

## Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 529

“Are you certain you can handle both our parents and the company?” queried Evan.

Davin hesitated, and the people in the sea of fire howled sorrowfully.

There was a heaviness in his heart, for it seemed as if he was destined to walk through that fiery plain next.

Davin pondered over his options again. Granted, taking care of his parents and running the company seemed like an impossible feat, but it was a walk in the park compared to the gruesome scene that played before his eyes. He’d rather not be burnt to a crisp.

He steeled himself, and with determination, answered, “I can do it, Evan. I know I can.”

Evan paused to give him one final, hard gaze, and vanished.

As the smoke in the room subsided, Davin sat on the bed with a blank look on his face.

There was a knock at the door, and Juan came running in. “Are you going to stay here for a bit, Uncle Davin? Till you get better?”

Davin shook his head dumbly.

“Should I ask someone to drive you back to the Seet Residence then?”

“No, I’m going to work.”

“To work?” asked Juan, an incredulous look on his face.

“Yes, there’s a whole pile of work waiting for me at the office.”

Davin put on his shoes and strode out of the room, stopping only to pat Juan on the head.

After a brief exchange with Nicole, he drove to the Seet Group headquarters.

As the car sped on the road, the fog in Davin’s head gradually dissipated. “Illusion or not, my brother went through hell for the Seet group. I can’t let him down”, muttered Davin to himself.

His parents weren’t getting any younger. It was time for Davin to take charge and prove that he was a grown man with a spine.

Juan and Kyle looked at the food on the table and sighed. “To fake the bitterness, we injected the fruit with anti-nail-biting treatment. Everything would’ve tasted bitter regardless of what he ate.”

Sheila smiled and stroked their heads. “Well, that seemed to have worked! That look on his face when he left was really something. I think he finally saw some sense. In the future, your Uncle Davin will be a changed man.”

After Sheila had left the room, Kyle folded his arms and looked at Yoda coolly.

“We have fulfilled your requirements. Can you tell us who you are now?”

The three other children looked at him curiously, expecting an answer.

Yoda only smiled and said, "Well, I am Yoda."

Kyle asked, "Are you Daddy, Yoda?"

"Well, that's for you to find out."

"But you promised to tell us after we taught Uncle Davin a lesson!" Nina huffed, unsatisfied by his response.

Juan, on the other hand, found this interesting. "Is this a test? Just you wait, we'll find out whether you're Daddy or not!"

"Alright then!" Yoda looked satisfied at Juan's fervor. For them, this could be a form of training.

Just then, Nicole walked downstairs. "I'm going out."

Yoda eyed her figure-hugging dress and replied, "I'll go with you."

Since his cover was blown and he couldn't pretend to be mute anymore, Yoda decided to start speaking in front of the children too. Nicole pondered over this briefly. "I think you should stay here with the kids," she said.

"Mommy, we're fine. We don't need a babysitter."

"Yes, Mommy. The butler is here anyway!"

"Let Yoda go with you, we'll feel reassured."

"Yeah, Yoda can protect you."

Seeing that the children were all in consensus, Nicole could only agree.

As Yoda drove out of the compound, he asked Nicole where they were going.

"To see Sylphiette at a café."

"Sylphiette?" Yoda thought she was going to meet Levant, dressed up like this.

"Yes. She called me just now. She said she knows a bit about my background, and I have questions to ask her in person."

After they reached the venue, Nicole and Yoda marched straight to the booth Sylphiette was in.

Sylphiette wore a pink dress, keeping her makeup and accessories simple. The way she dressed now was a far cry from the prestige Ms. Lane had.

At a glance, one could tell that she had fallen on hard times.

When she saw Nicole, Sylphiette did not stand up. It was a calculated decision, as she didn't want to come across as someone in need of a favor. "Ah, you've arrived. Have a seat."

Nicole also decided to forego all formalities and promptly sat down. Sylphiette's gaze landed on Yoda, who took his seat next to her.

"If I hadn't taken a closer look, I would've thought it was Mr. Seet! Where did you find this hideous creature, Nicole?"

The look on Sylphiette's face was one of barely-concealed disgust.

"My choice of companions does not concern you, Sylphiette. Why don't you tell me why you're here?"

Nicole was not in the mood for idle chit-chat and decided to go straight to the point.

Sylphiette picked up her coffee and took a sip. "The coffee here is quite good, Nicole. Your parents also met in a café back then."

"Get to the point."

"Don't you want to hear about your parents' relationship? It's quite the tale; there are twists and turns and surprises."

Sylphiette glanced at Nicole again before putting down her coffee cup with a sigh. "Alright, as you wish. But first, call Davin and have him release my father."

Nicole was stunned.

Zane was the culprit who murdered Davin's grandmother. How could he be expected to let Zane go so easily?

