

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 81

Nicole knew that he was determined to go against her and that there was no point in saying anything else, so she kept quiet.

Still, the way he bullied her so blatantly got her upset, and she rolled her eyes at him before picking up the documents and left the office.

Bang! She slammed the door.

Ah, what a terrible temper.

Evan was sitting on his chair, and not only was he not angry, but his handsome face also lit up with a hint of glee. Take your time and copy those documents by hand. Do you think you can get what you want by using dirty tricks? No freaking way!

Nicole returned to her office and slammed the documents onto her desk. The fury burning in her was intense.

That f*cking Evan Seet! Asking me to write everything down by hand like that. He's obviously just making things difficult for me!

If I skip lunch and write them out, would that assh*le claim that my handwriting wasn't good enough and use that as an excuse to make me write repeatedly? Am I doomed to be bullied for no reason? What do I do now?

Nicole stared at those two thick documents and sighed.

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It was time to go home from kindergarten, and Kyle saw that the one who went to pick him up was not his Mommy. Instead, Davin came. Kyle couldn't help but pout.

“What are you doing here?”

Davin wasn't angry about that rude question. He understood that was Kyle's usual style.

No mental illness or episodes today...

Kyle had always scowled at Davin as if Davin owed him money or something.

“Your Daddy called me to come and pick you up. Why else would I bother coming?” replied Davin, who adjusted based on Kyle's attitude. Davin looked just as mean as Kyle at that moment.

Kyle ignored Davin and crawled into the car before instructing, “Bring me home as quickly as possible.”

“As quickly as possible? My car doesn't work that way and I will determine the speed.”

Kyle rolled his eyes at Davin. This idiot is becoming more and more annoying. Juan is too nice to Davin and he has spoiled this man!

Davin only started driving to the Hillside Villa when Kyle stopped making demands.

Kyle dashed into his room and locked the door as soon as he got home.

Davin's suspicion grew. He felt that the kid must have some sort of secrets and must be monitored.

Kyle fished out his smartwatch and called Juan to ask why their Mommy didn't go pick him up. Is something wrong?

Juan was upset as well. He replied, "Mommy hasn't come home. She said that she has to work overtime and asked us to have lunch on our own."

Work overtime?

Kyle frowned and recalled how Davin had said that Evan was the one who asked Davin to go pick Kyle up from the kindergarten. Daddy must be responsible for Mommy having to work overtime!

Kyle soon heard a car pulling up, and he checked via the window. As expected, he saw Evan's car pulling up in the driveway.

Mommy is so busy that she can't go home to cook for Juan and the others, yet Daddy is free enough to come home on time? Daddy must've done something to Mommy!

Evan had just gotten into the living room when Davin walked up mysteriously and informed, "Kyle locked himself in the room as soon as he got home. I suspect he is keeping a secret."

Davin didn't want to be yelled at by Evan again, so he left as soon as he finished speaking.

Evan's irises constricted, and he walked to Kyle's room and knock on it.

"Kyle, it's Daddy. Come out for lunch."

No response?

Evan got the spare key for the room and opened the door. That was when Evan caught Kyle hiding something nervously in a hurry.

If I saw correctly, he is hiding the smartwatch I bought for him. Who is Kyle talking to? And why is he worried about me finding out?

“Time for lunch, Kyle.”

Evan acted calm as he asked Kyle to come out for lunch. Kyle pouted and had his tiny head down as he followed behind his dad.

Kyle complained when he sat by the dining table and saw what was for lunch. “I don’t like this.”

“That’s all we have today, so bear with it and dig in.”

Evan picked up his fork. He thought about Nicole’s amazing cooking and felt that the food in front of him was rather bland as well.

He had his fork with him, but he never moved either. It seemed that Evan was displeased with the food and was reluctant to eat them as well.

Kyle caught all that, and his tiny face scowled as he complained, “We won’t need to suffer for lunch if you hadn’t forced Mommy to work overtime. Davin wouldn’t need to go pick me up either!”

Evan turned to Kyle. How did he know that I made Nicole work overtime?

“Who told you that she is working overtime?”

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Juan told Kyle about the overtime when they spoke on the phone. He even learned that Nicole had his siblings to feed themselves.

However, Kyle didn't dare to share that aloud because his Mommy told him that he couldn't let his Daddy know about Juan's existence.

Kyle was stunned and never said a word.

Evan frowned and thought about how Kyle had hid the smartwatch away when the door was opened...

Could it be... Did Nicole tell Kyle about the overtime? Is that why Kyle is worried about me finding out who he was talking to?

Evan's dark eyes narrowed. That woman is trying to drive me and my son apart by telling Kyle about how I messed with her at work? Oh, Nicole Lane, you are going to be so dead!

