

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 41

Barefoot? Staring at him, Nicole appeared to be stuck in a daze. Upon seeing her current condition, one would be able to immediately gather that even walking, would require great effort on her end. With that said, he now wanted her to walk, barefooted, on such a high and steep gravel road?

“Evan, what are you doing?”

While she stared blankly at him, Evan reached out to remove her slippers, soon tossing them down the rockery.

“Ms. Lane, please take your time! If you find that you are unable to complete your walk in a day, do it in two. If you aren’t able to complete it in two days, do it in three. What’s the problem here?”

“Evan, you are absolutely horrible!”

“Thank you, for your kind words of praise,” retorted Evan, striding down the gravel road across from the rockery, without even sparing her a glance.

“Hey, you, don’t leave, you... asshole!”

With his back barely visible now, Evan distanced himself further from her line of sight. Seeing this, Nicole soon found that she was seething with rage, all while looking down at the gauze on her feet.

Gingerly, she tried taking two steps forward, only to discover that she had felt as though she was walking on glass.

Clenching the edges of her clothes, Nicole could not help but curse at Evan, yelling, "Evan, you bastard! The gravel that he has paved is almost as unforgiving as he is. Damn it!"

What could she possibly do now? Oh well, it seemed as though it was up to Kyle and Juan, to look for her now.

Seeing that they were so small, it would have been impossible for both of them to have carried her down.

Who else could save her? Unexpectedly, a strong feeling of helplessness overtook her senses.

Truthfully, calling for help would have been futile. She could scream herself hoarse and nobody would give a damn, since it was that bloody Evan's domain after all.

Nicole sighed despondently and sank to the ground. "You mustn't give up," she muttered. "You need a plan, just keep thinking."

When Evan returned to the living room, he noticed Davin eyeing him suspiciously.

"Where have you carried the beauty from earlier to?" queried Davin.

"That's none of your business!" Evan shot him a glare and retreated into his study.

"You're not thinking of keeping a mistress, are you? Is that why you've hidden her away?" wondered Davin aloud, stroking his head thoughtfully.

At that moment, Kyle exited the bedroom and headed towards the study.

"Kyle, are you looking for your father?" asked Davin.

Kyle walked straight to the study without sparing him a second glance.

Damn, why is this kid suddenly so indifferent? wondered Davin as he walked to the study, puzzled by Kyle's behavior.

From there, he could hear Kyle ask, "Where's Dr. Tussaud?"

"Do you need something from her?" came Evan's reply.

"Where did you carry her off to?"

If not for Davin's presence, Kyle would have already sneaked off to see what Evan was up to. Unfortunately, doing so would only have alerted Evan to his presence.

Evan glanced at him, and muttered, "Go and mind your own business."

"I want to see her!" Kyle shouted at him angrily.

Evan frowned and threw him a glance. Why did Kyle care about her so much, to the extent where he would yell at him over her? He raised this child himself!

This woman had only been allowed to give Kyle acupuncture under his watchful eye. Could it be that she had managed to stir the pot under his very nose?

Damn her!

"Get out!" Evan ordered and looked at him.

Kyle turned around sullenly and slinked out of the study.

Having witnessed such an incident, Davin wanted to comfort his nephew. Nonetheless, Kyle did not want to give him that opportunity. Glancing towards the bedroom, Davin exclaimed, "Ha, like father like son! Such bad tempers!"

“What are you talking about?” came a response.

Davin chuckled inwardly and looked back at Evan with a smile plastered on his face. “Why, I’d merely said that he is as good-natured as you are!” His face dissolved in laughter, and he gave Evan a big thumbs up.

“Piss off!”

“Evan, it looks as though it’s going to be noon soon. Why don’t we have lunch? Otherwise, I’ll return to complain to our folks at home, telling them that you’re torturing me. Furthermore, I’ll inform them that you’d wanted to keep a mistress,” he trailed off.

“Oh, I’ll be sure to let the kitchen prepare you delicacies then!”

The word ‘delicacies’ that was uttered by Evan had held a hidden meaning, one that was not caught by Davin at the time. With hidden glee, Davin thought, Ah, it appears that my threat has worked!

