

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1561 –

After pondering for a while, Kyle decided to give John a call.

“How can I help you, Mr. Kyle?”

“John, why aren’t you coming into the office?”

John let out an awkward chuckle. “Mr. Evan and I are currently helping out at the Bernian Hospital. There’re a lot of patients here that need help.”

Kyle was speechless at his explanation.

There’s currently a fire in our backyard, and yet Dad brought John over to the Bernian Hospital at such a crucial moment to help out. What is he planning exactly?

How can he be so confident that Mom would be safe and has so much trust in me and Juan to stop this tragedy?

“Mr. Kyle, is there something you need my help with?”

Before Kyle could ask for John’s help to rescue Nicole, John continued, “There are too many patients here, Mr. Kyle. And they all urgently need my help, so I’ll be hanging up if there’s nothing you require of me.” John hung up immediately after that.

Kyle looked down at his phone irritably with a frown on his forehead as though he couldn’t believe John would hang up on him so suddenly.

Did he purposely stop me from asking for help? Is this his or Dad's intention?

After hanging up Kyle's call, John turned to Evan with a look of disbelief. "Maybe there was an urgent matter that Mr. Kyle needed my help with? Are you sure you're not going to lend him a helping hand?"

Evan set the book in his hands down onto the desk. "This is a good opportunity for him and Juan to solve the problem. Experience is the best teacher. What they need at the moment is experience."

They do need experience, but their opponent is Steven. He still holds the black box, an explosive that could blow up the entire Imperial Garden. So the precarious situation needs to be dealt with tactfully to ensure that a horrible disaster doesn't happen.

Isn't the price for them failing too heavy?

But John didn't dare to speak his thoughts to Evan.

Evan's keen observation noted the worry in John's eyes.

He asked John, "When do you think Steven will make his move?"

"I heard Steven was secretly investigating where Skyler was being held. I guess he would most likely take action after rescuing Skyler because by then, he would have no worries about Skyler's safety."

“You’re right. Once Skyler is saved, he will then use Nicole as a bargaining chip in exchange for the thing he wants. Once he has what he wants in his grasp, he will blow up Imperial Garden mercilessly.

“It’s a good plan. Say, is there a possibility for him to rescue Skyler?”

“There’s no need to worry, Mr. Evan. There’s zero possibility of that happening.

“Mr. Juan had spread a false rumor that Skyler was being held at Imperial Garden so that Steven wouldn’t lay his hands on that place. He even increased the number of bodyguards all over the place.”

In truth, Skyler wasn’t being held at the Imperial Garden, but somewhere where Steven couldn’t even imagine.

“Excellent. Skyler is proving to be our trump card at the crucial moment.”

John looked at the calm and highly confident Evan. He figured Evan was playing a life or death chess game with Steven.

The winner of the deadly game would soon be revealed.

Meanwhile, in the secret room, within the Maupay Manor.

Steven’s patience had reached his limit when the men he sent to search and rescue Skyler kept coming back empty-handed.

“Is it a tremendous task to rescue Skyler? Why else would the rescue plan keep ending up in failure?”

“Mr. Maupay, I heard Mr. Skyler is currently being held at the Imperial Garden. Our men had tried to infiltrate it several times, but the guards were highly cautious. I think even a fly couldn’t get in.”

“What a bunch of useless fools!” Steven inhaled a few deep breaths. “In that case, I want Skyler rescued latest by tomorrow night. We can’t delay our plan any further.”

The bodyguard knew there was no chance of rescuing Skyler if the deadline was the next day.

“Why are you still here? Move! Search for Skyler this instance!”

“Yes, sir.”

The bodyguard spun around and hurriedly exited the study.

A dark expression enclouded Steven’s face. He slammed his clenched fist onto the desk in anger.

Skyler is currently in Evan’s hands while Nicole is in mine. Evan has something that I want. If Skyler is still not rescued by tomorrow night, I’ll have no choice but to negotiate with Evan.

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Evan, along with everyone from the Seet family, will be dead by nightfall tomorrow, regardless of the process. Juan and Davin arrived at an empty house located on the outskirts. The bodyguards there immediately walked up to them to report the ongoings.

“Mr. Zayn is inside. We brought him here after he lost consciousness. He started causing a fuss for us to let him go when he woke up.”

“Causing a fuss? He didn’t know who we are?” asked Davin.

“He had no idea. We kept our identity hidden, so he assumed we kidnapped him for ransom. He was rambling about giving us five million in exchange for his freedom. He then offered us ten and even twenty million if we’re not satisfied.”

Ten million and even twenty million...

The mention of money piqued Davin’s interest.

