

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 36

As evening turned to night, Kyle used the cover of darkness to slink back into Hillside Villa.

“Juan,” he called out softly while rapping on his room’s window.

The other boy quickly opened the window. “You’re finally back! Did you enjoy yourself today?”

Kyle found himself mulling over the question carefully. In truth, he did not know whether he had enjoyed himself or not. However, he had to admit that his heart had been pounding in excitement when he and Nicole had started beating up that bad guy. That probably counted as having fun, right?

At long last, he replied, “A little. How did things go on your end?”

“Smoothly. I met Grandpa and Grandma today and I’d even had a huge lunch! I even brought back some and was hoping to share it with our sisters. Is that okay?” Pausing, Juan handed the card that their grandmother had given him to Kyle. “By the way, Grandma gave me this card. It’s your allowance for this month. Here, take it.”

“I don’t want it.”

“They thought that I was you, so this is supposed to be for you. C’mon, keep it!”

“I don’t want it. Why don’t you take it?”

Kyle did not even bother to cast a glance at the card.

Hesitating, Juan wondered what to do. Technically, Kyle's Grandma is my Grandma too. A grandmother giving money to her grandchildren is not anything new. Since he doesn't want it, it would still be fine if I take it, right? Hehehe.

Pleased at his own reasoning, he tucked the card into a pocket for safekeeping.

"I'll be leaving now!" he told his brother.

At Kyle's nod, he headed into the kitchen to grab the bag with the take-out containers, lugging it out of there. Even though the bag was quite heavy as Juan was sagged with the weight, he was not deterred as he snuck out of Hillside Villa with some considerable effort.

When he finally returned to their house at Parkland Garden, he yelled out happily, "Come and have a feast!"

Maya, who was in the midst of drawing, tossed her color pencils aside and zoomed towards the living room.

"I knew that you would be the first one here, Maya," he teased his sister.

Ignoring him, the little girl's eyes were glued to the food on the table. "Juan, what is that?"

"Delicacies that you've never even seen before! Where is Mommy and Nina?"

"Mommy's in her room. Nina isn't eating!"

Right on cue, Nina entered the living room and glared at her sister. She soon demanded, "Who had said that I wasn't eating?"

Maya tilted her head to look at her. "I thought you'd said that you'd wanted to be a fairy? Fairies only drink flower nectar!"

“Oh yeah? Well, you’re more than welcome to only drink flower nectar. In fact, you probably should!”

“I’m not the one who wants to be a fairy. What a greedy fairy! Shame on you!”

“Why you-! You’re a... a fat pig! Shame on you!”

Flushing red in anger, Nina could not believe her ears. She was usually the one who had the upper hands in these arguments. Yet, somehow, Maya was getting increasingly good at retorting these days. How annoying!

Juan was quick to step in before a physical fight broke out. “Alright, that’s enough. The both of you, stop arguing. There’s more than enough here for everyone! Go tell Mommy to come out and eat.” With that said, he turned to grab some plates from the kitchen.

“Juan, I’ll get the plates while you go and see Mommy. She’s hurt.”

Mommy’s hurt?

He twisted around to look at Nina. “What? How?”

Nina pointed at Nicole’s room, clearly indicating that she had wanted Juan to ask her himself. After that, she headed for the kitchen.

He went inside the room and hurried to his mother’s side. She was currently sitting up in bed, leaning back against some pillows. He fussed over her, the concern on his face obvious.

When he found out how she had gotten hurt, he sighed.

“I was gone for merely a day! Why can’t you take better care of yourself? Aren’t you supposed to be the adult here?”

“It was an emergency and the situation was dire...”

“And that’s why your only thought was to save Kyle at all cost,” he mumbled to himself while staring at her bandaged feet. “Are you still in pain?”

“Nope. I’m fine now!”

The bedroom door opened once more and Maya entered with a huge crab.

“Mommy, this is for you!”

“Where did you get that!” Nicole exclaimed in surprise.

“Juan brought it back.”

That’s from Evan?

Still angered by the mere thought of the man, she replied almost instantly, saying that she was not hungry as she refused to eat it.

