me!

"It's stinky! It's stinky!" Robbie couldn't bear it any longer. "Jamie must have had baked potatoes yesterday." He fanned the air with his hands.

"Stinky!" screamed Fifi the parrot on the side of Jamie's bed, and flapped its wings.

Ellie turned over and started to sob again. She let go of Zachary's arm and rubbed her tear-stained eyes.

"What's wrong?" Zachary asked gently, fearing that he had made her uncomfortable.

"Ignore her. She has a temper," Robbie said, poking Amelia awake.

Amelia was horrified. She ran over in a panic and pried Jamie away from him. "Mr. Nacht, are you alright?" she asked nervously.

"I'm fine," Zachary responded, trying to stand upright before realizing that he was cramped all over.

Aware that Robbie was still watching him, he strode out of there, desperate to cling on to some dignity.

"Uncle Zack," Robbie called just as he reached the door.

"Yes?" he turned back to address the boy.

“Thank you!” said Robbie softly. It wasn’t much, but for Robbie to transform from suspicious and mistrusting to warm and grateful, meant the world to Zachary.

“You’re welcome.” Zachary smiled with genuine pleasure. “Rest well!”

With that, he went through the door. As soon as he closed it, his face contorted with pain. He slapped his thighs gently to get some blood flowing again.

“Mr. Nacht, are you all right?” Ben rushed over to support him.

“I’m fine,” Zachary replied curtly, too proud to display weakness. “When am I ever not fine?”

“Not easy raising kids, huh?” Ben grinned. “Especially three at once.”

“What’s not easy about it?” Zachary was surly. “Three little rascals—easy peasy.”

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“Hahaha! That’s for sure! There’s nothing you can’t do.”

Ben couldn’t help but laugh. He never thought Mr. Nacht would be so adorable and interesting before.

“Of course!” Zachary finally walked to a corner and instructed. “I need an empty ward to take a shower.”

“Yes, Mr. Nacht!”

It was already dawn by the time Zachary finished showering and got change.

He tidied himself up and rushed to the laboratory.

Meanwhile, Spencer called again to confirm what time he would be there.

Zachary looked at Raina instead of answering him instantly.

Raina took the DNA test report and hurriedly walked over, she was beaming with excitement and pleasure.

Zachary felt a sense of relief from Raina's expression. Immediately, he answered, "I will be there at nine!"

"Alright. I'll be waiting for you downstairs at nine o'clock."

He then hung up the phone and stepped forward immediately, "How is it?"

"Mr. Nacht, look at this." Raina handed Zachary his test report.

Zachary took it over to have a look on the report. He couldn't help but quiver even it was within his expectation. He was so emotional upon seeing the report with his own eyes.

The paternity test showed a hundred percent match, which meant Robbie was his biological son!

Ben was shocked to see the result as well. "Oh my God! I can't believe the three children are actually your biological children."

Raina responded in excitement, "I actually discovered that quite some time ago, but I didn't dare to mention. I was such a fool! I should've suggested you to do the DNA test earlier."

"They are mine..." Zachary's hands trembled while holding the test report. "They are really my flesh and blood!"

Ben's brows raised in delight. "No wonder Mr. Nacht likes them so much. Blood is thicker than water, after all. No matter how hard you try to hide the truth, the bond between true family can be concealed easily."

Raina smiled and nodded. "That's right. But, why is Ms. Windt hiding it?"

"Hmm..." Ben raised his eyes to look at Zachary.

However, he wasn't in the mood to care about anything else. He immediately took the report and rushed towards the children's ward.

"Boo...hoo I want my mommy!"

Ellie seemed to have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed. She was whining and rubbing her eyes in bed.

Violet passed the milk that she had prepared to Ellie and comforted her. "Good girl, Ellie. Mommy will be here soon. Come and have your milk."

Ellie then took the baby bottle over and started gulping down the milk.

Meanwhile, Mildred wheeled Jamie out from the restroom.

He just washed his face and changed into a set of Transformers clothes, looking all handsome. But, he was still yawning as he did not have enough sleep the previous night.

"Robbie, your allergy symptoms are getting much better."

Amelia noticed that the rashes on Robbie's body were almost gone when she was cleaning his face.

Robbie looked at himself in the mirror and made an arrangement like a grown up boy. "Mm-hmm. Indeed, it's healing. Well, if that's the case, how about we go home later? Oh, by the way, is Mrs. Berry in this hospital too?"

"Amelia answered gently, "Yes, but she's in another building. Do you want to see her?"

Robbie nodded his head. "Yes, we'll leave after seeing Mrs. Berry. Could I trouble you to make arrangements for us?"

"We'll still have to seek advice from doctor. We can only leave if doctor tells that you're ready for discharge." Amelia answered with a smile.

"Alright... " The room door was flung open abruptly when Robbie was about to speak.

Zachary walked in hurriedly. He had always been cold and indifferent. However, he looked all excited at that moment.

He took a look at Robbie, Jamie and also Ellie, as if he had an announcement to make.

The three children stared at him blankly.

Robbie widened his eyes, waiting for him to say something.

Jamie was playing with his Transformers toys before he entered the room. He couldn't help but stopped playing because of his sudden appearance.

Ellie was leaning on a pillow, holding her stuffed alpaca in one hand and her baby bottle in the other hand. She immediately stopped drinking and stared at Zachary when he came in.