He was in need of money at the moment. Since someone is offering to donate, I’ll take this chance to resolve my financial situation.

“Juan, why don’t you leave this matter to me? I guarantee you that I’ll make him spit out everything he knows about the incident.”

One glimpse at Davin whose eyes were all lit up, Juan had a gist of Davin’s plan.

That greedy businessman, Desmond! Served him right for his money to be cheated off of him. Since Uncle Davin is interested, I'll just sit back and enjoy the show.

However...

“Uncle Davin, we're short on time. You'll have to be quick.”

“Don't worry. I'm aware of that. I assure you I will have the money and truth on time.”

Seeing the confidence in Davin, Juan stepped aside and temporarily let Davin take center stage.

Davin's mind was churning up different ways to grab the twenty million. After a short while, he slowly approached the door to the room where Desmond was confined.

As he neared the door, he caught the cursing and fuss Desmond was making from inside the room.

“Idiots! You'd better let me go now, else I'll make sure you guys regret what you did today. I'll cut you into pieces and feed you to the sharks.”

F**k! He seems to be in a wild mood.

Davin continued to eavesdrop for a while, then turned to Harry, the bodyguard beside him. “I didn't hear anything about him offering money? Maybe you misheard the twenty million?”

“I didn't, Mr. Davin. Please continue to listen for a little longer.”

Davin's ears perked up as he continued to eavesdrop.

“You f**kers! Isn't your purpose of keeping me here for money? Just spit it out! How much do you want? I'll agree to any amount.

“Twenty million is nothing to me, but for f**kers like you. Despite slaving your entire miserable existence away, you guys probably can't even attain one-tenth of it. Think about it carefully. Don't you want money?

“This deal is beneficial to you. You better accept it before my family realizes I'm missing and calls the police. By then, you won't get any money, and your life might even be at stake. Think about it carefully.

Davin knew Desmond was planning to save his life with money.

If so...

Davin turned to Harry again and whispered something into his ear.

“Mr. Davin, are you sure about it?”

“Yes. I want you to relay the message to him word by word. Don't worry. I'll give you guys some tips for your efforts once I have the money.”

Joy bubbled within Harry at Davin's words. He then asked Davin about the amount the latter would give.

Davin gave him a once-over and asked instead, “How much do you want?”

Harry pondered briefly. He was aware of Davin’s generosity, so it should be fine if he asked for a slightly higher price.

After a while, Harry naively held up two fingers.

Davin frowned in confusion. “Twenty thousand?”

Harry shook his head. “No, Mr. Davin. The amount you’re asking from Mr. Zayn is quite large. Isn’t it too little if you’re only offering twenty thousand?”

“How much is it then? Two hundred thousand?”

Harry shook his head again. He braced himself and stated confidently, “Two million.”

Davin glanced at him silently for a while, then kicked his shin. “Are you robbing me? How dare you ask for two million? When I ask for an allowance from my wife at home, I only dared to ask for a few thousand, and yet you dare to make such a request?”

“Mr. Davin, you’re planning to extract fifty million from him. The two million I’m asking for can’t even be compared to your fifty million. They all say you’re generous. So you...”

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“Me? What? I don’t even have the fifty million yet!”

“Then, when you do have it, can you give me two million?”

“I won’t give you shit! Let’s talk again after I have the money in hand. Before that, hurry up and go do your job.”

Harry cast Davin a glance and figured even a few thousand was worth it if a short chat with Davin was all it took. He turned back and held up two of his fingers again at Davin, implying Davin should give him twenty thousand.

Davin had thought that Harry was negotiating for two million. He gritted his teeth and said, “Two hundred thousand is the max. I can’t give you more.”

The expected twenty thousand had increased to two hundred thousand.

Glee showed on Harry’s face. “Mr. Davin, I’ll do my best. You just sit back and watch.”

He excitedly marched into the room.

“Hey, Zayn! Stop cursing. I have come to negotiate with you.”

“Negotiate? Let me tell you what. You should be smart enough to let me go now, else watch out for your pesky life.”

“I’m here to negotiate your release. Didn’t you say a mere twenty million is nothing to you?”

Desmond analyzed Harry, then snorted at him with a taunting look. “It seemed like I was indeed kidnapped for ransom. How much are we talking about here?”

Harry ran through Davin's words in his mind.

Davin said fifty million. If he's giving me two hundred thousand for fifty million. Will he give me four hundred thousand if I manage to get a hundred million from Desmond?

After a brief calculation in his mind, he decided to up the negotiating price for the sake of his four hundred thousand.

