

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 356

“Maya, I’ll be going to his company for some collaboration talk this afternoon. Why don’t I ask him how he makes his pasta then, hmm?”

Maya nodded reluctantly. “Mommy, if you still can’t figure out how to do it, come back with daddy. He can teach you live.”

This little kid...

Nina rolled her eyes. “You don’t want to have any pasta. I bet all you want is to see evil daddy.”

Maya panicked after Nina exposed her, and she blinked at her sister quickly. “M-M-Maya Punch!” She clenched her fists.

Nina ignored her and looked back at her mother. “Mommy, never let her use Maya Punch anymore. It hurts.”

“W-Well, I won’t hit you if you behave!”

“What? I’m not behaving? You’re literally punching me!”

“Stop it, girls. You’re sisters, so no fighting, okay? Be nice.”

The girls looked at each other, then they rolled their eyes and harrumphed before moving on to their noodles silently.

Nicole arrived at Seet Group that afternoon, and she was welcomed by John. “You must be here to see Mr. Seet, aren’t you, Ms. Lane?”

“Yes. I’m here to talk about Lane Corporation. Is he free?”

“Of course he is. He even asked me to wait for you right here.”

Uh oh. Why did he ask John to wait for me? I’ve worked here before, so it’s not like I don’t know my way around. Is this a trap?

“Follow me, Ms. Lane.”

Nicole followed John with trepidation. When they were going up in the elevator, John suddenly asked her about her relationship with Rocky. “We’re just friends,” she replied calmly.

“Ms. Lane, he’s the man whom you come into contact with the most overseas. Is he Nina and Maya’s father? Rumors had it that you guys are married overseas, and—”

“And you said it’s rumors, so why do you ask? It’s a lie.”

John had no good retort for that. “You’re right. So who is the girls’ father?”

“John, do you really want to know that, or did someone ask you to ask me?” Nicole looked at him, alarmed.

John shook his head. “N-No. Mr. Seet didn’t ask me to do it. I’m just curious.”

“Do you have nothing else to do? Are you that bored? Do you really need some unrelated gossip to spice up your day?”

Um... John was awkward. Hm, but Ms. Lane is so cautious about the identity of the girls’ father. Something must be wrong.

He grinned at Nicole and stopped asking her any questions, worried she might mock him again. She went up against Mr. Seet, so I’d get demolished in an instant.

“We’re here, Ms. Lane.”

They made a beeline for Evan’s office. “Ms. Lane is here, Mr. Seet.”

Evan looked up at Nicole and asked her to have a seat.

“Thank you.” Nicole sat on the chair across from him, while John stepped back to the side.

Things change so quickly. To think I’d see the day Mr. Seet being in the same room with Nicole without anyone being torn apart. When Sophia took Nicole here for an interview, Evan didn’t even want to give her a chance, but what was happening here was them talking about a collaboration.

“This is the Lane Corporation’s data. Have a look, Mr. Seet.”

Evan took it and perused the file. “Honestly speaking, a trash company like Lane Corporation has no chips to collaborate with my company. Do we have an agreement on that?”

Nicole kept quiet, but she nodded. Even a modest company wouldn’t work with her, let alone Seet Group.

“Since you agree, then you have five minutes to convince me into working with you.”

Huh? You asked me here, and now I have to convince you? What should I even say? Nicole started panicking, and she looked at John for help.

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John coughed. “Ms. Lane, you can start with the advantage your company has, such as—”

“Lane Corporation has advantage? Get real,” Evan shot John down.

John piped down. If the corporation has no advantage to speak of, then what do you want her to talk about? It’s impossible.

Nicole frowned. She had the same question John had. What should I talk about if my company has no advantage at all?

“Your company might have no advantage, but not you. You can appeal to my emotions,” Evan reminded her, but John was shocked to hear that.

Mr. Seet hates underhanded tricks like moral blackmailing, and now he wants Ms. Lane to do it? Wait, is he asking her to sell herself out? Oh my god, Mr. Seet.

“Appeal to your emotions?” Nicole’s brows furrowed. How am I supposed to do that? We have no love between us.

Unbeknownst to Nicole, Evan had found out she was the young lady back then. She thought he was talking about her giving birth to Juan and Kyle. Maybe he’s talking about that.

She coughed. “Mr. Seet, if you agree to work with us and give us a leg up, once I get the corporation up and running, I’ll buy everything money can buy for our sons. They’ll—”

“Do you seriously think my sons need anything else?” Evan stopped her. Is she not going to talk about when we were kids?

Nicole was stumped. Yeah, he doesn’t need money, so why did I say that anyway? Hm, so how should I appeal to his emotions?

Nicole mulled over it for a moment. “Mr. Seet, please help me this time, for the time we spent together in Rose Garden.”

Rose Garden. Is she finally going to say it? Evan’s eyes started gleaming. “The time we spent in Rose Garden? Explain.”