“Mommy, I thought you’d loved crabs?” Juan blinked his huge eyes at her innocently.

I do! But I’m not going to touch a crab that’s been through that jerk’s house!

“I don’t feel like eating crab today. You guys enjoy.”

Despite uttering such words, Nicole found that her grumbling stomach had soon woken her up in the middle of the night. Hence, she grudgingly dug out the leftover food to eat.

The next day.

Nicole got out of bed, only to realize that every step she took sent sharp spikes of agony coursing through her. This was rather strange, as her feet should have felt a lot better after a night of rest.

Nina made breakfast for all of them. After the meal, Juan suggested that he accompany Nicole to Hillside Villa.

“You can’t! What if Evan finds out...”

“Don’t worry, Mommy. I promise I’ll keep out of sight!”

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“That’s still too dangerous.”

“It’ll be fine. I’ve completely familiarized myself with that villa by now, so I won’t be discovered. Trust in my intelligence and abilities, Mommy!” Juan replied confidently.

She stared at her son for a few short seconds before caving in. Reaching out to rub his head, she warned him, “Just remember to be careful!”

“Yeah!”

Gathering her equipment, the mother and son took a taxi to Hillside Villa.

To be on the safe side, Juan got out of the car a shorter distance away from the villa. Nicole only exited after the taxi stopped right in front of the building.

It took a lot of effort for her to even reach the living room. The pain coming from her feet was reaching the realm of excruciating and she felt like she was about to die from it. Beads of sweat dotted her forehead. She did not even have the energy to look at Evan as she collapsed on the couch.

Evan’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

She’s being extremely rude!

“Who said you could have a seat?”

The moment his cold voice rang out, rage boiled within Nicole. She was sorely tempted to curse the man six ways to Sunday.

However, she knew that she could not afford to have an unreserved argument with the man. No, she had to be smart about this!

Struggling hard to reign in her temper, she plastered a pitiful look on her face before she raised her head to meet his gaze. “Mr. Seet, I’ve injured my feet and they hurt terribly. I honestly couldn’t bear standing a moment longer!”

She slowly raised her legs to place her feet on the coffee table. “Look at how serious my injuries are!”

His dark eyes soon focused in on her feet. “How did you hurt them?”

She froze. There was no way that she could tell him the truth! Thinking quickly, she decided that a partial truth would be the best option here. “I had accidentally stepped on something that I shouldn’t have.”

“Which was?”

“Rocks!”

“You injured yourself this badly by stepping on rocks? What a weirdo!”

“Well, more like gravel. Why don’t you try running barefoot on those sharp, tiny rocks yourself!”

Furrowing his brows, Evan snorted and answered flippantly, “I’m not crazy, unlike a certain someone. Or is there another reason for your masochistic actions?”

She blinked and spluttered in outrage, “Y-you! I’m not crazy! I didn’t have a choice on the matter!”

“Someone who’s done something bad will always find an excuse to justify their actions!” he declared in a tone that paved no room for argument.

Nicole could only fume in silence, unable to release her rage. How dare this b*****d slander me! I should smash that vase on his head until it breaks and then stab him with its broken pieces! I’ll gladly bathe in his blood!

“Nothing to say to that? Does that mean that you admit to it?”

The blasted man’s voice dragged her away from her violent thoughts and back to reality.

Mentally chanting at herself to calm down, she stared back at him and explained, “I didn’t do anything bad. I ran into some people who had tried to attack me and I’d dropped my shoes in my desperation to escape. That’s how I injured myself.”

“Someone tried to attack you?” He had an expression of disbelief on his face.

Sighing tiredly, she muttered, “Yes. I have no idea why though.”

Evan scoffed and snarked, “It’s probably because they were blind!”

She nearly choked on her saliva at his words.

Blind, my ass! I might not have money but I sure as hell have the looks! After all, weren’t you one of the many victims to my beauty? Why else would we have these four?

Such thoughts had her rolling her eyes at the man in contempt.

“That’s enough. Hurry up! Kyle is waiting for his acupuncture therapy.”

“Mr. Seet, I really don’t want to move so I-”

“Want me to carry you?” Evan spoke up indifferently.

