

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 362

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.”