

## Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 574

But Juan and Kyle were not dumb. They improvised their strategy as the servants protected their eyes and aimed for their heads instead.

The servants could not take it anymore and started scattering like lost sheep as they held their heads. The two boys exchanged quick looks and picked up more rocks as they chased after them.

“Juan, I think you’re faster at throwing!”

“And I think you’re better at aiming!”

“But we still need more practice!” Kyle concluded.

“Kyle, I know Taekwondo, so I’ll go after them and bind them up. I’ll leave Maya and Nina to you!” Juan figured out an ultimate strategy.

But Kyle disagreed and refused to leave his brother alone.

Beside him, Juan smiled warmly at his brother’s comradeship.

“Dang it! We just ran out of stones!” Juan suddenly realized.

The two quickly turned around and ran in the opposite direction.

Sensing the sudden stop of attack, the servants finally opened their eyes and saw the kids running away from them.

“Ha! Look at your eyes! You’ve got two black eyes like a panda! You look so funny now!” one of the servants laughed, pointing at another servant.

“Pot calling the kettle black! You’re not any better. Yours are all swollen!” the second one mocked in return.

“Geez, my eyes feel so painful. Will I go blind?” another complained.

“Stop talking and start chasing them! The duchess is still waiting for us to hand the kids over!” yet another servant reminded.

“Seriously, these kids are a pain in the ass! They really know what they’re doing, man!” the first one said.

“You can say that to ‘em when you get ‘em!”

Speaking, the servants set out and hurried towards the two boys.

Meanwhile, Juan and Kyle could not find Maya and Nina when they reached the rockery. They looked around anxiously, wondering if they had lost their way.

“It’s either they’re lost or they were caught,” Juan speculated as his gaze wandered around the rockery.

“Nina’s there, they won’t get lost,” Kyle replied.

“It’s difficult to say what’ll happen with Maya around,” Juan said.

“Why not we call them? Nina has a smartwatch,” Kyle suggested as he bent down to look at every nook and cranny.

Juan called her and they got in touch in no time. Nina told him their location and the boys ran off right after they found out where they were.

By the time the boys reached, they were surprised to see there was no one else in the spacious room except for their sisters. “There’s no one else here?” Juan queried.

“Yeah. No one’s here, that’s why we came in,” Nina answered.

“Then we’ll hide here until the old witch stops looking for us.”

Little did they know, Stephen heard them loud and clear as he stood in front of a portrait behind the screen. He was deeply engrossed with the painting when he heard hasty footsteps in the room and decided to just stay put and find out what was happening.

He glued his ears against the screen as he tried to eavesdrop.

The kids piqued his interest when they talked about an old witch coming after them.

The duke readjusted his position and peeked through the gap of the screen.

The four kids looked fine and beautiful. Stephen thought their parents must be a handsome pair.

He surveyed each of the children and his gaze eventually fell on Nina and Maya. The frown on his brows deepened as he dug his gaze through them. *Hm, these two girls look exactly like the woman Levant invited over.*

*Their eyes look so much like Rosalie’s and the woman’s.*

He sighed and turned around, looking at the person in the portrait in resignation.

“What can I do, Rosalie? I hope you don’t mind these kids coming in. I’ve never allowed anyone in. But they look so much like you,” he whispered softly.

A sad smile curved on his lips and a glimmer of regret shone dimly in his old eyes.

On the other side of the screen, Juan straightened his back as he heard some movement in the room. “I think I heard someone talking,” he hissed.

“What? Who? I didn’t hear anything,” the others whispered back.

They hushed and pricked their eyes, trying to listen for voices. But instead, they heard footsteps approaching.

They cocked their heads towards where the footsteps came from and jumped when they saw Stephen coming from behind the screen.

“Wh... Who are you?” Juan asked nervously.

“Me? I’m the master of this estate,” the duke answered.

“You own this place...?” Juan mumbled.

“This is his territory, and he must be really fierce. That’s why no one else dares to come in. We’d better be careful,” Juan said to the rest.

A subtle smile settled on Stephen’s eyes when he heard those kids talking.

“What are you guys doing here? Where did y’all come from?” he asked.

Juan eyed him suspiciously and evaded the duke’s stare as he replied, “We’re guests here. And we came from our house.”