Huh?

“N-no, that’s not what I meant...”

As if he would be so kind! I was just going to say that I really don’t want to move so I’ll be walking really slowly...

With a few long strides, he was standing in front of her. Before she knew what was happening, he scooped her up into his arms in a bridal carry.

His handsome and angular features were so close to hers that she could see his individual eyelashes. Unfortunately, the disdainful frown on his face ruined the image.

For a moment, Nicole was shocked into stillness.

He’s actually willing to carry me?

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No, something must have been up his sleeves. Knowing the damn man, he's probably going to dump me onto the floor in just a minute.

With that thought in mind, she looped her arms around his neck tightly.

He shot her a disgusted look. "Just give up. It doesn't matter if you throw yourself at me like that. I don't care."

Throw myself at you? How dare you! You were the one who picked me up first! I was only preventing myself from getting dropped to the floor like a piece of hot coal!

"As if I would ever throw myself at you!"

Evan snorted. "You say that but your arms are wrapped around my neck like some sort of anaconda. Have you no shame?"

"Ever looked in a mirror recently?"

He ignored her jab and strode for Kyle's room. Placing her on the bed, he ordered, "You can begin!"

"Mr. Seet, my kit is still outside."

He narrowed his eyes at her impatiently and headed back into the living room to retrieve her kit.

“Kyle, your Dad didn’t notice anything off, right?”

“Nope.”

The only thing that happened was that he did not get any dinner last night.

Evan thought that he had eaten all of the leftover food from lunch and had been worried that he would suffer from indigestion. Thereafter, the concerned man had ordered the kitchen staff not to cook any dinner for the boy.

That had led to him suffering through a hungry stomach for the entire night. Thankfully, he was rather resilient to hunger.

He could not be bothered to tell her about that though.

“That’s good.”

Nicole had barely finished speaking when the closet door swung open.

“Hi, Dr. Tussaud!”

“Juan?” She was surprised to see him hiding in the closet of all places.

With Kyle around, he simply could not call her “Mommy”, so “Dr. Tussaud” would have to do.

“Hehehe. Don’t worry, it’s safe here!” Juan announced with a mischievous smile.

Suddenly, footsteps approached the room. Kyle hurriedly ushered Juan back into the closet before he swiftly shut the doors once again.

Not a moment too soon either, as Evan had entered the room in the next second. “Here. Now, start the session.”

“Okay.”

Her heart pounded in her chest and she prayed that Juan would not reveal himself.

She had only just finished preparing the silver needles when she heard someone shouting out in the corridor.

“Evan! Evan! Where are you?”

A few seconds later, Davin barged into the room and froze upon noticing Nicole.

“Who is she?”

“Kyle’s doctor.”

“Oh. And here I was, thinking that she was Kyle’s mother, my sister-in-law.”

“You don’t have a sister-in-law. Kyle doesn’t have a Mommy either!”

“Yes, I do!” the little boy snapped back angrily.

“Your Mommy doesn’t even care if you’re alive or not. You might as well think of her as dead!” Evan deliberately looked at Nicole as he said that.

The way she glared daggers at him with fury burning in her eyes had pleased him.

Is she mad? Well, she deserves it! I’m just speaking the truth anyway! A woman who only gives birth to the child but doesn’t raise it is not worthy of being a mother!

“My Mommy isn’t dead!” Kyle insisted petulantly.

Nicole's lips tugged into a smile and she uttered, "Kyle, do you think that someone who is always wishing for the death of another is normal? Don't waste your breath on a crazy person like him!" She shot Evan a smug smirk as she finished.

Standing off to the side, Davin was amazed at the audacity of the woman.

Just who is she? She sure has guts, calling this cruel, ruthless brother of mine a crazy person. Doesn't she know that his nickname is "Lucifer?" Is she so confident in her abilities or is she just unafraid of death?

If it were not for the presence of his brother, he would have given her two thumbs up in admiration.

"Dr. Tussaud, have you ever heard of the saying 'you reap what you sow?' I'm sure that you'll understand the meaning of that later!"

