

## Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2041

### Chapter 2041 I Want To Stay Near Him

On the other hand, Rodney was overjoyed. Initially, he was worried Maya would leave Wilbur after he became dumb. Now that Maya was willing to stay behind and care for him, it meant her marriage with Wilbur was certain. In other words, Rodney would definitely gain the Seet family as a pillar of support.

“Okay! Maya, I’m glad you want to stay behind and take care of Wil. Just treat my home like your own. If you need anything, tell us! We’ll be like a family in the future.”

Maya nodded. A grim look flashed across Wilbur’s eyes. Pouting, he protested, “I don’t like her! I don’t want her to stay!” “Wil, be obedient. Maya’s a good girl. She’ll take good care of you.”

“It doesn’t matter if you like it or not. I’ll definitely stay here. From now on, I’ll follow you wherever you go!” insisted Maya domineeringly.

Snorting unhappily, Wilbur spun around and headed upstairs. However, when his back was facing everyone else, a smile formed on his lips.

“Then, we’ll let Maya stay behind. What do the two doctors think?” asked Nicole.

“We think it’s more convenient for us to stay in a hotel.”

“Yeah. Why don’t we stay in the hotel and come over every day to treat Mr. Simpson?”

After the two doctors expressed their opinions, Nicole nodded. “That’s good too. We’ll let the Simpsons’ chauffeur pick you up every morning and send you here to treat Wilbur.”

“Sure.”

“Okay, then.”

“Is that good with you, Mr. Simpson?”

“Of course! Thank you so much, doctors.”

Rodney exchanged some pleasantries with them before Nicole and the two doctors left. Meanwhile, Maya stayed behind in the Simpson residence. Before leaving, Nicole reminded her to be careful. If anything happened, Maya should call her immediately. Nicole would also instruct the Hidden Masters to stay there later.

“Don’t worry, Mom. Mable and Nicholas are humans too. Do you think they can eat me up secretly? Furthermore, I’ll be really careful.”

After Nicole left, Mabel immediately instructed the maids to prepare a room for Maya. “Maya, just tell me if you need anything. I’ll definitely satisfy your requests. This room has the best renovations and fixtures. Why don’t you stay here?”

Maya observed the room closely. She could not see how great the room’s decorations and furniture were. However, she did notice something—it was quite far away from Wilbur’s room.

Wilbur stayed on the left side of the second floor, while her room was on the right side of the fourth floor. If something happened to him, she might not even hear his yells.

“Mrs. Simpson, I want to stay beside Wilbur so it’s more convenient for me to take care of him.”

Mabel was stunned. “Maya, the toilet and the lights in the room next to Wilbur’s are spoilt. It’ll be inconvenient for you to stay there. Just listen to me and stay in this room. You’ll definitely be comfortable here.”

“Mrs. Simpson, I want to take a look at the room beside Wilbur’s. If I really can’t stay there, I can stay in the room next to that.”

Seeing how determined Maya was to stay closer to Wilbur, Mabel knew that she could not stop her no matter what. Hence, she stopped trying to block Maya.

“Okay, then. I’ll instruct the maids to clean the place up and fix the stuff that is spoilt. For now, you can rest in this room.”

“It’s fine. I’m not tired. I’ll take a look at Wilbur first.”

Before Mabel could say anything, Maya left the guest room and headed straight to Wilbur’s bedroom.

As Mabel stared at her back, a look of disdain flashed across her eyes. Who do you think you are? Will you die if you leave Wilbur for a moment? As long as I want to make a move, it won’t matter even if you’re staying with Wilbur or sleeping on the same bed as him. Let’s wait and see!

Maya reached Wilbur’s bedroom and knocked on the door.

When he opened the door and saw Maya standing outside, his eyes lit up briefly. However, an impatient expression soon crossed his face. “What are you doing?”

## **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2042**

## Chapter 2042 All The Places We Know

“I came to check in on you. What are you doing?” Maya stole a glance behind him and frowned. Things of all nature were strewn on his bedroom floor in a haphazard way that even she did not approve of.