Stephen raised his eyebrows at the boy’s careful answer. But that did not stop him from probing further.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

The kids knew well enough to never give their names to strangers. “I’m the eldest, he’s the second, she’s the third, and she’s the fourth,” Juan answered warily.

Yet, Maya was not satisfied with such an underwhelming introduction of herself and asserted, “I’m not just the fourth kid. I’m a little fairy!” she added.

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“Come on, you’re a big-faced!” Nina begged to differ.

Maya glared at her resentfully when Nina teased her. It seemed like Nina was no longer afraid of her Maya Punch.

Stephen looked at the playful kids and chuckled.

He found these kids amusing and likable the very moment he saw them. It was probably because he met them at his favorite place—or perhaps it was because the girls bore a resemblance to Rosalie.

But regardless of what the reason was, Stephen felt the kids were inexplicably endearing to him.

“I heard you guys talking about an old witch. Who’s she?” he asked.

“Mr. Levant’s mother!” Maya shouted without any reservation as she rolled her eyes hard.

She was a forthwith girl and she was never good at concealing her feelings.

Huh? Portia?

What did she do to the kids? Why did they hate her so much?

“What did she do to y’all?” he asked again.

“She asked the servants to catch us and throw us out of the estate!” Maya replied without holding back.

“Yeah. She’s so fierce! I can’t believe she’s Mr. Levant’s mother! She’s an old witch,” Nina agreed.

Their comments were harsh, yet Stephen felt the duchess should have known better to know what she should and should not do.

"Y'all don't have to worry. She won't do it again," he replied with a serious face.

"You know her?" Juan asked.

"You can come to this place and look for me if she does that again," Stephen replied.

Among the kids, Kyle had been silent throughout. He scanned the room and realized although the room was minimally furnished, it was luxurious and meticulous nonetheless. Even the bonsai were well-trimmed.

He finally opened his mouth and said something. "Does anyone ever come in here? What about the duchess?"

"This is my private space. No one dares to enter this room," Stephen replied.

The girls blinked at him in admiration when they heard his answer.

They guessed this old grandpa was probably someone powerful. That was why everyone was afraid of him.

As for Juan and Kyle, they started surmising who this old man was.

But because the kids were afraid of him, they stayed hiding in the room for the next hour without asking who he was. It was not until they felt the coast was clear that they thanked him politely and bid him farewell before going out to look for Mommy.

Right after they closed the door behind them, Kyle turned around and looked at the other three gravely. "Mommy already has a lot on her plate trying to find out about her family. We mustn't tell her anything that happened today, okay? We don't want her to be worried."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Over at the outside, the duchess went amok when she found out none of the servants managed to get hold of the kids. Not only had they failed her, but they had also made a joke of themselves by getting hurt.

"Useless! I feed y'all for nothing!" she bawled at the timid servants.

They held their breath in her raging presence and none of them dared to look at her.

"What are y'all waiting for? Eh? Go over to the courtyard and wait for them!" she shouted at the motionless servants standing like logs in front of her.

But just as the servants were about to go towards the courtyard, Stephen's bodyguard came over and issued an order.

"Ma'am, the duke has an order," the bodyguard reported coldly.

"What is it?" the duchess asked impatiently.

"The four children are the duke's guests and he wishes for them to be treated with respect," he replied.

Stephen's guests?

Since when is that bunch of brats his guests?

“The kids have no manners and they even challenged me. I don’t see why I should treat them with respect,” she replied snarkily.

But the messenger cocked his head higher and reasserted the duke’s order. “Sir Musgrave has already made it clear that you should know better as an adult to not mind the kids’ blunder,” the man reiterated.

Portia’s countenance fell as the bodyguard repeated what her husband said. She felt immensely humiliated in front of the servants.

Why is he on their side? Who is Nicole to him? Who are those kids to him?

They are not related to him in any way! Unless... unless there is something that he’s not telling me.

Portia clenched her fists trying to swallow her anger.

Just wait and see, Nicole Lane. You might have Levant on your side, but I’ll make sure you get out of this place with nothing!

If you dare get Stephen involved, don’t blame me when I end your life!

But Portia knew she should lie low for now in order for her bigger scheme to work. Besides, it was not like she could openly disregard what the duke said. She had no choice but to obey him. “Tell Sir Musgrave that his message is well-received.”

The bodyguard nodded without another word and walked off to relay the message.

When Daphne found out about what happened, she saw her chance and quickly came to provoke Portia.