The implied threat in Evan's words had caused Nicole's heart to thump faster.

Meeting his hard gaze, shivers raced down her spine, leaving her feeling cold.

What is this jerk planning to do to me this time? I'm already wounded! He's not going to use this opportunity to harm me, is he?

Never-ending questions emerged in her mind as unease started to well up within her.

Davin felt pity rise in him, towards the woman. Ohhh, you're in for it now! Why did you have to go and antagonize him?

As she began Kyle's acupuncture treatment, her heart pounded in her chest, while her nerves strummed with nervousness. Every now and then, she would sneak a glance at Evan.

Each time, she would be confronted with the same scene; those sharp eyes of his locked on her form unwaveringly. The sadistic man is definitely thinking about how to torture me next!

Would Juan be unable to hold himself back and jump out of the closet to rescue her if Evan were too harsh with her?

“Dr. Tussaud, lose your focus one more time and I’ll stab every single one of your silver needles into you!”

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Nicole snapped out of her daze as his menacing voice rang out.

Lowering her eyes, she realized that one of the acupoints was missing a needle.

“Sorry!” She hastily stuck the absent needle into the acupoint.

When the session was over, she took her time placing everything back into her kit.

After all, she was in no hurry to see what horrible fate had awaited her. Maybe he hasn't managed to come up with his torture method yet?

Davin made his way over to the bed. “Kyle, are you in pain?”

The little boy glanced at him before promptly disregarding the older man.

“C'mon! I purposely came over so that we could have some fun together. I said I was going to get you a present yesterday, didn't I? I brought it with me today. We can play with it together later!”

He reached out to pat the boy's head, only for the child to dodge out of the way of his hand.

“Don't touch me!” Kyle barked, with a serious look on his youthful face. He then deliberately moved away further so that they had some distance between them.

Davin was stunned.

Just yesterday, Kyle had said that he was the best uncle in the world and had even kissed and hugged him. Why was his attitude completely different today?

“What’s wrong, Kyle? Did I somehow do something to offend you? But I’d only just arrived here!” Davin cried out in protest. He was at a loss for what to do.

Kyle completely ignored the man. It was as though he was air, for all that the child took notice of him.

Is he throwing a temper tantrum? Why? Is he just unhappy from getting stabbed by all those needles?

While Davin floundered in his helplessness, he suddenly heard his brother speak. “How long do you intend on taking to keep your equipment? It should have only taken half a minute.”

Following the other man’s gaze, he saw that Nicole was still keeping her silver needles. She was fitting them back into her kit, one by one, and with excruciating slowness.

“Do you need any help?”

The woman shook her head at Davin’s offer. “There’s no need for that.”

Thinking that she was only being courteous, he stood up and walked to her side. In no time at all, he finished packing everything up for her.

Then, he grinned at her. “I’ve noticed that your feet are injured. Helping you was no trouble at all. You don’t have to thank me!”

Thank him?

She stared at him blankly for several seconds before she had managed to force a smile onto her lips. She did not care if it was laced with bitterness.

'Thank you' were truly not the words that she had wanted to say to him at the moment.

Initially, she had thought that dragging her metaphorical feet would delay the inevitable. Now... look at what has happened! Her suffering was coming for her way sooner than she had wanted!

Why did you have to help me, you blasted man! In fact, it's not called 'help' if it's unwanted. Ever heard of the term 'meddling'?

"Since you're all packed up, come on out!" Evan commanded, with his dark eyes pinning her to the spot.

"I'm having trouble moving around..."

"You want me to carry you again?"

"N-no! What I meant was, I'm having trouble moving around so I might be a little slower. Perhaps you should head outside first and wait for me?"

That would give her the chance to inform Kyle to prevent Juan from coming out no matter what had happened to her.

Unfortunately, Evan was not allowing her that opportunity.

"If it took you so long to keep a few needles, I would have to wait till next year for you to step out of the house!"

While she did toy with the idea of taking her sweet time, she had no intention of staying here for that long. At the very least, she would be leaving this house sometime today. Waiting a whole year is such an exaggeration!

