

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

## chapter 531

"I can't believe that I'm going to be a dad at age three-and-a-half," Jamie lamented. "How am I to raise a kid when I don't even have a job yet."

"Don't worry, Jamie, I'll give you a hand with that," Robbie said as he patted his brother reassuringly on the shoulder. "I'm going to be the kid's uncle, after all."

"Yeah. I'll share my snacks and toys with them, and my skirt too," Ellie chimed in as she regarded her brother with seriousness.

"Them?" The boy's eyes widened in horror. "Is Ms. Wiklund going to bear me triplets?"

"She might," Robbie analyzed with a poker face. "According to the study of genetics, there's a hereditary component to multiple births. Since we are triplets, we are also likely to conceive triplets ourselves in the future."

"Good grief..." Jamie was shell-shocked. "What am I going to do?"

"Three lineal kin. Would I have enough pocket money to go around?" Ellie said as she counted on her fingers. "Oh no, I'm short."

"Me too." The situation seemed quite dire the more Robbie thought about it. "It looks like we might need to ask Mommy and Mrs. Berry for help."

"Ugh, I'm never kissing another girl again." His brother was distraught. "No more girlfriends for me either."

"That's good to know." Robbie patted him on the shoulder. "I'm afraid Uncle Zack's villa might run out of room if you were to keep this up."

"Yeah. Even the limousine couldn't fit all of them." Ellie pouted as she solemnly reminded him. "If they were to attend kindergarten with us, I think we'll have enough numbers to form one class between your kids and ourselves."

“Ugh...” Jamie had his head in his hands. The thought of that scene made him want to cry in despair.

“What’s the matter?” Charlotte and Zachary asked as they came down the steps.

Zachary was dressed in something more comfortable, and he had an arm around her.

They were a little worried when they saw the children so gravely immersed in a discussion.

“I messed up, Mommy!” Jamie choked up. “I won’t casually kiss girls or make them my girlfriends anymore.”

“Huh? What’s going on?” Charlotte asked.

“Jamie went and kissed Ms. Wiklund.” Ellie complained as she trotted over on her stumpy legs. “The teacher’s going to be pregnant. His kids are going to become our classmates, and he’s afraid he won’t be able to afford them...”

“Pfft!” Charlotte coughed.

“Hahaha...” Zachary burst into laughter. “Who told you that one kiss would make anyone a father?”

“Robbie did.” Ellie looked to her older brother, all wide-eyed.

“I’ve inferred it from a book I read.” Robbie began to gesticulate as he broke it down for them. “When the male and female behave intimately, pregnancy can occur. That’s what the source material said.”

“...” Charlotte was nonplussed and was at a loss as to how to explain this.

“That’s kind of true, except that it only applies to adults. All of you are too young to conceive,” Zachary patiently explained as he carried Robbie and Ellie to the couch.

“Really?” Jamie’s brows perked up. “Does that mean that Ms. Wiklund’s going to be fine?”

“Of course she will be,” Zachary answered in earnest. “Intimacy means something different when a child and an adult kiss. However, you shouldn’t start kissing girls wantonly. It’ll be hard to change when you grow up should you ever make a habit of that.”

“Understood.” Jamie nodded profusely. “I’ll stop randomly kissing girls and getting girlfriends.”

“That’s the spirit.” Zachary then ruffled his mild curls. “It’s good to share things with grownups, so we could encourage you if you did something positive, and should you make a mistake, we can all try to work together to set things right.”

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“Okay, thank you Uncle Zack.” Jamie nodded gratefully.

“Uncle Zack, there’s a boy at school who said he likes me and wants to be friends. He gave me this today.”

She produced a little red flower from her bag. It was a paper-craft made by that kid, with the name “Elisa” written on it.

Apparently, a lot of effort went into it.

“Would you like to be friends with him?” Zachary asked gently.

“I don’t know him very well as we’re not from the same class,” Ellie replied. She tilted her head and seemed to be thinking very hard. “He’s kind of cute though.”

“If you don’t know someone that well, then you shouldn’t accept his present,” Zachary said. “You should return the gift to him. Tell him that since all of you are schoolmates, you could all play together.”

“Alright, got it.” Ellie nodded obediently. She then carefully placed the little red flower back inside her bag.

"How about you? Do you have anything interesting to share?" Zachary asked as he turned his attention to Robbie.

"I think that the stuff that is being taught is too elementary." The boy shrugged. "Every day, I just look forward to coming home and attending online lessons, even though their content's pretty straightforward too. I have since had a chat with the teacher, who has started to share new stuff with me."

Zachary's brows raised in surprise when he heard that. "I'll attend the online lesson with you and assess your progress so that I may adjust your learning scope accordingly."

"Okay." Robbie was excited and anticipatory. "Thank you, Uncle Zack!"

"Don't forget about me." Jamie raised his hand and waved to draw attention to himself. "You promised to teach me martial arts."

"And me too." Ellie squeezed herself in front with her hand held up high as well. "You told me you were going to teach me how to sing, dance and draw."

"Sure, sure. I'll definitely do everything I can to fulfill my promises." He then took a quick glance at his wrist. "We'll start at seven-thirty!"

"Yay!" The three children cheered in unison as they looked forward to their night lessons.

"Gather round everyone. Dinner's ready."

By this time, Mrs. Berry laid out the sumptuous spread of dinner with the assistance of the butler, Mrs. Rawlston and a few helpers.