He coughed to conceal the calculative gleam in his eyes. He stood up straight and stared down at the tied-up Desmond. "What you said made sense. So I decided to allow you to negotiate your release with money.

"I know you said twenty million meant nothing to you earlier, but your life is precious to us, and your value was so much more than that."

Desmond considered Harry's words briefly and noticed he wanted more than twenty million.

"Unexpectedly, small fry like you have such a huge appetite. Just tell me straight how much you're asking for."

Harry had wanted to say a hundred million but changed his mind at the last minute. He ended up holding up five fingers instead.

Desmond was stunned. He stared pointedly at Harry's fingers. "Fifty million?" He truly dares to request such an overwhelming amount.

Davin observed Desmond's reaction keenly and noted the latter could afford fifty million, and he would relent after further negotiation.

As Davin waited for Desmond to start the negotiation, Harry suddenly waved his fingers. "It's not fifty million but five hundred million! I'm not willing to accept anything lesser than this amount."

Five hundred million ?

Desmond's expression darkened immediately.

Davin was baffled and stared at Harry with disbelief. This is unbelievable! The saying "Don't judge a book by its cover" is true. This dude dared to request such a large amount. Desmond can't afford five hundred million despite declaring bankruptcy. The sum of all his assets is only three hundred million.

"How about it ? Five hundred million should be merely tips for you. I'll release you immediately once I get the money."

Davin wore a confused look on his face. He was eager to hear Desmond's reply.

Desmond merely sat on the ground in silence.

"What ? Is your life worth much more than that ? Five hundred million is too little ?"

Desmond cast him a glance. "I'm not leaving anymore, so there's no need to negotiate any further."

Harry was bewildered by Desmond's behavior.

That's weird. Mr. Davin said Desmond would negotiate the price, but this was different from Mr. Davin's prediction?

"Isn't your life precious? It should account for more than five hundred million. Why aren't you negotiating?"

Despite the confusion on Harry's face, Desmond didn't want to elaborate further.

Harry continued to persuade Desmond for a while longer, urging him to negotiate his release with money. However, the latter merely stayed silent, refusing to take the bait.

Harry left resentfully once he realized he wouldn't be getting any reply from Desmond.

Seeing Davin, Harry relayed Desmond's reaction and asked why didn't the latter act like how he had predicted.

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"I asked you to request for fifty million, but how much did you ask instead?"

"Five hundred million."

"Why did you ask for five hundred million?" Davin gritted his teeth in anger.

Harry laughed naively. “I assumed that you would give me two hundred thousand if you got fifty million. Then, wouldn’t you give me four hundred thousand if you got a hundred million? And so you would give me two million if I manage to get five hundred million. Mr. Davin, don’t be stingy with two million. The two million I’m asking for can’t even compare to the five hundred million you’ll be getting.”

“Your greed ruined my plan. I didn’t even dare to ask for five hundred million. How dare you?”

“Tell me. Perhaps your family owns a gold mine? Or is your father a wealthy millionaire?”

Stunned by Davin’s question, he looked at Davin hesitantly. “Mr. Davin, I-I simply wanted a bit more.”

“Wanted a bit more? Did you think what you asked for is simply a bit more? You-! Whatever! I don’t want to waste my breath with you. Go inside and negotiate for fifty million. If you’re successful, then I’ll let this matter go. If not, I’ll have you be a gigolo and get my money back with you entertaining those wealthy women.”

The bulky figures of those wealthy women started to pop up in his mind. Worried his body wouldn’t be able to withstand the torture from those women and ruined his body. He couldn’t let that happen because he didn’t have a wife yet. He still needed to pass on his family line, so he definitely didn’t want to be a gigolo.

He swallowed the knot in his throat. “I’ll negotiate with him. I’ll do it now, and I’ll get it done even though I have to treat him respectfully like he’s my grandfather.”

“Are you dumb? He won’t even negotiate with you if you start treating him respectfully. Don’t even expect to get ten million. Well, you might as well cut him and make him realize his life is very important!”

Harry pondered Davin’s words briefly and realized his words made sense. “Understood, Mr. Davin. I’ll make sure to get it done properly.”

He then spun around, heading for the room. Once he reached the door, he took out a dagger.

Desmond felt the murderous vibe from Harry and snorted, “What? Are you planning to kill me because I didn’t agree to five hundred million? Go ahead and kill me then. You’re not going to get anything with me dead.”

“You’re a coward. A mere five hundred million stunned you to such a state. Haven’t you bragged about how ten million was nothing to you earlier? Your words were nothing.”

Desmond looked up at him. “I did brag about ten million, but that’s the extent. I can’t give you any more than that.”

