

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 531

Yoda glared at Sylphiette with unmistakable disgust. The mix of perfume she had on her body had a nauseating scent that made his stomach turn.

Sylphiette was shocked by his reaction and glared at him. “What kind of expression is that?”

Nicole sneered. “He’s disgusted by you. Can’t you tell?”

Disgusted, she said? The nerve. To think that someone as ugly as he had the audacity to be disgusted. He needs a proper look in the mirror! Sylphiette clicked her tongue in annoyance.

“The world is full of people who lack self-awareness, it would seem.” Sylphiette rolled her eyes at Yoda, equally revolted by him.

With a huff, she turned around and sashayed back to her seat.

Nicole glanced at her. She knew Sylphiette had no idea that Yoda’s ugly face was a mask.

Without knowing it, Sylphiette admitted to a similar kind of deceit as well. After all, her own beauty was a mask for her ugly personality.

“Alright, let’s cut to the chase. One million per snippet of information you want and nothing less.”

Yoda nodded at Nicole, who agreed as well, albeit painfully.

“Let’s start from the beginning, then,” said Sylphiette.

“Your parents met at a coffee shop. It was raining, and she was already pregnant at the time. She was hungry—”

Sylphiette came to an abrupt stop, cursing herself inwardly.

Damn it! Has the thought of money completely clouded my judgment?

She reconsidered what Nicole said about how much she would pay for each bit of information. Why not make a few hundred million at Nicole's expense?

Nicole frowned thoughtfully but listened.

Sylphiette made slow work of the entire conversation. But because she did not have enough information, she made some things up. At the end of it, she named her final price.

"We're done here. You owe me a hundred million, so pay up."

Nicole balked at her. Was this woman insane?

"You can't weasel your way out of this one, Nicole. We agreed to this."

Nicole got up and took out a card from her bag. "There's a million in here. It's yours."

"One million? I gave you exactly a hundred pieces of information, and that's worth a hundred million! What is the meaning of this?" Sylphiette stood up in a rage.

Nicole frowned. "How was that a hundred? I only heard one. Does that mean it's a problem with you, or have I been asleep this entire time?"

"Are you deaf? I clearly said there were a hundred messages!"

Nicole turned and looked at Yoda. "Is that true? Did she actually give me a hundred pieces of information?"

Yoda stepped forward and looked at Nicole solemnly. "Mrs. Seet, I heard the same thing you did. I think the lady has problems with her head."

"Problems with my head? How dare you—"

Sylphiette knew that she had been fooled. Nicole hadn't bothered to slow her down for verification either. All she had to do to make up for the lack of information was to lie, which seemed simple enough. Or so she thought.

She had not anticipated that Nicole would've caught on from the start.

Yoda watched the whole scene unfurl as the anger in his heart surged.

He banged a fist on the table and yelled, "Take your money and f\*ck off! Otherwise, don't expect a penny from us!"

Sylphiette turned around and looked at Yoda, who emanated a terrifying coldness. She knew he meant business.

Even if she could take on Nicole, it would be impossible to beat the fearsome man standing in her way.

Sylphiette knew the odds were against her and thus decided to leave with the amount that she was given. She vowed to settle the score with Nicole in the future.

"Nicole, don't forget that you owe me. I'll come and collect my dues soon."

Sylphiette picked up the ATM card on the table and glared daggers at Nicole before departing angrily.

Yoda sat next to Nicole and watched as her eyes darted towards him furtively with appreciation. He was still concerned, however. "Playing her for a fool is fine and all."

"I sense a 'but'."

Yoda sighed and continued. "But, I'm worried she might do something to you later on."

"I'm not scared. You heard what she said just now, right?" asked Nicole indignantly. "For f\*ck's sake, she barely gave me anything before announcing that it would cost a hundred million. I'd have to be a blithering idiot to fall for that scheme!"

To Evan, money was only a number.