Kyle didn't dare to say anything anymore when he saw how furious his father looked. The former simply drank his soup.

Kyle only had a sip before he spat it out. After that, he claimed to be full even though he never took a bite. He got up angrily and returned to his room.

Evan stared at the boy's tiny figure and felt terrible.

Is he going on a hunger strike for Nicole's sake? Does Nicole think that she can get out of working overtime by conning Kyle into not eating? Does she think she can do whatever she wants by manipulating Kyle?

Countless incidents happened after she cured Kyle, and that must've affected Kyle's mind deeply. No, I can't let her anywhere near my son anymore!

That afternoon, Evan rushed to Nicole's desk angrily as soon as he reached the office.

He saw, via the glass window, that Nicole was writing away.

This woman is fluent in the language from A Nation, and she can be an asset to the company. Hence, she can stay if she wants, but I will not let her anywhere near Kyle again!

Evan made up his mind and opened the door.

Nicole was stunned to see him walking in suddenly. She stood up. He's probably here to check on the handwritten documents.

Nicole handed a few pieces of paper to him and said, "Is Mr. Seet happy with this?"

Evan checked the document. To his surprise, her handwriting was pretty neat, and she actually had been writing everything by hand.

However...

Evan's irises constricted. He ignored the beautiful handwriting and the effort Nicole put in it before tearing them apart cruelly.

"I am not satisfied. Rewrite everything!"

Nicole saw how Evan had torn the documents that she skipped lunch to work on. She clenched her fist, and the fury in her was no longer controllable.

She was about to complain when she heard Evan sharing yet another surprising news with her.

“You are no longer needed as Kyle’s nanny, so stay away from him!”

Evan spoke like he was barking military orders, and his tone was domineering.

“Why not?” asked Nicole as she frowned in confusion as she looked at him.

It was bad enough that he bullied her at work. Now, he won’t let her near Kyle anymore? This man is really going all out against me.

Evan glared at her in disdain before he scoffed, “You knew the reason. Do you really think that you can manipulate Kyle and get whatever you want? That won’t happen. Not even in your dreams!”

Manipulating Kyle? When have I ever manipulated Kyle? And what did I supposedly make him do?

“Evan Seet, what are you talking about?”

“You told Kyle about how you’re working overtime, and you knew what you asked him to do.”

When have I ever told Kyle about me working overtime?

Evan’s convinced tone made Nicole feel like she couldn’t clear her name.

“I didn’t do any of that! I honestly didn’t.”

Evan ignored her. His sharp gaze shifted from her before he walked out of the office.

Nicole's heart felt hollowed out when she saw the pieces of paper on the floor.

Evan Seet, you a*shole! How could you do this to me?

Nicole was in a daze the entire afternoon. She knew what the consequences were for stubbornly going against Evan.

Sophia made the job arrangement and if Evan acted that way, then he must've already come up with a way to deal with Sophia. As such, there was no way he would hold back on bullying Nicole.

But what about Kyle? He needs his mother!

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That night.

Kyle had been grouchy ever since he got home from kindergarten. He kept staring at the origami Nicole folded for him without saying a word.

Blake could tell that the kid missed his mother, so he sighed. Blake got the new Lego set out of the toy box and placed it in front of Kyle before suggesting, "Let's build a boat together. It's your favorite game."

Kyle didn't even look at it. He stood up coolly and proudly, then headed back to his own room.

Lego is nothing compared to Mommy, regardless of what new technology they used.

His Mommy had to work overtime that afternoon, so she couldn't go pick him up from the kindergarten. She didn't drop by that night either, and Kyle knew that his Daddy must have something to do with it.

Daddy is so mean!

Kyle laid on the bed in protest, and he refused to eat even though Evan told him to go have dinner.

"Kyle skipped lunch too. This is unhealthy and simply won't do, Mr. Seet."

Evan's eyes darkened. So Kyle plans on continuing the hunger strike all just to help Nicole?

"Just ignore him. He'll have to eat when he's hungry enough."

Blake knew just how stubborn Evan was, and Kyle would just end up hurting himself by acting up like that.

How can a kid skip meals like that?

That night, Blake secretly made some chicken drumstick and fried prawns for Kyle after Evan had gone into the study room to work.

"Kyle, you should have some food. You're still a kid, and your body is still developing, so you can't skip meals like that."

Kyle's tiny lips pouted, and he took one look at the delicious chicken drumstick. In the end, he stubbornly instructed Blake to take everything away.

Blake sighed. There is no DNA test needed. These two are definitely father and son.

Blake had no choice but to leave the room.

The door had just been closed when Kyle's smartwatch suddenly rang.

He quickly picked it up and saw that he had a message. He opened it.

Juan: Daddy is a meanie and he bullies Mommy! We must teach him a lesson.

