

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 506

Deep in thought, she raised her hand to touch him again.

Yoda tried to stop her and whipped out his phone and typed out his response. "Mrs. Seet, I'm afraid it's inappropriate for you to tease me like this."

Tease?

What the hell? He's thinking too much.

If she had any intention to tease, she wouldn't even make a move on a scarred and scary face like his.

Could it be that he thought that he looked handsome?

That would mean he thought wrongly of himself, and he misunderstood her as well.

"Yoda, I just wanted to see if there's anything we can do for that scar on your face. I'll find you a good plastic surgeon some other day."

Yoda typed out his response, "Mrs. Seet, there's no need for that. I look fine."

Fine?

Nicole furrowed her brows.

He didn't want her to see or touch his face. Was he resisting because he was afraid?

Nicole narrowed her eyes and walked out of the study room. Then, she came back with a basin of water and two bottles of cleansing oil.

"Let's wash your face."

Yoda appeared puzzled. Was Nicole suspecting that there's something wrong with his face?

He didn't think she'd be this smart.

Yoda dilly-dallied. Standing by the side, Nicole crossed her arms and waited as she watched him.

The more he dawdled, the more Nicole felt that there was a problem.

Could it be that his face was heavily made-up? Did he do something to his face?

Would his appearance change after he washed his face?

Would it turn into the face she thought about night and day?

Nicole felt a little excited as she watched him roll up his sleeves and started washing his face. She stared intently at him, expecting a miracle to happen.

After washing his face, Yoda lifted his head and looked at her.

Nicole studied his face carefully. His face remained unchanged. It was the same as before. So, there's no makeup on his face?

“Your face, is it real?”

Yoda nodded.

Nicole refused to give up and said, “Wash your face one more time.”

Yoda was startled at first and then did as she requested. He washed his face several times under her watchful gaze.

But his face did not change at all. It was still the same as before.

There was disappointment in Nicole’s eyes.

Yoda wiped off the water on his face and hands, took out his phone, and typed out a sentence. “No matter how many times I wash, it won’t become the face that you want to see.”

His words made her lost all hope and expectations.

Her heart sank.

That’s right.

What is wrong with her?

What Lisa had said earlier made her thought that Evan was still alive, and it made her suspect that Yoda was Evan in disguise.

What’s gotten into her?

Nicole was silent for a moment. Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears.

She fought hard to contain her emotions, refusing to let her tears fall.

Then, she turned around and tightened her fist, and made a difficult decision.

“Yoda, please leave. My children do not need your care anymore.”

This decision was totally out of the blue for Yoda.

He walked up to her and handed the phone to her. There was one word on the screen, “Why?”

Suddenly, Nicole laughed.

Yoda’s appearance always reminded her of Evan. However, he was not Evan.

She was afraid that the children and herself would get Yoda and Evan mixed up after a while. That would be unfair to Evan.

“No reason.”

Yoda’s face was solemn.

He typed a sentence on his phone, “What’s wrong with having someone to take care of you and the children?”

What's wrong?

Yes, she felt something was wrong.

She had to keep reminding herself that he was not Evan.

Oh, her poor tormented heart.

"Please leave first thing tomorrow morning. I will pay you an extra month of salary."

Nicole was determined, and her decision was final.

Having said that, she walked straight out of the study room and towards her bedroom.

As Yoda watched her leave, a dark look flashed past his eyes.

Did she really want him to leave?

The next day.

Once the four children had woken up, they came to know about the news of Yoda's departure, and their eyes were wide as saucers.

"Mommy, why did you let Yoda go?"

"Yeah, Yoda takes great care of us."

"Yes, Yoda is great. He not only knows the way to our kindergarten, but he also knows the way to Seet Residence without any navigation."

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 507

Nicole's heart stirred as she listened to her four children chiming one after another.

How did Yoda know the way to Seet Residence?

Seet Residence was a villa in the suburbs, with several forks along the way. Those who had never been there before would get lost without navigation.

How did he...

"Mommy, please let Yoda come back."

"That's right."

The children's voices pulled her out from her deep thoughts. She sighed and mentally kicked herself for overthinking. Yoda had his own reasons for knowing the way to Seet Residence. She couldn't always think that there was any relation to Evan.

