

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 91

Juan sat on the semi-circle brown sofa as he contemplated the execution of his plan.

Right then, he heard engine noises from the courtyard. Looking out the window, he realized it was Evan's Maybach driving into the garage.

The evil Daddy's back!

Juan rolled his eyes in Evan's direction before he sat up straight, unmoving. Usually, he would have rushed out to greet Evan by now.

This time, he had to teach Evan a lesson on behalf of his Mommy. *I can't be too nice to him.*

When Evan walked into the living room, he glanced at his son. However, that was the only thing he did before he went upstairs to his study room.

Juan blinked. *Why is Daddy acting like this to me... Wait. I mean to Kyle?*

Blake sighed and walked over. "Kyle, don't be angry with Mr. Seet about Ms. Tussaud. Have lunch with him later and talk to him. He's always loved you. If you keep this up, he'll be heartbroken."

Only then did Juan realize that Kyle was angry with Evan because of their mother's matters.

In his heart, Juan praised Kyle for his action.

That's right! You should be angry with Daddy for being mean to Mommy.

But Kyle isn't good at this. It doesn't really matter if you refuse to eat with him.

You should find another way to reach your goal, Kyle.

"You're right. I'll eat with Daddy later. I'll make him happy."

Juan enunciated the last word as the gears in his head turned.

Blake stared at him and frowned involuntarily. However, it was not because he had heard the odd way Juan had said "happy," it was because of "Kyle's" abrupt change of attitude that had surprised him.

Kyle is as stubborn as Mr. Seet. He was still furious when he left for school this morning. Why is he suddenly convinced now?

Before he had said his part, he thought his words would be a waste of time. Even if Kyle listened to him, he would not completely heed his words.

Yet, Blake could not help but try to persuade him.

However, the attitude of the boy in front of him was not what he had expected.

Juan gazed at Blake's surprised look and blinked. Anxiously, he wondered, *Did Blake realize something's amiss?*

He hurriedly climbed down from the sofa and mumbled, "I'll go to the kitchen to see if there's anything Daddy likes to eat."

With that, he fled to the kitchen.

Why...

Why is Kyle so concerned about Mr. Seet so suddenly?

His mind changes too quickly.

It's as if that's not him!

But I do hope that his relationship with Mr. Seet will be less tense after lunch.

When Juan entered the kitchen, he saw the sumptuous dishes on the table. With a giggle, a thought popped into his mind.

In the study room.

Evan was deep in his thoughts. He was pondering whether if John could convince Nicole to translate the documents of A Nation's project details. Just then, someone knocked on the door.

"Mr. Seet, it's time for lunch."

Coming back to his senses, Evan muttered, "Got it." However, he remained seated on his office chair.

"Mr. Seet, Kyle has been waiting for a while. He's been complaining that he's hungry and that he wants to eat with you," Blake urged.

Upon hearing the butler's words, Evan creased his brows.

Kyle wants to eat with me?

He's no longer rebelling by fasting, and he's even asking to eat with me?

Wait... Kyle talked to Nicole last night. That woman must have known that fasting is useless, so she taught him something else.

The boy listened to Nicole, and he had been on a hunger strike. *He must be hungry after eating the bare minimum for several meals.*

No matter what methods Nicole had taught him, accompanying him for a proper meal was of utmost importance to Evan.

With that thought, he stood up and went down the stairs.

The moment he stepped into the dining room, he saw “Kyle” munching down on two chicken drumsticks.

He hates drumsticks. Did he change his preferences?

Well, he’s been in frequent contact with that idiot, Nicole. So I guess anything can change.

“Daddy, come and eat. Today’s lunch is delicious,” Juan said as he looked down on his plate. In it was every dish that had been served for lunch today.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 92

Evan's lips curled. In the past, Kyle always insisted on having food that was made by Nicole. Now, he was eating everything. It seemed like the boy was really hungry.

"Is it? Let me have a try."

Evan sat down and picked up his utensils, looking at the braised beef in front of him.

After peeking a glance at Evan, Juan snickered under his breath.

Go on, eat it. Once you eat it, you'll remember its taste for the rest of your life.

Evan placed the beef into his mouth and chewed. Suddenly, he frowned.

What is this taste?

It's salty, sweet, pungent, and spicy all at the same time. It's a mess!

In the next second, he spat out the beef and gargled his mouth with water from his cup. However, he had only taken a small sip of the water before he spat it out as well.

Even the water tastes weird!

