

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 624

“Apologies, Mr. Seet, but my father is resting right now. Would you like to speak with me instead?”

Evan stared straight into his eyes gloomily. “Fine then,” he said after a long pause.

John grimaced. Isn’t Levant after Mr. Seet’s blood? He’ll be in deep trouble if he speaks to him!

“Um, Mr. Seet, I think it’s time to go back...”

Before John could finish his sentence, Evan shushed him and walked into the building with much confidence.

Levant followed him closely, and John could feel cold sweat trickling down his back.

I hope he’ll be fine...

Meanwhile, Evan and Levant arrived at the living room. Levant ordered the maids there to make them some tea.

“Please take a seat, Mr. Seet,” he said, gesturing to the sofa.

Evan sank into the soft leather sofa and leaned into its backrest while crossing one leg over the other. His expression was blank, yet his aura could make anyone cower in fear.

He stayed silent as Levant studied him from head to toe. It was as though Levant was the guest and he was the host, rather than the other way round.

“What brings you here at this hour, Mr. Seet?” Levant asked.

“There’s something that I would like to discuss with your father,” Evan replied.

“May I know what it is?”

“No.”

Levant forced himself to stay calm. Whatever. I know exactly what you want to talk about anyway.

He knew that Nicole had gotten into a conflict with his father over her background, and Evan’s visit could only mean one thing – he was trying to get them to reconcile.

After all, Stephen had wanted Nicole to be his heir.

By helping them reconcile and getting Nicole to take up Stephen’s post, Evan would be able to reap a considerable amount of profit.

Levant huffed and glanced at Evan. “Well, Mr. Seet, which one of the following matters to you more – Nicole or your reputation?”

There was no one else in the room other than John and Levant’s right-hand man Jamie Ankins, so Levant did not see the need to be subtle about his questions.

He was very relaxed, yet Evan struggled to figure out what his true intentions were.

Evan frowned. “What do you mean? Stop beating around the bush.”

Levant scoffed. "I've heard everything about Nicole's conflict with my dad. You're here to reduce the tension, aren't you? I'm sure you have a lot to gain from getting them to reconcile."

Evan fell silent in realization.

Oh...so that's what he meant...

Does he think that I'm trying to take advantage of his father and Nicole's relationship?

I see...so that's what matters to you the most!

Instead of answering him, Evan simply picked up his cup of tea and took a sip from it.

Those benefits meant nothing to me, and there's no need for me to explain my true intentions to you either!

Even so, he managed to glean something important from their exchange.

"Is that why you're trying so hard to make her fall for you? Just because she's the Duke's daughter?" Evan asked, staring straight into Levant's eyes.

What Evan had just said was nothing short of the truth; Levant had his eyes on the position of Duke, and marrying Nicole would bestow that title upon him as well.

However, he had fallen in love with her in the process of achieving his goal, unfortunately.

"What if I told you that I loved her? She deserves all the love in the world," Levant said.

Evan's glare could almost burn a hole through his head. "She's my wife! Don't you dare try and snatch her away!"

"Oh, really?" Levant said defiantly. "She's still so young! What if you got into an accident? I'm sure you don't want her to live out the rest of her life all alone, right?"

Evan raised an eyebrow. Is he cursing me?

Levant had tried to kill him once through the air crash, and it seemed that he would not hesitate to try again.

Evan gave him a scathing glare and pursed his lips together. "Accidents? I'm pretty sure they occur to everyone!"

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Levant fell silent and grimaced. Is he plotting against me?

Looks like we're fated to be lifelong enemies!

At that moment, John returned from taking a call and looked at Evan. "Let's go back, Mr. Seet. There's something important that requires your attention."

"Alright. See you again, Levant," Evan said, standing up and walking out of the door.

Levant watched as they disappeared into the distance before smashing the cup in his hand onto the floor.

A maid stepped forwards and whispered into his ear, "Do you understand now, Mr. Levant? Evan Seet would be doing his best to convince Sir Musgrave to hand down his title to Nicole instead of you. When everything's settled, the only thing left for you will be the crumbs from their table, nothing else."

Levant's face darkened. After a moment of silence, he told the maid to leave him alone. "I need some time to think about it."

"I hope you can come up with a plan soon, Mr. Levant."

After the maid left, Levant turned around to stare into the darkness outside as he sank into deep thought.