"I have made up my mind. Alright, go and eat first."

The four young children sat at the dining table with their heads bowed in dejection. No one spoke, and the atmosphere was somber.

Nicole simply ignored them. After breakfast, the driver sent the children to the kindergarten.

She tidied up a little, put on some makeup, and headed straight to the company.

Nicole felt on edge throughout the whole morning. She was afraid that Levant would show up all of a sudden and bother her with nonsense.

However, it was noon, and Levant was nowhere in sight. She began to breathe a sigh of relief.

After lunch, she received a call from Sylphiette, asking her to beg Davin to let Zane go.

Nicole found it hilarious. "Sylphiette, I would have forgotten if you didn't call. Aren't you the one telling me that I'm not his daughter? So what has he got to do with me? Why should I save him?"

"Nicole, he may not be your biological father, but he raised you well. You have lived with the Lane family for so many years. Besides, he married your mother when she had no other way out. Shouldn't you be grateful?"

Raised her well.

Grateful.

Nicole found that amusing.

"My mother died because of him. You and I know very well how he treated me for so many years. Why should I be grateful to him? And don't call me anymore with this crap."

A snort was heard coming from the other end of the call.

"Nicole, no one is born cold-blooded and wicked. There must be a reason why Dad did that. When dad hit someone with the car, your mother took the blame for it by sitting in the driver's seat. Do you know why? That's because your mother felt sorry and wanted to atone for her wrongdoings."

"Sylphiette, stop this nonsense. It was he who betrayed my mother by getting back with your mother. My mother did nothing wrong to him. It was he who wronged my mother."

"Did nothing wrong? Then where did you come from? You are illegitimate."

"You are the one who is illegitimate. How dare you slander my mother? She's not that kind of person."

"Nicole, I don't want to argue with you anymore. If you have a heart, please beg Davin to let Dad go. All of your grievances with him will be wiped clean. Just treat that as repaying and atonement for your mother. How about that?"

"Repaying? Atonement? Sylphiette, what are you talking about?"

"My dear sister, when Dad is back safe and sound, he will eventually tell you everything that you want to know."

After ending the call, Nicole fell deep into her thoughts.

Sylphiette and Levant both had said that she was not Zane's daughter. What did they know that made them said that?

If that was true, then whose daughter was she? Levant had said that she was related to the Musgrave family. Could that be true?

And what did Sylphiette meant by repaying and atonement?

The more she thought about it, the more upset she became. She picked up the phone and called Davin.

“Zane is in your hands?”

“Yes, Nicole. I’m not going to kill him, don’t worry. When Evan was still alive, he told me to spare Zane’s life.”

“I want to see him.”

“See him? Nicole, I can’t let him go. After all, Grandma lost her life because of him. I have to avenge her.”

“You’ve misunderstood me. I only want to ask him some questions.”

Davin hesitated and finally agreed. “Fine, then I’ll accompany you to see him.”

When Nicole saw Zane, he was in tattered clothes, and he had wounds on his body and face. He looked like a mess.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 508

He looked a totally different person.

The difference was night and day.

It was clear as day that Davin had allowed his men to act against him.

After all, it was a life they’re talking about. It would be natural for them to punish him.

Looking at Nicole, he showed some signs of excitement, as if he had just seen his savior descending from the heavens.

“Nicole, I knew that you won’t ignore me just like that. Davin is barbaric. Look at how he lets others torture me! I had really suffered. Quick! Get me out of here this instance!”

Even after seeing Zane pled in such a manner, Nicole still felt indifferent.

After all, when she was being tortured by Sylvia and Sylphiette, Zane himself had stood by indifferently without saying a word.

As the saying went, what goes around comes around. She felt that Zane was heartless. Therefore she couldn’t care less too.

“The reason I drop by to see you today is to ask you a few questions.”

Zane was a little surprised to hear that.

“Nicole, let’s leave here first. After leaving here I’ll answer whatever questions you’ll have.”

“No! You will answer my questions here!” Nicole bellowed resolutely as both her furious eyes were fixed on him.

Witnessing the frustration, Zane secretly tried to guess what she wanted to ask.

