

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 741

“If Mommy ever comes back, will you love and protect her?” Robbie asked again.

“Of course I will,” Zachary replied without hesitation. Then he asked curiously, “Why do you suddenly ask?”

“It’s nothing,” Robbie said shortly. He didn’t want to tell Zachary anything without confirming it for himself first.

“All right. Wash your face and go down to see Great-grandpa. We’ll eat together,” Zachary concluded, patting Robbie’s little head.

“OK,” Robbie nodded obediently.

Zachary returned to his own room and changed his clothes, preparing to join his family for dinner. Just then, Ben appeared with the report: “Mr. Nacht, the hospital just notified us that Ms. Blackwood has woken up.”

“OK,” Zachary acknowledged. “We’ll visit her later tonight.”

When Robbie came to Henry’s room, he found Henry sitting in a wheelchair, staring blankly out at the storm. He looked utterly forlorn.

“Mr. Robinson, be a good boy and bring this cup of hot tea over to your Great-grandpa,” Spencer whispered placing a steaming cup in Robbie’s hands.

“OK,” Robbie said. He walked over to Henry, calling softly, “Great-grandpa!”

The old man remained motionless.

Robbie crossed over to his front, then repeated in a louder voice, “Great-grandpa!”

Henry finally came to his senses. His eyes fixed on Robbie, bewildered for a moment. Then Henry cried elatedly, embracing Robbie, "Robbie, why are you here?"

"To visit you," Robbie replied, handing Henry the cup of tea. "Drink this, Great-grandpa."

"Sure, sure." Henry was delighted. He took a big swig from the cup and exclaimed, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

"Great-grandpa, I was working on my mechanical dove today. It was rather urgent, so I may have been impolite to you. Don't be angry," Robbie apologized meekly.

"No..." Henry patted Robbie's head, looking at him fondly. "Robbie, you can tell me anything. If you're unhappy, let it out. You can argue or debate with Great-grandpa, no problem at all. Just don't keep it to yourself, OK?"

"Got it," Robbie replied gratefully. Great-grandpa's really so good to me. What more could I ask for?

"Let's have dinner together. Daddy's back. We can all eat together as a family," Robbie declared, tugging at Henry's frail hand.

"Sure, sure." Henry nodded.

"Great-grandpa!" A shout suddenly came from outside the room. Jamie and Ellie ran in right after.

The room suddenly grew vibrant from Jamie and Ellie's excited squabbling over who would get to talk to Great-grandpa first.

"It's time to eat! Mrs. Rawlston prepared lots of delicious things for us today."

“Daddy’s even squeezed juice for us!”

“Ha, how hard is squeezing juice?” Henry replied, chuckling.

“Great-grandpa, let me give you a hand,” Robbie announced, taking over the handles of the wheelchair.

“And I’ll hold the cup for you!” Jamie added, grabbing the said item.

“I’ll get your blanket!” Determined not to be outdone, Ellie fetched the blanket and covered Henry’s legs with it.

The three children surrounded Henry, a perfect picture of a happy family. Time seemed to fall away, and the house reverberated with the warmth and good cheer of old.

“You’re still so hungry for attention even at this age?” Zachary demanded. Even as he spoke, however, Zachary had already stepped forward and pulled out a chair. Henry was smoothly wheeled into his place.

“What nonsense are you saying?” Henry said reproachfully with a twinkle in his eye.

As Jamie moved to take his seat, Zachary instinctively lifted Jamie up into his chair. Bemused, Jamie remarked, “Daddy, I’ve grown up! I’m not a little boy anymore.”

“You’ll always be Daddy’s little boy,” Zachary said, patting the top of his little head. He moved on to Robbie.

“No need, Daddy! I can handle myself,” Robbie said, hurriedly clambering onto his seat.

Zachary froze. Ellie, however, shimmied over and cried, "Daddy, pick me up! No matter how old I am, I'll always be your baby!"

"What a good child you are, Ellie!" Zachary turned to her, beaming.