

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 71

In the few minutes that Kyle was gone, he managed to find a larger water gun. The gun was heavy enough that it could not be carried and needed two people to pull it.

Making sure Davin was in range, Kyle requested the two helpful men who had helped him pull the water gun earlier to mount the gun on the stand. With a devious grin on his face, he proceeded to open fire at Davin.

Davin swore loudly. "Who the hell is spraying me?"

Jerking his head around, Davin saw Kyle having the time of his life as he handled a water gun larger and taller than him. Kyle pulled the trigger again, and a torrent of water descended on Davin's head like heavy rain.

Seeing Davin soaked and disheveled, Kyle shouted happily. "Is this fun, Davin Seet?"

Davin Seet?

The brat's calling my full name just like that?

Davin had to restrain the urge to give Kyle a good thrashing as the little brat hosed him like a stray cat again and again.

This isn't playing with water! This is playing with my life! Davin ducked and dodged the best he could, but Kyle still managed to get him every time. The

torrent of water seemed to follow Davin no matter where he ran, soaking him from head to toe.

Kyle only stopped and ran when he exhausted the water supply in the water gun.

By then, Davin was thoroughly drenched and wet. He stood dazedly in the pool, disheveled.

Suddenly, he returned to his senses when he heard someone calling him “uncle”. Davin lowered his head slowly, seeing “Kyle” return with a thick towel.

“Come on, uncle, you’d better dry off.” It was Kyle.

Davin frowned. Kyle had soaked him within an inch of his life just now, but now he was offering him a towel as if nothing happened. The brat had been gleefully using his full name earlier but now he had gone back to being respectful.

What is this kid trying to pull?

“Kyle, you brat! Have I been treating you far too nicely? Look at what you’ve done! I’m more than a drowned rat now—I am a drenched dog!”

Juan was surprised as well. He wondered if Kyle had some unspeakable grudge against his uncle.

But...

He looked up at Davin, staring at his uncle with two gleaming dark eyes. “Is there a difference between a drowned rat and a drenched dog?”

“Rats and dogs are different, okay?” Davin fumed, snatching the towel from Juan, and started to dry his face and hair. “Kyle, I’m warning you. Don’t ever do anything like this again!”

Juan nodded vigorously, reaching for the wet towel after Davin was done with it and setting it aside thoughtfully.

While he was putting away the towel, he saw Kyle stealthily moving towards them.

Juan's heart jumped into his throat. If Davin saw two Kyles standing together, their secret would be exposed.

No way! We can't be exposed!

Juan had to think on his feet. Making up his mind quickly, he waved at Davin. Seeing that Davin was still frowning at him, Juan hurriedly planted a kiss on his cheek again.

While Davin was still confused, Juan gave him a cheeky smile before quickly saying he needed to use the washroom again. He pitied his uncle silently. Good luck, uncle!

Juan quickly made himself scarce. While Davin was bending over to pick up the water guns, he felt a sudden forceful shove on his back. Caught off guard, he stumbled forwards, falling into the pool.

"For f*ck's sake! Who did this?"

Disheveled and dripping once again, Davin stood up in the pool furiously only to see Kyle smiling at him smugly. "Enjoying yourself, Davin Seet?"

Juan's smiling face flashed across Davin's mind. He remembered the little kiss Juan left on his cheek as well.

But the same little boy that stood before him now smiled as coldly as the devil and called his full name like a taunt.

Something is very wrong here.

Kyle excused himself to use the washroom barely a minute ago. Davin saw him leave. How can Kyle just reappear behind me so quickly?

Studying Kyle carefully, Davin could almost see the two starkly different expressions that appeared on his little face today, morphing from one into the other continuously.

What the hell is going on?

Davin doubted that he was hallucinating that badly after just falling into the pool a few times.

He patted his wet hair and glanced at the towel “Kyle” handed him earlier. The towel was still lying there innocently.

Oh, god! This isn't a hallucination!

When he looked at Kyle again, Davin's heart jumped into his throat.

Is he having a mental health condition? Maybe he has a split personality disorder?

“Kyle, d-didn't you just leave?”