Wilbur used to have an obsessive-compulsive disorder. He must be in a really bad shape for letting his room get to this state. Poor guy! Wilbur gazed placidly back at her. “I’m playing. What are you doing here?”

“Let’s take a break and have a chat instead?” “No! I don’t want to talk to annoying people.” Maya was not offended at all. “That’s fine. Maybe we can play a game?”

Wilbur’s interest perked up at once though he tried hard to conceal his curiosity. “What kind of game?” Maya’s eyes twinkled mysteriously. “Let me in and I’ll tell you.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Wilbur nodded and stood aside.

She sighed as inconspicuously as she could at the sight of the unfinished jigsaw puzzle on the floor.

What is this? “Suitable for ages three to seven?” This is too childish even for Joy and Zayden!

“Were you putting together a jigsaw puzzle?” Maya asked with feigned interest.

He nodded. “Would you like to join me?”

She agreed since it provided her with the opportunity to spend time with him in the hopes of jolting his memory.

“I would love to. Let’s work on the piece together.”

After taking their seats on the carpet, Wilbur pushed half of his pile to her. “You work on these. We’re not having dinner until we’re done!”

Maya took her pieces and allowed several minutes of occupied puzzle-solving to settle in before speaking again. “Wilbur, do you recall any of the places we’ve been to?”

Wilbur jumped slightly at the question before nodding like a nervous hen pecking for food.

“You do, don’t you?” Her eyes gleamed expectantly. “Could you tell me where we’ve been?” Hopefully, I’ll be able to trigger him to recall something!

Wilbur was about to answer when he heard footsteps from outside his door. "Oh, many places," he answered.

"Such as?" she prompted. "Can you remember anything specific?"

Wilbur knew that the owner of the footsteps was standing outside his door from the abrupt silence. "I've soared to the skies to catch some birds," he recited with a convincing imitation of a simpleton. "I've been to the ocean and swam after turtles; I've scaled a mountain to fight a tiger. Let's see, what else?"

Maya's anticipation faded only to be replaced by a look of disbelief.

He suddenly gave an excited shout as he clapped his hands. "Oh, I've also explored the sewers in search of rats!"

"Come on, Wilbur," she coaxed. "Be reasonable. How is it possible for you to have been to those places?"

"I have!" Wilbur protested in earnest, as though it was the gospel truth. "We were there together, remember?"

Maya felt as if she was getting nowhere. Undeterred, she attempted another line of questioning.

"Wilbur, do you remember what happened when you jumped into the sea? Why did you do it?"

Her tone was gentle and wary. Her mother had told Nina that Wilbur's accident looked suspicious and had asked her sister to look for evidence of foul play.

On the other side of the door, Mabel's heart clenched involuntarily at Maya's question. The idiot wouldn't be able to recall anything, would he?

"The wind blew me off my ship!" Wilbur shouted after a long deliberation.

"The wind?" Maya repeated incredulously. "You're awfully large and heavy. How could the wind have knocked you down?"

"It was a big gust of wind. Before I knew it, I was already underwater."

As if suddenly recalling something, she pressed on, "Could somebody have pushed you instead? You didn't get a good look at your surroundings, right? Someone crept up on you and pushed you without you knowing, which is why you thought it was the wind."

"I didn't get a good look at the surroundings," Wilbur repeated stupidly.

"That must be it! Think hard, Wilbur. Who could it be-"

## Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2043

### Chapter 2043 Catching Wind

Before Maya could complete her sentence, the bedroom door swung open with a gentle creak. "What are you two doing in here?" Looking at Mabel's carefully done make-up, it reminded Maya of a phrase she had often used in her childhood.

"The old witch." The way Mabel switches between her two personas really makes her the old witch of the Simpson residence. How Wilbur attributed his accident to the wind sounded as if somebody had meant him harm. The only people in his family with a motive to do that are Mabel and Nicholas. Both of them have something to do with this. I can feel it. Well, a good chance to prove my hypothesis has presented itself.

"Mrs. Simpson," Maya asked as she scrutinized the older woman's expression for the slightest hint of betrayal, "Wilbur was just telling me about how he was pushed off the ship. Who do you think has the most reason to do so?"