“Fine, let’s talk. You considered five hundred million to be too much while I considered ten million to be too little. How about we each take a step back and compromise for a hundred million?”

Desmond rolled his eyes at his suggestion. “I don’t have that much.”

“Eighty million?”

Desmond sneered coldly, “I don’t have that much!”

“Sixty million.”

Desmond retorted determinedly, “Nope!”

Harry knew Desmond wouldn’t relent without a push.

He raised his hand with the dagger and stabbed into Desmond’s thigh ruthlessly. Desmond yelled at the sudden stabbing pain.

“Why are you shouting? If you don’t even have sixty million, I might as well kill you. Each stab equates to ten thousand. Stabbing you six thousand times should ensure you being dead.”

He pulled out his dagger from Desmond’s thigh as he said. As he was about to stab again, Desmond stopped him. “No! Don’t!”

“You choose between money and your life!”

“Can you reduce...”

“No! Didn’t you say earlier about how money means nothing to you? Sixty million is a good price. I’m not accepting anything lower than that.”

Desmond was dumbstruck by his words.

Noting Desmond’s reluctance, he stabbed the former’s thigh again. Desmond let out another painful scream. “No! Don’t stab me anymore! Fine, sixty million then!”

Glee filled Harry. “Isn’t it better if you had agreed sooner?”

I should have stopped yapping and just stabbed him in the first place. I even got ten million more than Mr. Davin anticipated. Would Mr. Davin give me more in turn?

Davin glanced at Desmond's bloody thigh nervously. I didn't imagine Harry to be so ruthless. He didn't even blink as he stabbed Desmond. He might prove to be useful.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1565 -

Harry completed his task and even managed to get ten million more. He excitedly dashed toward Davin to relay the good news.

“Mr. Davin, he had agreed to give sixty million. It's ten million more than your expectation.”

Davin gave him another once-over. Seeing the spark in his eyes at the mention of money and recalling his ruthlessness before, Davin felt he could put him to better use.

“How about this? I promised to give you two hundred thousand, but I'll be adding another three hundred thousand. What do you think? Do you think that's sufficient for you to be my personal bodyguard?”

Me becoming Davin's personal bodyguard? So I'll encounter more scenarios like today? If such a scenario happens a few more times, I'll be rich.

“Mr. Davin, are you sure?” Pure glee in his tone.

“Yeah, I am. You think about it.”

“There’s no need to think anymore, Mr. Davin. I accept your offer.”

“Great! You’ll be following me from now on.”

Joy filled Davin at the thought of the sixty million in his pocket. Now that I have my own stash of funds. There’s no need for me to have any more battle of wits with Sheila for a few thousand. I can go shopping and treat others to a meal lavishly. It is wonderful! The feeling of a lined pocket.

Juan crossed the room to Davin and glanced at the latter with an odd look. “Uncle Davin, congratulation for gaining sixty million.”

Despite the joy bubbling in him, Davin tried his best to suppress his excitement and put on a mask of humbleness. “It was nothing. Let me treat you to a meal after you interrogated Desmond.”

“Sure, but I don’t think a simple meal would suffice. Uncle Davin, don’t you think you should offer me a bit more?”

Juan stretched his long, beautiful hand with his palm up toward Davin.

Davin was thunderstruck by Juan’s request.

He’s been eyeing my money all along!

I have sixty million. If I give Harry half a million, I’ll be left with 59.5 million. How much does Juan want?

“Juan, I figured you’re not lacking in terms of funds. So stop pining for my private fund. I’ll give you more once I’m rich. How about that?”

Juan folded his arms and gave Davin a thoughtful glance. “If I told Aunt Sheila about your sixty million, how much do you think you’ll have left?”

Davin was stunned.

Sheep worried a lot about my spending habits, so she was strict. I won’t even have a million if she caught wind of this.

“What are you trying to say? Are you planning to sell me out?”

“Well, this would depend on your action.”

“Are you closer to your Aunt Sheila or me? How can you sell me out to her?”

“If you don’t want me to sell you out, you can help me with one thing.”

“What is it?”

Juan pondered for a while. “I’ll let you know when I need your help. Just tell me whether you agree or not?”

After a short moment of silence, Davin agreed. “I’ll agree to help you as long as you don’t pine for my money.”

“Deal!”

Davin relented unwillingly. “Fine, deal!”

Juan reached his hand out. After shaking Juan’s hand, Davin uneasily wondered what his plan was.

Juan began to plan how to get Desmond to talk about the incident quickly.

He thought about it for a long while before he strode toward Desmond’s room.

Davin followed behind him immediately. “Juan, you’re planning to meet him just like this?”