

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 618

Robbie and Jamie were now playing soccer. The clumsy Ellie was also trying hard to keep up with his brothers.

Fifi was cheering for them on the basketball hoop, "Come on! Come on!"

Standing by the window, Charlotte was glad to see the kids having fun outside. Zachary and the kids are brave in the face of challenges. How can I wimp out? I should be confident and face all challenges with them!

Hope reignited in Charlotte as she gained strength from her family.

When Zachary was back in the bedroom, Charlotte was already fast asleep. The latter always felt tired and sleepy recently.

Initially, he thought she was pregnant. Later, the doctors found out that Charlotte's condition was caused by the toxins in her body.

Zachary took off his coat and wiped his hair with a towel before he went to sit on the bed. Fixing his eyes on the sleeping Charlotte, he gently caressed her cheeks.

She was in a deep slumber like a sleeping beauty.

She didn't even stir in her sleep at his touch.

Zachary gave her a light peck on the forehead. Just as he was about to leave for the washroom, Charlotte wrapped her arms around his waist from behind and leaned her body against his.

"You're up?" He turned around and rustled her hair.

"Mm. You woke me up."

With that, Charlotte clung to the man's body while her hand started unbuttoning his shirt.

"Why are you so passionate today?" Zachary was surprised when she gave him the come-on. Cupping her face, he asked, "Is there something wrong with you?"

Charlotte's face flushed. "You're so annoying! Do you want it or not?"

"Of course I do!" With that, the man climbed on top of her and pinned her hands. He planted kisses all over her face, from her forehead to her lips and her earlobe. "Oh, you're driving me crazy."

A moan escaped from Charlotte's lips. "I'm glad to hear that."

She wrapped her legs around his waist. At that moment, all she wanted to do was to reward him with her passion.

Back then, she always thought of Zachary as a temperamental person. It was only until then that she realized how affectionate and perfect a man he was.

He was like a sturdy tree, shielding her and the kids from the storm. He would overcome all difficulties so that the whole family could stay together.

How could she not love him?

It was still raining outside, yet the temperature in the room rose as the two's passions filled the space.

Meanwhile, Henry couldn't seem to sleep that night. He was sitting in his wheelchair, staring blankly at the storm outside.

Spencer was attentive enough to replenish Henry's teacup when the tea turned cold though the latter had not taken a sip of it.

He was worried as Henry had sat there doing nothing for a long time. "Mr. Nacht, you didn't eat much during dinner. Why don't I get the maid to cook something for you?"

"There is no need," Henry rejected. After a while, he spoke up, "I won't change my mind because of that cheeky rascal, but after having that conversation with Robbie..." At that point, he let out a sigh.

Hearing that, Spencer said understandingly, "Mr. Robinson is indeed different from other kids. He is smarter and emotionally more intelligent than his father at his age."

"That's true." Henry nodded in agreement.

Then, he uttered, "After all, that cheeky rascal lost his parents since he was young. At that time, I was too busy with the family business that I never really spent time with him. His childhood was full of tedious training. Growing up without much family love, he is relatively weak when it comes to interacting with other people.

"Robbie, on the other hand, is different. His mother and Mrs. Berry sure have taken good care of them."

Spencer couldn't agree more with Henry. "That's why his words could easily touch your heart. I was shocked as well that a kid at his age would say something like that. Yet, I believe it is Mr. Robinson's genuine thought.

"Since Mr. Zachary is not a sentimental person, I suppose he didn't teach Mr. Robinson that. As for Ms. Windt, she went to meet you as soon as she came back, and she didn't have the time to even talk to Mr. Robinson. Besides, she looked like an artless person. It doesn't seem to me that she would teach her child to say something like that."