

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort

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Mrs. Berry went downstairs to the kitchen. Charlotte changed her clothes and went to help her out. When she got to the living room, however, she heard a car pull into the driveway.

There was a Rolls-Royce parked at the gates of the house.

Immediately, Charlotte stood up and ran to receive them.

The car door swung open, and Zachary lifted the kids out of the car one by one. Setting Robbie and Jamie onto his shoulders, he hoisted Ellie into his arms. Meanwhile, Fifi lay in Ellie's arms, hiccupping as she slept.

This scene was simply too adorable.

Charlotte burst into laughter. Running up to help Zachary with the children, she asked, "Why did all of you return home together?"

"There wasn't much to do in the office today. I went to pick them up at a kindergarten."

From a distance, Zachary seemed like a big tree. Three children were hanging from his body, and there was a bird in some crevice to boot.

Robbie and Jamie had dug their fingers into Zachary's hair to stop themselves from falling off.

Because she was afraid, Ellie had wrapped her stubby little legs around Zachary. She looked like a koala bear as she rested in his arms.

"Oh, look at those three monkeys! Here, let me take them from you."

Just as Charlotte was going to take Ellie from him, Zachary twisted away. "You're still recovering from an injury. You can't carry heavy items yet."

"I'm not heavy!" Ellie snapped, pouting in annoyance. "Look how skinny I am."

"Haha..."

Everyone burst into laughter.

Since the three children arrived in the villa, the house was full of laughter again. In the past, it had only been full of dead silence.

"Alright, you're skinny." Charlotte helped Ellie onto the ground. She bent down and helped to dust off her clothes. "Ellie," she lectured, "it doesn't matter if you're fat or skinny. Your health is the most important, got it?"

"But I'm very skinny, to begin with!" Ellie protested, touching her face. In a glum voice, she said, "Today, Ms. Cheney told me that I got skinnier. Apparently, I should be getting more vitamins and having more food."

"Yes, of course you should be eating more!" Mrs. Berry emerged from the front door in an apron, brandishing a spatula. Smilingly, she said, "I cooked lots and lots of dishes today. And all of them are your favorites!"

"Mrs. Berry..."

When they spotted Mrs. Berry, the triplets burst into screams of excitement.

Ellie tottered over to her on her plump legs. Throwing herself into Mrs. Berry's arms, she hollered happily, "Mrs. Berry, when did you get here? I've missed you so much."

"Good girl, Ellie. I've missed you too."

Mrs. Berry bent down to hug her, her eyes swimming with tears.

Robbie and Jamie struggled to get down. Zachary had no choice but to set them down onto the floor.

Robbie leaped into Mrs. Berry's arms immediately. Jamie wanted to run over to her, but Zachary picked him up and placed him into the wheelchair.

Jamie kicked his legs furiously. "Come on, push me forward!"

Mildred rushed forward and pushed him towards Mrs. Berry. The three children crowded around Mrs. Berry, chattering at the top of their lungs.

"Mrs. Berry, I've missed you too!" Robbie cried.

"Me too, Mrs. Berry, me too!" Jamie yelped.

"I've missed all of you," Mrs. Berry said, wiping her tears away as she enveloped them in a hug. "In the future, I won't have to go to the hospital anymore. I'll stay with you guys and make lots of yummy food for you."

"Okay!" the triplets said, nodding.

"We were planning to visit you in the hospital after we got off from school today! Are you feeling better now?" Robbie asked, feeling concerned.

"Of course, of course. I'm much better now," Mrs. Berry said, smiling. "All my ailments seem to disappear whenever I see you guys!"

"That's great!" Jamie said, smiling brightly. Seriously, he continued, "Now that you're back, Mrs. Berry, we won't have to eat burned mac and cheese and hot cross bunnies with salt in them..."

"Oh, dear." Charlotte smacked her head, feeling so embarrassed that she wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

The children must have been suffering a great deal from her cooking these past few days.

"Exactly! Your cooking is the best, Mrs. Berry." Ellie tilted her head and said innocently, "Because you haven't been cooking for us, I've become so skinny!"

Here, she gave her arm a good pinch and whined, "Look! I have no fat here anymore."

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"Haha!" Mrs. Berry laughed. "From now on, I'll be cooking for you guys. Make sure to eat well, alright?"

