

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 524

“Well, it is bleeding,” Evan said, though he was not bothered about it to the slightest.

“So does it hurt?” Nicole seemed frantic.

“Yeah, it does a little,” Evan said gently, staring at the bite marks on his arms.

No, you need to be sure about it. A little is not enough!

The next thing he knew, his other arm was getting bitten as well.

“Does it hurt?” Nicole’s eyes were filled with excitement and arousal.

Evan sighed as he looked at his tattered arms. “Yes, it hurts. A lot.” He nodded.

“Really? I’m so glad...” Nicole seemed absolutely delighted.

Evan simply stared without saying a word.

Hah... So that’s what you want. It’s alright though. I’ll do whatever that makes you happy.

Having made sure that Evan could feel the pain from her bites, Nicole could finally bring herself to believe that everything that had transpired was indeed real.

Meanwhile, in a luxurious hotel suite.

Levant felt like he was having a fever. Back at dinner, while Nicole only drank one glass of the spiked wine because her second got spilled, he drank two whole glasses of it. He had been pulling through so far purely by willpower.

“Mr. Levant, how about... How about I find you a woman?” The hotel manager asked.

“No... no. Where is Nicole?”

“I don’t know. I got a waitress to go look for her in the bathroom, but she is nowhere to be found.”

Oh god, she drank the wine too. I wonder if she is alright?

“Mr. Levant! This is not the time to be worrying about someone else! If you keep this up, you’ll hurt yourself!”

Levant gritted his teeth, and whispered weakly, “Send me to the hospital. Quick.”

“Mr. Levant, I can find you a woman, you know? Why-”

The hotel manager’s words got cut off by Levant’s harsh glare. He immediately shut his mouth and called the hospital.

An hour later.

Evan’s phone suddenly rang.

“Yoda, have you found Mommy? Do you need our help?”

“That would not be necessary,” Evan replied, his voice low and rough.

On the other end, Juan was rather startled. “Yoda! Yoda, you can speak now?”

Evan was speechless.

Should I tell the kids that I’m their father?

Before he could say another word, Nicole took his phone away. “Juan, Mommy’s coming home soon.”

“Mommy, Yoda can suddenly speak now! He kind of sounds like Daddy though?”

Nicole turned to look at Evan. Though she was not certain of it, she knew that he had good reasons as to why he disguised himself as Yoda.

And she did not want to mess up his plans. “You must have heard it wrong. Mommy was the one talking just now.” She quickly made up something to say.

“It’s Mommy?” Juan frowned in confusion. Did I really hear it wrong? It’s not really possible to mix up a man and a woman’s voice, is it?

“Alright, Mommy’s going to hang up now. See you soon, okay?” Nicole ended the call.

“You’re not very good at lying, are you?” Evan laughed.

“What would be a good one for that situation then?”

“Well, you can say that you got a waiter to answer it just now, or... “

“Oh shut it! Don’t forget that I’m making up those things for your sake!”

Evan was a little stumped. “But weren’t you angry that I lied to you? Why are you making up lies for me now?”

“I was angry because there shouldn’t be any secrets between us, especially one related to life-and-death situations. As for the kids, sometimes you’ll have to lie to protect their hearts from the harshness of reality,” Nicole replied.

“So, you have not told the kids about my death?”

“Oh don’t even talk about it! Death? Who’s dead? Aren’t you well and alive in front of me right now? Don’t even mention the word death!” Nicole became fired up all of a sudden.

Evan was again at a loss for words. He did not expect her to be that sensitive to those words. Smiling, he kissed her on the forehead.

“So, what happened during the plane crash?” Nicole asked after a moment of silence.

Evan’s face tensed up. “It’s Levant. He sabotaged the plane I was on. I only survived because I noticed that things were suspicious early on.”

“Levant? Why would he do that to you?”

Evan’s gaze darkened.

“Not just to me, what happened with Sylphiette and the letter that Grandpa received back then are all his doing.”

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“What? But why?” Nicole was rather shocked.

“I don’t have all the answers, but one thing I know for sure is that it’s got to do with you. He wants to tear us apart.”

Nicole was guessing the same.