Besides, she couldn't bring herself to ask. Nicole knew that it was selfish to expect sacrifices for her own personal gain.

"Sylphiette, I can promise you other things. This, however, is something I cannot do."

Yoda's gaze was thoughtful, but he was pleased that Nicole stuck to her principles.

"I have no other requests." Sylphiette refused to budge, and her expression turned icy. "My father helped your mother out of compassion. I think you should extend the same courtesy and ask for him to be released. Consider this a debt repaid."

"I know nothing of this debt you speak of, Sylphiette. I can handle other requests, though. Like money, for example."

"Money?"

Sylphiette looked impassively at Nicole. "Do you think I need money?"

Oh, give me a break! Given your current state, are you still pretending to be rich? thought Nicole.

"You've really let yourself go, based on how you're dressed today. Whether or not you need money, I suppose you know better. Don't forget that your mother is still depending on you financially," retorted Nicole coldly.

Sylphiette's face instantly sank, and she clenched her fists.

If she won't let my dad go, so be it. Squeezing some money out of her wouldn't be so bad, right? It's just that I don't know how much Nicole can spare.

"These are secrets that concern your background. How much are you willing to pay for this?"

Nicole considered the offer. She wasn't sure of how much Sylphiette knew. If I spend such a large sum on barely any information, isn't that a waste?

"Well, I'll pay according to how valuable your information is. How does ten thousand sound, for each bit?"

"A paltry ten thousand? Are you treating me like some kind of beggar?"

Sylphiette looked at Nicole as if she were a miser, but also considered Nicole's position.

Evan was killed in a crash, and she has nobody to rely on. The Lane Corporation still had to be run, and on top of that, Nicole had four kids to take care of. It was possible that Nicole couldn't afford to pay much, to begin with.

Wasn't she just laughing at me for being strapped for cash? Talk about the pot calling the kettle black here, mused Sylphiette.

"How much do you want?" Nicole asked.

Sylphiette snorted coldly. "Information this valuable costs one million and not a penny less."

"One million? You have some nerve—"

Before she could continue, she was interrupted by Yoda. "Mrs. Seet, a million is nothing. Just agree to it."

Sylphiette raised her eyes to look at him. She hadn't expected that ugly creature to speak on her behalf.

Yet why was he being kind to her for no reason?

He is obviously trying to take advantage of my beauty. How utterly revolting!

Sylphiette thought about this briefly. There was no harm in using him to gain more wealth, after all.

"Nicole, even your subordinate thinks it isn't too much. Your hesitance is unbecoming, and I can't even compare you to a subordinate at this rate. Is information about your past worth so little to you?"

She got up, her graceful figure swaying as she walked towards Yoda. Draping an arm across his shoulder, she said, "You think one million for a piece of vital information isn't expensive, yes?"

Her red lips parted lightly, and her restless hands gently stroked Yoda's ear in a sultry gesture.

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Yoda glared at Sylphiette with unmistakable disgust. The mix of perfume she had on her body had a nauseating scent that made his stomach turn.

Sylphiette was shocked by his reaction and glared at him. “What kind of expression is that?”

Nicole sneered. “He’s disgusted by you. Can’t you tell?”

Disgusted, she said? The nerve. To think that someone as ugly as he had the audacity to be disgusted. He needs a proper look in the mirror! Sylphiette clicked her tongue in annoyance.

“The world is full of people who lack self-awareness, it would seem.” Sylphiette rolled her eyes at Yoda, equally revolted by him.

With a huff, she turned around and sashayed back to her seat.

Nicole glanced at her. She knew Sylphiette had no idea that Yoda’s ugly face was a mask.

Without knowing it, Sylphiette admitted to a similar kind of deceit as well. After all, her own beauty was a mask for her ugly personality.

“Alright, let’s cut to the chase. One million per snippet of information you want and nothing less.”

Yoda nodded at Nicole, who agreed as well, albeit painfully.

“Let’s start from the beginning, then,” said Sylphiette.

“Your parents met at a coffee shop. It was raining, and she was already pregnant at the time. She was hungry—”

Sylphiette came to an abrupt stop, cursing herself inwardly.

Damn it! Has the thought of money completely clouded my judgment?

She reconsidered what Nicole said about how much she would pay for each bit of information. Why not make a few hundred million at Nicole’s expense?

Nicole frowned thoughtfully but listened.

Sylphiette made slow work of the entire conversation. But because she did not have enough information, she made some things up. At the end of it, she named her final price.

“We’re done here. You owe me a hundred million, so pay up.”

Nicole balked at her. Was this woman insane?

“You can’t weasel your way out of this one, Nicole. We agreed to this.”

Nicole got up and took out a card from her bag. “There’s a million in here. It’s yours.”

“One million? I gave you exactly a hundred pieces of information, and that’s worth a hundred million! What is the meaning of this?” Sylphiette stood up in a rage.

