

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 484

Zachary tore off a generously large sheet and wiped his arm, as well as the drenched cheeks and lips of Ellie, who was still fast asleep.

He tossed the soaked wad over into the bin not far away, landing perfectly with one try.

After all was said and done, he exhaled in relief again. It was hard work to care for a child.

How did Charlotte do it all those years?

One is bad enough, but three...

Thud. Something fell over.

Zachary turned and caught sight of Jamie's gun on the floor by his bed. He jumped in his sleep and rolled off the bed.

Zachary shot out his leg to intercept Jamie. He fell onto it and clung on like a koala bear.

Currently, Zachary's left arm and right leg were occupied by one child each. He was forced to remain frozen, limbs stretched out in opposite directions, like a grotesque performer of sorts.

Zachary attempted to retract his leg, but at the slightest hint of movement, Jamie clung on harder.

He did the same with his arm. Ellie held on as well.

Well, this is great. Both are stuck on me.

Zachary pondered on his current predicament. He prided himself on his ability to solve problems. However, that day was the first time he'd doubted himself. They're just children, how hard could it be?

A minute passed. Five more. Ten minutes. Twenty minutes was gone.

Zachary did not feel a thing. However, at the one-hour mark, his leg began to seize up.

Ben was prepared to come in and assist, but as he was about to, he caught sight of Robbie being wide awake, staring at Zachary unblinkingly.

That was a gaze of admiration from the little fellow!

Zachary was not aware that he was being watched. He was deeply focused on maintaining his balance. He was doing well and nearly forgot about the cramp in his thigh until Jamie who had his butt towards Zachary let out a fart.

Poof.

Zachary shut his eyes and held his breath.

Oh, God! Please have mercy on me! What creature is this?

I don't even mind that they use my arms and legs as bolsters.

But to drool and to fart on me!

"It's stinky! It's stinky!" Robbie couldn't bear it any longer. "Jamie must have had baked potatoes yesterday." He fanned the air with his hands.

“Stinky!” screamed Fifi the parrot on the side of Jamie’s bed, and flapped its wings.

Ellie turned over and started to sob again. She let go of Zachary’s arm and rubbed her tear-stained eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Zachary asked gently, fearing that he had made her uncomfortable.

“Ignore her. She has a temper,” Robbie said, poking Amelia awake.

Amelia was horrified. She ran over in a panic and pried Jamie away from him. “Mr. Nacht, are you alright?” she asked nervously.

“I’m fine,” Zachary responded, trying to stand upright before realizing that he was cramped all over.

Aware that Robbie was still watching him, he strode out of there, desperate to cling on to some dignity.

“Uncle Zack,” Robbie called just as he reached the door.

“Yes?” he turned back to address the boy.

“Thank you!” said Robbie softly. It wasn’t much, but for Robbie to transform from suspicious and mistrusting to warm and grateful, meant the world to Zachary.

“You’re welcome.” Zachary smiled with genuine pleasure. “Rest well!”

With that, he went through the door. As soon as he closed it, his face contorted with pain. He slapped his thighs gently to get some blood flowing again.

“Mr. Nacht, are you all right?” Ben rushed over to support him.

“I’m fine,” Zachary replied curtly, too proud to display weakness. “When am I ever not fine?”

“Not easy raising kids, huh?” Ben grinned. “Especially three at once.”

“What’s not easy about it?” Zachary was surly. “Three little rascals—easy peasy.”