He couldn't care less if it were a million or a billion; it was all the same to him. But Evan was worried that Nicole would wind up making enemies over money and get herself in trouble. That was something he hoped to avoid.

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However, what Nicole said was not unreasonable in any way.

Evan reckoned that it would be necessary to find a bodyguard for Nicole in the future. Someone who could follow her around and see to her safety when he could not.

Back to the situation at hand, the pair began to go through the events that Sylphiette described.

“Sylphiette wasn’t a complete bust. There was something she said that was somewhat useful—Your mother was pregnant when she married Zane. And Zane married her to get your grandfather’s help. It was a marriage of convenience, essentially.”

“You’re right,” said Nicole thoughtfully. “My mother may not have married him willingly. Earlier, Sylphiette said that my mother pined for my biological father but had no feelings for Zane. Rather, she felt sorry for him. I think that’s why she decided to take all the blame when Zane hit your grandmother.”

“Your mother had no feelings for Zane, and I think Zane felt the same way about your mother,” said Evan. “Otherwise, why would he have a child with Sylvia?”

Nicole smiled bitterly. “Don’t you find it ironic that two people with different purposes entered into the same loveless marriage with each other, only for my mother to end up that way? Yet the other party was unscathed!”

She sighed and continued. “Why did that happen to my mother? Since my biological father knocked her up, why didn’t he marry her? I also wonder why she kept his existence a secret from me even until her death and never said a word about him to me.”

Nicole picked up the coffee cup and toyed around with it before setting it down hard.

These questions weighed heavily on her, but she really wanted to know what kind of ill-begotten man her biological father was. She wanted to know why he abandoned a pregnant woman and left her in a state of desperation where she had to marry someone like Zane.

“Well, I think Sylphiette only knows this much. The rest will be uncovered in due time, with enough effort.”

They sat there in silence for a while. Nicole turned to Evan and said, “Mr. Seet, I have a request.”

“What is it?”

“I want to go to K Nation with Levant and get to the bottom of this. I want to know who that b\*stard of a man is, find him, and make him apologize in front of my mother’s grave. She deserves nothing short of a full apology.”

Yoda did not respond. He wasn’t even expecting her to make such a rash decision.

But to let her go to K nation with someone like Levant, whose motives were unclear... it was hard for him to not be concerned.

He studied Nicole’s expression and realized that she had already made her mind up.

After some thought, Evan replied, “I’m coming with you.”

Nicole stared at him, a little alarmed at the suggestion. “But your parents need you. And the company—”

“And you don’t?” Evan interrupted her with a frown.

“I—” Nicole did need him.

However, she was concerned about how long the trip would take. There was no telling when they could return.

If Evan came out of hiding, it would fix so many problems. For one, Jonathan and Sophia would be thrilled to know that their son was alive this whole time. Even the Seet Group’s crisis would also be sorted out.

If Evan left with her, then he would then have to lay low for much longer.

Didn't he care about his parents or the company he worked so hard to build?

Evan seemed to understand what she was worried about. He looked at her solemnly and said, "We don't know why Levant wants to kill me yet. If word spreads that I'm still alive, then he won't stop until I'm dead for sure. For now, it's better to let him think I'm truly dead. If I come with you, we might get answers to both our questions."

Nicole pondered over this for a moment and realized that Evan's suggestion made sense. "But what about the kids?"

"Don't worry, my mother will take good care of them."

Nicole agreed with what he said, for Sophia was really kind to the children.

Since there were no other options, she'd sit the children down at the next opportunity to discuss this with them.

All that was left was to find out when Levant planned to return to K Nation.

That night, Nicole made plans to call Levant. She showered and locked her bedroom door before making that dreaded call.

Levant picked up shortly after. "Nicole? I didn't expect you to reach out. Not since the incident at the Amazon Hotel..." he trailed off, unsure of what to say next.

"What incident at the hotel?" asked Nicole, feigning ignorance.