“Levant... Levant wants to marry me, but I’m not sure why. And... and I’m actually not Zane Lane’s biological daughter. Levant told me that my biological father is someone from the Musgrave family.”

Nicole’s looked at him, all serious, as if revealing a big secret.

However, Evan did not seem surprised at all. “Do you want to know who your biological father is?” He asked calmly.

Nicole paused for a moment, and then nodded.

Of course she wanted to know who he was. She had always been trying to imagine how her biological parents were like. How they met, and why her mother never told her anything about him.

“Then you must pretend not to know about anything in front of Levant.”

Nicole’s eyes widened. “Are you not jealous about Levant wanting to marry me?” She asked.

Pursing his lips into a smile, Evan replied, “He’ll give up sooner or later. Moreover, what do you intend on doing to make me jealous? Right before my eyes?” He pinched her, chuckling lightly.

Upon hearing that, Nicole breathed deeply and looked away. “I... I wasn’t thinking about anything. I wasn’t thinking straight.”

“Hah... Good girl! Alright, let’s go home.”

Watching Evan put on the Yoda mask again, Nicole could not help but sigh.

“Why didn’t you choose a more handsome mask?”

Evan coughed awkwardly.

Hmph. I’m doing that for your reputation. What would people say if they see you and the kids with some other handsome man after my death? And yet you are asking me such a question? Hah... How heartless of you.

“Let’s get going.” Evan sounded a little displeased.

Nicole got dressed and walked out of the private room because it seemed that Evan was not planning on giving any explanations.

Meanwhile, at the Imperial Garden.

Juan stood before the three other kids. His gave a mysterious expression, and said, “Guys, I think that Yoda is our Daddy!”

Nina was the first to make a rebuttal. "Impossible. Yoda is nowhere as handsome as Daddy!"

After saying that, Nina immediately felt a light punch on her arm. "Nina! Stop judging people from their appearance. Yoda is so nice to us, I'm not letting you call him ugly!" Maya spluttered.

Nina turned around to look at her. "Hmph. I'm just stating facts!"

Looking at Nina's poor attitude, Maya rolled her eyes.

"I believe that Yoda is Daddy," she said.

"You do?"

Juan was pleasantly surprised. Maybe she has noticed something suspicious too!

"Well, Yoda treats us really well, just like Daddy," Maya replied, blinking innocently.

Kyle nodded at her. Maya has always been able to arrive at the right conclusions, no matter how unreliable her reasons may seem.

"Well, I think Maya's right. Why else would he treat us that well?" He added.

Nina was not changing her mind. "But why would Daddy choose to be Yoda? Yoda's so ugly-"

Before she could finish, she felt another Maya Punch land on her back.

"Stop saying that he's ugly!"

Nina rubbed her back, her expression bitter. "You... you are ugly too! You are even uglier than him! You're an ugly, fat pig!"

Angered by Nina's words, Maya pouted, her body brimming with rage.

"Nina, how dare you call me fat! I'm not going to forgive you!" She shouted her words like a war cry, before landing more punches on Nina.

While Nina did want to fight back at first, she quickly gave up and decided to run away from the Maya Punches.

Even as she ran, she still made the effort to yell "you're a fat pig" at Maya.

"Stop right there! Stop it!"

Maya was not giving in either. As she chased Nina all the way downstairs, Nina bumped into Nicole who just arrived home.

Upon seeing Nicole, Nina tugged at her clothes and began complaining about Maya.

"Mommy! Maya punched me! She's going crazy!"

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“Nina, you’re so MEAN!”

Seeing Maya’s face flushed with anger, Nicole rushed over to check on the children.

After hearing an impassioned reiteration of what happened, Nicole chided Nina sternly.

“But Mommy, that’s not fair! Maya hit me! Why aren’t you scolding her as well?”

“Maya, you can’t just hit people,” said Nicole exasperatedly. “Apologize to her right now!”

“I WON’T! Humph!” Maya stomped up the stairs, her arms akimbo.

Nina feigned a kick at her retreating figure, still displeased at Maya’s behavior.

“That’s enough, Nina. Off to bed with you.”

