

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 214

In the evening, Nina looked at Nicole with a puzzled expression on her face, wondering why she had to dress up as a bodyguard of bad Daddy.

However, she had no choice but to follow her mother's request.

After putting on makeup, Nicole looked at herself in the mirror, and was satisfied at her appearance.

She looked almost identical to that bodyguard. If it weren't for the fact that her face was thinner, she would have looked exactly like him.

The cloak of night made a good cover for her. She believed that Evan would definitely not be able to recognize her.

"I'm impressed, Nina."

"What exactly are you trying to do, Mommy?"

"I'll tell you another day. In short, it's something meaningful."

Although Nina's curiosity was not satisfied, she didn't ask any more questions.

Later in the evening, Nicole deliberately changed into the suit worn by the bodyguard that she had kept in the afternoon.

"Fortunately, I'm dressing up as the shortest bodyguard. If it is a taller one, I won't even be able to wear the clothes," she muttered to herself.

After she was done changing, she checked herself out in the mirror, and walked towards the front yard with satisfaction.

Through the lit window, Nicole saw Evan sitting at the desk and staring at the computer intently, seemingly working.

I have to admit that he's indeed diligent in his work.

However, when will he take a bath and go to bed?

He would bare his shoulders during the bath, which was a good time to check if there were teeth marks on his shoulder.

A gush of cold breeze whizzed by, causing Nicole to sneeze. How long do I have to wait like this?

Thinking on her feet, she decided to go in to create opportunities for herself.

After tidying up her outfits, and thinking about Nina's superb makeup techniques, she walked into the room with her head held up high and confident.

Hearing the sound, Evan looked up and cast a glance at her, then lowered his head to continue working.

Looks like he doesn't notice anything.

Nicole was delighted. She had known that her cover would not be blown with Nina's superb makeup techniques.

Therefore, Nicole's confidence grew, as she walked toward Evan fearlessly.

Then, she stood beside him in an upright manner like a bodyguard.

But her gleaming eyes were fixed intently on the left shoulder of Evan.

His white shirt really makes it hard to see his shoulders. What should I do now?

Nicole thought carefully. Soon, an immature plan was brewing in her mind.

Is it okay to do so?

After much consideration, she decided to give it a try. She was here tonight to see if there were teeth marks on his left shoulder, so as long as this goal was achieved, doing something slightly unscrupulous was nothing. It was not like she was doing anything heinous.

After convincing herself, she walked out of the room with her head down.

After a while, she came in with a cup of warm tea.

At the same time, she was carefully planning in her head how she should spill this cup of tea on his clothes without appearing intentional.

Standing in front of him, she encouraged herself, and deliberately shook her hands while handing out the tea, she felt a flutter of trepidation.

At the very next second, the cup of tea spilled on Evan's white shirt as she had planned. However, it was his sleeve that had been stained.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Seet."

Evan looked at his soaking wet sleeve, and shot her a fierce look, causing her to lower her head hurriedly.

"Why are you here giving me tea?"

Racking her brain, she thought of Sylphiette who had cursed her yesterday, so she happily blamed it on her, "Sylphiette asked me to bring it to you."

Sylphiette?

Evan frowned, feeling surprised that she would give up the chance to serve him, and asked a bodyguard to do it instead.

However, this bodyguard looked odd somehow.

Evan's silence made Nicole feel uneasy.

Why are you staring at me? Your sleeve is soaking wet. You should go and get changed. Hurry up and take your shirt off!

She wanted to remind him, but she was afraid that talking too much would blow her cover, so she could only keep her disquiet to herself.

The next moment, Evan rose to his feet and walked to his bedroom.