“Aunt Portia, I bet Nicole and the kids are some sorceresses. It’s totally unreasonable for Levant and Uncle Stephen to be on their side!” she pointed out.

She noticed the duchess’ face turned sour and was emboldened to further incite her against Nicole. “Remember when you asked Uncle Stephen to persuade Levant to send Nicole away? Not only did Uncle Stephen ignore you, but he also even sided with the kids. It was so obvious that he didn’t respect you—and it’s all because of Nicole. I can’t believe she has the guts to even...”

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“Shut it!” Before Daphne could continue her inflammatory harangue, Portia slammed the table and lashed out at her.

Daphne jumped at her sudden reaction and feigned a frightened tone. “Aunt Portia, I’m sorry, please don’t be mad. I just feel everything is so unfair for you. I really don’t see why Uncle Stephen is so defensive of that woman and her kids. You deserve so much better...” Her voice trailed off softly as a subtle smirk played across her serpentine lips.

Although Daphne did not know why her uncle would go to great lengths to defend them, still, she managed to take advantage of the situation and provoked Portia.

Stephen and Portia's relationship were not close, to begin with. Although he had been respectful in all ways, there was no affection in their marriage life.

Now that he was giving her the cold shoulder all over again, it sure reminded the duchess of the time he fell in love with someone else years back.

A vortex of bottomless sadness and hatred spiraled in Portia's eyes as she recalled what happened a long, long time ago.

There was this one woman in Stephen's life that had always been a threat to her.

Back then, if Stephen and her parents had not done everything they could to stop Stephen, that woman would have well been the duchess by now.

Although so many years had passed since then, what happened remained traumatizing to her—and she would never allow what almost happened twenty years ago to happen again.

Thinking of it, the duchess gestured a servant to come over. "Make sure you keep an eye on Sir Musgrave. Report to me immediately if you find out anything," she ordered.

"Yes, Lady Musgrave," the servant replied.

Daphne lowered her face and shadow covered her face. Now that Aunt Portia is finally taking action, Nicole and the children will be out of the house in no time.

But who cares about them? Hector is the only person I want by my side.

She shifted her scheming gaze and looked at the duchess. "Aunt Portia, who's in charge of the new bodyguard?"

"Why? Did he offend you by chance?" Portia asked.

"Not really. I think they've been doing a pretty good job," she replied.

Portia widened her eyes as she heard her answer. It was surprising that Daphne would actually compliment the bodyguards.

"Jacob is in charge of the bodyguards," Portia told her.

That means I can get all the information I need about Hector from Jacob.

But Daphne was still trying to figure out why Hector had not come to her. It's either he's shy or he's concerned about our difference in status. Well, I guess I have to be the one to take the initiative.

Daphne had pursued Levant for a good five years. Over the years, she had learned to be more proactive when it came to love. Hence, showing Hector that she loved him would not be a problem at all.

After taking leave, Daphne set out to look for Jacob to ask about Hector. But to her dismay, she did not manage to get anything about him.

“What? Are you sure you have no records of him? I’ve seen him in the estate a few times! Why not you check it again?” she questioned Jacob.

“Ms. Ankins, I have all the bodyguards’ information with me here. I’m a hundred percent sure there’s no one with the name Hector. You can take a look if you don’t believe me,” he said, handing her a pile of documents.

Daphne took it over and started poring over every single piece of information.

“I can’t believe it! He clearly told me his name is Hector!”

The butler stood silent for a moment before finally asking, “Is that his real name?”

Daphne chewed on his question and nodded slightly.

She started describing Hector’s height and facial features and asked Jacob to summon all the bodyguards that fitted her description.

But Jacob smiled helplessly and scratched his head in frustration.

“Ms. Ankins, are you really looking for a bodyguard?” he asked.

“Yeah! He was wearing a bodyguard uniform when I saw him in the estate! Don’t tell me he’s able to come in if he’s not a bodyguard. Do you think I’m lying? Or do you think I’m hallucinating?” Daphne was beginning to get testy.

Jacob fidgeted his fingers as he looked at the difficult lady before her.

Ms. Ankins had the duchess at her back. That was the only reason why he had to do as she demanded despite her outrageous request.

Jacob went out and picked five bodyguards whom he deemed as handsome and brought them back to Daphne.

“Ms. Ankins, is the man you’re looking for one of them?”