Standing up, he rushed toward the living room to pour the contents of the teapot into his mouth. Lo and behold, even the tea...

A deep frown was seared onto Blake's face as he watched Evan's actions.

He walked swiftly toward the man and asked, "Mr. Seet, what's wrong?"

"Water. I need clean water."

At the sight of Evan's discomfort, Blake hurriedly poured a glass of water for him.

"Mr. Seet, here."

Evan looked at the glass of water in Blake's hands as though it was his savior. He hastily grabbed it and gargled his mouth before spitting it out.

"Get me another glass."

Blake was speechless.

He was also confused. *Is lunch so terrible?*

After drinking a few glasses of water, the odd taste in Evan's tongue finally washed away. He then looked at Blake with fury in his eyes.

"Where's the chef?" *I'm going to make him finish the plate of beef himself!*

Blake realized that things had turned sour with the way Evan seemed to fume. He quickly did as instructed. "I'll go get him right away, Mr. Seet."

The chef entered the dining room and took a look at the beef on the table before looking at Evan. "Mr. Seet, is there a problem with the beef?"

Evan narrowed his eyes and ordered, "Eat it."

Eat it?

Momentarily stunned by confusion, the chef walked over to place a piece of beef into his mouth. In an instant, multiple expressions flashed past his face.

It's salty and sweet, pungent and bitter. It's... What is this?

For the first time in his many years of being a chef, he could not find a word to describe the flavor.

He immediately ran to the courtyard and spat the beef into the trash can. He only returned to the dining room after gargling his mouth, like what Evan had done earlier.

On the chef's face was a bewildered and fearful look.

"Is this a dish you made with care?"

The way Evan said the last two words were ear-piercing to the chef.

"Mr. Seet, I don't know why it tastes like this. I really don't."

Evan then turned to look at "Kyle's" plate. The beef was missing from his plate.

Is this the only one that tastes bad?

Evan glanced at "Kyle" and inquired, "Are the rest of the dishes tasty?"

Juan nodded fervently. "Daddy, try them!"

Evan picked up his utensils again and took a piece of mushroom. Carefully, he chewed on it. In the next second, he spat it out too.

Following that was another round of gargling.

This time, without needing Evan's instruction, the chef took a piece of mushroom and chewed. Immediately, he frowned.

"Why does it taste like this?"

This is impossible.

I didn't put any strange condiments in it. Why does it...

After washing down the taste, instead of questioning the chef again, Evan turned his attention to the plate in front of "Kyle."

"Kyle" said it's delicious. Does that mean the food on his plate tastes different from mine?

Or...

He walked over to "Kyle" to try his mushroom. After two chews, he realized he had to spit it out too; it tasted as peculiar as the rest of the dishes.

Juan lowered his head and fidgeted with the edge of his shirt. He snickered secretly. The ones he had eaten earlier had been specially prepared as he did not put any condiments on them.

The only food left on his plate was the ones that tasted the same as the plates in front of him.

Evan looked at him in shock. *The dishes are horrible, but Kyle said it's delicious. Is there something wrong with his tastebuds?*

"Kyle, d-do you really think that these are delicious?"

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 93

Juan stared at him for a second before nodding. He then moved to take more food when Evan stopped him.

Juan heaved a sigh of relief in his heart. I knew Daddy won't let me eat something as terrible as this.

Intentionally fluttering his lashes, he queried, "What's wrong, Daddy?"

A bitter feeling swelled in Evan's heart. Kyle had just recovered not too long ago. If something went wrong with his tastebuds...

No. I can't let this happen.

"Kyle, why don't you follow Daddy to the hospital?"

"Why?"

Evan remained silent at that. He held Juan's hand tightly as they went out of the house.

When they reached the hospital, Juan cooperated with the checkups.

The results returned, and Juan had a clean bill of health. Even the doctor did not know what had happened.

"Daddy, perhaps I'll only taste the correct flavors if it's Mommy's cooking?"

Upon hearing “Kyle’s” innocent question, doubt seeped into Evan’s heart.

He still misses Nicole. Could it be...

Is this what Nicole taught him to do?

Now that he thought about it, the chef had been working at Hillside Villa for several years now. His cooking could not have abruptly turned bad.

Evan narrowed his eyes and quietly led “Kyle” out of the hospital.

On the way home, Juan could not decipher what Evan was thinking about. He thought to himself, I planned this cautiously. I don’t think Daddy will notice anything wrong with it.

After they reached home, Evan asked the maids to keep “Kyle” company.