Mabel's heart skipped a beat. Through sheer force of will, she rearranged her features to feign a look of surprise. "What did you say? Wilbur was pushed into the ocean?"

She continued, turning to her stepson. "Is that so, Wil? I seem to recall hearing you say a gust of strong wind blew you off the ship. I'm not sure if we can even take you seriously given your current state."

"Maya," Mabel went on in a deadpan voice as she turned to the younger woman, "I'll relay what Wilbur has said to Rodney and have him investigate which wind it was that was responsible for this mishap."

Maya chuckled politely. "I don't care what Wilbur said, Mrs. Simpson, I still think it's a person."

I'm thinking Nicholas, specifically. Let's see what you have to say to that!

Mabel let out an unnatural sounding giggle.

"I respectfully disagree. Don't worry, I'll tell Rodney exactly what the boy said and let him decide. Perhaps my husband would come to the same conclusion as me. That Wilbur is hopelessly and irrevocably insane."

Maya knew well that Mabel was abusing Wilbur's condition to discredit anything he said.

The only choices I can sort this out are to either have somebody procure some form of evidence of their involvement, or to wait for Wilbur to regain his faculties and tell us

what really happened. I don't think that's going to happen anytime soon, so private investigator it is.

"You're right, Mrs. Simpson. I trust Mr. Simpson's wisdom would lead him to the right conclusion. I'll stick by my assertion and have the matter thoroughly investigated. At my own expense, of course."

If you and your son did it, I will find out about it.

Mabel was breathless with fear. I hope Nicholas did not leave any loose ends for Maya to pick up. I'm going to remind him to take care of them afterwards.

"It warms my heart to see you so protective of Wilbur, Maya. Well, enjoy the rest of your day. I have matters to attend to."

Just as Mabel was turning around to leave, Wilbur fell forward as if he had tripped and brought his stepmother down with him.

"Ah!" Mabel cried as she went down. Bruises on her hip and shoulder were already blossoming rapidly by the time her furious gaze turned upward. She was about to deliver a savage reprimand when Maya's voice brought her back to her senses. "Are you all right, Mrs. Simpson? Here, let me help you up."

She glared at Wilbur who had resumed a standing position. "What was that about, Wil?"

If Maya weren't here, I would have given you a whipping you'd never forget!

Wilbur averted his gaze timidly away from her.

Maya stepped in quickly. "Wilbur didn't mean it, Mrs. Simpson. You couldn't blame him for tripping, could you? Look at how you'd frighten him!"

## **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2044**

### **Chapter 2044 The Gift**

Mabel found herself in a delicate predicament. Her beady eyes swept the floor and found nothing in the vicinity that Wilbur could have tripped over.

In Maya's presence, she did not dare pursue the matter further for fear of tarnishing her reputation as a benevolent stepmother. Just wait, idiot. I'll pay you back many times more for that!

Mabel's expression shifted again. "I meant nothing of the sort, Wil. Watch your step in the future, will you? It hurts me to see you in pain. Are you all right?"

Wilbur acted as if he did not hear her, nor did he bother to reply.

Maya watched Mabel with rapt attention as if studying an improvisational masterclass, marveling at the latter's ability to adapt herself so rapidly.

She not only plays her part well, but she is also an expert at keeping her reputation intact. Look at her, she does not even flinch to grovel and play the part of a caring stepmother to perfection!

After the door shut behind Mabel who departed amidst a final bout of reminders to watch his step, Maya turned to Wilbur curiously. "Why did you push her?"

"To give her a gift," he said with a giggle as he stroked the magic ball.

Unnoticed by both women, Wilbur had with great dexterity and stealth slipped something in Mabel's coat pocket as they fell.

Maya, however, thought his gift was a deliberate act of mischief.

Breaking the brief silence between them, she said earnestly, "I know it's fun to give her gifts like that, but you need to be careful, Wilbur. Mark my words, she's already plotting to pay you back."

