

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 596

Glancing left and right, Nicole clenched her jaw and scowled at him. "We're still at the estate. I think we should first escape from here."

Evan gazed at her anxious face and caressed her supple cheek with the back of his hand. "Alright, but there'll be an interest charge after getting out of here."

An interest charge? Sure.

With her hands on her cheeks, she tried to hide her shy smile.

"Who's making out over there? Aren't you afraid of getting caught while cheating?"

A voice called out from afar and gave Nicole a jolt in surprise. Realizing that it was a bodyguard, she pursed her lips.

This isn't cheating, but normal interaction between the parents of four kids. But making out under the bright lights is, after all, a little inappropriate and too conspicuous.

Casting another glance at the bodyguard, Nicole's face flushed beet red. She stepped on Evan's foot and scuttled away hurriedly.

Watching her run away in a haste, a half-smile formed on Evan's face. He then went after her.

The couple went back to their room one after another. The kids had done packing by then and were waiting for their return.

Juan asked excitedly, "Mommy, Daddy, can we go now?"

With a sleepy face, Maya said, "Mommy, I want to sleep. I can't keep my eyes open, not even with my hands."

Nicole looked at the other three kids. "Are you guys sleepy? Do you want to get some shut-eye before we go?"

"Mommy, we should go now. We won't be able to leave if the old witch comes to stir up trouble."

"How about Maya then?"

"Mrs. Seet, I'll carry Maya. Let's leave the estate first. We'll find a hotel for the kids to rest afterward."

Weighing her options, Nicole decided to go with the plan. They couldn't sleep peacefully here anyway.

As they left, Stephen's bodyguards made way for them so no one could stop them.

The moment they were out of the estate, Nicole's heart overflowed with relief.

"Mr. and Mrs. Seet, will Lady Musgrave get mad when she finds us missing tomorrow?"

Nicole's gaze darkened at the question. I guess Sir Musgrave will be able to handle it.

"Let's go," Evan said.

The group headed to a nearby hotel for a temporary stay so that the kids could get a good rest.

While checking in, Evan asked for two rooms. One for John, and the other one for the rest of them.

In the room, Nicole's eyes flicked between the four kids on the bed and Evan, who was lying on the floor. She couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

"Why didn't you take one more room? As the president of the Seet Group, you can obviously afford it."

"I want to sleep together with you guys."

Evan insisted to be by their side. He was worried that something unexpected might happen because the hotel was very close to the estate.

“Do you want to sleep on the bed?”

Evan glanced at the bed and saw Juan sprawled out on it. Maya never stopped kicking while Nina kept rolling around. On the other side of the bed, Kyle deliberately kept a distance from the three.

The kids had occupied the entire bed. There was hardly enough space for Nicole, let alone him.

“There’s no space for you on the bed. Why don’t you sleep on the floor as well?”

Nicole recalled the times she had slept on the floor and the backache that came to her the next morning. No, thank you. I really don’t want to sleep on the floor ever again.

“I need to sleep on the bed to look after the kids. What if they fall off the bed?”

Evan fell silent. Not wanting to force her, he switched off the lights.

Soon after falling asleep, the woman heard a dull thud.

In a daze, she struggled to open her bleary eyes. Is there an earthquake?

Listening carefully for a short while, she didn’t pick up anything strange, so she closed her eyes and fell into a deep slumber.

At midnight, she heard another thud. Just as she chose to ignore it, Maya’s sobs echoed in the room.

She promptly switched on the lights and was stunned by what she saw.

Evan was sitting on the floor with Maya in his arms, coaxing her to sleep, while Juan and Nina had fallen to the floor as well.

Only she and Kyle were left on the bed.

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Right away, she got up and walked over to Evan. Maya had fallen asleep in his arms.

“They just can’t stay put while sleeping. How did they fall off the bed?”

“Yeah. Tell me, how did they fall off the bed?”

Aren’t you the one who wanted to sleep on the bed with the kids so they wouldn’t fall off?

Nicole was utterly clueless. The only thing she noticed was the dull thuds which sounded one after another.

She was groggy and even thought that there had been an earthquake until she heard Maya’s cry. Only then did she realize her kids had fallen onto the floor.

Evan gently placed Maya on the floor beside Nina and Juan. He then carried Kyle off the bed and onto the floor as well, to the spot next to where he was sleeping.

Seeing that, Nicole asked in surprise, “Why do you put all of them on the floor?”

“So they won’t fall again.”