In the current unfavorable situation, it would be wise not to provoke her. Instead, it was imperative that he let her have her way then gently coaxed her to take him out of here.

“Okay, Nicole. Ask away,” said Zane with feigned resignation.

“Am I your biological daughter?”

Hearing these words, Zane’s expression changed drastically. He did not understand why Nicole would suddenly come up with this question.

Only a few knew about the incident back then, and years had passed since. How did she find out?

At this moment, it was more prudent to convince her of their father-daughter blood relation to get her to help him escape this place.

If he had told her the truth, on what basis would she help him get away?

“Oh my, Nicole. What are you talking about? Of course you are my daughter!” he pleaded.

“Really? Then why did Sylphiette said otherwise?” She shot back.

Sylphiette, that damned idiot! Is she trying to get me killed?

How could she say such a thing? Especially to Nicole?

He was cursing Sylphiette in his heart and slapping her viciously in his mind. The moment I manage to get out, I’ll be teaching that big mouth a lesson!

“Nicole, how can you believe Sylphiette’s words so easily? She has been mirroring her mother since young, full of gossips and nonsense, provoking and sowing discord in the family. You can’t listen to anything she said.” Zane reasoned.

“...”

Nicole carefully observed Zane, trying to read his mind through his facial expressions. He knew Sylphiette’s character after all.

Whether his words were true or otherwise, she still could not tell.

However...

Nicole adamantly declared, “Since you said that her words are not credible, then to prove that yours are credible, we shall do a paternity test! Let the result speaks for itself!”

“What? Nicole, you... How can you propose a paternity test merely based on Sylphiette’s words? You, you...”

His impassive look thus far suspiciously changed. Seeing the panic in Zane’s eyes, Nicole suddenly felt that Sylphiette’s words contained some grains of truth in them after all.

“I sense that you’re scared,” prodded Nicole as she stared at Zane intently.

Zane quickly defended himself, trying to reason that he was not scared, but rather he just felt that the procedure was unnecessary. According to him, this lack of trust would hurt the father-daughter relationship between them.

Nicole ignored his nonsensical excuse and called for someone to take a sample of his blood for testing.

“Nicole, get me out from here. You can’t simply leave your father here alone. This is a living hell, Nicole!” Zane pleaded as desperation set in. With each passing moment, his flaming hope for escape seemed dimmer and dimmer.

“A person like you deserves to be thrown straight into hell!”

Having uttered such vehement words, Nicole turned and walked away, turning a deaf ear to Zane’s yelling behind her. Soon, his shouts and pleas were out of her earshot.

She went off in a car and sped towards the nearest paternity testing center.

No matter what, she was determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

After having her blood sample taken, she walked out of the testing center, feeling a heavy weight on her chest.

She was eager to know the result, but at the same time afraid of the truth.

If she was really not Zane’s daughter, then what was her mother trying to hide from her?

What was the secret that kept Mother from ever mentioning anything about my biological father? Throughout her life, she had not uttered a single word about this matter.

As the night fell, she drove back to Imperial Garden.

As soon as she walked in through the door, she saw Yoda and her four children playing games.

She stared stupefyingly at the scene before her.

Is there something wrong with her eyes?

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 509

Last night, he was obviously sent away.

Quickening her pace, she hastily walked into the living room. She saw that the person beside Maya was indeed Yoda, thus proving beyond all doubts that her eyesight was not impaired!

Damn, I have just sent him off last night and he dares to come back today?

Is he genuinely trying to taunt me?

Did he take her words as mere passing winds?

How despicable!

Rushing over and standing in front of Yoda, Nicole glared at him fiercely and questioned, "Who asked you to come back?"

Yoda glanced at each of the four children in front of him, wondering who he should push under the bus.

Maya?

Juan?

Kyle?

Yoda coughed and gazed at Nina.

Nicole turned her head and followed his gaze. Zeroing in on Nina, her expression sank as she blurted out, "Nina! Are you the one who asked him to come back?"

Nina was speechless. Obviously, it was their brilliant idea which they cooked up together. Why was she the one shouldering the blame now?

Rolling her eyes, she looked at Juan with an unspeakable expression.

"Juan, so it's you?"

Huh?