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Nicole was well aware of what Levant was talking about. While she and Levant had drunk the same spiked wine, a watchful Evan had given her the antidote shortly after. She wasn't sure what Levant did after that, nor did she care. After all, her only objective now was to get close to him and find out more about her past.

Hearing her say this, Levant asked, "But how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine, really. I remember going to the bathroom that day, but the wine stains refused to come off. I went straight home after that," replied Nicole nonchalantly.

Levant was surprised to hear her response.

Is that so? She had no reaction to the drugs in the wine? Does she have some kind of drug resistance, maybe?

Levant chuckled. No matter, it's all for the best.

"It's good to hear that you're fine. Did you need something from me?"

"I wanted to ask if you found anything concerning my parentage."

Ah, so she's still worried about this.

Levant assumed she called because she missed him, but that was clearly wishful thinking on his part.

Levant's eyes glimmered like he was plotting something. "Nothing yet," he responded coolly. "But things like this take time, and it can sometimes take years. It's no rush. I'll let you know if I find anything."

No rush? I am very much in a rush, Levant! thought Nicole exasperatedly.

She was eager to find out who that awful man was. He owed her an explanation.

Even if she couldn't get one, she was determined to make this traitorous man pay for abandoning her mother.

“Levant, when will you return to K Nation?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Well, I want to go back with you.”

“We’ve discussed this before, Nicole. I’ll only take you back if you marry me. Are you saying yes?”

What the fuck did finding out her background have to do with marrying him?

On second thought...

“Levant, if my biological father is a member of the Musgrave family, then isn’t it possible that we are cousins? How can I marry you then?”

You’re indeed a member of the Musgrave family, but you can marry me all the same!

“Nicole, the Musgrave family has strict rules about lineage. If you are to marry into the family, you must either be a daughter of a distant, unrelated branch or the daughter of a high-ranking retainer. It would thus be impossible for us to be closely related. But if you have any doubts, we can always take a DNA test.”

A DNA test would definitely indicate if she were closely related to Levant.

“Okay, let’s do a DNA test then.”

Levant was speechless. He hadn’t been serious about the suggestion at all.

“Levant, you shouldn’t be rash about your marriage,” chided Nicole. “If we’re not related, then you should introduce me to your parents. Don’t you need their approval for something this important?”

Nicole had already hatched a plan. She’d be able to investigate any leads on her biological father, all while ensuring that Levant’s parents disliked their prospective daughter-in-law. She’d make them hate her so much they would be begging Levant not to marry her.

Her plan was foolproof.

Levant hesitated. "Nicole, I need to think this through."

"Alright, let me know as soon as possible," said Nicole before hanging up.

After the call, Levant sat in his chair, deep in thought.

The manager walked towards him. In a low voice, he reminded Levant that even the Duke had no clue about Nicole's background. "Mr. Levant, all you need to do is lie and ensure that she is sorted out before everyone is aware. Per my observation, her desire to find out about her past is the only thing on her mind at the moment. I fear it would be hard to even get her thinking about being in a relationship with you."

"Tell a lie?" queried Levant.

"Yes. Sir Musgrave doesn't know who Nicole is. I think you should pretend to not know anything as well, and just say she is your lover. After you're married, everything will be fine."

Levant thought about this thoroughly, and nodded in agreement.

The Musgrave family was impressive in its own right. Maybe after she met the family, Nicole could change her perception of him. Better yet, she might even reciprocate his love.

That way, Levant could get everything he desired. Even the woman he loved.

"Mr. Levant? May I suggest doing a DNA test with her tomorrow?" came the manager again, with another suggestion. "She needs the reassurance. Once she knows that she's not related to you, she'd likely make the trip with ease. Even if she finds out about her past, it might not lead to a favorable outcome for her. I think you have nothing to worry about."

Levant nodded again after giving his words some thought.

Night passed and the next day had arrived.

Levant had meant to call Nicole, but his phone started ringing.

