

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 316

“Oh my...” Spencer cooed. “You’re so cute, little girl!”

“Thank you, cutie!” the old Mr. Nacht said as he felt tears well up in his eyes.

That was his first time meeting a wide awake Ellie, and he instantly felt a connection to her, as though they were family all along.

“Ellie, this is for Jamie. Eat as much as you like and I’ll eat after you,” Robbie said as he set aside a portion of the food for Jamie.

“She hasn’t eaten the takeaway that I got her just now. How about...” the nurse that helped Robbie clean his hands whispered.

“It’s fine,” the old Mr. Nacht said. “Kids, I’ll get someone to send more food over later. You can eat as much as you like!”

“No need...” Robbie said, only to be cut off by Ellie’s cheerful chirps.

“Thank you, Grandpa Nacht!” Ellie said with a wide grin.

She picked up a custard bun with her oily hands and handed it over to the old Mr. Nacht. “Here, have a bun, Grandpa Nacht!”

Spencer stepped forward to turn down her offer, but the old Mr. Nacht simply smiled and took the bun from her hands.

“Thanks!” he said as he took a bite of the bun. “Mmm! So tasty!”

That was the most delicious custard bun he had ever eaten, although it was just a simple pastry filled with cream.

Ellie's hands were slippery with oil, but the old Mr. Nacht was not a single bit disgusted with it. In fact, he thoroughly enjoyed every bite he took.

The last time he had such a great appetite was twenty-two years ago, when Zachary was only six years old.

The three kids brought back a tsunami of memories, and his desire for great-grandkids grew stronger than ever.

He'd better get married soon and produce some great-grandkids for me to cuddle!

Look at them! They're so adorable!

"It's getting late, Mr. Nacht. Shall I send you home?" Spencer asked, concerned for the old man's health.

"I'll leave after they sleep," the old Mr. Nacht said, pointing to the cots in the room. "Do they have enough blankets? Will it be cold at night?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Nacht. If you insist, I can bring another set of blankets for them," the head nurse said. "Mr. Hooter's got everything covered."

"Alright. Make sure someone's watching over them twenty-four-seven," the old Mr. Nacht said.

"Yes, Mr. Nacht."

"Oh, and..." the old Mr. Nacht said as he glanced at Robbie. "Do you drink milk at night? I'll get them to prepare..."

“Ellie needs milk...” Robbie blurted before puffing out his chest. “I’m a big boy! I don’t need milk!”

“Hahaha! Drinking milk doesn’t mean that you aren’t a big boy!” the old Mr. Nacht said with a chuckle.

Spencer and the nurses giggled at his words, while Robbie turned red in the face. “I-I need milk in the morning, but I don’t need a bottle...”

“I need a bottle!” Ellie said, pouting. “I’m not a big boy after all!”

The old Mr. Nacht burst into laughter at the sound of that, and the room was soon filled with the chuckles of every adult present.

The tension in the air was long gone, replaced by a lighthearted mood.

Spencer smiled as he watched the old Mr. Nacht laugh. When was the last time he had such a hearty laugh?

Probably about twenty years ago...

Zachary was just like the three kids back when he was a toddler, but everything changed after he turned six.

The old Mr. Nacht somehow found some semblance of those simpler times when he was interacting with the kids. Spencer figured that fate could have been the one behind this.