

## 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!"