Wilbur's lips twitched with satisfaction. If you didn't vow to investigate the circumstances around my accident earlier, I would have already expected her to inform Nicholas about it and I wouldn't have to deliver my present.

Maya tried once again to initiate a conversation in the face of Wilbur's stony reticence. "It's a good thing I'm always around to protect you, isn't it? Listen to me. Stay away from your stepmother. Never be in a room alone with her, or she'll hurt you and walk away with it. Do you understand?"

Doing his best to conceal the smirk rising to his lips, he nodded mutely before giving a large yawn. "I'm tired."

"Are you? Let's take a nap, then. I'll sit here with you."

Wilbur shook his head and pointed at the door.

"You're still shy, aren't you? All right, I can come back later after your nap."

He locked the door as soon as she left before turning up the volume of his surveillance app. Transmitted with clarity as if the participants of the conversation were standing next to him, Wilbur listened intently to a conversation he had predicted.

“Let her do all the digging she wants to, Mom,” came Nicholas’ voice. “I guarantee she’ll find nothing.”

“What if she does, Nic?” cried Mabel shrilly. “If Maya finds even a strand of evidence, she will parade it before your father for Wilbur’s sake. What then?”

“Don’t worry, Mom. The men who’d drugged and tossed him overboard have been arranged to leave the country. Maya will never find out who did it.”

“I still have a bad feeling about this. What about the gust of wind that had swept him off the ship? Do you think Wilbur was trying to give Maya a hint?”

“You’re overthinking, Mom! He’s already spewing rubbish on a daily basis. No one will take him seriously. Will it put your mind at ease if I kept an eye on the situation? In the unlikely event that Maya finds the men, I’ll get to them first to make sure she finds nothing.”

“You can’t mess up now, Nic. It’s too delicate a time. I have a plan in mind. Do you think it’s too extreme?”

## **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2045**

### **Chapter 2045 Accidents Happen**

“Let’s hear it, Mom.” “Since Wilbur has become a simpleton, let’s just allow him to live out his days in ignorant bliss. We won’t lose much by providing him with meals and a place to live.

However, the threat of him remaining alive is becoming greater due to Maya’s interest in his accident and Nicole’s determination to find him a doctor. I’m worried that they may become a liability in the future. Let’s get rid of them quietly while we still can.”

“Don’t you think that’s too reckless, Mom? Even if Dad may be able to overlook something happening to them, the Seets will pursue this to the ends of the earth. We’ll be ruined if they find out the truth about everything.”

“Not now, Nic. I didn’t mean to execute this now. I’m saying we wait for a more opportune time to make our move to minimize suspicion. We’ll make it look so natural that nobody would ever look deeper into it.”

“Do such opportunities still exist, Mom?”

“The most unexpected and advantageous opportunities are only available for those bold enough to reach out for it. Besides, accidents are far more common than you’d think. Remember Wilbur’s mother? That was an ‘accident’ too.”



“Accident?” repeated Nicholas in awe. “Did you think of something already, Mom?”

“No, it was only an idea that I wanted to discuss with you beforehand. Within the next couple of days, you need to solidify your candidacy as CEO of the company by mastering every aspect quickly. When the time comes to appoint his successor, your father will appreciate your maturity and leadership.”

“I understand where you’re coming from. I’ll do my best to master everything quickly. I’ll leave you to deal with Wilbur, then.”

“I’ll handle them.” “Let’s leave Maya out of it for the time being, Mom.” “I understand your reservations, Nic. Have faith in me, I know what’s best for you.”

Wilbur’s gaze grew cold as the conversation took a different turn, his mind still reeling from what he heard.

As if drugging me isn’t enough, Nicholas now plots for my life? Even worse than that is Mabel’s cruelty for wanting Maya dead. My mother had died from an accident as I was told. Turns out Mabel had orchestrated it! Unfortunately, they did not go too much into it. The sooner I obtain some evidence, the sooner I’d be able to unmask her for who she really is.

Wilbur also recalled the discussion about his father between his stepmother and stepbrother.