Huh? Is that a good reason to make them sleep on the floor?

She was still dumbfounded staring at the kids when Evan covered them with a blanket. He then turned around and lay on the bed.

“Are you sleeping on the bed?”

“Yeah, since no one is on it.”

It finally dawned on Nicole why Evan had moved all their children to the floor.

Pursing her lips, she climbed on the bed. Right after she lay down, the man hopped on top of her.

“What are you doing?”

“What do you think I’m doing?”

Tsk, tsk. How shameless.

“Like I said, there’ll be an interest charge after leaving the estate.”

Hold your horses! The kids are right here on the floor. Get a grip!

The next day.

Slowly opening her eyes, Nina found herself lying on the floor. She was bewildered.

She sat up at once and saw Juan and Kyle staring at the bed, shocked.

“What happened? I remember we were on the bed last night.”

“Yeah. How did we end up on the floor?”

Hearing the whispers beside her, Maya opened her eyes as well. Perplexed, she stared blankly at her siblings beside her.

What's going on?

Rubbing her eyes while sitting up, the girl was astonished when she saw her parents on the bed.

Juan sighed. "It must be Daddy who secretly put us on the floor."

Kyle agreed instantly. "I think so. I never roll around when I sleep. There's no way I could have fallen off the bed."

Maya scratched her head. I remember hearing a thud and feeling pain in my arms and legs. Daddy then carried me. And that's all I can recall.

"Daddy must have wanted to sleep on the bed, so he made us sleep on the floor."

"He wanted to sleep together with Mommy." Kyle nodded firmly.

Juan massaged his neck to ease the soreness while saying in a bitter tone, "They pulled such a dirty trick on us just because they wanted to sleep together."

Staring at the floor, Nina looked at her fancy pajamas and pouted her lips. "That's right. How could they do this to us?"

The kids' protests eventually woke their parents up.

Having overheard the children's conversation, Nicole pinched the man beside her.

How are we going to explain ourselves now?

Evan turned his head and saw the four little ones sulking and glaring at him.

Letting out a dry cough, his expression grew surly as he asked, "Did you guys carry me to the bed?"

Maya shrugged with an innocent expression.

Nina was confused. Did that actually happen? Why can't I remember anything?

Is that even possible? How can the four of us carry a man as heavy as Daddy? Juan couldn't believe what he had just heard.

Kyle was amazed. Daddy is good at twisting the truth.

"Don't do it again," Evan said with an ice-cold look.

He then got out of the bed and took the kids to wash up.

Maya was the most cooperative one in following her father's instructions.

Although Nina sensed that something was off, she couldn't quite put her finger on it, so she didn't ask further.

Juan and Kyle exchanged meaningful looks. They knew their dad lied, but unfortunately, they had no proof.

Fine, I can't argue against Daddy anyway. We've already slept overnight on the floor; we have no choice but to accept the fact.

Nicole stealthily gave her husband a thumbs-up. I never knew Evan is so skilled at fooling the kids. He's even more shameless than I am.

Meanwhile, at the estate.

Portia was fuming with rage the moment she realized that Nicole and her kids had left the estate the night before.

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“He promised to give me an explanation. How could he let them go?”

“Ma’am, Sir did instruct us to let them leave. Without his blessing, no one could have gone out of the estate in the middle of the night.”

After hearing that, Portia stood up and stormed toward Stephen’s study.

At the same time, knowing his wife would come for him, the man intentionally waited in his study.

Stepping into the room, Portia demanded an explanation from Stephen with a frigid expression.

“Stephen, you have to give me and Daphne an explanation as promised!”

“Asking them to leave is the best way to handle this,” Stephen said in a steady tone with his eyes fixed on Portia.

It sounded like he had contemplated these words for some time.

The woman snorted loudly with indignance. “They hurt Daphne, yet you allowed them to leave just like that. How is this the best way to handle this matter? Stephen, I don’t agree!”

Stephen had already anticipated that Portia would say this.

He then spoke sternly, “Don’t you already know why the kids hurt Daphne?”

What’s he trying to say by questioning me this way?

“If we look into this matter, we’ll find that Daphne was the one who started it. She brought this upon herself!” he added.

Portia felt a pang of disappointment as she glared at her husband.

Daphne went against the kids and Nicole for my sake. And I have my reason for wanting to deal with that woman. It all started because she wanted to seduce you! But you sided with her and her kids so blatantly and even released them in the middle of the night. Doesn't that mean my request for an explanation, as well as Daphne's injury, are not as important as Nicole? That homewrecker indeed has a way with men!

