

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 842

Moments later, another roar of thunder sounded, and heavy rain descended from the sky.

“Mr. Seet, it’s raining. You should take cover in the car.”

Evan ignored him and continued digging through the dirt.

John sighed. It seems that Mr. Seet won’t stop until he gets Mrs. Seet out. John could not bear to leave him there, so he joined Evan in silence.

They were drenched shortly after it started raining while the soil turned into wet mud. Both Evan and John were in a terrible state, but they continued digging nonetheless.

Evan could not keep his eyes open due to the pouring rain. However, that did not stop him. He rubbed his eyes against his sleeve and carried on.

He was a clean freak. Yet, he did not seem to care that he was covered in mud from head to toe.

“Nicole, it’s raining. Don’t be scared. I’ll take you home...”

As John glanced at Evan, he noticed the latter’s bloodshot eyes. He could not make out if Evan’s eyes were filled with tears or rain. All he heard was the normally arrogant man whimpering in a trembling, deep voice.

At that moment, they finally got the urn out of the mud. Stunned, Evan could no longer hold back his tears as they streamed down his face with the rain.

He hugged the urn shakily as he tried his best to shield it from the rain.

“Don’t be scared, Nicole. I’ll take you home now. Let’s go home...”

John was in tears when he saw how hard Evan was trying to protect the urn from the rain.

God, why did you allow Ms. Lane to go like this? The president can’t live without her! Why are you so cruel? How could you bear to separate them?

Sigh...

John quickly handed Evan a towel once they got into the car. “Mr. Seet, here. Use this to freshen up.”

Evan took the towel and wiped the urn carefully.

“You must be drenched, Nicole. I’m so sorry,” he apologized as he handled the urn delicately like a precious jewel.

John’s heart was filled with sorrow.

If Mr. Seet brings the urn back home, what is he going to say to the kids? I can’t imagine how sad they would be.

John thought of asking Evan, yet he dared not speak.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the car window.

It was Jonathan and Sophia who held umbrellas as they stood outside. John hurriedly got out of the car.

“Sir... Ma’am...”

“How’s Evan? It’s pouring here. Why haven’t you gone back?”

However, John could not think of a response.

Sophia tilted the umbrella toward John during their conversation. She was shocked to see him covered in mud and asked, “John, d-did you roll in the mud?”

“No, it’s not like that.”

John did not know how to explain it to her. Fortunately, Sophia did not press on but asked, “Where’s Evan?”

“Mr. Seet is in the car, Ma’am. Could you try talking to him?”

With a baffled expression, Sophia looked at the troubled John and opened the car door.

She was shocked when she saw Evan holding an urn in his hands.

“Evan, w-what is this?”

She sighed heavily and stretched out her hands to wipe away his tears.

Jonathan was also taken back when he witnessed the scene.

“Evan, are you crazy? Why’re you holding that?”

“I have to bring Nicole home.”

Surprised by Evan’s decision, Jonathan chided, “No one brings an urn home! Why would you do that? Are you planning to consecrate her or go to sleep with it?”

Sophia cried, “Evan, I understand the love you have for Ms. Lane, but you really shouldn’t take this home. I’m begging you. Think about your children back at home. If they see it, they will realize that their mommy is gone. They won’t be able to take it.”

Evan hugged the urn tighter when Sophia mentioned his children.

“Their mommy has left, so they should send her off one last time.”

“Silly boy! You can’t do this. You should be considerate of their feelings!”

Jonathan said sternly, “If you tell them, they will resent you! They saw it with their own eyes when you sent Nicole to prison. And now you want to tell them that their mommy died there? They’re definitely going to hate you!”