In the bedroom, Kyle locked the door, asking Juan what he should do next.

Juan blinked, asking, “Shall I ask him instead?”

“You?” responded Kyle.

“Yes, I will replace you. Now hide!” came Juan’s reply.

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Juan took out a set of Kyle's clothes and changed into them before he headed out to look for Evan.

As soon as he reached the bottom of the stairs, he ran into Davin, who had just come down.

"Uncle Davin, is my dad still in the study, upstairs?" asked Juan, looking at Davin.

Davin looked at him in surprise. Did he just call me uncle? Why the sudden change in attitude? Wasn't he ignoring me just a while ago? And now, it seems as though he's had the sudden urge to call me 'uncle'?

"Uncle, what's the matter with you?" asked Juan.

Davin was struck back to his senses, and he nodded at Juan enthusiastically.

"Why yes, he is!"

"Then, I will go and find him!" announced Juan, as he hurried back upstairs.

"Kyle, wait!" Davin had to walk a few steps to catch up to him. He whispered conspiratorially, "Be more gentle with your father. Don't play hard and don't fight back. Heck, even I wouldn't dare to do that!"

Juan nodded vigorously.

Kyle may have had the slightest makings of a cold and arrogant noble, but not quite as such. A little bit of coaxing did work on him after all!

“Thank you for the reminder, Uncle. I’ll remember it.” Juan hurriedly walked into Evan Seet’s study.

“Daddy!” Juan’s pleasant sounding voice had an odd ring to it.

Evan looked up, his expression dark. “Why have you returned again?”

Juan’s clear eyes were full of smiles as he walked towards Evan, tugging at the corner of his shirt playfully. “Daddy, stop being angry! You’ll become unwell otherwise!”

As Juan did this, he tried to act cute.

Does he actually acknowledge his faults? wondered Evan.

That was more like it. Kyle was raised by Evan single-handedly; there was no way that he could have fallen prey to Nicole’s wiles.

“Okay, Daddy won’t be angry anymore, let’s go play,” announced Evan.

“You’re really not angry anymore?” asked Juan.

“Yeah!” Suddenly, Evan felt that Juan was being a tad bit too talkative.

“Great! I knew that you were the greatest person in the world, Daddy!”

Evan pursed his lips, smiling. He had failed to notice it before, but Kyle definitely had a way with people.

Juan had noticed that his father’s demeanor had improved, and he thought that he could finally play his hand.

He smiled, asking, "Then can the best father in the world tell me where Dr. Tussaud is?"

Dr. Tussaud. Upon hearing these words, Evan's expression morphed almost immediately.

So, he was trying to coax him, all because of that goddamned woman. Ah!

His son truly knew how to fight back. He had the same cold and arrogant character as his father, but somehow, because of that woman, Kyle was willing to coax him?

Looking at his father's dark expression and suddenly under the pressure of his powerful aura, Juan trembled. Why is Daddy so different from Mommy? Mommy is easy to placate, but why had Daddy's expression changed, all of a sudden? Should I still ask him about Mommy?

"For the last time, Kyle, you're forbidden to ask about that woman!"

"B-but... She still has to give me acupuncture tomorrow! I need her to get better!" came Juan's reply.

Is Kyle worried about his illness? Is that why he cares about Nicole?

When Evan heard this, he remained impassive, but his expression visibly relaxed. "Don't worry, you'll get better. I promise."

"But..." Juan still had something to say.

He glanced at Juan as if listening to his order. "Go on then," urged Evan. After that, he ignored Juan and resumed his work.

Juan felt a sigh arise from the bottom of his heart. He did not expect failure, to be the result of his actions. It appeared that he would need to find another way.

He went downstairs dejectedly. As soon as he walked into the living room, he saw Davin calling out to him.

“How did it go? Did your father say anything?”

Juan shook his head, his expression unhappy.

Davin reached over to pat him on the shoulder, saying, “Don’t worry, that lady will be fine. Your father was just trying to teach her a lesson.”