“You’re not being fair, Mommy!” said Nina with crossed arms. She then went upstairs in a huff.

Seeing that the children had finally returned to their rooms, Yoda sighed. “Well, well. Nina certainly has your temper.”

Nicole turned around and glared at him incredulously. What nonsense! Nina is cold and arrogant, so who do you think she got that from, genius?

“Is that so? Yet why do I feel like she got her arrogance and aloofness from you instead?”

“Really, now? Alright, why don’t we have a few more that behave like you instead?”

Have more kids? I already have four children whose personalities are enough to drive me up the wall, thank you very much!

“P-piss off!” sputtered Nicole.

“Alright, alright,” said Yoda, putting his hands up in mock defeat. It was time for him to leave anyway.

With a smirk, he turned on his heel and left.

Unbeknownst to them, Juan and Kyle had been observing the whole exchange from upstairs.

“Although I can’t hear all of what they’re saying, Yoda can indeed speak, right? I wasn’t lying,” Juan whispered.

“It seems like we need to look into this properly,” said Kyle thoughtfully.

“Are you hoping that Yoda is Daddy?”

“Yes, but I really hope he isn’t actually that ugly.”

It was already the next morning by the time Levant came out of the hospital.

He managed to ascertain that it was Zackery Williams who somehow took it upon himself to drug the wine. Levant seethed with a hatred that could grind bones to ash.

“That presumptuous idiot! Who gave him the permission to act?”

Levant clenched his fists in anger and gave the chair a mighty kick.

The manager shrank, not daring to breathe. Under his breath, however, he cursed Zackery Williams with all his heart.

“Find him, and bring him to me!” roared Levant.

“Mr. Levant, I tried to this morning. But his place was empty! It’s like he vanished into thin air!”

Upon realizing that Levant ended up in the hospital, Zackery fled and went into hiding.

The manager sighed inwardly. Given Levant’s penchant for ruthlessness towards himself, he shuddered to think of how anyone else would be treated. If anything, Levant would be utterly merciless towards them too.

For that very reason, the manager still felt that his life was more important than the promise of a generous reward. Forget it. I’m going to wait for him to calm down before saying anything, he thought.

“He vanished, you say? He should consider himself lucky then! Otherwise, I’ll have him ripped to shreds!” roared Levant.

The manager lowered his head, afraid to even meet Levant’s gaze.

He knew that there was another reason behind Levant’s anger. Levant had received word that Nicole had escaped unharmed and promptly left for Imperial Garden with Yoda.

But she had drunk the wine, so there was no way that she wasn’t affected at all. The fact that she had since slipped away without even being rushed to the hospital was suspicious enough.

There was only one possible explanation. Which man had gotten lucky with her?

Levant exploded in anger as he thought of this. He raised an arm and swept everything on the table onto the ground. A resounding crash was heard as the objects fell.

The possibility of someone soiling the woman he loved was not something he took lightly. I’m not going to let this slide, he vowed.

“Find a way to get me all the surveillance tapes from Amazon Hotel.”

“Yes, Mr. Levant.”

Back at the Seet Group, a storm was brewing. It was no thanks to Adam’s manipulation, of course.

Davin knew that it wouldn’t be long before all hell broke loose.

He sat in the president’s office, staring straight at the sky outside the window in a daze.

He sighed to himself. Honestly, some people are built for the roles they’re assigned to. Sadly, I’m not one of those built for leadership.

Sheila was also worried about this. If someone had really made a grab for power, Davin would end up as the joke of the century.

Even Patrick Muir, who had tried to protect Davin at the expense of several large projects, would not be spared. The Muir Group would incur losses of their own.

Sheila felt that it wasn't wise to let her troubles consume her that way. She then drove to Imperial Garden to discuss countermeasures with Nicole.

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“What do you think, Nicole?”

Nicole was stumped too. She deliberately made Yoda prune the shrubs near them so he could listen in on the conversation with Sheila.

After all, this concerned the company he so painstakingly built.

Yoda stood there and listened to Sheila’s woes. He was upset about the situation as well, thinking that Davin was slacking off. It wasn’t as if Davin had no way out.

“Sheila, go on and have your tea. I’m going to change.”