I think Mabel and Nicholas know Dad is a rational man. If I really were to die in an accident, he would consider the future of the family and his own before doing anything rash that could leave the Simpson family heirless. Obtaining evidence is critical to show Dad who they really are, and more importantly, presenting the proof to the police.

That is the only way to ensure Mabel and Nicholas get the punishment they deserve. Aside from obtaining the evidence of Mom being killed by Mabel, I need to be wary of that b\*tch and the trap she has set for me and Maya. Home is a dangerous place to be right now. I wonder if the silly girl knows she is staying with this den of wolves.

Though it looked as if Maya had stayed behind to care for me, I am actually the one subtly protecting her and her little innocent heart. Things are going to be more difficult from now on. I’m afraid this is only the beginning.

On the other side of town, Sheila and Davin arrived at the Muir residence. Patrick did not bother with the jovial formalities as he did the last time his son-in-law had visited.

“Has your brother agreed to lend me two billion?” he asked bluntly as soon as the guests sat down.

Davin lifted the cup of tea Layla had prepared for him and took a sip as he glanced casually toward the surly old man. You're not getting a dime, old man. For the sake of money, you'd tricked my entire family.

## Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2046

### Chapter 2046 Good Call

"Say something!" Patrick bellowed, incensed at being ignored. Sheila stole a glance at Davin who coughed uncomfortably. "My brother's been busy. We haven't seen him at all."

"I don't think that's true. Sheila told me over the phone earlier that you were in Imperial Garden." "We did, but Evan wasn't there. He must have left to meet clients. Nicole said that he'll only be back in two days."

"Yes, that's right," Sheila chimed in eagerly. "We haven't seen Evan at all." Patrick saw through their nervous attempt at once. "Is that so? How about you call him in front of me? Right now."

Davin shot a startled glance at his wife. Who does he think he is to order me around like that? I will not make that call! Instead of responding, he merely leaned back and took another sip of his tea as if the old man had not spoken at all.

Sheila laughed awkwardly to diffuse the tension in the air. "What's the urgency with the money, Dad? How about we lend you the seven hundred million that we were going to use for purchasing the unit in the Southern suburbs? When Evan gets back, we'll meet him at once to ask for the loan."

"What would I do with chump change? This is not a request anymore. You have no other option other than to do what I say. Unless..."

Old Mr. Muir turned to Davin with a look that made the latter uncomfortable. "Unless the son wants his father to lose everything and his parents to split apart. I'm sure you're aware of the reputation of your mother's temper in Y City. What do you think would happen if somebody were to tell her the truth?"

He pulled out his phone and made to dial a number.

Davin set his cup down with unnecessary force. "That's over the line, Dad. Evan didn't say he would not give you the loan. We haven't been able to ask him because he's not home right now. We'll be sure to ask him about it the moment he gets back."

"Enough! You've wasted enough of my time stringing me along. Call him in front of me right now, or I'm calling Sophia! It's your choice."

F\*ck me, Patrick's not messing around. If he makes that call, my family will descend into chaos. I can't let him turn us against each other.

"Don't. I'll call Evan right now."

"Good choice. Put the call on speaker. I want to hear exactly what Mr. Seet says. If some things are too delicate to be said, I'll be here ready to help you out with that."

Evan already knows everything, you old fool. He will not lend you the money! What is he supposed to say if I make this call?

"Go on," Old Mr. Muir urged when Davin stared hesitantly at his phone. "Make that call."

The latter stared hard at his list of contacts before dialing a number and holding the phone out in front of him.

After several rings, the call was diverted to voicemail.

"Well, there you go, Dad. He must be meeting clients right now. He wouldn't want to be disturbed."

Phew, that was some quick thinking on my part to call my spare phone.

Just as Davin was congratulating himself, Patrick smirked before snatching his phone and hitting the dial before the former could react.

This time, the call was answered immediately.

"Hello, Dav-"

"Mr. Seet," cut across Patrick loudly. "It's me. Sheila and Davin are here with me. Your brother has something to ask."

Godd\*mn vicious old man!

## **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2047**

### **Chapter 2047 Insistence**

Evan narrowed his eyes in suspicion. "What is so important that you have to make the call for him?" he asked calmly several moments later.

