

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 88

Even though the man wanted to go back and clarify matters, he remembered John's warning, stating clearly that if he had the nerves to return to the Seet Group, he would be beaten to a cripple. At that thought, the man decided against the idea.

Forget it, what a strange company. Those people are too hostile and not welcoming at all. It's better for me to apply for a job elsewhere.

Sophia rang John after booking air tickets for her vacation. "How did it go?"

I knew that rascal had something up his sleeves when he showed so much enthusiasm over my vacation plans.

He wouldn't be so nice to me out of the blue for nothing!

A mother knows her son best after all.

Obviously, Sophia would gladly go on a vacation to Paris with her son's help, but she also needed to take care of her own goals.

"Mrs. Seet, I've done everything as you instructed!"

"Excellent! Just keep the objective in mind, which is, other than Tussaud, the company would not be able to hire any other translators. Don't worry, I will not forget your reward when the task is completed!"

John felt uncomfortable when he heard the word 'reward' as it made him feel like he had betrayed his boss.

The man was torn between his boss and his boss' mom. *Why do I have to be caught between the both of them...*

Indeed, the older one gets, the wiser one is!

John fervently hoped that whatever he was doing was for Evan's happiness, as what Sophia had told him. That way, he would not feel so bad.

After getting off the phone with Sophia, John headed to the president's office armed with a stack of urgent orders from A Nation.

His heart was pounding frantically as he hesitated to knock on the door.

Would boss kill me if I suggest that he ask Ms. Tussaud to return to the company?

That thought lingered for just a second before John took a deep breath and knocked.

"Come in," Evan's voice sounded from inside the room. After hearing that, John braced himself and strode into the office.

Evan was staring intently at his computer screen.

John walked towards Evan's desk gingerly and placed the stack of documents beside his computer.

"Mr. Seet, our clients from A Nation are starting to rush us for their documents. We need to get them translated as soon as possible." After John finished speaking, Evan looked up at him.

Feeling the jitters, John did not dare to look directly at his boss and cast his eyes downwards immediately.

Evan picked up the order document at the top of the pile and looked at the date, then at the amount...

His handsome face darkened instantly, as though an icy mask was placed over it.

“Where’s our translator?”

John looked at his boss and stuttered, “A-about that... w-we are still... searching for a suitable one.”

Evan narrowed his eyes. John could already feel the temperature of the surrounding air decreasing rapidly even before Evan spoke.

John felt as if he was trapped in an ice cellar as shivers raced down his spine.

Then he remembered Sophia’s constant reminders. *For Evan’s happiness, we have to get Tussaud back to the company at all costs.* With that, John made up his mind to go all out to accomplish his mission.

“Mr. Seet, in view of the urgency of the matter, should we ask Ms. Tussaud to come back?”

John dug his nails into his tightly clenched fists as he made the suggestion. It felt like the most difficult sentence he had ever uttered. When John caught a glimpse of Evan’s face, he noticed that it had turned even darker.

To John, that was understandable. Evan was the president of a company after all. It was indeed not easy for him to personally ask an employee who had resigned to return to the company. That would be too humiliating. Furthermore, the reason for her resignation was that Evan had intentionally made things difficult for her.

Besides, with Tussaud's temper, she would not easily forgive Evan for giving her a hard time and agree to return to the company.

Damn, this is such a tough challenge...

While John was analyzing the situation in his head and feeling worried for Evan, Evan suddenly spoke, "John, I'll leave this matter to you, do as you deem fit!"

John was momentarily stunned and looked at Evan blankly.

What did Mr. Seet mean by that?

Does he want me to be the one to persuade Ms. Tussaud to come back?

Are you serious, Mr. Seet? Since you're the one who chased her away, shouldn't you bring her back personally? What a coward!

John looked at Evan with an aggrieved expression and did not know what to do.

"Mr. Seet, I'm worried that I might not be the best person for the task. Ms. Tussaud left because of you, if you send me to bring her back, I..."

Even though John was speaking at an almost inaudible volume, Evan still managed to hear what he said.

"Did I ask you to bring her back?" Evan paused while a faint smile appeared on his perfectly sculpted face. "But of course, if you are unable to find any other suitable candidates, you can always choose to find her. It's your call."