"Stephen, you favor Nicole so much. You even let her and the kids enter the tea room which even I'm not allowed in. Have you fallen for her? Is that why you showed such partiality toward her?"

Instantly, the man slammed the table forcefully. "Nonsense!"

"Is that not the case? Then why do you treat her differently?" she questioned him harshly.

It's because of Rosalie. Nicole looks so much like Rosalie, whom I've wronged. I did this to atone for my mistakes, even though I know full well that she isn't Rosalie. For some unknown reason, I feel close to Nicole, but it's not the kind of affection between a man and a woman. After all, the love I have for Rosalie is irreplaceable.

Stephen remained silent as his eyes glinted with an inscrutable emotion. Portia balled up her fists, taking his silence as his admission of guilt.

He finally admits it. He must have asked Nicole to leave on purpose to avoid my reprimand. I bet he's hiding her somewhere so he can cheat on me. When the opportunity arises, he'll probably be so smitten with her and make her the duchess. Stephen Musgrave, I've been with you for years but you never loved me. While I don't have your heart, I must have the duchess' title! Anyone who tries to usurp my position can only die!

Suppressing her anger, she glowered at his back for a moment before storming out of the study.

Stephen watched her leave while sighing inwardly.

I hope this is the end of this mess.

However, Stephen's wish didn't come true. Things turned out against his will.

After Portia left, she immediately commanded someone to locate Nicole's whereabouts.

"Money isn't an issue as long as you can make her vanish forever," she emphasized.

"Yes, Ma'am."

Just as she finished talking, Levant came over hastily.

He had come to confront her about Nicole.

"Mom, did you chase them away?"

Portia cast a look of disdain at Levant. If you haven't brought the homewrecker here, I wouldn't be so troubled.

"Why? Are you going to look for her and bring her back?" she asked through gritted teeth.

"Mom, why must you kick her out?"

The woman sniggered at him. "Don't accuse me. I didn't chase her away; she left on her own in the middle of the night. Ask your dad if you don't believe me."

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"Mom, I don't want to beat around the bush. Daphne schemed against the kids so they got even with her. I know she did those things on your command, so you can stop pretending. I just want to know why you're doing this? Why can't you accept the woman I love?"

Looking at Levant, Portia grabbed a glass beside her and smashed it on the floor.

“You’re asking me why? Because you brought a vixen back! Not only did she make you fall head over heels for her, but she also tried to seduce your dad as well. She’s a greedy and materialistic gold digger, and she must be coveting my duchess title. Tell me, how can I allow such a woman to stay at the estate?”

She’s trying to seduce Dad and become the duchess? I don’t believe a word you just said, though I wish she were a vixen. If Nicole’s a gold digger, she would’ve approached me herself without me even trying. If she is after the title, she would’ve given up on everything just to be with me. It’s too bad that she isn’t that type of person. She doesn’t fall for anyone easily, but if she does, she’ll love the man deeply with all her heart. That’s why she still can’t get over Evan up until now.

Levant was still under the impression that Evan had died during the plane crash—an “accident” he had skillfully orchestrated.

“She’s not the kind of woman you’re talking about, Mom.”

“Is she not? Will you believe it only when she marries your dad?”

Her assumption sounded entirely absurd to Levant. She’s being senseless and unreasonable, kicking up a big fuss when there’s nothing at all.

“Don’t worry, Nicole will never marry Dad. They... They’re related. You can be on your guard against all the women in the world, but you don’t need to do that with Nicole.”

With that, Levant turned around and stomped away.

Sour-faced, Portia pondered over Levant’s words.

Did he just say that they’re related? But how so?

She just couldn’t wrap her head around their relationship.

The only thing she knew was that she found Nicole distasteful the first time they met; she just didn’t know why. It’s best to get rid of a hazard like her as soon as possible.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was a call from the man whom she had sent to look for Nicole's whereabouts. She picked it up without hesitation.

"Ma'am, Nicole and her kids are at The Gwen Hotel. Do you want me to do it now?"

Recalling her husband's and son's protectiveness over Nicole, Portia's gaze turned deadly and menacing. It's all because of her that the two most important people in my life are mistreating me.

"Do it as soon as possible."

"Sure, Ma'am." The call ended.

At the same time, Nicole and Evan were checking out of the hotel with the four kids.

Nicole held hands with Maya and Nina while Evan walked beside the two boys with John trailing behind them. The four kids chattered and giggled along the way.