Patrick laughed sycophantically. "He says he has something huge to ask of you. Hold on, he wants to do the talking." Pushing the phone against Davin's chest, the older man snarled, "Here, Davin. Speak to your brother. Don't be afraid to be specific."

Davin took the phone forlornly. "Hello, Evan? I'm sorry to be calling you like this given how busy you must be right now, having to adjust to the jet lag and all. I hope the foreign clients aren't being a handful! Anyway, my father-in-law has something urgent he wants me to ask you. Do you have a few minutes to spare?"

Jet lag? Foreign clients? Evan put the cryptic message together quickly.

Looks like Sheila's old man must have forced them to make this phone call. Davin isn't the one who needs my help. Patrick is! That was pretty smart of Davin to convey the situation subtly.

"What is it?" Evan asked in mock concern. "My father-in-law needs a loan of two billion. Would it be convenient for the company to lend him this amount right now?"

Evan smirked as he listened to the masterful way his brother was delivering his lines with just the right amount of hesitance. "Though two billion isn't much for us to spare and we would approve the loan under normal circumstances, there's been a hiccup in the finance department. We would need a couple of days for that amount to be liquidated."

"Is that so?" came Davin's voice. "All right then. In a couple of days, we'll-"

"Evan," interrupted Patrick in a commanding tone. "I'm afraid I can't wait that long. How about you make a call to have it delivered to me?"

Davin turned to regard his father-in-law with disgust. Who the hell do you think you are to have your creditor deliver your loan to you?

Evan, too, was taken aback by the old man's audacity. He's only acting this way because he knows about Dad and is using that to blackmail us. If he weren't the father-in-law of my brother, I'll tear him into pieces! Let's see if he dares bring it up with me. I will completely neutralize the threat of any leverage.

Even Sheila felt the need to step in. "That's a little too much, Dad. Evan has already told you there's been some trouble with the money. Don't you think it's rude to insist he deliver the money to you?"

"This isn't a negotiation, Sheila. Calling it a loan is sugarcoating it. To be perfectly honest, this is a transaction. The loan will ensure their family remains in harmony for as long as necessary. It's a minor investment for them."

Turning back to the phone, Patrick added smugly, "I'm sure you get my drift, Evan."

"I'm afraid you're not worthy of conducting transactions with me, Patrick," said Evan coldly.

“I’m not sure if you’re aware of this, Evan, but something’s happened to your father. He-”

Patrick was losing patience. He was about to resort to blackmailing him with his father’s mistress when Evan cut across him.

“Please don’t concern yourself with my father’s personal life, Mr. Muir. You may find it more prudent to worry about your own instead.” At that imperious tone, he hung up.

Patrick turned an ugly shade of gray. “What is the meaning of this? How dare he hang up on me before I finished speaking?”

Davin glared at his father-in-law irritably. “Didn’t Evan say it’ll take a couple of days for the money to be ready?”

“How many days, exactly? I know when I’m being played, son!” Patrick’s scowl grew increasingly grim. “This necessitates a trip to the Seet residence.”

## **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2048**

### **Chapter 2048 Respect**

“Why would you do that?” Sheila cried as she stood between her father and the door. “Evan will definitely not give you the loan if you do!”

“You make it sound as if he will if I stay put. He was playing me, Sheila. You know it as well as I do! If he’d wanted to, Seet Group is more than capable of having twenty billion delivered to my doorstep, but no! Everybody in Y City knows you are the daughter-in-law of the wealthy Seets. How do you think it’ll look to the city if they found out that your in-laws couldn’t even spare two billion? Do they even respect you?”

Patrick gritted his teeth in consternation as he shot a glance at his son-in-law to gauge the latter’s reaction. Davin stared at him, aghast. Disgusting old f\*ck! How could you drive a wedge between your own daughter and her husband’s family for your own gain?

“Wrong,” Davin growled. “My parents, especially my mother, love Sheila more than they love me. In fact, I feel like an outsider in my own home. Sheila’ll tell you. For the sum of two billion and your own selfish desires, you stoop to instigate your daughter against her in-laws. You are despicable, sir. Rotten to the core!”

