

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 445

"If... I say I want to marry you..." Zachary asked abruptly, "Would you say yes?"

However, Charlotte didn't hear his question because she had already fallen asleep.

Zachary looked down to study her face and couldn't deny that she looked adorable even in her sleep.

He sighed helplessly, then leaned down to kiss her eyes. After pulling the blanket securely around her, he let sleep take over him.

The alarm went off at half past six in the morning,

Charlotte jolted awake and rolled out of bed. Without even washing her face, she pulled on her clothes and wore her slippers. "I'm going down to make breakfast. Go back to sleep."

With that, she promptly took off, one of her slippers falling off in her haste.

Staring at her klutzy movements, Zachary's mouth curved into an alluring smile.

Then, he turned on his side and continued sleeping.

Charlotte rushed back home as fast as she could. Fortunately, the three nurses hadn't arrived yet and the triplets were still asleep.

She dashed into the kitchen and started making breakfast.

To play it safe, she prepared a simple breakfast comprising of sandwiches, dumplings, some fruit salad, and juice.

These foods had high success rates, so Charlotte was confident that nothing would go wrong.

The children woke up when she started blending juice. Hearing the noise, Robbie immediately ran to the kitchen and called out gleefully, "Mommy!"

"Good morning, Robbie!" Charlotte looked back to smile at him while she was cutting the fruits.

"Good morning, Mommy." Robbie padded over to hug Charlotte. "You must be tired, Mommy."

"Aww, it's okay. Watching you three enjoy breakfast makes Mommy very happy." Charlotte kissed his forehead just as the doorbell rang. "It must be the nurses. Go open the door for them."

"Okay." Robbie ran over to get the door.

The nurses came in and helped the triplets wash up and get dressed.

The family sat at the dining table and happily dug into their food.

Breakfast was a success this time and the children enjoyed their meal. Charlotte rested her chin on one hand while watching the triplets wolf down their food, a strong feeling of contentment blooming in her heart.

"Mommy, you should eat too." The triplets fed Charlotte some fruit salad.

"Thanks, kids." Charlotte only ate a bit of fruit salad.

Soon, the three children finished their breakfast. After that, they carried their backpacks and went to school accompanied by the nurses.

Charlotte walked them to the elevator and waved goodbye to them.

After they left, she quickly went home to make two portions of breakfast and brought them upstairs.

She was about to tap on the door with her foot, but the door opened before she could. "How did the door open on its own?" she asked in bewilderment.

"There's a new technology called fully automated housekeeping."

Zachary was reading the financial section on the newspaper at the dining table with a glass of warm water in front of him.

Charlotte shrugged. "Hmm, I guess it's only normal that you have a one-of-a-kind home, seeing as you're the boss of a tech company."

She placed the tray down and transferred the plates of food onto the table. "You know, you look like you were waiting for me to bring breakfast up."

"Of course. Why do you think I moved here?" Zachary studied the breakfast spread on the table. "You made all of this yourself?"

"Mmm." Charlotte felt slightly embarrassed. "It's nothing fancy, but they taste quite alright. Go ahead and try some."

Zachary had one dumpling and nodded. "Not bad."

Then, he picked up a sandwich and took a bite. "This one's a little but soggy."

After that, he ate a mouthful of the fruit salad. "Too much dressing."

Lastly, he took a sip of the apple juice. "You should've added some salt while you were blending the apple."

When he was done evaluating everything, he finally started eating.

"You're really hard to please, you know that?" Charlotte pouted unhappily. "This breakfast is already considered one of my best."

"It's quite alright." Zachary was biting into a sandwich. "If only I had a cup of black coffee to go with it."

Charlotte was lost for words.

She realized that he was displaying a serious case of machismo, but there was nothing she could really do about it.

"Do you have a coffee machine?"

"It's in the kitchen. There are coffee beans too."

"You eat first. I'll go grind the beans for you."

"Good girl."