

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1034

Of course he was willing to take care of Nicole. He'd been dreaming of meeting her again and promising to do right by her.

But there was a slight problem.

The woman saw right through his concerns and sighed.

"But she doesn't want to see you, nor does she approve of you taking care of her. You'll need to solve this dilemma on your own. I'll give you her location and let you figure this out."

"Make sure you read that book as well. Every detail you find in there is the result of my efforts, so let's settle this amicably."

The woman stretched her hand out expectantly.

Evan glanced at the thick notebook on the table and mulled over his decision. Shortly after that, he took out a gold card and slid it across the table towards her.

"How much is in here?" asked the woman. She was curious about his fabled wealth.

"As much as you need. You've done so much for Nicole and there is no way to put a price on that. The card has no limits, so feel free to use it as you see fit."

The woman's eyes widened in surprise. For reasons unknown, she felt the card weigh heavily in her palm, like she couldn't lift it.

“Don’t worry, I will not use the money here frivolously. It will only be used to help people in need. Consider this a joint effort of charity where you and Nicole provide the funds, while Wesley and I provide the services.”

Evan looked at her and nodded appreciatively.

After that, the woman gave Evan an address on a slip of paper, along with a word of caution to not startle Nicole.

“I’ll leave her to you. Wesley and I cannot tarry any longer. You should find someone to secretly keep an eye on her, then figure out how to get her to go back with you.”

The woman wore a look of faint surprise on her face, but she continued. “In fact, I forgot to mention that Nicole has missed you dearly. She hasn’t stopped thinking about you, but her reluctance likely stems from fear. I think she’s afraid that her illness will affect you somehow.”

The word ‘affect’ triggered a strong reaction in Evan, as if a knife had been plunged into him, twisted, and yanked out again.

He had been through thick and thin with Nicole, but did she not trust him? Does she think that the burden of her illness is too much for me to bear?

Does she still consider me an outsider deep down?

Evan was hurt. He felt that they should spend the rest of their lives bound to each other to weather this storm.

Nicole, you’re not even giving me the opportunity to help you!

What you're doing is unbearable!

Do I have to make you feel this way too?

After Evan left The Passion, he received a call from the Hidden Masters.

According to their reports, they had finally pinpointed Nicole's location.

"I'll visit her tomorrow. For now, I'll leave her safety to you."

"Yes, Mr. Seet."

After the call ended, the four Hidden Masters chatted amongst themselves.

"I saw Mrs. Seet just now," said Jeremy. "She so thin, just like a goddamn bamboo pole. Mr. Seet is going to feel distressed when he sees her."

"She may be thin," replied Jensen. "But she's alive and that's what matters. She'll go back to looking like herself eventually."

Damien smirked. "Given Mr. Seet's tendencies when it comes to pampering her, I think she'll regain her vigor in no time at all!"

"Yes, Mr. Seet definitely has a plan. Wait and see!" responded Darius.

Suddenly, Jeremy snapped his fingers, as if he'd remembered something out of the blue.

“I know! Let’s make a bet. I bet it’ll take half a year for her to become nice and plump!”

Jensen found the proposal interesting and agreed. “Three months is my wager! Making someone gain weight is easy. Besides, Mr. Seet is going to scour the earth for all kinds of delicacies for his wife. He’ll whisper sweet nothings to her as well. I think the combined force of food and encouragement will definitely make her nice and plump in three months or so.”

Damien disagreed with the notion. “Mrs. Seet isn’t a pig for God’s sake. How will she gain weight so easily? Besides, she has a sickness of the mind and needs proper care. I’m willing to bet that it’ll take a year.”

Darius pondered on this briefly before replying, “I’m thinking it’ll take...three years.”

Jeremy balked at him. “Three years? Darius, are you underestimating Mr. Seet’s abilities?”