Patrick swelled with rage at his words. “How dare you speak to me like that? I am your father-in-law!”

“You are, but that doesn’t give you the right to sow discord between us! Respect is earned, not entitled. I wouldn’t give a d\*mn even if you were my own father. I’d put you

in your place if you deserve it. Believe me, there are a lot more things that I'm holding back out of respect for Sheila."

Patrick turned to face his daughter. "You see how he speaks to your father, Sheila? He has no respect for me like they have none for you. Not only did they refuse me a loan, but your husband is also brazen enough to come to my house to tell me how to behave."

Sheila met her father's eyes resolutely. "That's where you're wrong, Dad," she said quietly. "The Seets have been nothing but kind and loving to me. Unlike you, they treat me like family. I'd always thought you were the one who loves me most in this world, but I'm starting to doubt that now. Is money, fame, and power the most important to you? Is the loan really for funding cancer research?"

Patrick gazed at his daughter in surprise. She knows?

"Come on, Dad. Be honest with me for once. The loan is to fund the research of illegal technology for corporate espionage, is that correct?"

"Preposterous!" Patrick shouted. "It's for—"

"Let's head over to your lab, then," Sheila suggested without batting an eye. "We'll be able to ascertain your motives once and for all. No? Hiding something? Dad, you should know better than to fund immoral projects like that."

Patrick could only watch in dismay as the house of lies he had built was being demolished by his daughter's relentless interrogation.

After a brief silence, he sighed. "I've had more than my fair share of difficulties to ascend to where I am now within Muir Group. I'm not as young as I once was. I obviously can't count on the boys, and my only daughter behaves like an outsider to me after being married. I can't watch my life's work fall apart before my eyes!

If I don't do something about it, pieces of my company will be up for grabs by the vultures! We'll be truly finished if it gets to that point. I'm only doing this because I have to protect us, not because I want to."

## **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2049**

### **Chapter 2049 Persistence Over Inheritance**

Patrick's words left Sheila shaken as she doubted everything she knew about paternal love. I used to think Dad loved me as much as the boys. Now, I know how deeply rooted his stupid and unfair sexism is. He sees me as an outsider!

“If I’m an outsider, why do you need me to help you secure a loan with the Seet family by leveraging on my relationship with them?”

Patrick was momentarily taken aback before answering matter-of-factly, “Because you’re my daughter. It’s your duty to enrich the Muir family to the best of your ability.”

“In other words, Dad, I have no access to the Muirs’ fortune because I’m an outsider, but I need to exercise my duty as your daughter to lend the family a helping hand? As the second most powerful family in the city, have you ever even considered giving me anything at all? Everything is going to the boys, isn’t it?”

“Of course, I love you, Sheila,” Patrick argued. “But the family fortune can only remain with those who bear the family name. Besides, you’re living it up in the Seet residence, aren’t you? I’m sure you have more than enough to keep you comfortable without having to dip into my fortune.”

“If I had married an ordinary man instead of Davin, one who barely earns enough to get us by every month, would I inherit a share, then?”

“You belong to your husband’s family after marriage, Sheila. I’ll give you some dowry but that’s all you’ll get. As I said, the Muir fortune stays in the family.”

Sheila gazed steadily at her father. “I guess that’s a no.” Patrick’s features hardened. “Are you trying to fight for a slice?”

“Don’t worry, Dad. I can survive without a dime from you. Even if I ran into trouble, Davin and his family wouldn’t abandon me as you did. Besides, I do not need to fight for anything since the law dictates daughters are equally entitled to the inheritance. I know the Muir family fortune is yours to distribute as you see fit. Unlike you, I wouldn’t hold a grudge for the sake of money. I’m an outsider after all; I have nothing to do with this family anymore because I now belong to the Seet family. Don’t come to me anymore for help regarding your problems, Dad. You’ve made it clear that I’m not part of your family.”

Patrick was scandalized at his daughter’s outburst.