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It was Sir Musgrave who made the call.

Levant hesitated briefly and answered with a very loud and respectful greeting.

“Levant, I’m not doing so well, and there are many things that need to be dealt with urgently. Come back as soon as possible.”

“I understand, Father. I need to sort some things out, but I’ll be back before you know it.”

Levant also decided to let Nicole tag along.

He then called Nicole and said that he would pick her up at Imperial Garden to do a DNA test with him. They would depart for K Nation as soon as the results came out.

“Sounds good.” Nicole sighed deeply and immediately let Yoda make preparations for the trip.

For Yoda to follow her on his own would have been inappropriate. She then decided to let him pick a team of bodyguards that would follow them there as well.

Nicole was worried that the testing center he picked was not trustworthy. There was no telling if anyone would alter the results, so she took matters into her own hands. Nicole decided to pick out the testing facility herself, claiming that she had friends there and so the results would be out faster.

Levant had no objections and readily agreed.

When they arrived at the testing facility, she watched carefully as Levant had his blood sample taken. After that, the pair decided to wait together.

“Why don’t you go back first?” asked Levant. “I’ll stay and let you know when the results are out.”

‘Let’s just wait together, it’ll be fine,’ murmured Nicole.

She felt more at ease if she were there to ensure that nobody tampered with the results.

Levant understood what she implied and didn’t ask again. The two waited until the results came out.

Nicole widened her eyes as she saw the results: *non-related, kinship index null*.

That meant she was not remotely related to the Musgrave family.

“Nicole, I think this should ease your concerns?” asked Levant.

Nicole nodded. Levant looked at her with a deep and meaningful gaze. “Let’s go to K nation this afternoon, then. I’m assuming it’ll be alright on your end?”

“I just need to notify the children when I go back. It shouldn’t be an issue.”

“Alright, let me take you home.”

Back at Imperial Garden, Nicole and Yoda were discussing how to tell the children. “What if they have separation anxiety?” asked Nicole worriedly.

“They will understand,” replied Yoda calmly.

Nicole was still uncertain. She waited for the children to come back from school and summoned them into the study.

“Mommy is going on a business trip. Can you go to Seet Residence and stay with your Grandma for a while?”

“On a business trip? Where? For how many days?”

“Mommy, I don’t like the Seet Residence! I like it better here!”

“Mommy, who are you going with?”

Seeing how her children truly cared about her, Nicole decided to tell them the truth.

“What? You’re going to K Nation? With Mr. Levant?”

Nicole nodded dumbly.

“Don’t you want us anymore, Mommy?” pouted Nina. She looked at Nicole accusingly and asked, “Is Mommy going to abandon us and run off with that man?”

“Of course not! I just have something important to attend to. When that’s done, I’ll be on the first plane home!”

“Is Yoda going with you?”

“Yes, I’m bringing Yoda with me as well as a few extra bodyguards. I’ll be safe, don’t worry.”

Hearing what she said, the children were relieved.

Although they had yet to find evidence, they knew Yoda was Daddy. Knowing that Daddy would be with Mommy made them feel reassured.

“Mommy, you have to come back soon.”

“I will, darling.”

Nicole idly stroked the heads of the four children. She really couldn't bear to leave them behind, but she had to.

Maya rubbed her chubby little hands together anxiously and looked at Nicole with tears in her eyes. “Can't you take me with you, Mommy?”

“I can't, darling. But I promise to video call you every day, alright?”

“Maya, listen to Mommy,” said Juan. “Mommy must have something important, and you have us to take care of you.”

Maya looked at Juan and nodded, reluctantly.

After making arrangements for the children, Nicole and Yoda rushed to the Levant Winery alongside their carefully selected bodyguards.

Levant had prepared his private jet for the occasion. After a ten-hour-long journey, they finally arrived at K Nation.

Luckily, the Musgrave Estate was a short drive away from the private airfield they landed in.

