

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1193

Evan, why did you have to bring Nicole out on vacation now of all times?

Ugh. If Nicole hadn't gotten pregnant, then Evan wouldn't have brought her out on vacation... Oh, Nicole, why did you have to get pregnant now of all times?

Okay, so Nicole got pregnant now, whatever. But that damned Monica! Why did she have to appear out of nowhere having every intention of hurting the Seet family and company?

Why is life testing me like this?

On one hand was the Seet Group, and on the other was his biological mom's arm. How was he supposed to choose?

If he really terminated the contracts with those companies, it would cause irreversible damage to the Seet Group. But if he didn't do so, his dear mother, as stubborn and prideful as she was, might actually lose an arm... He didn't even want to think about it. He didn't want to think about how devastated she would be if she lost an arm.

At that moment, John knocked on the door and entered the room. "Mr. Davin, here are the reports for the company's profits these past few days. Please take a look."

"Profits, profits, who cares about earning anymore? Put those away!" Davin was all over the place and could barely think straight. How could he be in the mood to check how much money was earned?

"Please calm down, Mr. Davin. Damien and Jensen have already started investigating. You must have faith that they will discover a lead."

Davin raised his head weakly as he looked at John. "I'll ask you something: what do you think my brother would do if he were in this position?" He proceeded to describe the ultimatum Monica had given him.

John, too, had a troubled expression after listening to Davin. After thinking in silence for a while, he carefully replied, "Mr. Davin, I'm in no position to say what I think Mr. Evan would do if he were in your shoes. But, I do think that he would come up with a plan that ensures everyone's safety. He would not let the company suffer any losses, and he would make sure Mrs. Seet's arm stays intact."

Davin furrowed his eyebrows together. He already knew that a perfect solution that could ensure the safety of both the company and his mother was the best answer. The question was, what was this solution?

Davin asked again, "If my brother were in my shoes right now, how would he come up with an all-perfect solution?"

John blinked slowly, looking stunned. Why was Mr. Davin asking him? How was he supposed to know?

"Mr. Davin, how about you give a call to Mr. Evan and ask him personally? How could I know even if you asked me?"

Davin went over the suggestion in his mind. "That makes sense. I'll call Evan up and ask what he thinks."

Saying so, he picked up his phone and called Evan's contact number.

Unfortunately, he didn't expect Evan to switch off his phone.

Are you kidding me? Evan, weren't you the one who told me before you left that if an emergency happens, I can call you anytime? So why is your phone switched off now?

Davin tried calling again and again in a panic but to no avail. So, he had no choice but to try calling Nicole's phone instead.

Alas, her phone was switched off as well.

What the hell? Did you both coordinate this or something?

Everything back here at home is going to hell! How could the two of you just so happen to have your phones switched off?

You both are definitely doing this on purpose!

Davin would have never thought that Evan and Nicole both had logical reasons for switching their phones off. Nicole's phone was off because she had accidentally dropped it into the water while they were on a boat, and had yet to get it fixed.

Meanwhile, Evan saw how much fun Nicole was having and didn't want their mood to be ruined by any interruptions. He planned on properly accompanying her for these few months and had thus switched off his phone so he could dedicate all his time and energy to spoiling his wife and nothing else.

When the calls for help didn't work, Davin felt like the last thread he was holding onto had snapped. The only thing that was going through his head was "I'm done for, I'm done for" over and over again. He was really going to have to face this alone. What should I do? What should I do?

His heart was nearly beating out of his chest as he desperately tried to calm himself down and think straight. Think, brain, think. There has to be a way out of this.

No matter how much he thought about it, it seemed that only Sheila could help him now!

As long as the Muir Group was willing to provide some assistance, there was still a chance that he could solve this.

He grabbed his coat and hurriedly left the president's office.

“Mr. Davin, what are you doing?” John asked, thoroughly confused.

“I’m going to get help! You better look after the Seet Group while I’m gone, or Evan is not going to let you off the hook once he comes back!”

Evan, please come back soon...