“How could you say that, Sheila? You-”

“What do you think Sheila should do, Dad?” Davin interrupted.

“Honor her family!” Patrick raged. “She has been raised by the Muir family. My family! It’s a debt that she can never-”

“Never finish repaying?” Davin suggested.



Patrick froze. Gulping as if he had swallowed a lemon whole, he nodded stiffly. "Exactly!"

Unable to bear the heart-wrenching pain any longer, Sheila stood up and strode out with Davin on her heels.

"I'm coming for the two billion one way or another, Sheila," her father called after them. "First thing tomorrow, I'll- no, scratch that. I will drop by the Seet residence tonight and turn Jonathan's household upside down."

Sheila grew incensed. He doesn't even respect me as his daughter! Will he be satisfied after ruining the harmony of the Seet family?

"Do whatever you want," she spat with one last scornful look at her father.

Davin rounded on his father-in-law. "Think of the consequences before you come causing trouble in my house. Consider yourself warned."

"What's the worst you can do to me?" Patrick jeered, standing his ground. "Kick me out? When I'm done with your father and you, you'll both be famous on the internet for being an adulterer and an arrogant b\*stard respectively. We'll see what Y City has to say about that!"

## **Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2050**

### **Chapter 2050 In Her Shoes**

"I doubt you'll be brave enough to carry out your threat. I'll see you tonight if you're up for it." "I'll be there!"

"We'll be eagerly awaiting your arrival, father-in-law," said Davin in a voice dripping with sarcasm. "I'll hold you to the promise!" "Let's go, Davin," Sheila urged. With one last contemptuous look at Patrick, Davin left.

"Did I go overboard, Davin?" Sheila asked after they were out of the Muir residence. "Not at all. Your father got what he deserved." "His words reminded me of someone. I'd like to pay her a visit."

"Who?" "Tiffany. She, too, suffered discrimination from her parents for her gender. I remember when they wouldn't let Tiffany and her child live with them after her divorce. Her mother had even found out where she lived and forced her to remarry. The thought of her being a victim of such prejudice fills me with anger. I wasn't hoping for a slice of my father's fortune, you know. The very notion fills me with disgust."



I understand why Tiffany is so protective of her own success. Everything she has is through her own labor. Sheila turned to look at Davin whose attention was on the road ahead. "How are things going between her and Levant? I haven't seen them in a while."

"They're only together for the sake of the child. Of course, they do not share the hot, passionate love that couples often do. But isn't being civil and respectful toward one another better in a lot of ways?"

"Let's pay Tiffany and Levant a visit, please? I've been feeling lousy recently and the trip would do me good. Evan sounded as if he had my father under control. What don't we let Evan deal with him?"

Davin regarded Sheila solemnly for a moment. "All right, then. We'll take the next exit."

How fortunate I am to marry a woman who would rather have a fallout with her own father than leverage her relationship with her husband's family.

Before long, the couple arrived at Levant's winery.

As they wandered into the bustling establishment amidst the other patrons, Sheila took in the décor with interest and tugged Davin's arm to get his attention.

"Take a good look at how he had everything set up," she whispered. "I want our place in the Southern suburbs to look like this."

Davin gazed up at the chandelier and watched the color of the backdrop change in time with the swell of the music. "Our place is more of a tasteful, rustic style, though," he argued. "This place feels sort of vulgar."

"Who're you calling vulgar?" A gravelly voice from behind made Davin jump.

Whipping around, he found himself face to face with Levant who was wearing a curious expression as though he was trying not to smile.

Davin let out a sheepish chuckle. "I meant that woman's attire. Surely that must be bordering on public indecency!"

"Is that so? I'd thought that you were brazen enough to make a comment about how I run my business!" Don't think I haven't heard you earlier, Davin.

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of it." That is exactly what I said. What are you going to do about it?

Levant clapped a heavy hand down on Davin's shoulder so hard that it made the latter wince. "I'd heard you bought a mansion in the Southern suburbs, Davin. Thinking of turning it into a winery yourself?"

“You got me. I’m here to study the industry. Please, do not hesitate to share any business insights that come to mind.”