If only I had been his biological son...if only Nicole loved me!

Why am I so unlucky?

He had been the target of all the bullies back at the orphanage, but he had since become a member of the most powerful family in the country. The last thing he wanted was to feel weak and insecure all over again.

John was surprised to find out that Nicole had been Stephen Musgrave's daughter. No wonder Mr. Seet changed his attitude in a heartbeat! Sir Musgrave is indeed his father-in-law!

He sighed as he thought back to how Evan had treated Stephen just a few days ago. I don't think anyone besides him would dare to see their father-in-law as their love rival!

"Mr. Seet, I believe Levant isn't supportive of Mrs. Seet and Stephen's reconciliation. He's worried that Sir Musgrave would give all the benefits to you and Mrs. Seet, which would leave him with nothing," John said.

Evan's eyes narrowed. "I suspect that he's more than just a random orphan the Musgraves adopted. Can you do me a favor and investigate him for me?"

John nodded. "Sure, Mr. Seet. I'll make sure to dig out every detail about his ancestors for you!"

"Alright. By the way, don't tell Nicole that we came here today."

"Understood."

Nicole hated Stephen, and Evan did not want to spoil her mood by telling her that he went to meet Stephen.

Back at their house, Evan walked into the bedroom to find Nicole lying on the bed and staring into the ceiling.

"You're awake?" he asked, a little shocked. Wasn't she asleep when I left?

"I woke up to go to the bathroom, but you weren't around anymore. Where did you go?" she asked.

"I...went to visit the kids," he lied.

Nicole could tell that he was lying, judging by how reluctant he was to make eye contact with her.

Nina had given her a call about an hour ago and told her that Evan had taken John along with him when he left.

What the hell could he be doing at this hour? Nicole grimaced as a thousand possibilities ran through her mind.

Evan, on the other hand, was as calm as ever. He took off his coat and walked into the bathroom with his pajamas.

As he showered, Nicole frowned and glanced at the prank props Nina had given her.

Should I just let it go?

Maybe not. What if he lies to me again?

Should I try those prank props Nina gave me?

Hmm, serves you right for lying to me!

She got off the bed and rummaged through the box of props from Nina before sneaking into the bathroom quietly.

She walked over to the shower, where Evan was rubbing shampoo into his hair.

Now's the chance!

Squeezing a few drop of odorless ink onto the handful of fake hair she was holding on to, she dropped it onto his head without making a sound.

Afterwards, she escaped from the bathroom and stood outside to wait for his reaction.

Meanwhile, Evan began to feel that something was amiss as time went by. As he moved to rinse the shampoo out of his hair, a huge clump of hair slid off his head and landed with a loud splash on the ground.

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He bent over to check, and sure enough, there was a handful of hair lying on the floor before him.

He froze. That's a lot of hair...am I suffering from hair loss?

But this looks really bad!

He looked at his reflection in the mirror and was shocked to find that his face had turned about three shades darker.

Wait...is my hair losing its color as well?

His heartbeat quickened.

Suddenly, Nicole let out a loud yelp from outside, making him whip his head around to face her. "I..."

What the hell is going on?

“Mr. Seet! You must be seriously ill! Let me check your pulse!” she screeched.

Evan paled at her words. She might be right...there’s no way I could lose so much hair if I had been healthy!

He stuck out his hand obediently, and glanced at her serious expression apprehensively. What if I’m actually ill? She’ll be so worried for me...

Nicole, on the other hand, felt proud of herself as she pretended to check his pulse.

Should I come up with some serious illness to scare him?

Wait...I probably shouldn’t do that...I’ll regret it if it comes true!

“Good news, Mr. Seet. Your illness doesn’t seem to be a serious one,” she said in the end.

“What is it?” Evan asked hurriedly.

Nicole pondered over it for a moment and said, “Why don’t you tell me the places you went just now? It’ll help me in my diagnosis.”

The places I went?

Nicole’s words put Evan on high alert. Is she trying to interrogate me?

Did Levant spike my tea?

I don’t think he would do such a thing...

He decided to stick to his lie. “I went to visit the kids and spent a few minutes with them downstairs. I didn’t go anywhere else.”

“Did you go alone?” she asked.

“That’s right,” he answered, nodding.

Nicole pouted. “You’re lying!”