The blame was shifted so suddenly and had now landed on him.

Juan crossed his arms as his clear eyes took a round trip before landing on Kyle.

Kyle had expected Juan to direct his gaze at him. Hence he was fully prepared to own up.

Out of the blue, Maya, whose mouth was full of cheese, suddenly stood up.

"Mommy, I want Yoda to stay. Don't you send him away, okay?"

Nicole looked intently at Maya, then glanced at the rest of her children.

Among these cubs, Maya was the honest one. Even though she did not want to disappoint Maya, she had her principles and should stick to her word.

"Maya, it is not good for Yoda to stay. Let him go, okay? Mommy will find you all a new play buddy tomorrow."

Maya rubbed her plump little hands gingerly as her dark eyes turned around. A bright idea suddenly popped into her head as she steadied herself to put her brilliant notion into motion.

Plonking herself to the floor, she opened her mouth and started to wail. Tears streamed down her cheeks like a curtain of rain.

"Maya, get up. The floor is cold," advised Nicole.

"If Mommy doesn't allow Yoda to stay, then I won't get up. I'll continue crying. Boo hoo hoo..."

"Maya, are you threatening your own mother?" Nicole walked over and tried to pick her up.

Flailing her hands and feet around, Maya struggled to keep Nicole away.

Yoda meanwhile walked over to her and picked her up. Maya clung to his neck firmly without letting go.

“Mommy, just let Yoda stay. Look at how badly Maya is crying.”

“That’s right. Mommy, don’t you feel heartbroken watching Maya bawling her eyes out?”

Nicole felt conflicted deep inside her heart.

After all, Maya was her flesh and blood. How could she not feel distressed seeing her cry?

All these conflicts and dilemmas – all because of Yoda!

If it weren’t for him, Maya would not be like this.

Furthermore, Maya was not as clever as the other three kids. Was she being instigated to do so by Yoda?

If this were the case, it was really terrible of him to resort to even manipulating the children in order to stay. She had to be on her guard from now on!

Okay. I’ll let him stay for the time being on behalf of Maya.

However, don’t even think of getting off so easily!

Just wait and see!

Nicole proceeded to console, “Maya, don’t you cry. Mommy agrees to let Yoda stay. Let him play with you all from now on, okay?”

Upon hearing Nicole agreeing, Maya instantly stopped crying.

In between her sobs, she asked, “Mommy, will you keep your words?”

“Of course! I’ll keep my promise!”

Immediately after saying that, Nicole looked up and gave Yoda a death glare.

That glare made Yoda felt uneasy.

Obviously, she was definitely unwilling but was forced to let him stay.

With her temper and way of handling matters, she definitely would not tolerate him for long. However, he was really curious as to how far this would go and what she had in store for him.

Maya got down from Yoda’s arms and was soon surrounded by the other three children, each could not help but secretly gave her a thumbs up.

“Such an unexpected outcome! We certainly did not know that Maya had it in her to pull off this kind of stunt. She really did manage to make Mommy agree to let Yoda stay.”

This was the first time that Maya had been praised by her brothers and sister. Needless to say, she was over the moon.

As her twitching mouth was about to burst into a grin, her eyes caught the sight of Nicole's unpleasant face. Instantly she became timid and lowered her head.

"That's enough. All of you go wash your hands and prepare for your meal."

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 510

"Mommy, we want Yoda to eat together with us."

"..."

Hrmph, these rascals are indeed cashing in on the opportunity and pushing the limits.

If I don't agree to it...

Training her eyes on all of them, Nicole felt that if she did not agree to their request, someone would be throwing another tantrum on the floor again.

Forget it. No matter which one, all of them were her flesh and blood after all.

Since they were all children, she would settle the scores with Yoda.

I'll wait for him to run away with his tail tucked between his legs before I properly teach these brats a lesson.

"Sure, Mommy agrees."

"That's great! Mommy is the best!"

"Yoda, we can have a meal together once again."

Maya grinned. After all, Yoda would put food on her plate and even feed her his own portion of shrimps, just like Daddy.

During the dinner, Yoda was taking care of the children as he was eating. While eating, Nicole was contemplating on how to get rid of this shameless and scheming man with unpredictable motives. Perhaps the best way was to make him leave on his own volition?