Mrs. Rawlston was concerned that Mrs. Berry might be tiring herself out. "You've already done the cooking. Do wash up and prepare to have dinner yourself. You can leave the rest to me."

"In that case, thank you." Mrs. Berry then loosened her apron. "Come along now, children. I'll take you to the sink."

"Okay." Robbie and Ellie sprinted over with Jamie playing catch-up in his wheelchair behind. "Hey, wait for me."

Three nurses immediately approached to help.

Charlotte felt all warm and fuzzy inside seeing how lively the house was. This was the kind of family life she coveted, simple but cozy.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Zachary asked as he pinched her cheek lightly.

"I feel so blessed." Charlotte leaned in and hugged him tightly. "Thank you..."

"Silly you," Zachary responded by kissing her on top of her head. "Which reminds me. We should hold a family meeting after dinner."

"A family meeting?" Charlotte was mystified.

"It's about time the kids knew who I am. We can't have them calling me "Uncle" anymore," he said solemnly. "And you should stop calling me Gigolo as well. It's a bad influence on them."

"Then what should I call you instead?"

"Hubby, for starters," Zachary commanded.

"Pfft—" A flush crept across Charlotte's cheeks as she buried her face in her hands. "I'm so embarrassed."

"We'll take it slow, with a bit of practice." Zachary cupped her face and instructed in earnest. "Take my lead, Hub...!"

"Hub...!" went Charlotte compliantly.

"...By!"

"...By!"

"Hubby!"

"Hubby!"

"Yes!"

Zachary affirmed it positively.

Charlotte chuckled. She was left red to the ear, and could only lean her forehead into his chest to hide her embarrassment.

“Good girl!”

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The dishes served by Mrs. Berry were all favorites of the children and Charlotte. These were complemented by a few French flavors prepared by Mrs. Rawlston.

Everyone within the household was buzzing when they took their respective places at the table.

Mrs. Berry spoke self-consciously. “I understood from Mrs. Rawlston that you enjoy French fare so I’ve asked her to prepare some. I don’t know how to make them, but I’ll be learning from her starting tomorrow. Hopefully, I’ll be able to make some for you next time.”

“It’s fine, Mrs. Berry. I’d like to try some of your own specialty too.”

Zachary pulled out a chair for Charlotte before he took his own place by her side.

“Alright then. Let me know if you like them.”

Mrs. Berry placed a piece of beef into Zachary’s plate.

“Thank you.” Zachary nodded in appreciation as he savored it. “It’s really good.”

“Really? I’m so glad to hear that.” Mrs. Berry beamed. “I was a little worried that you might not be used to my cooking.”

"I like it." After he got Charlotte a piece as well, he turned back to find Mrs. Berry and the children looking at him. "Well don't just sit there watching, go on ahead and help yourself to the food too."

"We're digging in now, Uncle Zack, Mommy, Mrs. Berry!"

The children then tucked in and marveled at Mrs. Berry's fantastic culinary skills.

Mrs. Berry was extremely pleased, and reiterated her desire to avoid the hospital so that she may stay at home in order to continue cooking for the family.

Charlotte filled up a bowl with soup and beseech the older woman to take care of her own health so that she may be better able to watch the children grow.

The housekeeper smiled with a tear in her eye as she nodded.

Although Zachary ate quietly, his demeanor was unusually affable.

Enjoying a meal together with a large family like this was something that he had never experienced for as long as he could remember.

In all his twenty-eight years, he had more or less grown accustomed to a solitary existence.

The atmosphere was dreary even during the occasions he was with his grandfather.

His upbringing under Henry was strict, with countless rules set out for him to adhere to. Amongst them, were the forbidding of conversation and laughter during mealtimes.

For him, this conversely joyous and harmonious vibe better characterized how family life ought to be.

After dinner, Zachary took the kids out to the children's play area.

Charlotte had not stepped outside the house over the past couple of days. She was aware that a clinic was built to the rear of the house, but did not know about the play area that had been added to the garden.

The sight of it almost had the three children jumping for joy.

Robbie and Ellie were first in as they scampered ahead, leaving Jamie to shout after them, "Wait. I want to play too."

"Hey Jamie, shall we go over to the swing?" Mildred coaxed.

"I wanna go on the slide," the boy replied as he pointed to the lofty spiraling structure.

Robbie and Ellie were already up top. Their arms were spread wide as they screamed in exhilaration all the way down.

Mildred had her reservations. "You could aggravate your leg on that as it hasn't fully recovered yet."

"It's fine. Let him try," Zachary said. "A boy doesn't need to be coddled."

"Understood." The nurse wheeled Jamie over and mindfully helped him up.

"You can let go. I can do this myself."

The boy kept his hands to the sides of the steps for support as he lugged himself up with some difficulty.

"I'm up, I'm up!"

Jamie's arms shot up in triumphant fashion, cleanly forgotten about his own injury. That made him lose his balance and caused him to topple over the side of the stairs.

"Ah——" Charlotte and Mrs. Berry let out a blood-curdling shriek.

As Jamie tumbled toward the ground, a shadowy figure blazed across and caught him securely.

The boy was ashen-faced and breathed heavily as he reclined inside Zachary's arms. He began to choke up from the ordeal. "Ugh, Uncle Zack..."

"That was nothing. Big boys like you shouldn't cry," Zachary said authoritatively.

"Yes, sir." Jamie pursed his lips as he forced back his tears. "Thanks Uncle Zack!"



"Call me Dad," Zachary said.

"Dad!" The boy's mouth was left agape when those words were uttered.