Maya suggested buying some local delicacies before leaving the place on the pretext of giving them to their relatives.

Nicole stroked Maya's head and praised her, "You're such a sweetie."

"Look, Mommy! I see a lot of delicious foods there. Let's check them out."

"Okay!"

Kyle wanted to get a few fun toys as souvenirs while Juan was already imagining how cool it would be to show off these strange yet interesting toys in front of his classmates.

"Sure. I'll bring you to buy some toys," replied Evan to the boys.

John volunteered to bring Nina to buy cosmetics and makeup tools. The girl nodded in agreement. Yes, that would save us a lot of time. Uncle Lindt is so thoughtful.

Hence, the family split into three groups and went their separate ways.

While Nicole and Maya strolled hand in hand along the food streets in a cheerful mood, someone was keeping an eye on their every move in the dark.

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As the man from the shadows saw Nicole being alone with a little girl, a baleful grin spread across his face.

He had thought of several alternatives to deal with her. Looks like one of them has come in handy.

With his eyes fixed on her, he started his car and sped toward her.

Nicole was chatting with Maya when she lifted her head and saw a car seemingly having lost control. It was racing down the street right at them with no sign of slowing down.

Her pupils dilated in panic as a terrifying possibility popped into her mind.

“Maya!”

She shoved Maya out of the way, causing the little girl to stagger forward and fall.

Oblivious to what was happening, Maya was about to cry in pain when she suddenly heard a deafening bang. Turning her head, she saw her mother lying in a pool of blood.

“Mommy!” she screamed.

The girl quickly got to her feet and scampered over to her mother, bawling tearfully.

Mommy's bleeding. There's so much blood. Gaping at the crimson mess all over her mom, Maya was befuddled. She leaned on Nicole's chest and cried her eyes out.

"Hey kid, is she your mom? Is there anyone else with you? Hurry, make a call."

A kind-hearted passerby helped her dial the emergency number. At the same time, Maya took out her smartwatch to call her dad.

Hearing her sobs, Evan had a bad omen and his heart skipped a beat. "Maya, what happened?"

"Mommy... Mommy's bleeding a lot. She was hit by a car. Blood... So much blood... Is Mommy going to die?"

Evan left Juan and Kyle behind and sprinted to the food street.

The moment he saw Nicole lying in a pool of her own blood, he stumbled forward and fell on his knees. His chest tightened and he felt out of breath.

By the time the other three kids and John came to them, the ambulance had arrived, too.

John then called their men nearby to rush over to the Westside Hospital.

Outside the emergency room.

Leaning against the wall, Maya gripped the corner of her shirt tightly as streams of tears trickled down her chubby face. A crippling fear filled her heart.

How's Mommy now? What should I do if anything bad happens to her? It's all my fault. I shouldn't have asked Mommy to buy me food. I'll never be greedy anymore.

Nina's eyes were clouded with tears as she stared at the emergency room door. She sobbing softly. "Mommy... Mommy..."

The two boys clenched their fists with all their might, trying to choke back their tears while praying for their mom.

Evan appeared like a soulless statue, standing motionless at one spot.

A sense of grief enveloped every one of them. Watching the sorrowful family, John's heart pounded rapidly.

I hope Mrs. Seet will be alright.

Later, the operating room door opened, and a doctor came out hurriedly. "Who's the patient's family?"

"I am! What's the matter?" Evan answered his body trembling like a leaf.

The usually ruthless and undaunted man was overwhelmed by terror at the moment. He was afraid to hear any bad news from the doctor.

"The patient needs a blood transfusion, but she has a very rare A3 subtype blood and such blood type is unavailable in the hospital's blood bank. Does anyone in her immediate family have the same blood type?"

Immediate family member? Nicole's mom passed away, and we have yet to find her biological father. Damn it!

The doctor said apologetically, "Such blood type is extremely rare. I'm afraid that..."

I'll find it no matter how rare it is. As long as there's still hope, I will never give up.

"John, get on it now! I'm willing to pay any price to the person who has the same blood type!"

John was awestruck. Mr. Seet is going all out to save Mrs. Seet's life.

Sensing the urgency, John knew he couldn't waste any second. He made a call instantly.

Clueless about their conversation, Maya suddenly wailed. "Mommy! I want Mommy! Mommy..."

Her brothers approached her and wiped her tears away. "We're outside the operating room. It will affect Mommy's surgery if you cry out loud."