To nip the problem in its bud, I'll have to find Yoda's weakness first before I make my move.

Meanwhile, Yoda was peering at her warily from time to time. From her thoughtful look coupled with her occasional glances in his direction, he was sure he smelled danger.

Why was she so adamant about him staying?

After dinner, Yoda took Maya out for a walk. The other three lined up to follow as well.

Nicole took the opportunity to secretly inspect the place where Yoda lived.

Unexpectedly, he was quite a hygienic and tidy person. The small room was spotless.

After inspecting his room, she explored around and began to rummage through Yoda's personal belongings.

His belongings were no different from those owned by other servants.

Spotting a drawer, she opened it quietly. Looking through the content carefully, she found that only daily necessities were contained therein.

Just as she was about to close the drawer, suddenly a box caught her attention.

“What is this?”

The squarish box which was about the size of her palm looked exquisite.

Nicole held it in her hand and shook it gently a few times, but she could not hear anything inside.

Since the box had been secured with a hidden lock, it would definitely require a passcode to open. Surely it would not contain intelligence of some sort?

With her mounting curiosity, she tried a few random possible passcodes that she could come up with. Failing each time, she conceded that she would not be able to open the box for quite a while.

Looking out and around, she was fearful of being spotted. Seeing no one around, she took advantage of the situation and snatched the box.

Better to sneak it back so she could study it slowly.

On her way back to her room, she was looking around anxiously.

Grasping her stolen loot tightly in her arms like a mouse, she hoped fervently that no one would notice her nor greet her.

Finally, full of jitters, she arrived at her bedroom. Just as she stored the stolen box in her closet, she heard Yoda bringing her four little ones back from their walk.

“Mommy!”

“Mommy!”

“Mommy, I want to sleep.”

“...”

Nicole swiftly rushed out of her bedroom, just in time for Maya to pounce and hug her leg, asking her for a bath.

Recovering her composure, Nicole readily agreed. “Okay, Mommy will take you all for a bath.”

Having said that, she took Maya and Nina’s cute, chubby hands in hers and headed to their bedroom, ignoring Yoda completely.

Yoda frowned at her brusque attitude. Is she ignoring him?

As he looked on at her back, frowning and deep in thought, he noticed Nicole, who had walked a few meters away, suddenly looked back before quickly turning her head away once more.

Yoda felt puzzled. The look in her eyes as well as her reactions were odd.

As Nicole was giving Nina and Maya their bath, she noticed the latter's round, plump belly. She felt a sudden dilemma.

As much as she wanted Maya to be happy, Nicole was also worried that letting Maya eat whatever she wanted would affect her child's health.

Fortunately, Maya was no longer a glutton, for she had learned to exercise some self-restraint.

"Mommy, in a few more months, I'll be losing some weight," said Maya, breaking Nicole's contemplation, as if she was reading her mind.

Maya's little pudgy hand gently patted her chubby belly as she flashed her adorable and cute smile at her mother.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 511

Nicole could not help but smile as well. Reaching out to touch Maya's jelly-belly tummy, she replied, "You'll be healthier when you slim down."

"Yoda said the same, and Daddy said the same thing too last time." Having mentioned Evan, Maya proceeded to question, "Mommy, when will Daddy be back?"

"..."

Nicole looked into Maya's bright eyes. She could feel her heart being ripped apart once more, and that felt really painful.

Nonetheless, she managed to suppress the pain that was throbbing in her heart and continued with her white lie, "Daddy will be back soon. When he's back, he'll definitely bring you to climb the mountain, okay?"

Maya furrowed her small brows and nodded.

In the meantime, Nina let loose a sigh out of nowhere. She muttered to herself that Nicole's statement was simply a silly attempt to coax a naive child.

If what she said was true, then why hadn't Daddy come home yet?

Nicole looked at Nina without a word as she continued to bathe Maya.

After giving them their baths, hauling them to their bedroom, and cajoling them to fall asleep, Nicole quietly crept out of their room and returned to hers.

As she sat on her own bed, unable to drift into slumber, Nicole could not help but feel distressed as she remembered the looks in Nina and Maya's eyes when they mentioned Evan just now.

