

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 222

When Evan walked into Nicole's room, she was seated on the bed staring helplessly at the IV drip, trying to figure out how to change the fluid bag. There was a hint of sadness on her face as well.

"Mommy, Daddy is here to help you."

"Mommy, Daddy purposely came here to help you."

Kyle and Juan kept on saying nice things about Evan.

Evan was expressionless as he walked to the desk and picked up the new fluid bag. He merely glanced at Nicole before he began to change it.

Nicole did not expect him to come at all. No matter what, it was still a favor. She fell silent as she decided to abandon her previous aversion and looked up at him before saying quietly, "Thank you."

Evan was a little taken aback by that before he nodded calmly.

Seeing that their parents were not arguing, the two little ones stretched out their hands in a victory sign.

When he was done, Evan turned to leave. The moment he reached the door, Kyle suddenly caught up with him.

"What happened?"

“Oh no, Daddy. Mommy is vomiting really badly. You have to go and see her.”

Evan was confused. *She was perfectly fine when I left, so how could she suddenly be vomiting?*

He turned and saw Juan holding the bin and talking to himself.

“Oh no, Mommy threw up all the cookies that she had. This is terrible!”

As he said that, he walked to the rubbish collection point sadly.

Evan suddenly realized that Nicole had not had breakfast. Did the medication agitate her stomach?

He looked at Kyle, “Go and ask her what she wants to eat, and get the kitchen to cook something for her.”

Kyle nodded. However, he thought for a while and asked, “Daddy, why don’t you cook something for Mommy and bring it to her after that? I am sure she will be very moved by that.”

Cook a nutritious meal for Nicole and send it to her personally?

Evan merely murmured “I’m not free” and left.

However, he was pondering internally. *How does one cook a nutritious meal?*

Kyle sighed as he watched him walking away. Juan ran up to him, “So, how did it go?”

“Daddy says to get the kitchen to cook for Mommy. He is not free.”

Juan giggled, “That’s all right. It can still come from Daddy.”

Twenty minutes later.

Kyle and Juan brought the meal into the room. They placed a bowl of oatmeal and broth at her table. "Eat your food, Mommy."

Nicole was chewing helplessly on her cookies as she frowned at that exquisitely prepared bowl of oatmeal and delicious broth. "Where did the food come from?"

"Daddy's chef made them."

"Did you two sneak them out of the kitchen?"

"No. Daddy ordered the chef to make them for you. He was afraid that you would be sick and malnourished."

Evan is treating me so well?

Is he feeling guilty for landing me in this state?

That's not bad. At least he is showing some sign of apology.

A hint of a smile appeared on Nicole's pale face.

Juan and Kyle exchanged glances and both thought, *Mommy likes it when Daddy shows concern for her!*

This is a fantastic tactic.

"Mommy, Daddy had to rush to the office. When he is back, you can thank him."

Thank him?

Nicole thought for a moment. Evan had purposely come by to help her change the IV fluid bag, and had specially ordered the kitchen to make a meal for her. At least he has expressed his guilt for causing her illness in the first place. Even though she did not feel like thanking him, she could still find it within herself to forgive him.

Come to think of it, he had misunderstood her to be a slut because of her inappropriate behavior. He could not really be blamed for that.

She looked at the two of them as she took a bite of the oatmeal, which tasted really good. She smiled at them and said, "Don't worry, I'll be nicer to him."

When they heard that, they felt that their plan had taken a great leap forward.

The next step was to get Mommy to do something nice for Daddy in order to move him. Then it was for him to take the initiative to be nice to her in return. After that, it was for them to continue the cycle of being nice to each other before they finally ended up together.