

# 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.