Standing up and opening the doors of her closet to get her pajamas, she suddenly saw the box that she had sneaked out of Yoda's room.

Putting down the pajamas, she took the box out and returned to her bed, planning to study it properly this time.

How do I open this thing?

“Passcode. What exactly is the passcode, I wonder.”

She murmured to herself as she studied the box, trying futilely to open it.

On the other side of the residence, Yoda had gone back to his lodging. When he opened his drawer to retrieve his things, he discovered, to his horror, that his box was missing.

His composure sank as his heart started beating wildly.

Who could have taken my box?

Thinking back carefully, he concluded that the box should have been taken during the time between dinner and his return to the room.

His expression was solemn, and after a brief moment of silence, a recollection of memory suddenly flashed in his mind.

He remembered bringing the four children back after their walk and recalled that Nicole had turned back to give him a very strange look.

Even though it was merely a quick glance, she had seemed suspiciously anxious. It had brought to his mind that the moment she caught him looking at her, she had quickly turned her head and left.

Something was definitely off there.

Could it be her who took the box away? Was she the culprit then?

Yoda immediately got up and walked out of his room.

Concurrently, Nicole was still fiddling with the box, unable to open it.

“That darn Yoda. What kind of otherworldly passcode has he set? Why is it so difficult to crack open this box?” Nicole muttered to herself as she attempted again and again.

As her patience ran thin, her anger flared up!

She heaved a sigh of frustration as she finally gave up and chucked the box back into the closet. Stopping to ponder, she considered that it might not be a safe place after all. Wouldn't her efforts be in vain should Yoda find out and retrieve his box back?

After pouring much thought into it, she ended up storing the box in the safest place possible within her current reach: her safe.

Taking out her pajamas, she confidently walked to the bathroom, having the conviction that the box would be secure. Soon the sound of water could be heard as she stood under the shower. From afar, her figure looked lonesome and somewhat melancholic.

She could not help but recall the scene when Evan helped her with her bath.

Closing her eyes, he seemed to be right in front of her. Reaching out her hand, she could only grasp the thin air.

If only she had known that it would end up like this, she would have asked him to bathe her a few more times.

No.

If she had known, she would stop at nothing to prevent Evan from leaving for K Nation.

Unfortunately, it was all too late. There was no such thing as what-ifs in reality.

She would wait for her four little ones to grow up. Once they had their own homes, she would go to him.

“Evan, you have to wait for me!”

...

After finishing her shower and walking out of the bathroom, she turned off the lights and lay on her bed.

As she was about to fall asleep, she suddenly sensed a slight movement in the corner of her room.

Jumping out of her bed in shock, she immediately bellowed, “Who is it?”

Her question was greeted only with silence.

Straining her ears intently, she could no longer detect any more movement. Thinking that she might have heard wrongly, she proceeded to sleep.

In her drowsy and heavy-headed state, she suddenly felt someone touched her. In a sleepy daze, she asked dreamily, “Who is it?”

“Hush, you’re dreaming,” came the low and sensuous voice, seemingly bewitching her in a hypnotic spell.

“A dream...”

So, it was a dream.

Nicole whispered to herself. Caught in a sleepy and tired state, her eyelids felt like they weighed a ton each. Soon she drifted into her sleep once more.

The intruder stroked her cheeks with feather-light touch as his lips curled into a slight smirk. “There is a punishment for thievery, you know.” His voice rang deep and mellow, soothing to the soul.

As he finished speaking, he began to personally punish her for her deed of theft.

...

The next day.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 512

Nicole opened her eyes. Her whole body felt like it had been run over by a steamroller during the night.

Struggling to sit up, her eyes suddenly widened in shock.

She had obviously fallen asleep in her pajamas the previous night. Why on earth was she stark naked now?

As Nicole inspected her body carefully, she realized that not only was she naked, but she was also littered with bruises here and there.

The bruised marks from last time had not completely disappeared, yet this time...

How did these marks come about? Where did they appear from?

She sat there dumbfounded and tried her best to recall what had happened last night. Yet after racking much of her brain, she could not remember.

