

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 961

Before he knew it, she stood up and prepared to undress.

“This time, I have swallowed all my pride. Regardless of the cost, I am giving myself to you. After tonight, you shall file for a divorce with your wife and marry me instead.

Stephen’s expression darkened.

“You want to marry me? Why? Don’t tell me that you are interested in me because I know that is not the truth,” he challenged.

Avril groggily looked at Stephen and suddenly felt a little delirious.

The wine was strong, and she could finally feel its effects.

After giving it some thought, she replied, “Firstly, I do like you. Secondly, your wife had an affair with my dad, so my mom left him. She felt bad, so she decided to raise Levant after stealing my mom’s man. I want to take revenge on her by stealing her man.”

Stephen was speechless. He squinted at her with a dim expression on his face.

Portia and Murphy...

If they really liked each other, I can give them my blessing. I am no longer in love with Portia. After being tied to her for almost half of our lives, a separation between us seems like the best ending.

If so, I can be buried with Rosalie after I die.

The corners of his lips curled upwards, and he looked at Avril meaningfully. In a serious tone, he confessed, "You don't have to do this, I will divorce Portia anyway."

Avril frowned. "Do you mean it?"

Stephen nodded. "I mean it. You can go back and rest since your wish will come true soon."

"After you file a divorce with her, will you marry me?" Avril injected.

Raising his brows, Stephen refused, "No."

"Well, that can't do. I will only achieve what I want if you marry me."

Then, she began to undress.

Immediately, Stephen stopped her. Despite that, Avril did not care. She continued to undo her buttons, one by one and even threw her jacket onto the ground.

"Avril, stop it! Go back to your room and get some sleep," Stephen shouted.

Avril's red lips curled into a shy smile before she whispered, "Your daughter was the one who told me to take a bolder step. Am I not being bold enough?"

Those words took Stephen with surprise.

This is Nicole's idea?

"Are you serious?" He questioned.

Avril nodded her head vigorously.

"It's true. She told me that your wife had a lot of courage when she pursued you and advised me to do the same."

It did not take long for a knock to sound on Nicole's bedroom door. Evan opened it to see Stephen standing outside while supporting a drunk woman. He felt a little odd.

"What is this?" Evan uttered.

Angrily, Stephen spat, "This is Nicole's fault. Let her settle it."

Then, he helped Avril into the bedroom and shot Nicole a deathly glare before he left.

The drunk woman staggered and landed onto the soft bed.

"Stephen, come here. Please give me a kiss," she cooed.

Puzzled, Evan looked at Avril then glanced at Nicole.

Earlier, Stephen said Nicole caused this. Did she do this?

“Did you spiked her drink?” Evan sounded bewildered.

Feeling wronged, Nicole fervently shook her head.

At that moment, Avril sat up from the bed suddenly and glared at Nicole. “You told me to be gutsier...to strip and throw myself into his arms.”

What the heck? What kind of nonsense is this?

I wanted her to be bolder, but I did not mean it that way!

“I encouraged you to do more, but I did not tell you to strip!” Nicole yelled.

“You...you told me to be daring enough...to strip,” Avril slurred and started to undo her clothes again.

Evan looked at Nicole with a puzzled expression on his face.

Exasperated, Nicole protested, “I did not tell her that! I swear I did not.”

“It’s useless to explain it to me. I think you should explain it to your dad instead. He seems angry,” Evan advised.

Nicole was speechless.

Seeing how Avril was about to tear her clothes off, Evan turned to leave the room.

“Stephen, please hug me! How about a kiss?” Avril continued to whine.

Nicole felt Avril's body heating up, so she helped the drunk woman to the bathroom and ran some cold water for her to take a bath.

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However, Avril pulled Nicole into the bathtub too, but her reflexes kicked in and she was struggling to break free from her.

"Come and bathe with me," Avril slurred.

It took all of Nicole's strength to get out of the bathtub. She wiped the water off her face and took a few deep breaths to calm herself.

In that instant, she felt like she deserved this punishment.

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She should not have tried to set Avril up with her dad because she wanted him to have somebody by his side. In the end...

She left Avril in the bathroom and got changed to see Stephen.

Although Evan had explained it on her behalf, Stephen was evidently still angry.

She was about to explain herself when Stephen stopped her. He demanded, "Make her leave, and I will pretend that nothing ever happened. Otherwise, I will leave."

He knew that he could never allow Avril to do something like this again. He should make her give up now, so she could pursue her own happiness.

...

If someone had to leave, Nicole knew that it should certainly be Avril and not Stephen.

Well, it's okay to let her go. If everything becomes more complicated, it won't be good for anyone.