Meanwhile, he looked through the security footage in the kitchen.

Previously, to keep an eye on Nicole, Evan had asked John to add more security cameras in Hillside Villa.

The kitchen had the most security cameras because Nicole was in charge of cooking.

Evan never thought that it would come to great use now.

On the screen, Evan saw “Kyle” sneakily placed the untampered food onto his plate.

Then, he poured all sorts of condiments into the other plates, including sugar, salt, apple cider vinegar, and more; he had used every condiment in the kitchen he could find.

Evan's expression turned as dark as night.

So that's why Kyle said it's tasty, and he even ate it.

The Kyle of the past would never lie, but now he's doing things like these.

Nicole must be the one to teach him this.

This damn woman. Isn't she afraid that Kyle will grow up to be a terrible person?

She's beyond help!

In Evan's mind, "Kyle" was the victim of the matter and the one who had to bear the responsibility was Nicole.

He did not want to reprimand "Kyle." He knew that if he did, the boy would distance himself from him even more.

Hence, he decided to hold Nicole accountable instead.

It took John a great effort to find Nicole's new abode. After knocking on the door, he waited patiently for her.

When Nicole opened the door and saw that it was John, she was stunned.

Fortunately, the three children were already at the kindergarten. If John saw "Juan," Evan would be swift to know about it too.

"Mr. Lin, how can I help you?"

"Ms. Tussaud, I called you in the morning. I'm sure you know why I'm here."

A faint smile curled on Nicole's lips. "Mr. Lin, if you're thinking about asking me to return to the company, it won't be happening. Please leave."

Nicole's rejection was swift.

John had anticipated her response. "Ms. Tussaud, if you think it's inconvenient for me to enter your house, why don't we have a cup of coffee instead?"

"Is there really a need for that?"

"Of course. Ms. Tussaud, you won't regret it."

Nicole hesitated. She knew that if she did not agree to it, John would never leave her alone.

Fine. Let's hear what he plans to say.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 94

At Mellow Cafe.

John requested to be seated in the luxurious private room, and he ordered the best coffee they had. The environment was pleasant to be in.

“Ms. Tussaud, try the coffee and see if you like it.”

Nicole paid no heed to minor details like these. After taking a small sip of the coffee, she placed the cup back on the table. “Mr. Lin, let’s dive straight into the topic.”

Nicole was a straightforward woman, and that was a trait John appreciated. In comparison with women who schemed in the shadows, Nicole was better suited for Evan.

He smiled. “Ms. Tussaud, I was hoping to help you familiarize yourself with Mr. Seet. As long as you return to the company, I can tell you everything you want to know until you win his heart. You can ask about his preferences and his schedule.”

Nicole froze. What does he mean?

Evan’s secretary is trying to help me win over Evan?

She wanted to ask if his boss knew what his subordinate was trying to do.

What do you get from doing this?

John had long thought of the questions that were swirling in her head. Without needing her to ask, he explained, “Ms. Tussaud, I’m only following orders. Mrs. Seet likes you very much.”

I see. So it’s Mrs. Seet’s idea.

His words were the perfect reply to Nicole’s unspoken questions.

However, she did not know why she should court Evan.

Whenever she thought about the way Evan made her life difficult, she felt disgusted by him.

After a brief pause, Nicole scoffed as she looked at John. “Mr. Lin, it seems that helping me isn’t the only reason you want me back. I’m sure the company hasn’t found a translator who knows A Nation’s language. Am I right?”

Truth be told, we had found one. However, Mrs. Seet had come up with a plan to make Evan dismiss the translator from the company.

John fell silent, keeping the words in his heart. Instead, he replied, “Yes.” That way, Nicole would feel that the company truly needed her.

Upon hearing his answer, a surge of glee flowed into Nicole’s heart. They actually didn’t manage to find a suitable person for the job?

My prayers must have been heard. God is helping me fulfill my wish.

It seems like God is on my side.

It serves that bastard Evan well to not find anyone for the role.

Should I go back and get him back for what he’s done?

It's a splendid opportunity for revenge, after all.

"Ms. Tussaud, you can tell us your terms. Even if they're against Mr. Seet, we'll agree to it as long as you return to the company."

John had lowered his voice to sound subservient.

"Let me think about it."

Unlike the outright rejection earlier, Nicole was now giving his words a thought.

John saw a trace of hope from her expression, and he heaved a sigh of relief in his heart.

As long as Nicole returned, he would have successfully carried out Sophia's request. He would also be able to tell Evan he found a translator for their collaboration with A Nation.