Huh? Why is she so sure? Evan frowned.

“You’re sick with the lying bug! Now go and quarantine yourself!” she yelled.

Huh?

Lying bug?

Evan turned around and picked up the handful of hair in the shower to inspect it. The strands seemed to be of similar length to his own, though their black color faded after a few rinses to reveal the original yellow color underneath.

That’s not my hair!

In fact, isn’t this Nina’s fake hair?

He whipped around to stare at Nicole, who stared back for a few seconds before bolting out of the bathroom.

I shouldn't have revealed my true intentions to him!

Evan washed the ink out of his hair and walked into the bedroom afterward, only to find Nicole bundled up in the sheets like a giant burrito.

"Are you coming out? If not, I'm going to dig you out like a potato," he warned.

Nicole remained silent, as though she did not hear what he had just said.

Evan reached out to pulled the sheets off her, but Nicole stubbornly refused to let go of them.

"Isn't it hot in there?" he asked, exasperated.

"It's all your fault, Evan!" she retorted. "Stop lying to me! You went out to meet your mistress, didn't you? You liar!"

My mistress?

Did she think that I had been cheating on her?

Did she just call me a liar?

Looks like she won't have a problem accepting her true identity then...

I'm sure she'll be fine!

She's not the kind to scream and cry at the slightest shock after all...

Evan could tell that her past misfortunes had made her more resilient, so he decided to come clean with her.

"Get out of there, and I'll tell you where I went," he said.

"Say it!" Nicole yelled, tossing the sheets aside to reveal her flushed cheeks.

...

After hearing Evan's story, Nicole stared at him incredulously.

"Why do you care about me so much, Evan?"

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"You're my wife, so I must protect you at all costs," Evan said.

"I understand everything now. I would like to ask Sir Musgrave why my mother was so fond of him, since my mother isn't around anymore," Nicole said, sighing.

"Alright then. I'll keep you company tomorrow," Evan promised.

“Sure,” Nicole said. “We should go home after this. Seet Group and Lane Corporation are still waiting for us.”

At that moment, Evan realized just how considerate of a person Nicole was.

In order to return home without any regrets, they absolutely had to settle things with Sir Stephan, Nicole’s biological father.

Evan had his suspicions that Nicole agreed to meet Stephen purely for the sake of their family businesses, but he decided not to dwell on that thought for too long.

He pulled Nicole into his embrace gently, as though she was some sort of precious treasure.

Nicole traced circles on his broad chest, sending shivers down his spine.

“Are you up for it?” he asked, grinning.

Nicole glanced at him and shook her head, pretending to be disinterested in what he had just suggested.

“Then why are you tickling me?”

“Let’s do it.”

Evan grabbed her wrist and stared into her eyes like how a predator would ogle at its prey. “You should have said it earlier!”

Huh?

The cold darkness outside contrasted greatly with the fiery atmosphere inside the bedroom.

Satisfied, Nicole fell asleep while leaning against his muscular body.

The next day...

She woke up abruptly when the sunlight trickled into the room. Her entire body felt like it was aching all over, but she managed to turn around and glance at the clock before closing her eyes again in defeat.

It’s still early...just give me ten more minutes...

Evan stared at her in mild amusement as he wondered if he should wake her up.

Never mind. I’ll let her sleep for a while more.

“Mommy!”

“Daddy!”

“Mommy! Daddy! Open up!”

“It’s time for breakfast!”

The four little ones clawed at the door and screamed at the top of their lungs, prompting Evan to open the door and shush them. “Mommy’s still sleeping!”

“Mommy’s still asleep?” they chorused before clambering onto the bed to stare at Nicole.

“Wait...what’s wrong with Mommy’s neck?” Maya asked, noticing the hickeys on Nicole’s neck.

Nina pushed the sheets aside and yelled in horror. “Look! Mommy’s injured!”

“D-Did Daddy do this?”

The four kids exchanged looks and turned around to glare at Evan simultaneously.

“Daddy! Why did you hit Mommy?” Nina demanded.

Even Maya, who had been the closest to Evan amongst the four of them, had puffed up her cheeks in anger. “Daddy! You’re the worst!”

The two boys studied Evan with much anger in their eyes, and it made Evan cower in fear.

I should have covered her up just now!

How the hell am I supposed to explain those hickeys to them?