“Um...” Does he have amnesia? I just moved out of that place. “I mean, I lived with you before, so we did stay under the same roof. That counts as time spent together, no?”

Evan frowned. "That's not it. There's another time where we lived together," he reminded her.

Another time? Nicole was at a loss of what he wanted her to say. Once more, she looked to John for help.

John was equally perplexed, but still, he whispered, "Ms. Lane, it's natural you couldn't come up with anything, because nothing has happened yet. I think you can appeal to his emotions by being more... proactive. If you catch my drift." He coughed.

Nicole frowned, her expression horrified. "Y-You mean you want me to d-do that?"

John gave her a thumbs up. "Smart." The moment he said that, a teacup flew into his face and fell to the ground, smashed into pieces.

John looked up at Evan carefully. Oh my god, did I guess it right? Is that why Mr. Seet is annoyed? Man, I'm too smart to be here. "Mr. Seet, I'm just giving her a pointer. You're being too reserved. She can't get what you mean."

"I don't need your reminder! You're making things worse! Get out!"

Wait, I'm making things worse? Oh, so that wasn't what he wanted? "Mr. Seet, if you're not planning on doing that, then why did you ask her to appeal to your emotions? Just go on with work—"

Evan gave him a sharp glare that shut him up, and he scurried out of the room like a scared mouse. When he was far enough, John heaved a sigh.

He looked inside and shook his head. "You really think I like being the third wheel? You think I'm in the way, well I think you're too reserved. Just tell her that you like her, gosh. Appeal to your emotions? Man..."

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Nicole rubbed her fingers lightly as she thought about John's words. She couldn't help but feel that Evan had crossed a line this time—his actions had utterly humiliated her.

She looked up at Evan without a trace of fear on her face. "Mr. Seet, the Lane Corporation might be in dire straits right now, but I won't sell my body because of that!"

"I haven't played any of the emotional games you've accused me of playing. As for throwing myself at you, you can dream on!"

"..."

Evan froze. So much for John's reminder—Nicole had completely misunderstood his words.

However, Evan took an issue with her denial of throwing herself at him...

Looking up at Nicole, he smiled blithely and said suddenly, "When you're drunk, you do throw yourself at me, though."

Nicole frowned, her cheeks flushing red with embarrassment.

"Evan Seet," she snapped, "why exactly have you invited me here today?"

Seeing her furious expression, Evan coughed slightly.

"I called you here to talk about our company's partnership. Let's get serious!"

Nicole looked at him suspiciously. There was something off about Evan's behavior today.

Could he be making use of their partnership to make a move on her?

That was quite unlikely. After all, Nicole had gotten drunk yesterday night, and it would have been a wonderful opportunity for Evan to take advantage of her. However, he hadn't done anything. Perhaps he was contemptuous of her!

Nicole's head buzzed with theories. Ultimately, she decided, it was better to keep her guard up around this man. Heaving a sigh, she sat down and started discussing the partnership contract with Evan.

As Nicole listed her requests, Evan agreed to them without even pausing to consider them carefully.

As the requests became more outrageous and Evan continued to approve them, Nicole started feeling a little perplexed.

Evan never engaged in a business deal that would cost him a loss. Why was he suddenly opening his wallet so generously in order to save a small, struggling company like hers?

Nicole suspected that he had an ulterior motive.

After the talks concluded, John came in with the contract. Seeing Evan lifted up the pen and signed his name on the contract, Nicole finally felt at ease.

That thin piece of paper was the Lane Corporation's way out of their quagmire.

Nicole thanked Evan sincerely before placing that piece of paper into her bag carefully.

Looking up at him, she said, "Mr. Seet, I need to ask you for another favor. Maya wants to eat your spaghetti again. Can you teach me how to make it?"

Evan quickly put on a serious expression and rejected her request, claiming that the recipe was his secret and he couldn't let others know about it.

"I see," Nicole said rather forlornly. "Just forget that I asked."

Maya was going to be disappointed again.

Nicole walked out of the president's office, feeling both overjoyed and dejected.

In the president's office, Evan's lips curved into a meaningful smile.

"What a silly woman! I'll see you at night."

That night, Nicole picked Nina and Maya up from kindergarten.

The moment Maya set foot in the house, she started whining about how she wanted to have Evan's spaghetti for dinner.

Nicole felt a migraine coming on.

Evan had refused to tell her the recipe. How was she going to resolve this issue?

In order to prevent Maya's disappointment, Nicole had no choice but to try and recreate Evan's spaghetti herself. She even told Maya a white lie that Evan had given the recipe and that she could recreate the taste of his spaghetti.

Hearing this, Maya blinked her huge, round eyes and ran to sit down at the dining table, waiting patiently for Nicole to finish cooking.

