

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 360

Zachary was speechless. Excuse me, but I'm your actual grandchild!

In silence, Zachary let go of her.

"Ah!" Ellie shrieked as she nearly plummeted to the ground.

However, her fishtail skirt was still stuck on Zachary's sleeve, so she did not.

Right then, Ellie grabbed Zachary's arm in a death grip as her legs curled around his arm as well.

It was an adorable sight.

Zachary could not help but smile in amusement. This silly look of hers really resembled Charlotte's.

He then grabbed Ellie up to put her on his shoulders. In fact, he even made sure she was secure in case she fell.

Nevertheless, his worry was for naught as Ellie gripped his hair in fear of falling herself.

Frowning, Zachary grimaced. "Why are you pulling my hair?"

"I-I'm scared of heights," Ellie mumbled in a high-pitched, trembling voice.

"Brat, what's wrong with letting the girl pull your hair a little?" Henry hissed when he heard Ellie's sobs. "I mean you're not exactly short either! Of course, she'll be scared of heights."

Zachary's grimace deepened as he shot Ellie a glacial look.

Immediately, Ellie's lips turned into a frown as crystalline tears escaped her eyes. Then, she wailed.

Right then, Charlotte, who had disguised herself as a janitor, sneaked into the restaurant. When she heard Charlotte's sobs, she lifted her head.

What greeted her was the sight of Ellie on Zachary's shoulders as Zachary glared at her.

Instantly, a thought popped into Charlotte's mind – The Devil was bullying her Ellie.

Agitated, Charlotte rushed over with a broom.

"Ellie!" When Robbie saw his sister crying, he dashed forward to roar at Zachary. "Let go of my sister!"

"Meanie, let go of Ellie!"

Jamie wheeled himself over as he swung his fist angrily at Zachary.

"Brat, you scared her."

Henry was anxious, and he tried to take Ellie back into his arms. However, his back started to ache again.

"Mr. Nacht, don't get angry." Spencer quickly supported him again.

"You're ninety-six. Stop trying to force yourself to do the impossible."

For Henry, Zachary stopped resisting and let Ellie grab his hair. After coldly giving a glance at Robbie and Jamie, he headed to the tables.

That was where Charlotte was, and with a jump, Charlotte swiftly changed directions and escaped.

“Hey, let go of my sister!” Robbie shouted from behind him.

“Robbie. Ellie.” Jamie wheeled himself as quickly as possible, trying to catch up with them.

“Don’t worry. I’m here. He won’t do anything to her,” Henry consoled. Then, he yelled at Spencer. “Why are you still standing there? Help me over.”

“Understood, Mr. Nacht.” He then helped Henry catch up with Zachary.

Meanwhile, one of the bodyguards pushed Jamie’s wheelchair.

When Zachary reached the table by the tall windows, he reached out, trying to get Ellie down. However, as Ellie was terrified, she refused to let go of his hair.

The more he tried to pull her off, the harder she tugged her hair. Her plump little body was trembling non-stop.

“Aren’t you going to come down?” Zachary asked with his brows lifted.

At that, Ellie’s face scrunched up, and she nearly burst into tears again.

“Don’t cry. Don’t,” Zachary hastily coaxed. “You can stay up there if you want to.”

It was only then Ellie's tears stopped streaming down her cheeks. Her frown, however, remained, and her eyes were still watery.

By now, sweat was beading on Zachary's forehead as he found himself at a loss for words. What kind of creature is she? I can't reprimand her, and she cries at anything I say.

Am I seriously that scary?