“I-It’s not what you think...” Evan stammered, glancing at Nicole desperately. Wake up! I need your help!

Nicole, however, did not even stir.

The four kids continued to attack him.

“Daddy is a meanie!”

“Daddy! You can’t bully Mommy!”

“That’s not nice of you, Daddy!”

“You must apologize to Mommy!”

Nicole opened her eyes to the sound of her children snapping at their father. “W-What’s going on?” she asked, voice thick with sleep.

“Mommy! Daddy bullied you, didn’t he? We’ll teach him a lesson for that!”

Nicole scratched her head in confusion.

Evan glanced back and forth between the kids and Nicole, visibly panicking.

The kids held on to his arm, trying their best to force an apology out of him.

“Daddy didn’t bully me,” Nicole said, still confused.

“No, Mommy! You see those bruises? Daddy definitely beat you!”

Bruises?

Nicole took one look at the hickeys on her body and hid her face in her hands. No wonder they’re acting like this!

How did they see it? How careless of me!

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She racked her brains for a reasonable excuse.

“Um...it’s fine! Mommy just had an allergic reaction!” she said in the end.

The kids exchanged looks, still not completely convinced.

Nicole pulled out her vitamin pills from her bag and gulped down a few in front of her kids to convince them, and it worked wonders.

“Sorry, Daddy,” Juan said, rubbing his head in embarrassment. “We didn’t mean to call you a meanie...”

Kyle and Nina lowered their heads in shame, while Maya walked over to her father and stuck out both her thumbs at him apologetically. “You’re a goodie, Daddy! You’re the best goodie in the world!”

Evan rolled his eyes. “Get out and eat your breakfast!” he growled at the kids.

The kids exchanged fearful glances and filed out of the room obediently.

Nicole glared at Evan. “Can’t you be more gentle next time? This is so embarrassing!”

Evan simply huffed and replied, “I don’t think so! Sorry!”

“Get out!”

After breakfast, Nicole put on a turtleneck sweater to cover up the hickeys before leaving to go to the estate with Evan.

Stephen had not expected them to visit him again, but he was happy nonetheless.

He took them to the tea room for some mid-morning tea.

“This is the house your mother wanted. I hope you’d like it too,” Stephen said.

That piqued Nicole’s interest. She stood up to take a look around and was surprised by a painting of her mother hanging on the wall right behind a screen.

During her first visit to the estate with her kids, she was awed by its minimalistic interior that looked nothing like the lavish mansion she had envisioned.

No wonder it’s so simple...it had all been for Mom!

No wonder he forbade everyone from visiting this place!

“What happened between you and Nicole’s mother back then?” Evan asked tactfully.

Nicole was impressed by how polite he sounded. I would have just asked him why he abandoned my mother!

They had agreed to let Evan ask all the questions, and Nicole’s role was just to sit in silence and listen.

Stephen closed his eyes as the memories raged on inside his mind. How should I go about with this?

After a short while, he looked up at Nicole and rasped, "Your mother had been the one who took the initiative."

Nicole frowned anxiously, but she managed to keep her cool after looking at Evan's calm expression.

"My mentor knows about this."

"Can you hurry up?" Nicole demanded, her temper threatening to blow its top.

"Sure," Stephen said, staring at the painting of Nicole's mother Rosalie. "Since Rosalie's watching, I shall tell you the whole story."

With that, the truth that laid untouched for years was finally unearthed and dusted.

Twenty years ago...

Stephen Musgrave had been Wesley Monroe's best disciple, and he had first met Rosalie Wells during an acupuncture session for a patient suffering from stomachaches.

Rosalie was a daughter of the renowned Wells family, and she had been impressed by his acupuncture skills.

"Can you teach me how to do acupuncture?" she asked Stephen eagerly after the session was over.

Stephen hesitated before he replied, "I need to ask my mentor about this."

Even so, he proceeded to teach her a few techniques of acupuncture without asking for permission from his mentor.

Rosalie had taken a great interest in acupuncture, and she pleaded Stephen to become her mentor.

Stephen, on the other hand, introduced her to his mentor Wesley, who was moved by her compassion and impressed by her intellect. He agreed to take her on as his disciple in the end.

From then on, Rosalie and Stephen learnt acupuncture under their mentor together, and as time went on, Rosalie found herself falling for him.