After their Mommy got home, she made dinner for them, then went back to her room to copy the documents. She kept working and still hadn't gone to bed, even though it was already late.

Juan peeped and saw that his Mommy's eyes were reddened. She put some eye drops on them before she continued working. She worked overtime this afternoon and still has to work this late at night...

Someone must've forced her to do so!

Grandma personally got Mommy into the company, so no one but Daddy would dare to bully her!

That was how Juan came to the conclusion that his Daddy was bullying his Mommy.

Kyle: How do we teach him a lesson? I miss Mommy.

Juan: Daddy raised you, and you may feel bad for going against him, so let me do it!

Kyle: What are you going to do?

Juan: Let's switch identities tomorrow. I'll go to your kindergarten.

Kyle thought about how he could hang out with his Mommy and eat the delicious food his Mommy cooked if he switched identity with Juan...

Kyle's eyes glowed as brightly as the stars in the sky before he agreed to the plan: Deal!

After making that deal, his tiny, proud face shone with a hint of joy.

Evan thought that Kyle was asleep, so he quietly opened the door to check on him. That was when he saw Kyle giggling at his smartwatch. Evan couldn't help but frown. Is he talking to Nicole again? Oh, f*ck! Fine, I'd like to see what else could that woman get Kyle to do now since it is clear that a hunger strike won't work.

The next day.

Davin was dropping Kyle off at the kindergarten that day, and he dashed out of the house as if his life depended on it.

Davin grinned at that tiny figure and sighed, "Awh, the kid likes school."

Evan was sitting gracefully on the sofa with his legs crossed. His handsome face oozed immense darkness.

This is not about him liking school. This is about him not wanting to see me. He even had his back to me when he drank milk this morning, and he never took one look at me.

That was how upset Kyle was with Evan.

This kid got brainwashed by that woman so easily even though I have raised him. Shouldn't our years together make me more important to him? She's only been around for a few days!

Evan was undeniably depressed about it.

Davin saw how his brother was ignoring him, so he cleared his throat awkwardly before he left to chase after Kyle.

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On the way to the kindergarten, Davin kept sneaking a peek at Kyle. That was the tinier version of Evan's emotionless face, and it was Kyle's usual style.

Davin hadn't seen that cute, energetic side of Kyle in a while. Could it be... Is he cured?

Davin frowned a little. That's too bad. I won't hear his cute voice calling me uncle or praising me as the best anymore.

And he's definitely not going to hug me without being asked or ambush me with a kiss on my cheek anymore...

Davin couldn't help but sigh quietly.

Then he thought about it more. Hang on, it's healthy for Kyle to not show any signs of having a split personality disorder! Darn it, what kind of uncle would hope for his nephew to be mentally ill? I am such a jerk!

The car soon arrived at Grant Kindergarten.

Davin told Kyle to be careful when getting out of the car and advised him to get along well with the other kids. Kyle ignored all that and left with his backpack. He didn't even look back!

He's still as distant towards me as he always has.

Davin's heart hurt, and he suddenly had a weird idea. How great would it be if there are two Kyles? One would be all cool and proud while the other can be playful and energetic...

You idiot! You may want two nephews, but your brother doesn't have twins!

Davin chuckled mockingly at himself before he drove away.

Evan went to work. He had just gotten out of the elevator when he saw someone standing by his office door.

She is standing over there... did she come all the way just to wait for me?

Evan paused. He later continued walking in that confident and sexy manner.

When he walked past Nicole, he heard her greeting politely, "Mr. Seet."

He frowned and stopped.

What trick is this woman playing? Or did she get so tired from copying the document that she's acting up?

"What's up?" asked Evan calmly.

Nicole handed him the documents that she spent an entire night copying. "Please check."

Evan turned around and accepted the documents. He flipped through the thick files. That woman actually copied everything? She didn't work all night, did she?

Evan scanned her and saw her bloodshot eyes. She put on some make-up to conceal her weariness, but it was still plain to see that she worked the entire night. Evan was surprised, and shock zipped past his eyes.

Hmm, she is going all out just to work beside me, huh? You won't give up until you get what you want. Is that it? Okay, fine! I'd like to see just how much you can endure.

"They are not good enough. Redo," said Evan while wearing no emotions on his face.

Nicole wasn't surprised to hear any of that. Her exhausted face even lit up with a faint smile upon hearing his order.

Evan stared and wondered if he saw it right. Is that woman smiling even though she is asked to rewrite everything? Why would she do that?

Nicole's red lips mocked him at the very next second. "Mr. Seet, a resignation letter is placed within these documents, yet you never noticed it. I guess you must have paid attention when you read it," said Nicole sarcastically.

She deliberately put emphasis on the words 'must have paid attention' to highlight her sarcasm.