Daphne’s anticipating glance swept across the five men but her excitement quickly turned into anger.

“Are you kidding me? I asked you to look for a handsome man and this is the best you’ve got?” she berated.

Cold sweat rolled down Jacob’s back as he faced Daphne’s fury.

He had tried his best to look for the most good-looking young men among the hundreds of bodyguards he had. But it seemed to him that Daphne was not looking for a bodyguard but for Brad Pitt.

Even if it were really Brad Pitt she was looking for, there was no way he would come to the estate as a bodyguard!

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“Look for him until you get him!” Daphne shouted at Jacob.

“But Ms. Ankins, these are the best I can find among all the bodyguards. Why not I summon all of them here and you take a look for yourself?” Jacob suggested.

Daphne glared at Jacob and clenched her jaws in anger. This useless old man! I bet he did it on purpose!

But there was nothing she could do. She had to eat her heart up for the man she so admired—the savior who had saved her and stole her heart.

After spending the whole afternoon going through each and every bodyguard, Daphne still could not get hold of Hector.

Just as she was about to give up, it suddenly occurred to her that Hector might have gone into hiding to avoid her.

“Jacob, please continue looking for this man. Make sure you inform me the moment you find him,” she said with determination.

“Yes, Ms. Ankins,” the butler replied.

Jacob let out a heavy sigh the moment Daphne walked out of the door.

What does she even want? It’s impossible I can find a man like that!

Within the day itself, news of Daphne looking for a dashing young bodyguard spread like wildfire in the estate.

When Levant heard about what happened, he could not help but wonder if Daphne had lost her mind because of his constant rejection.

If not, why would she look for a prince charming among the bodyguards?

“Get the doctor to take a look at her,” Levant told one of the maids.

“Yes, Mr. Levant,” the maid replied before looking into the matter immediately.

On the other side of the estate, John’s jaw dropped as he stared at Evan wearing his scary human skin mask.

He wondered how would Daphne react if she saw his handsome face beneath the mask. Ha! She’d probably rush towards Evan and shower him with kisses.

Seriously, why do girls fall for him wherever he goes? I bet he really has his ways with women.

Evan spotted John’s lewd smile and asked, “Hey, which woman are you thinking about?”

John jumped in surprise and collected himself, putting up a serious face. “I... I’m not thinking about anything! I was just thinking about what you asked me to do,” he replied nervously.

Evan looked at him in disbelief as he recalled the dirty look on his face.

But he decided not to call him out. “Did you manage to find anything?” he asked.



John cleared his throat and got ready to report every single detail he found about Levant. "Mr. Seet, it appears that Levant was adopted from an orphanage. The duchess screened through thousands of orphans before taking him into the family."

An orphanage?

This means Levant's an orphan and his parents deserted him.

Evan rubbed his chin as he pondered on the piece of information John got. "Who are his parents?" he asked after a slight pause.

"The orphanage closed ten years ago. So I didn't manage to get hold of any records," John replied. Evan grunted and his frown deepened. It seemed like their investigation had met a dead end.

Does this mean only the duchess knows who his real parents are?

"Did you find out why Levant wants to marry Nicole?" he asked again.

"Levant has been keeping an eye on her since a year ago when she just got back to the country. But I haven't come to the bottom of why he's keeping tabs on her," John replied accordingly.

A year ago.

Do they have a past?

Or did Levant fall for her at first sight?

If he really did meet her a year ago and fell in love with her, why didn't he do anything?

Evan crossed his hands before his chest, trying to figure out all the possibilities.

Before long, he let out a frustrated sigh and ordered, "Continue investigating."

"Yes, Mr. Seet."

Nicole had been pacing up and down the garden, trying to suppress the urge to question Evan if he had received any news from Wesley.

She had a gut feeling that Wesley would know who was the other person who learned acupuncture with her mother.

But she could not bring herself to ask Evan because she was still angry with him. She still had not gotten over what he did with Daphne.

Fine, I'll just check it out myself!

But a familiar figure caught her attention before she could even walk out of the garden.

Wait... What's he doing here?

Nicole figured it would be better to go over and greet him. After all, he had been nice to her although they had only met twice.

She walked towards Stephen and nodded courteously. "Sir Musgrave, are you here for a walk?"

“Yeah, I’m here for some fresh air,” he replied. But actually, that was not the case.

He was in his study looking down at the garden when he saw her. That was why he made his way down.

