

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1453

Standing outside the door, Evan could not help but frown when he overheard Davin bring up the Northern City Development Project.

He sure has some guts. We haven't even finalized the project yet, but he's already thinking of letting the Simpson Group get involved in it!

As the thought crossed his mind, Evan slammed the door open. "Here's the wine you ordered."

Davin heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that it was Evan. He came just at the right time. If Wilbur were to probe further, I wouldn't have known what to say.

"Ah, yes. The wine I ordered. Please pour some for us," said Davin.

As he spoke, Wilbur studied Evan carefully. When did the hotel hire a waiter like this?

Seeing how Wilbur was sizing Evan up, Davin turned to him and asked, "What's the matter? Why do you keep staring at him? Is it because you think that he's too old to be a waiter, or is it because he's too ugly?"

Wilbur looked at Davin with a smile but did not respond.

An idea suddenly struck Davin. He turned to Evan and said in a loud voice, "Now that I think about it, it doesn't make sense. How can someone who looks like you work as a waiter here? Aren't you worried that you'll give the customers a scare?"

Evan merely glanced at Davin with a deadpan expression and proceeded to pour the wine.

He deliberately let his hand slip as he poured a glass for Wilbur, splashing red wine all over Wilbur's suit.

"I'm sorry! It was an accident," Evan said apologetically.

Davin drew his brows together and watched as Wilbur grabbed some tissues and began dabbing at the red wine stains, eagerly anticipating Wilbur's reaction.

The latter fell silent for a brief moment before saying, "You should be more careful next time. Not all of your customers will forgive you for a blunder like that. If someone made a complaint, you'd get punished or even fired."

"Yes, sir. I understand. Thank you for the reminder. Shall I send your clothes to the dry cleaners?" Evan replied.

"It's fine. I'll take care of it myself. You may leave." Although Wilbur appeared unflustered, a puzzled look flashed across his eyes as he gripped his wine glass tightly.

Evan nodded, then turned and left.

Davin gazed at Wilbur thoughtfully. Well, it seems like he treats even a mere waiter quite well. At least he didn't kick up a fuss just because a waiter spilled wine on him. I wonder if Evan is satisfied with him.

The moment Evan left the private room, he gave Davin a call.

"Hello. What's up?"

"Get over here at once," Evan ordered.

"Oh, all right. Got it," Davin answered immediately.

After ending the call, he looked toward Wilbur. "I have a meeting back at the office, so I need to leave at once. Let's discuss the project some other time."

"Sure. I'll wait for your call."

Davin left the room and hurried directly to the other private room where Evan and Nicole were waiting. As soon as he saw them, he quickly asked them what they thought about Wilbur.

Nicole took out the business card Wilbur had given her. "Well, I think he's a good person. He even tried to give me some money, but I refused to take it. For him to care that much, it seems like he's a responsible person. He's definitely someone who'll take good care of his family in the future."

“What about you, Evan?” Davin asked.

“He gave pertinent advice to the waiter, and he didn’t treat him with contempt. I suppose he passed the test.

Davin stared at him in disbelief. “What do you mean? Can you think of a better way to handle that situation?”

Evan fell silent, then replied, “If it were me, I would’ve been suspicious about who the waiter really was. After all, Neon Hotel is the best hotel in Y City. How could they have hired a waiter like that?”

“Maybe his thoughts were too focused on the project, so he didn’t think about that.”

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, and the three of them exchanged glances. “Who could it be?”

Evan’s cold gaze darkened, and his thin lips curled into a slight smile. “If my guess is correct, Wilbur must’ve followed you.”

“What?” Davin exclaimed. Wilbur is the one knocking on the door?