The future events—whether it would be love or hate between Nicole and Evan—had nothing to do with John.

The next day.

Nicole woke up early and prepared breakfast for the three children. While they were eating, she put on sophisticated makeup and the black office attire Sophia had given to her earlier.

Her tied-up hair matched perfectly with the set of clothes she was wearing.

Her lips curled into a confident smile as she looked at herself in the mirror. She knew she looked elegant and professional.

Unlike the previous time, this time, Nicole was returning with confidence.

There were three reasons for her confidence.

Firstly, the company needed her.

Secondly, John had called her last night, and she told him her terms, which he had agreed to.

Thirdly, the set of clothes she was wearing was physical evidence of Sophia's support.

In the past, she was bullied because Evan was intentionally making her life difficult like the petty man he was. Now, it seemed like things were starting to turn in her favor. As the saying goes, evil will never prevail.

In other words, Nicole thought, I'm not afraid of you, Evan Seet.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 95

If Evan did not act like he used to, Nicole would not start a fight with him. All she planned to do was to vent a little of her frustration toward him.

However, if he acted the same as before, if he still intentionally made life difficult for her, she would definitely teach him a lesson.

At that thought, she imagined the speechless, disheveled state Evan would be in. Joy poured into her heart, and a laugh escaped her.

“Mommy, it’s time for us to go to the kindergarten.”

Nina’s words snapped her back to reality. Nicole cleared her throat. “Let’s go.”

On the way to the kindergarten, Nina insisted on keeping a distance from “Juan” and Maya.

The girl still held a grudge against her siblings. Maya had betrayed her and “Juan” made her apologize for the broken iPad.

Soon, the car came to a stop outside the kindergarten. The three children alighted the car, and Nina walked in front away from the other two.

Nicole let out a silent sigh at the three children’s figures. It seemed like she had to talk to Nina tonight.

Once they were inside, she turned the car around and drove to Seet Group.

When she stepped into the office, she saw John standing in the lobby, looking around. When he saw her, he made a beeline for her.

“Ms. Tussaud, welcome!”

“Thank you. Remember what you’ve promised me last night,” Nicole whispered her reminder.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Tussaud. This way, please.”

With a small smile, she elegantly walked to the translation department and to her old office.

Soon, John brought her the materials for A Nation’s project.

“Thank you for your hard work, Ms. Tussaud.”

“There’s no need to thank me, it’s my job, after all.”

Within seconds, Nicole had turned on her computer and dived straight into work.

John’s heart, which had been beating erratically, went back to its original rhythm after hearing her rapid typing.

I’ve completed what Mrs. Seet and Mr. Seet have asked of me.

After Evan heard of Nicole’s return, the look in his eyes turned grim. He thought about the plans she taught “Kyle” and the beef and mushrooms he ate...

In an instant, the odd combination of flavors crashed into his mouth in waves. For a moment, it was as if he was having the meal again.

He gulped a mouthful of water and rushed to the restroom to spit it out. Only after continuously gargling that he felt slightly better.

Damn it!

This is all because of Nicole. If she didn't come up with this idea for Kyle, this wouldn't be happening to me.

He felt he would never have beef and mushrooms for the rest of his life.

How should I make Nicole pay for this?

Walking back to his office chair, his slender fingers slowly moved the cursor across the screen.

He clicked on the menu for Y City's top dessert store.

His gaze landed on their latest product, mousse cake, for a while before a smile grew on his face.

However, it was a smile that did not reach his eyes.

He picked up his phone to make a call. When he was done with that, he called John.

John had a look of bewilderment on his face after hearing Evan's words.

He's asking me to pick up a mousse cake from a dessert store for Ms. Tussaud?

Mr. Seet is concerned about her? He even bought her a mousse cake from the top dessert store in the city?

This is... Unexpected.

Does Mr. Seet want to lessen the tension in his relationship with Ms. Tussaud, or is he concerned about the company? If it's the latter, he must be thinking of encouraging Ms. Tussaud to work harder.

Regardless of his reasons, Ms. Tussaud must feel happy to be treated well by him.

Without delaying any second, John immediately went to the dessert store to pick the cake up.

Half an hour later, he came back to the office holding the mousse cake which was packed inside a fancy box. John then asked Evan if he was meant to send the cake to Nicole immediately.

Evan lowered his eyes slightly. He was joyous at the thought of Nicole's reaction when she ate the cake.

"Go ahead."

At the president's order, John sped to Nicole's office.