Scanning her room meticulously inch by inch, she vaguely evoked a memory of a slight movement in her room just as she was about to fall asleep...

Could someone have sneaked in last night?

Taking a gander around, she could not pinpoint anything unusual. Everything appeared normal and nothing seemed to be out of place. Quickly, she got dressed and scoured the whole room once more, hoping to find a single sign of abnormality that could justify her suspicion.

Nothing, however, was found.

Once again such an inexplicable thing had happened. She felt like she might be going bonkers – sooner or later.

To prevent that from ever happening, some measures must be taken. A drastic, measure to be exact.

Thinking long and hard, she decided to set up a surveillance system in her own room.

Jumping immediately to that decision, she found a professional who managed to set up the entire system in just one morning.

After that, she got ready to go to her company. Before that, she opened her safe and took out the box that she had pilfered away from Yoda's room last night.

She was determined to bring the box to a professional lock-picker to crack it open. She believed she would soon find out what was hidden inside the mysterious box.

Levant Winery.

Levant stood by the window, his eyes wandered off into the distance.

After a long silence, he suddenly turned his head to look at the manager who was standing patiently by his side all the while and asked, "Do you know how to court a lady?"

Courting a lady, huh?

The manager was taken aback, and hurriedly reminded him, "Mr. Levant, usually the ladies are the ones chasing after you. Yet you have indignantly kept your distance. What brings you to come up with this sudden question?"

That's true.

In the past, there was no lack of heiresses and socialites throwing themselves at him.

Not only was he indifferent towards them all, but if left to his own devices, he would love to kick them all away. Yet today, he actually took the initiative to ask such a question.

He himself had found it incredible as well.

"Mr. Levant, who do you have in mind?"

"Nicole Lane."

Hearing the name, the manager smiled and mused, "Mr. Levant, I have been wondering for a while which lucky lady has caught your interest. Turns out you have your eyes set upon Ms. Lane."

"I have genuinely fallen for her. One hundred percent sincere," Levant declared.

The manager was struck speechless by his heartfelt declaration. Are you for real?

"Go and find me a love mentor."

A love mentor.

Since when one needs a strategist in a romantic relationship?

The manager looked at him in disbelief. Ah, whatever! After pondering for a while, he decided to concentrate on the task at hand. Whether Mr. Levant was sincere or not towards Ms. Lane was not his business. His responsibility was to search for the so-called "love mentor" to assist in the courtship of Ms. Lane as soon as possible.

With the help of an expert, Mr. Levant might achieve his goal sooner than expected!

The manager made many phone calls and put in a lot of effort in his search. Lastly, he settled on the one he felt to be the best amongst a shortlist of selected candidates who claimed to be relationship experts.

"Do you have any idea what I want you to do?"

"Nope, not really," came the swift yet curious reply.

"From now on, your responsibility is to assist Mr. Levant to help him court the lady he is interested in as swiftly as possible. As long as you help him achieve his goal, he will reward you generously."

Upon hearing the manager's words, the man's eyes lit up as his mind started to dream and fantasize about the generous rewards and piles of cash he would potentially earn off merely giving advices. It seems to be an easy task!

"Don't worry, I'm an expert in this field. To tell you the truth, I have plenty of field experience too." The man could not help but boast.

"That'll be for the best then. Let's go. Follow me. I'll bring you to meet Mr. Levant."

The manager brought the man to meet Mr. Levant. Upon meeting him, Levant scrutinized him from head to toe before deciding that the man looked like a total loser.

Levant could not help but query, "Why did you find such a person?"

Sensing the discontentment in his voice, the manager quickly explained, "Mr. Levant, this man here is a well-known playboy, a man who has flirted with every possible kind of ladies, and conquered many more; he is a man well-versed in the esteemed art of seduction, the best I could find on the field."

Levant hesitated. He still had his reservations. For assurance, he decided to give this man a test.

"So, I hear that you are best in the field."

The man perked up upon hearing his statement. Full of confidence, he started to explain, "To court a girl, you must first put in the effort to know the girl very well. You must know her likes and her dislikes like the back of your hand. Only then will she be charmed by you, and you'll conquer her and claim your prize."

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 513

Levant was speechless as he listened intently. While he had no experience in relationships, he could still sense some semblance of truth in the man's long-winded explanation.