Nicole arrived in the kitchen. Fervently, she prayed that she would be able to pass her spaghetti off as Evan's own.

She googled how to make spaghetti, before turning to the stove and starting to cook seriously. When she was done, she walked out to the dining table and set down a plate of spaghetti before Maya.

"Maya, you must be hungry! Here's your spaghetti."

Maya blinked excitedly and picked up her chopsticks, ready to dig in. However, one mouthful of spaghetti later, she put down her chopsticks and complained that the taste wasn't the same.

"Mommy, this doesn't taste like Daddy's spaghetti at all. I want to eat his spaghetti."

Nicole tried to coax her into eating the rest. "Maya, this is Daddy's spaghetti."

"No, he doesn't make it like that! This isn't his spaghetti..." Maya starting throwing a tantrum.

Nina looked at her sister's uncharacteristic outburst and said that Maya's refusal to eat must mean that she wasn't really that hungry. She advised Nicole not to pay any attention to her.

This made Maya even angrier. Instead of giving Nina the Maya Punch like she usually would, she burst into an ear-splitting wail.

"Maya, don't cry. Mommy will remake it for you, okay?"

Nicole was prepared to follow every single recipe on the internet. There had to be at least one out of all of them that tasted like Evan's spaghetti.

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Although Nicole had resolved to remake the spaghetti, Maya refused to give her another chance. Maya continued wailing, demanding that Evan come over and make her spaghetti right now.

"Maya, why don't Mommy make you something else? What else do you want to eat?"

"I don't want anything else! I want Daddy's spaghetti!" Maya wailed. Her tears spilled down her cheeks like strings of ginormous pearls.

Nicole felt both sorry and helpless.

Evan had been quite clear on the fact that he would never tell anyone his spaghetti's secret recipe. There was no way Nicole could ask him to come over and make dinner for Maya now.

She turned to her screaming daughter. “Maya, don’t cry anymore! Mommy will make it taste exactly like Daddy’s spaghetti, alright?”

“No! I want Daddy to make it for me!”

Just as Nicole was panicking, there was a loud knock on the front door.

Nina ran to open the door. The next second, Juan and Kyle shot through the doors and dashed into the kitchen.

“Mommy!”

“Mommy!”

The two boys were very close to Nicole. They ran over to her and wrapped their arms around her legs.

Nicole wondered why the boys were here. Just as she opened her mouth to ask them, the door swung open again. A huge figure appeared in the doorway.

It was Evan.

“Mr. Seet!” Nicole yelped, surprised. “What brings you here?”

“Am I not welcome here?”

“No, not at all.”

Evan had just did her family’s business a huge favor this afternoon. How could she tell him that he wasn’t welcome at her place now?

“Mommy, we missed you! That’s why we made Daddy bring us here.”

As soon as Juan finished speaking, Kyle jumped in and exclaimed, "Yes! Daddy didn't ask us to come here or anything like that."

As he spoke, Kyle gave his father the side-eye.

"..."

Nicole understood immediately that Evan was the one who had made them come over. He had even coached the boys on how to explain the situation to her.

Anyway, Evan had come at just the right time.

Nicole glanced at Maya. Maya took one look at Evan and burst into tears again.

"What's wrong?" Evan asked, concerned.

Nicole replied, "She wants to eat your spaghetti. I've already made her spaghetti, but she doesn't want to eat mine."

Evan walked over to Maya and caressed her hair gently. "Don't cry anymore! Uncle Evan will make spaghetti for you, alright?"

Maya nodded her head frantically, tears still streaming down her face.

Evan wiped her tears away. From then on, she became a little shadow that followed Evan wherever he went.

Kyle and Juan were very confused about what was going on with Maya. Why was she suddenly so close to Daddy?

Nina crossed her arms and sighed. "She yearns for a dad too much. Every time she sees the other children being dropped off at school by their fathers, she stares at them with her huge, unblinking eyes."

Hearing Maya's words, Nicole's heart ached.

Maya yearned for a father's love.

But Nicole felt very conflicted. Should she let everyone know that Nina and Maya were actually Evan's biological daughters?

She called Nina to her bedroom. After shutting the door behind them, Nicole asked her what she thought about the matter.

When she heard her mother's suggestion, Nina objected immediately.

"Mommy, if you tell everyone, he's going to take us away, just like he did with Juan! We might not be able to see you again in the future! I want to stay with you, Mommy. Please don't tell everyone, I don't want him to take us away!"

"..."

Nicole enveloped Maya in an embrace.

Oh, what to do now!

There was only one option left for Nicole, and that was to pray that Evan would lavish more care on Maya out of the kindness of his heart.

In the kitchen, Evan had finished cooking. He set the plate of spaghetti down before Maya, who started wolfing it down.

Seeing the girl eat like there was no tomorrow, a slight smile appeared on Evan's cold face.

"Can you tell Uncle Evan what's the difference between my spaghetti and the one your Mommy made?"

