

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 818

That was the place where she assumed Evan was a gigolo when they first met.

Upon entering the bar, old memories flooded back into her head. Every step she took cause images from that fateful night to flash through her mind. They were of the first time the two slept together.

The piercing music and rambunctious atmosphere of the bar drowned all of the other noises. As she approached the room they shared that night, she paused before knocking on the door.

“Go away!”

She heard a deep voice bellow through the door, and it sounded awfully familiar.

He was really inside.

When Nicole pushed open the door and entered, she saw a figure in a foul mood drinking alone and looking especially lonely.

Ka-chak. She closed and locked the door behind her.

Approaching him slowly, she felt heartbroken when she saw the bottles of empty wine on the table.

Getting a grip of herself, she took a deep breath and gently patted Evan's haughty face.

"You're such a handsome one!"

When he heard the familiar voice, Evan looked up and saw Nicole standing right in front of him.

He couldn't help but furrow his eyebrows in confusion. Is the alcohol playing tricks on me?

Nicole curled her fair and slender arms around his neck. With a slight curl of her lips, she let out a seductive smile. "Come, let's kiss first."

Evan was stunned.

He had been reminiscing all the times he had with Nicole, including the first time they met.

The current circumstances were exactly the same as then. She had drunk a lot and threw herself at him, thinking that he was a gigolo.

Evan looked at her doubtfully and smirked. Then he repeated the same words from last time. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Nicole's heart burned in nostalgia. "Stop talking. Are you a real man?"

The few familiar words from then brought Evan back to the scene from his past.

He was sure that the alcohol was playing tricks on him.

He snorted and tried to recall what he said next.

“Am I a real man, you ask? You’ll be sure to find out in a moment!”

When he spoke, his words reeked of the stench of alcohol. It was exactly how she was then when she was drunk.

Nicole held up his face and kissed him passionately.

Enveloped by the familiar feeling and taste, his world started to spin.

Evan couldn’t tell if it was just an illusion or if he was dreaming.

As their lips locked, their bodies entwined themselves together, just like when they first met.

“Evan, will you always remember me?”

“Evan, it’s better that you forget me.”

...

The next day.

Evan awoke to an empty room. When he saw his clothes strewn all over the floor, he panicked.

Last night, he...

As blurry images floated through his mind, he felt as if he had met the Nicole from their very first night.

However, how is that possible?

But, the messy clothes and the scratches on his body were unmistakable.

Clenching his fists, he didn't dare delve deeper into what had occurred.

After he walked into the bathroom to wash up, the first thing he did was to check the security footage. However, they had all been tampered with, and there was none from the room.

Evan's heart suddenly sank. Did I had too much to drink and let some other women take advantage of me?

How could it happen? Wouldn't I have betrayed Nicole?

Thinking further, he remembered that Nicole had feelings for someone else. Hence, does betrayal still apply to us?

Nicole may not even care about what I did...

After letting out a depressing sigh, he suppressed whatever happened last night in his heart and drove to his office.

His mood was foul for the whole day. As if something dirty had latched onto him, he felt uneasy throughout.

Logically, no woman would dare commit such a brazen act.

Furthermore, other than Nicole, I am repulsed by all other women. How could it...

Once I find out who took advantage of me last night, I will definitely teach her a lesson.

Taking a deep breath, he slammed his glass of water onto the table with a bang.