“Alright,” said Sheila, taking a sip.

Nicole gave Yoda a wink. Motionlessly, he stood up and followed her, carrying a large plant in his hands.

As soon as he caught up, Nicole immediately asked him what he planned to do.

“If you keep concealing your identity like this, the Seet group is really going to suffer,” she said ruefully.

Yoda pursed his lips and replied, “Yet Davin really needs a push. I think he needs to be taught a lesson.”

“And how do you plan on doing that?”

Before Yoda could answer, he heard a loud cough from behind him.

He turned around to see both Juan and Kyle glaring at them both, arms akimbo.

“Why are you two here?” asked Nicole, clearly puzzled by their sudden emergence.

“It’s the weekend, of course we’ll be at home!”

Crap! I had completely forgotten about the kids! Nicole looked at Yoda with mild panic in her eyes.

Kyle folded his arms and appraised Yoda coolly. “And who are you really?”

Juan chose not to mince his words. “You’re Daddy, aren’t you?”

Yoda stared at them impassively, before replying, “You can only find out if you fulfill my conditions.”

“What conditions?”

Yoda crouched and whispered something into the boy’s ears. Surprisingly, they were a little happy to hear about his request.

“One lesson for Davin Seet, coming right up!” said Kyle enthusiastically.

“But I can’t bring myself to play tricks on Uncle Davin like that,” replied Juan hesitantly.

“Well, just assume he’s the enemy!”

“But is he an enemy?”

The two children then made their way back to their room as they discussed what had to be done.

“But why did you ask the kids to teach Davin a lesson?” asked Nicole to Yoda.

“We know that Levant will act, but we’re unsure of how big a commotion it will be. If Davin is to lead the Seet Group in his current state, how is the company going to pull through?”

“Well, if you want him to change, I might have a suggestion.” As Nicole said this, her eyes sparkled with a hint of mischief.

He turned to look at her with curiosity.

Nicole giggled. “Well, give him a good scare!”

Scare him?

Evan was taken aback by the suggestion. “Well, I suppose we can try...” he said, trailing off.

Meanwhile, the real reason why Nicole invited Sheila and Davin over for dinner was to discuss the Seet Group’s affairs properly. Things were going according to plan, for now.

Sheila, having learnt of this, immediately phoned Davin.

“He said he’ll come over, Nicole,” she said after a brief call.

“That settles it then. I’ll have the kitchen prepare dinner.”

Juan and Kyle who were lurking close by shared a look. The boys knew that this would be an unpleasant prank but hoped that their uncle would forgive them for this minor transgression.

“Are you two ready?” asked Nicole.

“Relax, Mommy. Just make sure you sit next to Ms. Sheila and have Uncle Davin sit with us.”

“Very well.”

Davin drove straight to Imperial Garden and parked his car in the garage. He had barely walked two steps towards the door when he suddenly tripped over.

It was a close shave, but he managed to stop himself from falling. He straightened himself shakily and warily looked around the compound, hoping to find what tripped him.

“That’s odd. What the hell was that?”

With that, he suddenly felt his vision go dark and crumpled to the ground.

Some time had passed when Davin awoke. The first sight that greeted him was Juan and Kyle, perched at the edge of his bed.

“You’re awake, Uncle Davin! Here, have some water.”

Davin took the glass from them gratefully and lifted it to his lips. Immediately, he spat the water out.

Sputtering, Davin asked, “What on earth is this? It’s so bitter!”

Little did he know that the boys had added a little nail-biting deterrent to the water. It was odorless, but extremely bitter all the same.

Sighing, Kyle walked over with a test report. "You've injured your head and caused some damage to the brain. Whatever you eat and drink in the future will be bitter."

Davin took the report and had a closer look. "Impossible! How did I get brain damage from that? I only slipped!"

"You're up? Hurry, dinner's getting cold!" called Sheila from the doorway. Her expression was grim.

Davin got up and walked towards the dining room without a word. A fall can do this to my taste buds? Yeah right.

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Davin entered the dining room and walked over to his seat. The kitchen had prepared a feast for them that night. Eagerly, he picked up his fork and sampled a piece of beef. All it took was one bite, and he spat that out immediately as well.