She nodded. "Alright, I will arrange for her to leave immediately."

By the time Avril woke up the next day, she was already in Seet Residence.

She could not remember how she arrived here last night.

The only clue she had was from Davin. He told her that it was Evan's chauffeur who sent her here.

"Why did they send me here?" The woman was confused.

"You should be asking yourself. I'm also curious about what you did that made them kick you out of Imperial Garden. Furthermore, they sent you here in the middle of the night."

Avril pondered and tried to recall what happened. She remembered going to Stephen's room with a bottle of red wine and drinking it with him. Then, she remembered being in the bathtub.

Instantly, her face turned red.

Davin saw the change in her expression and asked curiously, "What have you done? Tell me because I want to know."

"No...I did nothing bad." However, there was guilt written across Avril's face.

"Then why would they send you away in the middle of the night?" Davin challenged.

Avril shot him a look and sneered, "That's because Imperial Garden is too small and can't accommodate someone as great as me."

Obviously, Davin did not believe her. He scanned her from head to toe and snorted, "Seet Residence is quite small too and cannot accommodate you. Why don't you stay with Levant for a few days instead?"

Levant Winery was magnificent. It was unique and famous in Y City. Of course, Avril had heard about it and wanted to visit it too.

However, although Levant was her sibling, they grew up in different places. He grew up in the estate, while she grew up in Wicked Palace. Other than the blood they shared, they did not have much of a bond between them."

Will Levant allow me to stay with him? At Wicked Palace, she was often going against him.

Worried, she fiddled with her hair. "Let me think about it."

"There's nothing to think about. I can get Sheila to send you there. Levant is your brother and will not throw you out," Davin assured.

In a daze, Avril muttered, "It's best if I don't get kicked out. I can take the chance to watch him too and ensure that he does not try to ruin Evan and Nicole's relationship."

"Well, Evan will be grateful."

Avril chuckled. "Yes, he has to thank me for that."

Davin laughed. He knew she must have done something bad in Imperial Garden. Otherwise, she did not have to please Evan.

In the next minute, he whipped out his phone and called Sheila. When three of them arrived at Levant Winery, they saw a woman standing outside Levant's room nervously pacing back and forth. She wanted to knock on the door but seemed hesitant to do so, raising her hand in mid-air.

Is it that difficult to knock on the door?

The three of them watched the woman before Sheila finally walked over curiously. "Who are you?"

"I am here to look for Levant," the woman replied.

Avril studied the lady carefully. She looked rather pretty but she did not look impressive. She doesn't look like the type to have anything to do with Levant.

"Why are you looking for Levant? What is your relationship with him?" She pressured the nervous woman.

Tiffany clenched her fists and tried to guess who Avril was.

That can't be Levant's wife, right?

Will she misunderstand why Levant lend me money to buy a house?

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She thought about it and tried to find an excuse.



Finally, she announced, "I am here to apply for a job as a waitress."

"A waitress?" Avril snorted. "I did not expect Levant to be so busy. He even has to interview a waitress?"

Then, she furrowed her brows and stared at Tiffany rudely. She continued, "Hey, are you secretly trying to seduce him because you have the looks?"

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Tiffany immediately denied, "No! You have misunderstood me."

"Well, Levant will not like someone like you. He likes a woman with long legs, but you don't have that. Your waist isn't as slim as he would like it to be either..." Avril commented.

Embarrassed, Tiffany rubbed her fingers awkwardly and stopped Avril mid-sentence. "I know how I look like. I don't have the intention to seduce him, so you have gotten it all wrong."

With that, she turned to leave.

Avril watched the woman leave in silence. Turning to look at Sheila, she questioned, "Why did she run away? I am not even done."

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Sheila almost laughed at Avril's ignorance and sarcastically responded, "You were saying such 'nice' things about her that she felt so 'flattered' and decided to run off like that."

Avril got the hint.

My words were too harsh?

Even so, it was only a few words, and she did not have to respond that way!

Besides, I am telling the truth.

"I don't think she is here to apply for a job. When she replied to my question, she was avoiding my gaze like she was guilty of something," she stated.

Examining Avril's curious and suspicious expression, Sheila smiled. "If you are curious, you can ask Levant about her later."

Knocking on the door of the high-end suite, the three of them walked in.

Levant was surprised by their sudden visit.

"Is there anything wrong? Why did the three of you come together?" He asked as he was obviously nervous.

Instantly, Davin and Sheila turned to Avril. "It's her."

Following their gaze, Levant glanced at Avril and asked, "What is it?"

Avril avoided his gaze. She could not imagine how Levant would react if she asked to stay in his house temporarily.

