

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 92

Evan's lips curled. In the past, Kyle always insisted on having food that was made by Nicole. Now, he was eating everything. It seemed like the boy was really hungry.

"Is it? Let me have a try."

Evan sat down and picked up his utensils, looking at the braised beef in front of him.

After peeking a glance at Evan, Juan snickered under his breath.

Go on, eat it. Once you eat it, you'll remember its taste for the rest of your life.

Evan placed the beef into his mouth and chewed. Suddenly, he frowned.

What is this taste?

It's salty, sweet, pungent, and spicy all at the same time. It's a mess!

In the next second, he spat out the beef and gargled his mouth with water from his cup. However, he had only taken a small sip of the water before he spat it out as well.

Even the water tastes weird!

Standing up, he rushed toward the living room to pour the contents of the teapot into his mouth. Lo and behold, even the tea...

A deep frown was seared onto Blake's face as he watched Evan's actions.

He walked swiftly toward the man and asked, "Mr. Seet, what's wrong?"

"Water. I need clean water."

At the sight of Evan's discomfort, Blake hurriedly poured a glass of water for him.

"Mr. Seet, here."

Evan looked at the glass of water in Blake's hands as though it was his savior. He hastily grabbed it and gargled his mouth before spitting it out.

"Get me another glass."

Blake was speechless.

He was also confused. *Is lunch so terrible?*

After drinking a few glasses of water, the odd taste in Evan's tongue finally washed away. He then looked at Blake with fury in his eyes.

"Where's the chef?" *I'm going to make him finish the plate of beef himself!*

Blake realized that things had turned sour with the way Evan seemed to fume. He quickly did as instructed. "I'll go get him right away, Mr. Seet."

The chef entered the dining room and took a look at the beef on the table before looking at Evan. "Mr. Seet, is there a problem with the beef?"

Evan narrowed his eyes and ordered, "Eat it."

Eat it?

Momentarily stunned by confusion, the chef walked over to place a piece of beef into his mouth. In an instant, multiple expressions flashed past his face.

It's salty and sweet, pungent and bitter. It's... What is this?

For the first time in his many years of being a chef, he could not find a word to describe the flavor.

He immediately ran to the courtyard and spat the beef into the trash can. He only returned to the dining room after gargling his mouth, like what Evan had done earlier.

On the chef's face was a bewildered and fearful look.

"Is this a dish you made with care?"

The way Evan said the last two words were ear-piercing to the chef.

"Mr. Seet, I don't know why it tastes like this. I really don't."

Evan then turned to look at "Kyle's" plate. The beef was missing from his plate.

Is this the only one that tastes bad?

Evan glanced at "Kyle" and inquired, "Are the rest of the dishes tasty?"

Juan nodded fervently. "Daddy, try them!"

Evan picked up his utensils again and took a piece of mushroom. Carefully, he chewed on it. In the next second, he spat it out too.

Following that was another round of gargling.

This time, without needing Evan's instruction, the chef took a piece of mushroom and chewed. Immediately, he frowned.

"Why does it taste like this?"

This is impossible.

I didn't put any strange condiments in it. Why does it...

After washing down the taste, instead of questioning the chef again, Evan turned his attention to the plate in front of "Kyle."

"Kyle" said it's delicious. Does that mean the food on his plate tastes different from mine?

Or...

He walked over to "Kyle" to try his mushroom. After two chews, he realized he had to spit it out too; it tasted as peculiar as the rest of the dishes.

Juan lowered his head and fidgeted with the edge of his shirt. He snickered secretly. The ones he had eaten earlier had been specially prepared as he did not put any condiments on them.

The only food left on his plate was the ones that tasted the same as the plates in front of him.

Evan looked at him in shock. *The dishes are horrible, but Kyle said it's delicious. Is there something wrong with his tastebuds?*

"Kyle, d-do you really think that these are delicious?"