Nicole frowned. “How was that a hundred? I only heard one. Does that mean it’s a problem with you, or have I been asleep this entire time?”

“Are you deaf? I clearly said there were a hundred messages!”

Nicole turned and looked at Yoda. "Is that true? Did she actually give me a hundred pieces of information?"

Yoda stepped forward and looked at Nicole solemnly. "Mrs. Seet, I heard the same thing you did. I think the lady has problems with her head."

"Problems with my head? How dare you—"

Sylphiette knew that she had been fooled. Nicole hadn't bothered to slow her down for verification either. All she had to do to make up for the lack of information was to lie, which seemed simple enough. Or so she thought.

She had not anticipated that Nicole would've caught on from the start.

Yoda watched the whole scene unfurl as the anger in his heart surged.

He banged a fist on the table and yelled, "Take your money and f\*ck off! Otherwise, don't expect a penny from us!"

Sylphiette turned around and looked at Yoda, who emanated a terrifying coldness. She knew he meant business.

Even if she could take on Nicole, it would be impossible to beat the fearsome man standing in her way.

Sylphiette knew the odds were against her and thus decided to leave with the amount that she was given. She vowed to settle the score with Nicole in the future.

"Nicole, don't forget that you owe me. I'll come and collect my dues soon."

Sylphiette picked up the ATM card on the table and glared daggers at Nicole before departing angrily.

Yoda sat next to Nicole and watched as her eyes darted towards him furtively with appreciation. He was still concerned, however. "Playing her for a fool is fine and all."

"I sense a 'but'."

Yoda sighed and continued. "But, I'm worried she might do something to you later on."

"I'm not scared. You heard what she said just now, right?" asked Nicole indignantly. "For f\*ck's sake, she barely gave me anything before announcing that it would cost a hundred million. I'd have to be a blithering idiot to fall for that scheme!"

To Evan, money was only a number.

He couldn't care less if it were a million or a billion; it was all the same to him. But Evan was worried that Nicole would wind up making enemies over money and get herself in trouble. That was something he hoped to avoid.

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However, what Nicole said was not unreasonable in any way.

Evan reckoned that it would be necessary to find a bodyguard for Nicole in the future. Someone who could follow her around and see to her safety when he could not.

Back to the situation at hand, the pair began to go through the events that Sylphiette described.

“Sylphiette wasn’t a complete bust. There was something she said that was somewhat useful—Your mother was pregnant when she married Zane. And Zane married her to get your grandfather’s help. It was a marriage of convenience, essentially.”

“You’re right,” said Nicole thoughtfully. “My mother may not have married him willingly. Earlier, Sylphiette said that my mother pined for my biological father but had no feelings for Zane. Rather, she felt sorry for him. I think that’s why she decided to take all the blame when Zane hit your grandmother.”

“Your mother had no feelings for Zane, and I think Zane felt the same way about your mother,” said Evan. “Otherwise, why would he have a child with Sylvia?”

Nicole smiled bitterly. “Don’t you find it ironic that two people with different purposes entered into the same loveless marriage with each other, only for my mother to end up that way? Yet the other party was unscathed!”

She sighed and continued. “Why did that happen to my mother? Since my biological father knocked her up, why didn’t he marry her? I also wonder why she kept his existence a secret from me even until her death and never said a word about him to me.”

Nicole picked up the coffee cup and toyed around with it before setting it down hard.

These questions weighed heavily on her, but she really wanted to know what kind of ill-begotten man her biological father was. She wanted to know why he abandoned a pregnant woman and left her in a state of desperation where she had to marry someone like Zane.

“Well, I think Sylphiette only knows this much. The rest will be uncovered in due time, with enough effort.”

They sat there in silence for a while. Nicole turned to Evan and said, “Mr. Seet, I have a request.”

“What is it?”

“I want to go to K Nation with Levant and get to the bottom of this. I want to know who that b\*stard of a man is, find him, and make him apologize in front of my mother’s grave. She deserves nothing short of a full apology.”

Yoda did not respond. He wasn’t even expecting her to make such a rash decision.

But to let her go to K nation with someone like Levant, whose motives were unclear... it was hard for him to not be concerned.

He studied Nicole’s expression and realized that she had already made her mind up.

After some thought, Evan replied, "I'm coming with you."

Nicole stared at him, a little alarmed at the suggestion. "But your parents need you. And the company—"

"And you don't?" Evan interrupted her with a frown.

"I—" Nicole did need him.

However, she was concerned about how long the trip would take. There was no telling when they could return.

If Evan came out of hiding, it would fix so many problems. For one, Jonathan and Sophia would be thrilled to know that their son was alive this whole time. Even the Seet Group's crisis would also be sorted out.

If Evan left with her, then he would then have to lay low for much longer.

Didn't he care about his parents or the company he worked so hard to build?