While she was still contemplating what to say, Davin dived straight to the point. "She would like to stay here for a while."

Avril, who was still thinking, grew anxious. She did not know how Levant would react.

On the other hand, Levant paused for a moment before he casually uttered, "Do whatever you want."

That's his reply? Since when was he so nice to me?

Otherwise, is there something wrong with his brain?

Avril was shocked by his response. Earlier, she was afraid that he would reject her and even thought about renting a house somewhere if he refused. Well, that's good news. I can save some money now.

While she was secretly celebrating, she recalled the woman at the door earlier and wanted to know more about her.

When she described the visitor, Levant was sure that the lady was Tiffany.

Why does Tiffany want to look for me?

Avril was suspicious at how quiet Levant seemed and waved her hand in front of him to snap him out of his thoughts. "Do you know that lady outside? How is she related to you?"

Levant nodded. "Yes, she is my friend."

A friend?

“Why did she lie and say that she was here to apply for a job then?” Avril narrowed her eyes and seemed adamant to learn the truth.

Frustrated by the questions she had, he declared, “I can allow you to stay here, but you have to stay out of any affairs concerning me and my winery.”

What the heck?

I’m just curious about who she is and why she is here. Why does he have to be so uptight?

Avril unhappily muttered under her breath and speculated that Tiffany and Levant’s relationship was not so simple.

Her curiosity got the better of her, and she could not stay out of it. Hence, she was still determined to find out secretly.

Soon after, Davin and Levant sat down on the milky white, high-end leather sofa while chatting with each other. Meanwhile, Sheila looked around and suddenly thought about Davin’s wine cellar.

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Before they left, Levant gave Davin two bottles of premium red wine from the wine cellar.

Seeing that, Sheila was quite happy. Tonight, she planned to have a candlelight dinner with Davin.

“There are only two of us having this candlelight dinner. Why don’t we take a bottle each and take it home to our parents?” Davin dashed her hopes.

Sheila looked at the two bottles of red wine in her hands and looked up at Davin. Then, she challenged, "Are you really going to take this back for your family or, are you planning to go to the bar to offer them to your trashy friends?"

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"What are you talking about? Of course, it's for my parents!" Davin protested.

Sheila sharp eyes scanned him from head to toe and still felt a little uneasy, so she proposed to go back with him.

"You want to follow me to Seet Residence?" Davin was bewildered.

Sheila nodded.

"Yes. It's that a problem?" She probed.

...

Of course.

Davin forced a smile and agreed reluctantly. Then, he obediently returned to Seet Residence with Sheila.

As the second young master of the Seet family, he was flirtatious and playful. However, Sheila is controlling him even before they got married, and in his opinion, she was too unreasonable.

It looks like I have to find a way to reinstate dominance in our relationship.

When they returned to Seet Residence, Jonathan and Sophia saw Davin and Sheila with two bottles of wine, so they happily ordered the kitchen to prepare more food to go along with the wine. Additionally, they insisted on Sheila staying for dinner.

Sheila did not reject and agreed without a second thought. She even suggested for Nicole, Evan and the quadruplets to come over for dinner.

“I will call Nicole and ask them to join us for dinner too.”

“Alright, you can give them a call while I make more food in the kitchen,” Sophia said.

Sheila nodded and called Nicole.

Hearing the offer, Nicole pondered for a moment before she used her dad as an excuse to decline it. She told her that she did not want to leave her dad alone at Imperial Garden.

Sheila was very understanding and replied, “Sure, we can meet up another time then.”

“Okay.”

With that, Nicole ended the call and sighed. She only declined because she was not feeling well. Crawling out of bed, she looked at her reflection in the mirror. She looked ghostly and could feel her heart palpitating quickly.

She did not know what was going on. Why was she feeling tired and weak the whole day? Was she going to hallucinate again?

She took a deep breath and looked at the tranquilizer prescribed to her by the doctor. I need more of these.

Getting out of bed, she walked out of the bedroom listlessly. She felt dizzy and in a daze as though she was dreaming.

When she reached the stairs to head down, she suddenly froze.

The stairs...they look like they are disappearing. It looks like a fairy bridge...is there something wrong with my eyes?

She closed her eyes and opened them again, but it was the same as before. What on earth is going on?

As a result, she hesitated to head downstairs. However, she suddenly heard Maya crying, and she sounded very miserable. It made her heart ache.

"Maya..."

She shouted and started to run down the stairs. Unfortunately, she missed the first step and fell down the stairs. In pain, she let out a yelp.

Ouch!

My shoulder hurts, but my face hurts even more.

A wave of fear swept over her, and she was worried that she would be disfigured.