“I don’t want Daddy to teach her a lesson!” exclaimed Juan indignantly. As soon as he finished saying that, his eyes lit up. “Uncle Davin, Dr. Tussaud must be in the villa! Do you want to help me find her?”

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Me? wondered Davin, looking at him cautiously.

“Isn’t she just some doctor? Is she really worth your concern?”

Some doctor? She’s my Mommy! Juan retorted inwardly, and rolled his eyes.

“Uncle, aren’t you the least bit curious about what daddy will do to her?”

Davin remembered that the woman had actually dared to tell Mr. Seet off. She was courageous, for certain. However... Saying such a thing to Evan? She was surely asking for trouble! Teaching her a lesson would have been the right thing to do!

“Actually, this has nothing to do with me, and your dad wouldn’t want me to pry either,” answered Davin.

“Uncle, you’re the best uncle in the world, so you should help me! Please? Please?” Juan pleaded.

Davin could not resist his coquettish nephew at all.

“Fine! Damn it all, I’ll help you!”

“Thank you Uncle Davin!” With that, Juan went back to the bedroom to inform Kyle of the good news.

Kyle was surprised, and asked, “But why did you ask him to help?”

“Right now, he’s the only one who can help us. We can’t tell anyone of this. If you’d gone out to find her, the maids would have certainly told your Daddy. He’ll restrict your freedom and it’ll be bad,” explained Juan. His analysis of the situation made sense.

Upon hearing this, Kyle stopped himself from arguing further. His face, however, still wore a mask of displeasure.

Juan did not mind in the least. After all, Kyle had a poker face, just like Daddy!

After half an hour, they heard some urgent knocking at the door, as if something had happened. Hurriedly, Juan hid in the closet while Kyle answered the door.

“Why are you here?” asked Kyle.

Davin frowned. Was it so strange that he was at the door? After all, it was Kyle who had asked him for help!

“Kyle, I’m not happy with this tone of yours. I’m not happy with that look on your face either! Why are you looking at me as if I’m your enemy? I’m merely doing you a favor!” Davin tried to reason with Kyle, solemnly.

Kyle met his words with impatience, saying, “Well, speak up!”

Damn, what an arrogant kid! Davin tried once more. Placing his hands on his hips, Davin looked at Kyle condescendingly and murmured, “Well, call me Uncle Davin and I’ll tell you.”

“Wait a moment!” Having said that, Kyle slammed the door shut.

Davin was dumbstruck. Goddamn, what kind of operation is this? He had actually shut me out?

“You’re a horrible child!” snapped Davin. He was furious and rapped at the door twice. “Don’t expect me to ever help you again!”

After speaking, he turned around angrily. He had only taken two steps away, when suddenly, the door behind him opened.

Juan bolted out of the door, grinning at him gleefully.

Davin’s eyes widened. What is the meaning of this? First, he treats me as though I’m an antagonist, and now his demeanor has changed so rapidly? Good grief, his mood is too mercurial, I can’t keep up!

“Uncle Davin, where is Dr. Tussaud?” As Juan finished speaking, he clutched at Davin’s hand, trying to play coy.

Davin looked at him thunderously, asking, “Why on earth did you shut me out just now?”

Well, it was Kyle who had answered the door. He didn’t want to call you Uncle Davin or talk to you, so, he’d shut you out so I could replace him. But I’ll take that with me to the grave, mused Juan.

“Well, I just...” Juan struggled to think of a suitable reason. In a flash, he looked up at Davin and asked, “What do you think, Uncle Davin?”

“What do I think?” Davin pointed at himself and looked at Juan in bewilderment. “You closed the door, and you’re asking me why?”

How on earth was he supposed to know the reason behind his nephew’s actions?

“Well, the reason... The reason is that I thought that I’d seen Daddy walk downstairs, and I was scared that he would notice. That’s why I shut the door like that!” cried Juan.

“Really?” Davin wondered why had he not noticed.

“Yes!” nodded Juan enthusiastically. “So, Uncle Davin, quickly! Where is Dr. Tussaud?”

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Davin was a little stunned, but he could sense that something was amiss.

“Uncle Davin? Uncle Davin, tell me quickly!” pleaded Juan.