She was about to justify herself to him when that haughty face appeared before her once again. Just like earlier, he hefted her into his arms, much to her alarm.

What's happening? This does not seem like a precursor for anything bad!

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Since they were once again in close proximity to one another, she took the opportunity to observe his face closely. Her heart seemed to skip a beat before it began to thump faster, as her blood roared through her veins. She had to admit to herself that his sharp and chiseled features really were like a work of art. It was not a surprise that many women were willing to throw themselves at his feet.

It was just too bad that his expression was always so cold and emotionless.

His eyes were like twin pools of unfathomable darkness, placid, with not a ripple of emotion in them.

Even while carrying such an attractive woman like herself, his gaze remained staring ahead fixedly. Never once did his eyes stray to her form. How very vexing! If it weren't for our children, I would've definitely suspected that there was something fundamentally wrong about, seeing as you are a man!

"Do you like my face that much?" his low voice cut into her thoughts easily.

She coughed lightly to hide her embarrassment at getting caught staring at his face. "I'm just curious about why you're doing this."

"You'll find out soon enough."

A silence ensued.

Nicole's delicate eyebrows creased in a small frown.

Evan lowered his gaze to look at her, noting how her thin lashes had fluttered like the wings of a butterfly. Her smooth, pale skin seemed to glow with an inner light.

While he was reluctant to actually compliment her, he had to grudgingly admit that she was considered quite a gorgeous woman. The intelligence that shone in her big, doe eyes was rather alluring, a far cry from the normally dull look in most people's eyes.

However, she had ruthlessly abandoned Kyle, without a moment of hesitation. She had even found another man and had his children.

The softness that had entered his eyes as he took in her beauty vanished in an instant, a murderous intent soon replacing it.

Without realizing it, his footsteps quickened.

“Mr. Seet, where are you taking me?”

He had taken her past the living room and was currently heading for the backyard of the house.

Why are we going to the backyard? What is he planning now? Is he going to lock me up? Or maybe...

All kinds of terrible ideas scurried through her mind as she began to watch him with growing anxiety.

Despite her worries, he remained silent, with a dark and foreboding expression on his face. The menacing aura that he had exuded had caused her to shudder.

“E-Evan Seet, just what are you intending to do?”

Finally, he scoffed and replied with a sneer, “Afraid?”

“Touch a hair on my head and Kyle will hate you for the rest of your life! I’m his Mommy, the woman he’s been dying to meet, for almost an eternity!”

“You told him who you were!” The hard tone in his voice was enough to cut through diamonds, as the dangerous air around him intensified.

“N-no!” Nicole answered hurriedly. She was worried that if she had been one second slower, an ‘accident’ might befall her.

I might accidentally fall to my death. Or maybe I’ll slip into that pond over there and drown. Or, or...

The conclusion was that there were a hundred and one ways for Lucifer to kill her and she knew it!

Glaring at her, he continued on his way.

“Mr. Seet, how long are you going to be carrying me for?”

“Don’t be so impatient. We’re nearly there.”

She glanced around warily, taking in her surroundings.

“Mr. Seet, a-are we going up there?”

He did not answer her question.

“B-be careful!”

Her heart leaped to her throat and remained lodged there. She could distinctly feel how the rocks beneath his feet wobbled. Oh my god, one misstep and we’ll end up in the pond! I’m so doomed... We’re so high up!

At long last, Evan set her down. She gaped at him, completely dumbstruck at where they were.

He had followed a gravel road and climbed his way up to the top of the hill in the middle of the pond.

All around her was nothing but water.

If she fell off the hill, she would be swimming with the fishes!

“Y-you’re not planning on s-shoving me off, are you?”

He snorted. “Shoving you off here? If I had wanted you dead, why would I have wasted my time and energy to carry you all the way up here?”

“Then what do you want?”

“Did you notice how the road up here was paved with gravel as well?”

What?

She stared at him in bewilderment, her eyes bright with her confusion as her eyelashes trembled.

For a moment, Evan found himself captivated by her expressive face and exquisite features.

However, he was quick to recover. In a chilly tone, he instructed, in an almost casual manner, “I want you to walk down from here barefoot.”