

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 483

Zachary remained behind the door of the lab, anxious for the results of the DNA test.

At that moment, nothing can be more important than the answer to this question.

He was desperate and mad with waiting, like a man whose wife is in labor.

Raina convinced him to get some rest—the test would take at least another few hours.

Zachary assigned two bodyguards to wait in his place and visited the pediatric ward.

He observed the sleeping children. The longer he looked, the more convinced he was that they were his.

Robbie slept soundly, in a stiff position that perfectly embodies his strict and disciplined character.

Jamie slept with limbs sprawled in all directions. The foot freshly out of its cast was on a little stool by the bed. He was still clutching his toy pistol.

Ellie was suckling on a pacifier. She clutched her plush alpaca and snored gently, without a care in the world.

Zachary felt his heart melt away from the sight of the kids before him. He didn't think they looked like him when they first met, but now he's not so sure anymore.

It's the imposing and domineering characteristics that were trademark traits of the Nachts that made Zachary feel all the more convinced of his theory.

"Mommy..." Ellie was startled awake and sobbed for her mother.

Violet, who was dozing at the side of her bed, did not notice.

Zachary rushed into the ward and comforted Ellie. He held her hand and patted her chest gently—just like how Robbie was comforted by the medic earlier.

Ellie fell back asleep soon after and hugged his arm. He tried extracting it but she held on to it tightly. The slightest movement would wake her again.

He had no choice but to bend over with his arm outstretched for the sleeping child.

After a long while, the pain in his waist was unbearable. He decided to alleviate it by squatting down.

It helped for a little while, but soon his legs were going numb. He had no intention of sitting on the hospital floor, as the hygiene of the floor was something he would rather not contemplate.

So there he remained. An hour passed, and then another.

Finally, he had had enough. Germs or not, his thighs were killing him. So he sank down onto the floor with a groan. He looked up at Ellie's sweet face in the moonlight.

She smelled like milk all over. Her exquisite little face looked exactly like her mother, even down to her manner of sleeping.

She looked adorable in his eyes. He pinched her plump cheeks, unable to help himself.

She drooled in her sleep through the corner of her mouth.

Zachary eyed the impending droplet of saliva with some apprehension. Please do not drip... Please do not drip...

To his anguish, the massive, sticky blob of drool broke off and landed on his arm. It did not stop there—it continued to flow downwards.

Zachary, being a germophobe, felt like he was in a waking nightmare. He tried once more to tug his arm out of her grasp, but she held on even tighter. Even worse, she rubbed her face against his arm, which sent out another stream of drool.

Zachary's brow furrowed with stress. His eyes followed the stream helplessly. It felt like a kitten sharpening its claws against his skin, which made him deeply uneasy.

This was what germophobes had to contend with.

Before, Zachary would just volunteer his arm, and give it a quick rinse if it got soiled on.

But now, he was incapable of that. Still frowning with anxiety, he nevertheless kept his position on the floor.

Looking around for some paper towel to wipe the drool, he caught sight of some on a shelf not too far away. He stretched with all his might to reach it without waking the little girl.

Outside, through the clear glass door, Ben witnessed the entire scene in disbelief. Zachary Nacht, in all his strategic and diplomatic prowess, was being tethered and drooled on by a kid?

This was depressing!

Zachary finally managed to grab hold of the paper towel by his fingertips. He heaved a huge sigh of relief.