At the moment, he had no better solution, so he decided to keep the man at his side for now and gave him a go.

Upon hearing that Levant had decided to let him stay, the man was overjoyed.

It was totally out of his expectation that his years of accumulated experience in flirting and picking up girls would one day translate into a well-paying job.

His mind could not help but muse: Life is full of surprises indeed.

"Why don't you fill him in about the current situation with Ms. Lane? Let him plan and come up with a strategy to help me court the lady of my dreams."

Levant looked at the manager keenly while relaying instructions.

Strategy?

Mr. Levant can really blow a matter out of its proportion sometimes. Shouldn't he just practice it? Why on earth does he want a strategy guide? To study in advance?

Despite his misgivings, the manager still nodded and accepted the request, "Yes, Mr. Levant."

As the manager led the "love mentor" out of the room, a grin of joy crept across Levant's face.

Nicole, here I come!

Meanwhile, the manager led the love expert to the next room and gave him a pen and paper. The manager briefed the latter not to worry nor rush, but rather to slowly think and write down the strategy with careful consideration – making sure to write down the most useful tricks in a courtship.

“Don’t worry. Even if I can’t do a single thing right my whole life, when it comes to relationships, I am confident there is no woman under the sun I can’t court. And that is not an exaggeration.”

The manager gave the man another visual scrutiny. Judging from his lanky body, his average appearance, and his shabby clothes, the manager secretly sighed and wondered: how good can this man be?

Then again, women loved sweet talkers.

“And you are?” the manager asked.

“The love expert, Zackery Williams at your service.”

“Huh?”

“Zackery Williams is my name.”

“Ah, that’s a good name.” The manager said politely.

Zackery gave the manager a sweet smile.

The manager could feel goosebumps all over his body. “Cut the crap and quickly write down what you’re supposed to do. After you’ve finished show it to Mr. Levant. Chop-chop!”

“Alrighty!”

Zackery spent two hours writing down all his precious experiences one by one.

After jotting it all down, coupled with the current situation with Nicole, he meticulously analyzed and wrote up a plan.

Gingerly he stood up and showed the manager the result of his hard work.

Just by merely glancing at the pages of densely-packed words, the manager could feel a headache coming up.

“Anything related to women is usually trouble. Forget it. Since I can’t understand it, you may as well show your work straight to Mr. Levant.”

Upon receiving the pages in his hands, Levant looked at them curiously. The more he looked at them the more they seemed like a script.

“Courting a lady involves acting too?” Levant queried incredulously.

“Mr. Levant, life is but a play. What I wrote for you is the most classic script used since ancient times. It will teach you the most effective dating tricks to win over Ms. Lane in the shortest time possible.”

“...”

Levant knew he was in for a headache as well. However, upon thinking of Nicole, he decided to bite the bullet and thus pored over the script carefully.

It was unthinkable that there was so much knowledge in the art of dating.

Meanwhile, on the other side.

After work, Nicole left the Lane Corporation early.

She had deliberately gone to a professional lock picker. It had taken a long time to open the box. The moment the box was pried open, she saw the content and was dumbfounded.

How could this be?

Inside the box was a note with a short line written on it: "Is it fun to be a thief?"

Darn it! Is it possible that the owner has long expected her to steal the box, hence, has stored the note inside since the beginning?

As she pondered on it, it felt unlikely.

Recalling the movement in her room last night, she concluded that the content of the box had been taken away and was replaced with the note on purpose.

Who then, is the one that did all this?

Studying the handwriting on the note, she suspected that it was the clue she needed. Tracing the handwriting to its source would lead her to find out who the culprit was.

Since the box originally belonged to Yoda, he would be the most suspicious one on the list and should be the first one to be investigated.

Putting the note away safely, she drove back to the Imperial Garden.

As soon as she entered the living room, Nicole immediately ordered the butler to call Yoda into her study room.

Witnessing Nicole's darkened expression, the butler did not dare to delay. Turning around, he briskly walked away to call for Yoda.

"Quick! Ma'am is waiting!"

As Yoda headed towards the study room, he knew the reason why he was called and what was in store for him, yet he did not panic.