"Of course! I'll eat everything up," Ellie declared, clapping her hands excitedly.

"Me too."

"And me!"

Robbie and Jamie stuck their hands up in the air.

Fifi, who had been lying in Ellie's arms the whole time, looked up blearily and squawked, "Me too!"

"What's wrong with Fifi?" Mrs. Berry asked, looking curiously at the parrot. "Is she sick? Or is she hungover?"

"She's drunk, actually," Ellie said, her eyes flashing with glee. "This morning, she drank Uncle Zack's wine secretly. She has been in a coma ever since."

Hearing this, Charlotte turned to Zachary and gave him a sharp pinch on his arm. "You gave Fifi wine again?"

"She wanted to drink some herself," Zachary replied, looking very wronged.

"Yeah! You have me as a witness—Fifi wanted to drink it herself," Jamie said, standing up for Zachary immediately.

"And me!" Robbie added. "It wasn't Uncle Zack who fed it to her."

"Oh, it's alright. She'll wake up by tomorrow anyway."

Ellie patted Fifi's green little head comfortingly.

"Alright, then. I'll go prepare dinner first. Go and have some fun! Dinner will be ready at six, as usual."

"Okay! Thanks, Mrs. Berry!"

After sending the kids off to play, Mrs. Berry looked up at Zachary, feeling a little embarrassed. "I'm sorry for hitting you with the mop last time..."

"No worries," Zachary said, interrupting her. "You were only protecting your own people. Besides, you're our elder."

Although he wasn't a particularly emotive man and didn't know how to comfort people, he tried his best to reassure Mrs. Berry through his words.

Charlotte felt extremely shocked. Zachary was such a prideful man that she hadn't expected him to lay down his dignity and forgive Mrs. Berry for her sake.

"Oh, thank you!" Mrs. Berry was equally stunned. She felt a little touched, too. There had been a few misunderstandings between Zachary and herself recently, and she wondered if their meeting today would be awkward.

However, his attitude towards her right now made her feel very shocked.

This was probably what people meant when they said 'love me, love my dog'.

Because of his love for Charlotte, Zachary was willing to do things he would never have considered before.

"Don't worry about it," Zachary replied, smiling. "I've hired quite a lot of cooks. You can ask them for help, too. Don't tire yourself out too much."

"Oh, got it!"

Mrs. Berry nodded, smiling. She ran back into the kitchen to busy herself.

A few cooks hovered at her elbows, worried that she might faint from fatigue any moment.

"I'm going upstairs to change," Zachary took Charlotte's hand and pulled her upstairs.

"Look over there! Uncle Zack is holding Mommy's hand!" Ellie exclaimed suddenly. She clapped a hand over her mouth, a horrified expression appearing on her face. "After graduating from kindergarten, boys and girls aren't allowed to hold hands!"

"Oh no! Will they get pregnant?" Jamie frowned, his face full of worry. "If Mommy gets pregnant again, we'll have the real-life Deedee, Lulu, and Kiki soon enough..."

"Oh, both of you are so ignorant!" Robbie said, puffing out his chest. With a pompous expression, he said, "You can't get pregnant through holding hands! But..."

Here, Zachary looped his hand around Charlotte's shoulders as the both of them proceeded upstairs, laughing as they went.

"Oh no, they're hugging each other now!" Ellie cried, pointing to them in consternation. "Do you think they could get pregnant like that?"

"No..." Robbie said smugly. "That doesn't mean anything. They have to kiss first..."

At that exact moment, Zachary pressed a kiss to Charlotte's lips.

"Oh no!" Ellie hid her face behind her hands, too afraid to look.

"Oh no..." Robbie said, sighing.

"You can get pregnant through kissing?" Jamie asked, looking horrified. "I just kissed Ms. Wiklund on her cheeks! Does that mean...I'm going to be a father soon?"

"What? Jamie, did you really kiss Ms. Wiklund on her cheeks?" Ellie yelped, stomping her feet. "This is terrible! I'm going to be an aunt!"

"What are we going to do?" Robbie moaned, burying his head in his hands. "I'm too young to be an uncle! Besides, what will happen if Mommy's baby is born at the same time as my nephew? Oh my gosh..."