

# Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 565

“No one wants a cheeky rascal like you...” Old Henry paused mid-sentence and frowned. Staring at Zachary suspiciously, he asked, “What did you just say? ‘Great-grandchildren?’”

“Your hearings must have deteriorated with age,” Zachary feigned a sigh while shaking his head.

“Daddy, Grandpa’s ears are still good,” Ellie defended Henry, puffing up her cheeks childishly.

“Ellie, what did you just call him?” Old Henry was stunned.

“Daddy.” Turning her head, Ellie replied with a straight, serious face.

“Hell, what’s going on ‘ere?” Old Henry looked intently at Ellie, before turning his gaze to Zachary and demanded, “Cheeky rascal, you’re gonna do some explaining ‘ere?”

“Grandpa... Actually scratch that. You’re going to be called Great-grandpa from now on...” Robbie chuckled as he faced old Henry and enthusiastically explained, “Since he’s our Daddy,” the young boy paused and pointed to Zachary before continuing, “And we’re Daddy’s children. Therefore, we can’t address you as ‘Grandpa’ from now on, but rather ‘Great-grandpa’.”

“Yes!” Jamie nodded in agreement as he chirped in, “Daddy’s grandfather should be called great-grandpa.”

Old Henry was absolutely flabbergasted. His eyes widened in astonishment. It took him a while to regain his composure as he impatiently called Zachary over, “I can’t make no head nor tail of this. Zachary, get your ass over ‘ere!”

The children pouted pitifully and stood aside, giving their spot to their Daddy. Gathering at the corner, they started whispering to one another.

“Why can’t Grandpa understand what we’re saying?”

“Perhaps we didn’t express it clearly enough for him to understand?”

“Makes sense. We’re still in kindergarten anyway. It’s normal for adults not to understand us. Daddy will explain on our behalf.”

“We’ll ascend to the second year of kindergarten next year. We should improve our communication skills.”

“Yes. We really should read and recite more. This way we can definitely improve our communication skills...”

“Agreed.”

Meanwhile, as soon as Zachary approached, old Henry punched him on the arm angrily. “Cheeky rascal.”

With his current condition, the punch lacked any strength...

“Spencer mentioned to me that during the time I was sick, you helped me to take care of these children. I was elated, thinking that you finally had grown a conscience in that thick skull of yours.”

Prodding his finger at Zachary’s head, he continued gently, “You know that I care for them greatly. And I know you do a great job taking care of them so I’ll be happy when I wake up.”

“Yet when I finally wake up, bingo! There you are, teaching these innocent children to call you ‘Daddy’?” The old man’s genial tone suddenly took a totally drastic turn. “Have you lost your friggin’ mind?”

“Done with your lecture, old man?” Zachary did not mount a single refutation throughout. After old Henry had finished with his tirade, Zachary calmly took out a DNA test result sheet and handed it to the old man. “Now that you’re done, take a look.”

“What in Hades’ hell is this?” As old Henry scanned through the content, his jaw dropped as he stuttered, “This, this is...”

“The irrefutable proof that they’re my children. My genuine offspring,” Zachary solemnly proclaimed. Smiling, he challenged, “If you don’t believe it, we can run the test once more.”

This time, old Henry was completely confounded. He could only stare on blankly with eyes filled with utter disbelief.

“Mr. Zachary, it is prudent not to excite nor surprise Mr. Nacht too much. His heart may not be able to handle it.” Looking on anxiously from the side, Spencer soothed, “Sir, what Mr. Zachary said is true. These three adorable children you love are truly the biological children of Mr. Zachary, hence your great-grandchildren...”

“Don’t lie to me, you old geezer,” old Henry muttered. With excitement trembling in his voice, he turned to Zachary and said, “Cheeky rascal, don’t you dare prank me. I can’t stand the thrill...”

“Old man, why are you so melodramatic?” Unable to bear it anymore, Zachary boldly challenged, “I’ve revealed the DNA test result. Yet you still doubt it. Shall I do the test once more right here and now?”

“What test?” Ellie widened her eyes blankly.

“You’re such a ditz. Even I understand what’s going on. It’s a test to confirm whether we’re Daddy’s children,” Jamie felt upset at his sister’s stupidity.

“A DNA test requires drawing of blood. Quite painful, that one,” Robbie shuddered as he remembered the lingering fear of having his blood drawn out from last time.

“I don’t want my blood to be drawn. I’m afraid of pain...” Ellie exclaimed as she suddenly bawled her eyes out. “Boohoo... Grandpa, why can’t you just believe that we are Daddy’s children?”