Stephen looked at her in the eyes and a gentle smile brightened up his face.

Her eyes reminded him of the four children he saw earlier on, especially the two little girls. “Do you have kids?”

“I have two sons and two daughters,” Nicole replied with a nod.

Just as Stephen had guessed—they were indeed her children.

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Stephen frowned and asked, “Are you separated from the children’s dad?”

Nicole looked at him in surprise, wondering why the man had asked that question.

“I remember you said the last time that you and Levant liked each other. So does that mean you and the children’s dad are already divorced?”

Nicole recalled that she had made up an excuse the previous time they met so that she could continue staying there. She never thought that Stephen would have such a good memory.

No wonder people said that one lie always led to more lies. She had brought it upon herself.

As such, Nicole could only bite the bullet and nodded.

“It’s not your fault that you needed to experience such a misfortune. As long as you and Levant truly love each other, having the kids around would not be a problem.”

*Sigh.* Nicole could only continue to be thick-skinned and nodded again.

As she did not want Stephen to stay on that topic, she took the initiative to steer the conversation into another direction. “Are you busy at the estate? Am I keeping you from your work?”

Even though that was what Nicole said, she was mumbling silently in her heart. *Please stop asking me questions! I don’t want to go against my conscience and continue lying!*

Stephen noticed the woman’s awkward expression and an uneasy expression on her face. He took the chance to inform her that he had some work to settle and left.

Nicole was finally able to heave a sigh of relief.

She understood that she could not blame Stephen for asking so many questions as it was just normal for a dad to be concerned with his son’s marriage.

However, it seemed strange to Nicole that the man did not seem to mind at all that his son wanted to marry a divorced woman with kids.

After much thought, she came to the conclusion that Stephen must have an exceptionally big heart.

After walking a distance, Stephen suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked back at Nicole's figure in the distance and sighed.

*Rosalie, it's my greatest regret that I wasn't able to give you a good life! I hope that this woman who looks so much like you can receive the happiness she deserves.*

That scene which happened at the garden was secretly filmed by the Portia's henchman who was spying on them.

Then, he sent the video to the duchess, who watched it while clenching her fists tightly.

The way her husband looked at Nicole was different from the way he looked at anyone else.

Over the years, she had never seen him having such a gentle look in his eyes when he interacted with any other women.

*That Nicole Lane is a vixen indeed!*

Portia smoldered with resentment as she watched the video till the end while enduring the discomfort which she was feeling.

Her fury sprang to life when she saw Stephen look back at Nicole's figure with a meaningful smile on his face.

The duchess swept the teacup off the table in anger and hot tea splashed across the room. As the teacup landed on the floor, it was smashed into tiny fragments.

All of the maids lowered their heads fearfully and dared not even breathe.

"Get Daphne here!"

"Yes, Madam," one of the maids replied and went to call Daphne.

Portia felt that she had to get rid of a bit\*h like Nicole as soon as possible, otherwise, that woman might end up seducing Stephen one day.

As Daphne was usually full of ideas, the Duchess wanted to discuss with her before coming up with a plan.

When Daphne rushed over, a glint of delight flashed in her eyes when she saw Portia.

People would only start to panic when they were the ones in trouble. Since that was related to Sir Musgrave, the Duchess was finally getting worried and wanted to force them to leave!

"Daphne, what do you think we should do so that Nicole and that four bast\*rds would leave the estate?"

"Aunt Portia, it's not easy to deal with Nicole and those brats. We need to think over it carefully and come up with a good plan."

Daphne felt a flicker of irritation when Nicole and her kids were mentioned.

Nicole had acted like a fool previously and cheated her. Until now, she still could not figure out the reason Nicole could stay sane after being drugged.

As for those four annoying brats, their presence irked Daphne even more. She had never met kids who were so weird and they were definitely capable of being the death of her.

She needed to take that opportunity to let out some steam!

After being in deep thought for a while, Portia replied with a troubled expression, "You're right. Stephen had explicitly stated his wish to protect those four kids. So it would be hard for us to chase them away directly. We need to think of a better way."

A menacing smile flashed across Daphne's face as she said, "Aunt Portia, actually, it might be easier for us to do it in the dark. As long as we make the right moves such that they no longer feel like staying here, they would naturally leave on their own!"

After Daphne pointed that out, the duchess seemed lost in thoughts again.