

## Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 363

Zachary frowned at the speared chicken wing in disgust. Ellie, noticing Zachary's distaste, stared down and took back the chicken wing, clearly crestfallen.

"Why you little..." Henry was about to yell at Zachary. But before he could, Zachary took the chicken wing along with the fork and put them on his plate before handing another fork to Ellie.

Charlotte, who was watching from nearby, smiled. She wasn't planning on having Ellie call him daddy yet, but she was still happy to see the event that transpired.

Ellie grinned and gesticulated. "This is tasty. Have it while it's still hot, Boss."

"Don't call me that." A frown creased Zachary's forehead, much to Ellie's surprise. And she puffed her cheeks.

Charlotte frowned at the sight of that. The Devil's a capricious one. He's going to mess Ellie up at this rate. Hmm... this is not good.

"Don't scare the girl." Henry rolled his eyes, but he wasn't as harsh at Zachary as he was. His germaphobe of a grandson taking a chicken wing Ellie touched was already a big concession. He used to worry about Zachary ending up childless since he hated kids and was indifferent to love. But he was glad to see Zachary starting to get along with Ellie.

"Finish your dinner, Ellie." Robbie gave her his buffalo wings and took a slice of cake for her. "We have to go home soon. Mommy's waiting."

"Okay." Ellie nodded and dug into her food.

"Take your time. I'll give you two a ride home." Henry watched over the kids lovingly. "Get more buffalo wings for the kids," he told the manager. "They need more."

“Yes.” The manager obliged.

“Aw, I couldn’t go on the rides I wanted. It’s all because of this stupid injury.” Jamie was sulking because he didn’t have enough fun. “Can we come here again once I heal up, Mr. Henry?”

“Of course,” Henry quickly replied. “You can come here anytime. Give me a call, and I’ll pick you guys up. Wanna come here again tomorrow?”

“We’ll be kindergarteners tomorrow, Mr. Henry.” Robbie was the only one who remembered about that. “We’re only free on weekends.”

“Sure. I’ll pick you up at weekends then.” Henry beamed.

“Yay. We can come here again on weekends.” Jamie swung his arms in excitement.

“I’m coming earlier next time so we can play around a bit longer,” Ellie mumbled happily with a full mouth.

Henry laughed heartily. “I’m happy as long as you’re happy. What will you need? I’ll get the waiter to serve it up.”

“I want ice cream.” Ellie raised her hand as fast as she could.

“Me too...” Jamie raised his hand too.

“Of course, of course.” Henry gestured at the manager, then the manager quickly went to fulfill the order.

“Oh no!” Ben gasped, and everyone looked at him just to see the chicken wing Ellie gave to Zachary slipping from Zachary’s hand, falling on his shirt before tumbling down onto the ground.

“Did it get on your shirt?” Ben asked. “Oh, it did. I’ll get someone to send some clothes over.”

“Easy there. Let’s get someone to clean this up.” Zachary glanced at the “janitor” not far from them as he wiped the sauce off his shirt with elegance.

The manager who had been standing behind them came up with the waiter to clean the mess, but Zachary frowned. He casually knocked over the wine glass, splashing the wine onto the table before smashing it against the ground. The wine dripped down, forming a small crimson pool.

“Sorry, Mr. Nacht. I’ll get the janitor right away.” The manager waved at the “janitor” nearby. “Come here, Felicity.”