It was horrendously bitter.

Davin sampled the fruit on the platter next to him, only to be met by that same bitterness in his mouth.

Refusing to give up, he grabbed the beverage Juan was about to have and took a swig from the bottle. Still, the bitterness assaulted his senses relentlessly. After a while, he groaned dejectedly. "Christ, is my life not bitter enough already? You've gotta be kidding me."

He looked at Sheila and Nicole briefly before speaking. "Did the doctor say when my sense of taste will return?"

"No, but he did mention something else. You didn't just lose your sense of taste, but he also warned us that you might experience some hallucinations."

"What do you mean by, 'hallucinations'?"

Davin was astonished at the revelation, staring at the two women dumbfoundedly. Suddenly, he saw Maya creep over to the potted plant, spoon in hand, only to begin shoving dirt into her mouth in large gulps.

"Maya, you can't eat soil!"

Maya only grinned at him and continued anyway.

"Nicole, aren't you going to say something? Your child is eating dirt, for god's sake!"

Nicole clenched her fists and pretended not to notice. She had a charade to continue.

"What do you mean? She's sitting right here, eating her food. What is this nonsense about dirt?"

"She's right there, by the bonsai plant!"

He turned over to look at her again, only to see that Maya had disappeared.

Davin felt panic course through his veins. Was that a hallucination?

Maya then wiped her mouth clean and promptly returned to her spot at the dining table.

Davin looked at her in surprise. "Maya, did you eat dirt just now?"

Maya shook her head and pulled a face. "Of course not! Dirt can't be eaten!"

Davin's face fell after hearing Maya's response.

He sat there, frozen in his seat as he tried to process what happened. When he looked up, he saw Nina sneaking over to a pillow on the sofa. She opened it and took out the fluffy white cotton, eating it with relish.

“Nina, stop! You can’t eat that!”

Kyle rolled his eyes and replied, “What’s wrong with eating shrimp?”

He then shelled another shrimp and put it on Nina’s plate. “Here, have some more!”

Kyle behaved as if Nina was actually sitting there.

Davin was completely flabbergasted.

Am I truly hallucinating?

He refused to believe it, and made his way towards the sofa.

Nina had run away before he got there. Davin grabbed the pillow and opened it again to find nothing but cotton inside. Unbeknownst to him, Nina had already finished eating all the marshmallows hidden inside.

The pillow in his hands fell to the ground with a dull thud.

“It’s over, I’m no longer right in the head!” yelled Davin.

Juan quietly helped him back to the guest room and asked him to have a proper rest. Davin could no longer think about eating after this whole debacle.

He just lay there on the bed, wide-eyed. Davin’s face was a mask of astonishment.

“My sense of taste is gone. My brain isn’t working right, so what do I have left that’s worth living for?”

Davin sighed audibly, contemplating the meaning of his life. Suddenly, he sat up, realizing that something was off. Smoke filled the room, and a deep voice resonated.

“If you don’t want to live, you’re more than welcome to join me.”

There was something familiar about that voice. He rubbed his eyes and opened them again to find Evan standing in front of his bed, staring at him coldly.

“This is a hallucination, right? I can’t possibly be seeing Evan right now!” muttered Davin in a panic, his voice trembling.

“Davin Seet! You keep slacking off at work, and you only know how to enjoy yourself without giving back. I’ve come to take you with me!”

“Evan, is that really you?”

Davin blinked and rubbed his eyes. Even with all the smoke in the room, there was no mistaking Evan’s cold and arrogant face, yet it was different this time. He looked paler, and his body emanated a chill that made Davin’s blood run cold.

“The Seet Group is being destroyed by you, and yet you dare address me?” roared Evan.

“Evan, please, I really can’t do this—”

“Then I’ll take you on a trip to hell!”

Suddenly, he saw a vision of a hot and barren landscape doused in fire being displayed on the wall near him. Davin witnessed men struggling to make it across, only to be scorched by the raging flames. The images were enough to leave him drenched in a cold sweat.

“Evan, I can’t go with you now. Not yet! Our parents need me, and the company needs me!”