Evan only flipped through the pages because he had already decided to get her to rewrite everything. Thus, he never really looked carefully.

In other words, it didn't matter how good her handwriting was. Her handwriting could be better than the printed version, and Evan would still ask her to rewrite the whole thing.

She obviously saw that coming. That's why she deliberately hid her resignation letter within the documents. She's probably not serious about resigning, though. Otherwise, she wouldn't have spent the entire night writing the documents. She could've just skipped them and only type out the resignation letter.

"Nicole Lane, what do you mean by your resignation letter?"

"Obviously, it means that I am resigning."

“Resigning? Why spent the night rewriting everything if you’re going to resign anyway?” asked Evan as he stared at her in surprise.

Nicole looked into his eyes and scoffed, “Because I want to know how far you would go just to make things difficult for me. You never even read anything before you asked me to rewrite repeatedly. Mr. Seet, this is your doing, and you should keep that in mind.”

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Nicole spoke softly, but her tone was dead serious.

Is she saying something else? Is there a hidden message somewhere?

Nicole later got the handwritten documents from Evan. She had spent the entire night rewriting it, but rip! She tore those documents up without any hesitation. One after another... until everything was in pieces.

She then tossed those shreds in the air, and they danced like snow on a beautiful winter night.

Evan narrowed his eyes. This woman spent the entire night writing everything, then tore them apart herself. What game is she playing?

Evan was still trying to figure it out when Nicole turned around and walked away gracefully.

She was cool, determined, wild, and free.

Who would've thought that this woman can be so cool?

At that moment, Evan found himself a little lost with anxiety slowly creeping up in him as he stared at her walking away.

Evan instinctively tightened his fist. Nicole Lane got off easy. She deserved the treatment she received compared to all the vile things she had done. What I did was nothing!

The glint in Evan's eyes became less bright when he walked into his office. He hadn't even sat down before his door was knocked.

"Come in."

John rushed over as soon as Evan finished speaking.

"Ms. Tussaud refused to translate the document from A Nation and is leaving, Mr. Seet. Maybe..."

"She has resigned. Have someone else translate the document."

"What? Uh... Um..." said John, who looked surprised when he heard what Evan said. He seemed to be at a loss for words after that.

Evan shifted his gaze to John and barked, "What? Why are you acting like the company can't survive without her?"

John seemed troubled when he replied, "We regularly receive sizable orders from A Nation, but the company never accepted them because no one is fluent in that language. After Ms. Tussaud joined us, we finally had the skill needed, so yesterday afternoon, we accepted our clients' orders from A Nation. Every single one of those business transactions is over a hundred million in value, and we need the related documents translated immediately."

Evan glared at John, "So?"

John answered nervously, "The translator before Ms. Tussaud, Jimmy, used to translate documents from A Nation, but Jimmy doesn't fully understand that language. Hence, we can't get him to work on those documents. Uhm... So, uh, t-the company needs Ms. Tussaud. She's the only one who can do it."

She's the only one? Huh, that is ridiculous! Those documents aren't holy scriptures, and there is no way that only she can translate them!

Evan scoffed and ordered, "Get HR to recruit someone else. Offer a great salary. I refuse to believe that we can't find anyone else."

"We're in a rush, and only a few people know that nation's language, so it might be difficult..."

"Then you better f*cking hurry! Get out now!" scolded Evan before John even finished speaking. John was frightened, and he quickly turned around to get out of the office.

Holy! What is up with Mr. Seet today? Why is he so angry suddenly?

John sighed before he hurried over to the HR department.

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Nicole hadn't left the office for long before her phone suddenly rang.

She checked the screen and saw that it was an unknown number. That got her to hesitate a little before answering it.

"Hi, who is this?"

"Ms. Tussaud, it's me, Evan's mom."

"Hi, Mrs. Seet. What's up?"

"I have heard all about it. Why didn't you tell me that Evan has been bullying you? I'll help you out."

"It's fine. I've already resigned."

"Resign? That stupid kid. Don't you worry, I will have him beg you to go back!"

“Actually, I...”

Sophia was truly impatient. Nicole hadn't even finished speaking but the call was hung up.

Get Evan to beg me? That's not going to be easy... Wait, something's off. How did Sophia know that Evan had been bullying me? Evan certainly won't tell her, and those close to him won't either. They wouldn't dare to. Is there a whistleblower who simply can't stand how he bullied me? That's not likely. Who would risk offending the boss just for me?

Nicole simply couldn't figure it out.

Sophia sighed in front of her grandson after hanging up the phone.

“Your dad really needs a good whooping!”

“Grandma, you gotta help Ms. Tussaud. Daddy refused to let her take care of me and forced her to work overtime during lunch. She even had to stay up all night just to finish work. He is such a big bully.”