“Alright, I’ll tell you.”

“What did you say?” The question came out like a yelp. When Juan heard that his Mommy was near the pond, in the middle of the rockery, he felt anxious.

How hateful of Daddy. He actually carried Mommy onto the rockery!

“Ha, she’ll definitely be unable to get off. The trick that your dad has pulled off is amazing!” exclaimed Davin.

Juan was contemplating his next course of action, when he heard Blake calling the household to dinner.

Davin’s eyes lit up. He had nearly forgotten that his brother had ordered the kitchens to prepare ‘delicacies’, so that he could have a feast.

“Come along, let’s eat.” Davin took Juan by his little hand and walked towards the dining room.

“It’s time for dinner,” announced Evan, who was seated at the head of the table.

Davin sat next to him, and looked forward to the meal. “Evan, what delicacies have you prepared for me?”

“Seafood!” came his reply.

“Seafood? Hairy crabs? Shark’s fin, sea cucumber, abalone...” He was so excited just thinking about it. He whispered to Juan who was seated beside him, “You get to enjoy this because of me!”

Juan turned to look at his Daddy. It seemed like he had an odd expression, where the smile did not quite reach his eyes.

“Mr. Davin, please enjoy your meal.”

“What is this?” enquired Davin, looking at the food that was set in front of him.

“It’s seafood. Kelp, and it’s fresh too!” replied the servant.

“This, is this seafood?” Davin looked at Evan incredulously.

Evan nodded, and replied, “Eat up, there’s more if that isn’t enough.”

A silence took place.

After lunch, Davin looked disgruntled. He felt that Evan’s behavior was excessive. No, this simply would not do. He would have to go home to complain.

“Uncle Davin, I think that Daddy has gone a little overboard.”

“A little overboard?” snorted Davin coldly. “He went completely overboard!”

Juan blinked his clear eyes, “Why don’t you retaliate? Have a bit of revenge?”

If Davin were willing to help, he could save his Mommy!

“Revenge? How?” enquired Davin, looking taken aback.

Juan then whispered something into his ear.

Upon hearing this, Davin was surprised. "Kyle, are you sure that this is revenge? You're using me as a weapon. I dare not do this!"

"Or maybe Daddy is great, and you do deserve to be bullied!" muttered Juan, as he rolled his eyes.

"Hey now, don't aggravate me! It's useless!" retorted Davin.

Juan glanced at him, and replied, "At least you're self-aware. You know that you're useless."

Davin was rendered speechless from the awkwardness of the situation. At such a tender age, Juan had truly called him 'useless'?

"Juan, you little... You're going too far!"

"From now on, I can't even call you Uncle Davin in good faith! You're such a coward, and I don't want to play with you ever again!" Having said those words, Juan headed directly for the bedroom.

Sensing that he could not count on Davin, Juan had to discuss this with Kyle. There had to be another way.

Davin looked at Juan's retreating back and smiled, helplessly. This little guy, good lord.

Back in the bedroom, Juan looked at Kyle, with melancholy written across both their identical faces.

"We are too young to lift her. Why don't we give her something to eat and drink first?"

“Okay, I’ll go. You stay here and hide,” urged Kyle.

Juan pondered on this, for a moment and nodded. He was not as familiar with the grounds as Kyle was, so Kyle was naturally the better choice for this task.

Kyle snuck into the kitchen and took some food. Then, he ran towards the rockery in the rear house.

As he approached the rockery, he suddenly noticed that Davin was on it.

What was he saying to Dr. Tussaud?

Kyle was curious and wanted to have a closer look. Soon, he saw that Davin was carrying Dr. Tussaud on his back.

Kyle was surprised. Was he actually trying to do the right thing?

He rolled his eyes, and hid again.

Davin had his back facing the rockery. Without warning, he set the person down, muttered a few words, and left in a hurry.

Kyle walked up to Nicole and gave her the once-over. “Are you alright?”

“Kyle?”

“Yes. But why didn’t he just carry you back?” enquired Kyle.

“I’m afraid that your dad will find out. Can you help me look for something?”