Evan seemed to understand what she was worried about. He looked at her solemnly and said, "We don't know why Levant wants to kill me yet. If word spreads that I'm still alive, then he won't stop until I'm dead for sure. For now, it's better to let him think I'm truly dead. If I come with you, we might get answers to both our questions."

Nicole pondered over this for a moment and realized that Evan's suggestion made sense. "But what about the kids?"

"Don't worry, my mother will take good care of them."

Nicole agreed with what he said, for Sophia was really kind to the children.

Since there were no other options, she'd sit the children down at the next opportunity to discuss this with them.

All that was left was to find out when Levant planned to return to K Nation.

That night, Nicole made plans to call Levant. She showered and locked her bedroom door before making that dreaded call.

Levant picked up shortly after. "Nicole? I didn't expect you to reach out. Not since the incident at the Amazon Hotel..." he trailed off, unsure of what to say next.

"What incident at the hotel?" asked Nicole, feigning ignorance.

### **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 533**

Nicole was well aware of what Levant was talking about. While she and Levant had drunk the same spiked wine, a watchful Evan had given her the antidote shortly after. She wasn't sure what Levant did after that, nor did she care. After all, her only objective now was to get close to him and find out more about her past.



Hearing her say this, Levant asked, "But how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine, really. I remember going to the bathroom that day, but the wine stains refused to come off. I went straight home after that," replied Nicole nonchalantly.

Levant was surprised to hear her response.

Is that so? She had no reaction to the drugs in the wine? Does she have some kind of drug resistance, maybe?

Levant chuckled. No matter, it's all for the best.

"It's good to hear that you're fine. Did you need something from me?"

"I wanted to ask if you found anything concerning my parentage."

Ah, so she's still worried about this.

Levant assumed she called because she missed him, but that was clearly wishful thinking on his part.

Levant's eyes glimmered like he was plotting something. "Nothing yet," he responded coolly. "But things like this take time, and it can sometimes take years. It's no rush. I'll let you know if I find anything."

No rush? I am very much in a rush, Levant! thought Nicole exasperatedly.

She was eager to find out who that awful man was. He owed her an explanation.

Even if she couldn't get one, she was determined to make this traitorous man pay for abandoning her mother.

"Levant, when will you return to K Nation?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, I want to go back with you."

"We've discussed this before, Nicole. I'll only take you back if you marry me. Are you saying yes?"

What the fuck did finding out her background have to do with marrying him?

On second thought...

"Levant, if my biological father is a member of the Musgrave family, then isn't it possible that we are cousins? How can I marry you then?"

You're indeed a member of the Musgrave family, but you can marry me all the same!

"Nicole, the Musgrave family has strict rules about lineage. If you are to marry into the family, you must either be a daughter of a distant, unrelated branch or the daughter of a high-ranking retainer. It would thus be impossible for us to be closely related. But if you have any doubts, we can always take a DNA test."

A DNA test would definitely indicate if she were closely related to Levant.

"Okay, let's do a DNA test then."

Levant was speechless. He hadn't been serious about the suggestion at all.

"Levant, you shouldn't be rash about your marriage," chided Nicole. "If we're not related, then you should introduce me to your parents. Don't you need their approval for something this important?"

Nicole had already hatched a plan. She'd be able to investigate any leads on her biological father, all while ensuring that Levant's parents disliked their prospective daughter-in-law. She'd make them hate her so much they would be begging Levant not to marry her.

Her plan was foolproof.

Levant hesitated. "Nicole, I need to think this through."

"Alright, let me know as soon as possible," said Nicole before hanging up.

After the call, Levant sat in his chair, deep in thought.

The manager walked towards him. In a low voice, he reminded Levant that even the Duke had no clue about Nicole's background. "Mr. Levant, all you need to do is lie and ensure that she is sorted out before everyone is aware. Per my observation, her desire to find out about her past is the only thing on her mind at the moment. I fear it would be hard to even get her thinking about being in a relationship with you."

"Tell a lie?" queried Levant.

"Yes. Sir Musgrave doesn't know who Nicole is. I think you should pretend to not know anything as well, and just say she is your lover. After you're married, everything will be fine."

Levant thought about this thoroughly, and nodded in agreement.

The Musgrave family was impressive in its own right. Maybe after she met the family, Nicole could change her perception of him. Better yet, she might even reciprocate his love.

That way, Levant could get everything he desired. Even the woman he loved.

"Mr. Levant? May I suggest doing a DNA test with her tomorrow?" came the manager again, with another suggestion. "She needs the reassurance. Once she knows that she's not related to you, she'd likely make the trip with ease. Even if she finds out about her past, it might not lead to a favorable outcome for her. I think you have nothing to worry about."

Levant nodded again after giving his words some thought.

Night passed and the next day had arrived.

Levant had meant to call Nicole, but his phone started ringing.