

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1159

The Imperial Garden was left with Nicole, Evan, and Maya now. The little girl was busy working on her food plaza, so she could barely spend time with her parents. As the result, the Imperial Garden was unusually quiet and empty, and Nicole wasn't used to the sudden change.

In the midst of her free time, Kyle and Juan crossed her mind. How are the boys now? I heard that the schools aren't opened to the public and have strict rules. It's been a while since they left, and they didn't call me even for once. Are they doing fine?

The longer she thought about them, the more exasperated she felt. With that, she stood up and walked up the stairs to look for Evan.

"There's no news about Juan and Kyle so far. Are they alright? Evan, why don't you try to get in touch with them?"

The man was puzzled. "Both of them are at schools now. Their phones have probably been kept away by the teachers, so we won't be able to get through."

"Then call the teachers in their schools!"

Evan hesitated. "If there's anything at all, the teachers will call us. I believe they're fine."

"They're fine, but I'm not," Nicole said.

"You? What happened to you?" In doubt, Evan sized her up suspiciously.

"I... I miss them, and I feel like talking to them. It's only natural that a mom misses her sons."

Without a word, Evan was dumbfounded. Should I call the boys? What if it sways their determination to study and makes them want to come home?

“Nicole, listen to me. They’re studying very hard right now, so we’ll disturb them if we call them. They may even get distracted after hearing your voice.”

“Are you going to make the call or not?” she demanded.

Evan remained silent.

Nicole walked over to his side and grabbed the corner of his shirt. “Evan, just make one call. I miss the boys, and I want to know whether they’re doing fine. Don’t worry, they’re much more strong-willed than I am, so they won’t waver.”

At this moment, the way she pestered him made her look like a kid asking for sweets, and Evan found it amusing. With his cavernous eyes on her, he intentionally put on a poker face and said, “No!”

Hearing his rejection, she promptly tugged at his shirt coquettishly. “Just once, please. I really miss them, Evan. Just one call will do. If you don’t, I’ll miss them so much until I cry. Do you want to see me cry? I’m sure you don’t want that. Give them a call, please. I know you understand how much a mother can miss her children.”

“Really? Will you cry when you miss them too much?” the man asked, staring at her in disbelief. “But I’ve never seen you cry, not even for once, though they have been away for so long.”

His question stunned Nicole for a second. She then refuted him hurriedly. “I cried in secret. That’s why you didn’t see it.”

“Is that so?” Evan asked doubtfully.

He doesn't believe me. Well, I'll let him see it for himself then.

Rolling her eyes, Nicole began to fake crying.

"Sob... Sob..."

This reaction was the last thing Evan expected from her.

In the beginning, she was just whining. After a short while, she felt a pang of sorrow in her heart. Her eyes turned dewy and red-rimmed, and tears started trickling down her fair cheeks.

The moment Evan saw her crying her eyes out, he could no longer be at ease. Quickly taking a napkin, he gently wiped her tears and coaxed her patiently.

"Okay, okay, don't cry. I know you miss the kids. I'll call their teacher now to check on them, alright?"

"Call them now..." Nicole whined.

"I'll call them once you stop crying," the man said gently.

"I'll stop crying once you make the call."

Evan went speechless.

Immediately, he picked his phone up and called a teacher in Juan's school.

Looking at his anxious face, Nicole came to the conclusion that her tears were the most potent weapon to make Evan yield to her request.

This is a very useful trick.

The call got through in no time, and Evan asked about Juan's condition. He then turned on the loudspeaker for his wife to listen as the teacher patiently told them every single detail of their son's life at school.