Nicole stood outside and looked at the stately castle, her face filled with wonder.

There were towers, cupolas, and arches: elements that made the castle more magnificent than the average manor.

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Indeed, it was a residence worthy of the Duke himself.

“Nicole, this is where I live. Let me bring you inside.” As he said this, Levant extended his arm towards Nicole.

Nicole’s glanced at the man’s large and imposing hand but felt her heart pounding inside her chest. She had a feeling that she would be punished most severely by a certain *someone* if she accepted.

Bright-eyed, Nicole looked directly at the estate and asked, “Can I go inside now?” Without waiting for Levant to reply, she hurried in.

Levant was left behind with his hand in mid-air, which he retracted angrily. He quickly caught up to her to save himself the embarrassment.

The estate resembled a Renaissance painting. Everything from the layout to the hustle and bustle of servants tending to their chores felt surreal to Nicole.

Nicole stopped abruptly. She couldn’t bring herself to walk any further lest she destroyed the picturesque beauty of the place.

“What is it?” asked Levant suspiciously. He wondered why she came to such a sudden halt.

“This place is so majestic. How did my mother even get involved with all this?” asked Nicole as she gestured vaguely at her surroundings.

Nicole was so overwhelmed by the sights that she was star-struck, no matter where she looked.

She also felt extremely out of place.

Nicole's mother was just the daughter of a middle-class businessman in Y City. To think that she had come here, to such an aristocratic place to seek answers made her feel weak in the knees.

Levant's face broke into a dazzling smile. "It is magnificent, alright, but don't forget that it's also a place filled with people. Don't think of its inhabitants as otherworldly or inaccessible. They also have emotions and desires. Like us, they're very much human."

*That's true. How else can you abandon my pregnant mother?* thought Nicole bitterly.

Suddenly, she felt as if all the beauty and magnificence of the place were deeply flawed.

Levant took them all the way through the twisty gallery towards the guest wing. He also arranged accommodation for her bodyguards and found four maids to attend to her every need.

"If you need me, just let any of the maids know. I need to see to the Duke first." With a curt nod, Levant departed.

"Alright."

After Levant left, Nicole asked the bodyguards to rest in their respective quarters. With the four maids standing guard outside, only Yoda remained inside with her.

Nicole closed the door and breathed a sigh of relief. From the moment she entered the estate, she could not shake off the feeling that something was wrong.

"Do you think my father is someone who lives here? But how did my parents meet?" she wondered aloud. "People normally have more clues to work with, like a keepsake or a token. My mother never mentioned anything, let alone leave something behind for me."

Yoda observed the estate from the window, with a melancholy look in his eyes.

He could sense trouble lurking behind this façade of opulence.

Yoda suddenly regretted letting Nicole come here. It was too risky.

Seeing that Yoda did not reply, Nicole pressed on. "By the way, Levant mentioned that my mother was also Wesley's apprentice. I think my biological father has something to do with her

learning the skill in the first place. I wonder if this is an important clue. Maybe I can use it to go down the rabbit hole and see where it leads.”

Yoda narrowed his gaze as he turned around to look at her. “That means your mentor might know something?” His mellow voice rang across the room.

“Yeah. But he is notoriously difficult to track, and it will take ages to pinpoint an exact location.”

“Tell me whatever you can about Wesley. I’ll have someone look into this.”

“That could work.”

Nicole detailed whatever she knew about Wesley, and Yoda immediately made a phone call.

When he was done, Nicole cautiously said, “Go back to your room first. Staying here for too long will make people suspicious.”

“Okay, call me if you need anything.”

“Alright.”

Yoda left the room and closed the door behind him.

Nicole looked around at the room she was in. It was exquisitely designed, where even the humble shoe cabinet in the corner did not seem out of place. Every piece of furniture was painstakingly chosen to match.

Her pale fingers slid across the milky white leather sofa. She sat down gingerly and made herself comfortable against one of the pillows.