The maids who heard her screaming rushed over to help her up. "Mrs. Seet, what happened? Are you okay?"

With a trembling hand, she reached out to touch her face. She could see blood on her fingers.

"Oh, I'm bleeding." There is blood on my face. Will there be a scar?

"Mrs. Seet, you are injured. Let's head to the hospital!"

Since Nicole got a cut on her face, she was concerned. Nodding, she stuttered, "Let the chauffeur send me there now."

The maids helped her downstairs, and when Stephen saw blood on her face, he worriedly rushed over to check the situation.

“Dad, I’m fine. I am going to the hospital now,” Nicole assured.

“I’ll accompany you there,” Stephen offered.

“Dad, I think you should stay here to look after the children.”

“They are still in school and have yet to return,” Stephen explained.

Nicole was stunned. Earlier, she rushed downstairs anxiously because she thought she heard Maya crying. Did she hear it wrongly?

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The stairs...it was like a bridge.

Maya did not cry because she was not home.

Am I hallucinating?

Her heart pounded in her chest. The hallucinations that would appear from time to time were simply a nightmare for her. I will find out what is wrong with me when I get to the hospital.



...

When she reached the hospital, Stephen accompanied her to the doctor's room.

"How did you injure yourself?" The doctor asked.

"I tripped and fell down the stairs," Nicole confessed.

"I'll deal with your wound first then."

Nicole thanked him, "Alright, thank you."

...

As he watched the doctor disinfect his daughter's wound, Stephen grew more worried and bombarded the doctor with questions, "Is the injury serious? When will it heal? Will it leave a scar?"

"It is not a small cut. We will have to wait to see if it will leave a scar," the doctor clarified.

Those words felt like a thorn stabbing into Nicole's heart.

All she thought about was whether Evan would still love her if she had a scar on her face.

Men are judgmental. She was not confident that Evan would still love her if it left a scar.

Even if he did not mind, she could not accept it. As a woman, her face was her most important feature. She could not bear the thought of having any scar on her face.

“Doctor, please make sure it does not leave a scar. I don’t want to look ugly.” Nicole pleaded.

“I will do my best,” the doctor assured.

“Thank you.”

After the doctor treated the wound, he wrapped it up with gauze and gave her some medicine while explaining certain precautions she should take.

At that moment, Nicole stretched out her arm. “Doctor, I think I have a superficial wound on my arm. Will you please take a look at it?”

“Okay.”

Not long after, her arm was bandaged. She looked at the white gauze around her arm and could not care less.

In contrast, she reached out her arm and gently touched the bandage on her face with concern. Instantly, she felt her heart sink.

She could not help but pray silently. Please let there be no scars. I really like how I look. I don’t mind if my arm ends up with a scar, but there is no way I can accept a scar on my face. Please God, I beg you!

“Nicole, is there anywhere else you feel unwell?” Stephen asked with concern.

That led to Nicole’s confession about the hallucinations she had. The doctor gave her a check-up but found nothing abnormal. He told her that it might be due to stress and advised her to rest well.

Nicole did not feel assured as she did not think it was due to stress and lack of rest. However, she was also wondering what could be the reason behind her hallucinations.

Once she returned to Imperial Garden, she headed straight to her bedroom.

Firstly, she did not want to let anyone see the bandage on her face. Secondly, she felt uneasy that her head was still not cleared and wanted to rest instead.

Watching her enemy scurry up the stairs, Susan, who was in her disguise, smiled smugly. Her eyes lit up in excitement while she watered the bonsai.

She had barely started her scheme, but she managed to make Nicole hurt her face. God must be watching over me.

If I increase the dosage the next time, I'm sure she'll end up in a worse state.

Evan, when Nicole is covered in bruises and no longer acts like she is in the right frame of mind, we'll see if you still love her.

Meanwhile, Nicole was in bed, still feeling uneasy. She stretched out her hand and read her pulse but found no abnormalities.

Hallucinations.

What is causing her hallucinations?

She thought long and hard about it but found no answer.

Slowly, her eyelids grew heavy, and she no longer had the energy to think anymore, so she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

At night, Evan came home and heard about Nicole's injury. Immediately, he rushed to the bedroom.

At that moment, Nicole was dreaming about a flood. The water level was rising and swallowing everything before her. Anxiously, with Maya and Nina in her arms, she ran for her life. When she turned back, a huge wave blanketed them. She yelled, jolting out of her dream.

She scrambled to sit upright. Her face was pale, and she was covered in sweat. Evan immediately grabbed her hand.

“Nicole, what’s wrong?”

Nicole looked up to see Evan beside her. With fear written across her face, she blurted, “I had a nightmare.”