Evan had tasted a bit of Nicole's spaghetti. It didn't taste bad at all—actually, it even tasted better than what he usually made.

After pondering on this question for a while, Maya chirped, "I want the one you made, Uncle Evan."

Evan coaxed, "The one your Mommy made tastes much better! You should give it a chance."

As he spoke, he moved Nicole's plate of spaghetti in front of Maya.

Maya looked at it in consternation before insisting, "I want the one made by you!"

Evan smiled. "So you don't actually prefer my cooking over your mother's! You just like me better, don't you?"

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Nicole suddenly materialized next to them.

Evan had seen right through her intentions. With nothing left to defend herself, Maya bowed her head and started slurping up the noodles.

Nicole said, "Mr. Seet, thank you for making spaghetti for Maya. If there's anything you want for dinner, I'll be happy to make it for you as a gesture of my appreciation."

Evan thought for a while before asking Juan and Kyle for their opinions.

"Mommy, I want to have beef stew."

“Me too, Mommy.”

After thinking it through for a while, Nicole decided to indulge the children’s requests. She announced that they would be having beef stew for dinner.

Turning to Evan, she said, “There are no more ingredients in the house. We’ll have to run down to the grocery store for them.”

Evan stood up. “I’ll go. I think I saw some vegetables in the fridge. You can wash them up first.”

“Alright.” Nicole approved of his suggestion very much.

Overjoyed, Juan and Kyle applauded loudly.

“Mommy, we’ll help you!”

Nicole refused gently. “It’s okay. Run along and play now, Mommy will finish washing these vegetables very soon.”

“Okay! If you need help, just holler for us! We’ll go and play now.”

“Alright.”

The two boys ran happily to the toy room.

As Evan put on his shoes, Maya quickly put down her chopsticks and hopped off the chair. Toddling towards him on her stubby legs, she exclaimed, “Uncle Evan, can you bring me along with you?”

Evan paused and looked at her. “Why do you want to come?”

Maya bit her lip and whispered something into his ear. Evan looked at her in shock. “Is that true?”

Maya nodded her head furiously. “Yes. Uncle Evan, if you buy me one of those huge cartoon lollipops, I’ll tell you an even bigger secret.”

“Okay, let’s go!”

Thinking that Maya was merely having the munchies, Evan decided to bring her along. It was quite unlikely that she really had a big secret to tell him.

When they exited the grocery store, Maya gazed at the huge cartoon lollipop that Evan had bought her, her eyes shining with happiness.

At her kindergarten, one of the girls had bragged about how her father had bought her lots of lollipops. Hearing this, Maya had felt so hungry that she started to salivate.

For one, she was hungry for a lollipop.

More importantly, however, she was hungry for a father.

Now, she had a lollipop in her hands, and it had been given to her by her Daddy.

Her eyes shone like stars as she wrapped her fat fingers tightly around the lollipop.

In the car, she suddenly turned to Evan with a mysterious look on her face. “Uncle Evan, I’ll tell you a secret, but you can’t tell Juan, Kyle or Nina that I told you this.”

Evan smiled lightly. This secret seemed to have something to do with the other three children.

He nodded solemnly. “Alright, tell me. I promise not to tell them.”

Hearing this, Maya finally let her guard down and told Evan the secret she had been keeping for so long.

“Uncle Evan, Juan, Kyle, and Nina stole some money from your bank account a while ago.”

“What?” Evan turned to look at Maya with an incredulous look on his face.

“It’s true! They stole a huge sum from you—enough to buy a villa for Mommy. Mommy had no clue about it, so they lied and told her that they borrowed the money from someone.”

Hearing this, Evan felt even more astonished.

He had been so sure that Nicole was the one who stole that five hundred million from his bank account. How else would it have disappeared all of a sudden?

In the end, it had turned out to be his two sons!

Those kids were getting out of hand. How could they scheme against their own father?

No wonder Nicole had asked him in a drunken stupor the other night if he had actually seen her steal the money from his account!

He had accused her falsely, after all.

As he thought back on his attitude towards her that day, Evan suddenly felt ashamed of himself. He had gone overboard.

Should he apologize to her, or make it up to her somehow?

“Uncle Evan, you can’t tell them that I told you. Otherwise, they will never play with me again. Even with my Maya Punch, I can’t defeat all three of them.”

Evan nodded. “Yes, I promise you I won’t tell them.”

Maya breathed a sigh of relief at his words.

Daddy had been so nice to her. She couldn’t bring herself to deceive him like that.

Besides, Ms. Patty told her often that little children shouldn’t lie. Maya wanted to be a good girl.

They finally arrived back at home.

As Evan carried the bags of ingredients into the house, Maya danced around the room, waving her lollipop in glee.

Hearing the commotion in the living room, Juan and Kyle ran out from the toy room.

