

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1031

Davin looked at her, feigning shock. "Surely he isn't a coward?"

"Well, he's unwilling to give someone else a chance, plus he's afraid of opening up his heart to another person... He's definitely a coward to me," said Sheila cheekily.

"Is that so?" Wondered Davin out loud, and gave Levant the once-over.

"Oh, yes." Sheila turned to look at Levant as well.

Levant felt as if his head could explode. So the two of them are ganging up on me now?

"Are you done causing a ruckus?"

"No! If you won't give Tiffany a chance, then you're a coward unworthy of respect!"

Levant smiled disapprovingly. "And why should that matter to me?"

Sheila and Davin shared a look. Levant wasn't even taking them seriously, and they were at wit's end.

"Alright then, Levant. Let's make a bet." Tiffany's voice broke the silence as she looked Levant in the eye. "Half a year. Give me half a year, and if you still have no feelings for me, I'll make myself scarce. I'll even avoid all the places you're at. Do we have a deal?"

She looked at him impassively, refusing to back down.

This was something important to her. If Levant developed feelings for her during this six-month period, then she'd be able to have the romance she had been dreaming of. But if he didn't, she would be able to leave with no regrets, having tried her hand at trying to claim his heart. She tried, and that was all that mattered.

Levant met Tiffany's gaze, realizing he too, experienced the same infatuation before. He mulled over her offer and felt that perhaps six months was enough to make her give up on him. Even he could start anew.

"Half a year it is." Levant nodded in agreement. "I hope that you'll find your own happiness after this."

"Thank you for giving me this opportunity!"

Everyone could see that Tiffany was ecstatic.

After the matter was finalized, Davin found himself feeling happy for both Levant and Tiffany. He genuinely believed that the two would make a good match.

Sheila was happy as well, but mostly at the prospect of getting information from Avril. She had completed their end of the bargain, after all.

I wonder if Nicole is doing okay.

After the pair left the Levant Winery, she immediately asked Davin to call Avril.

"I called her before we entered the winery, but she had no news then. She'll notify us when she has something."

"Well, you should push for more urgency. The sooner we have some news, the sooner we can resurrect your brother."

Resurrect? The word left a bitter taste in Davin's mouth.

Glaring at Sheila, Davin said, "Sheep, mind your tongue. My brother is still alive and well!"

Sheila was startled at his tone of voice, thinking she hadn't expressed herself clearly enough. "Well, your brother is behaving like the living dead. He may be alive, but with Nicole gone, his heart is no longer beating as it should. Don't you agree? Love is bittersweet that way. It invigorates, but it also hurts."

Davin was startled. He hadn't expected someone as cold as Sheila to express that sentiment with such tenderness.

He looked at her and asked, "Then, do you want this kind of love?"

Sheila turned to meet his gaze. "If I didn't, would I have been able to keep my distance since I fell for you when we were children? Do you think all these years have been easy on me?"

"No, of course not. Most people wouldn't have your perseverance. But maybe I'm just that charming! How else would you still like me after so many years?" Joked Davin.

Sheila had initially wanted to comfort Davin with her words, but she wasn't expecting that narcissistic response.

"Davin Seet, I think you have something special that has not changed all these years."

"Really? What would that be?" asked Davin.

"You're so f*cking thick-skinned! I'm not sure where you found that audacity, but please put it back!" said Sheila exasperatedly.

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Davin was not expecting that remark from Sheila, he was expecting some form of praise instead. He looked at her with a wounded expression.

"Stop right there, Sheep! Stop, I say! I really want to discuss who's more thick-skinned here!"

Sheila merely ignored him and drove away in a flash.

At night, Evan stood in front of the window, looking thoughtfully at the night sky. There were plenty of stars that reminded him of Nicole's clear and sparkling eyes.

His lips curved into the ghost of a smile, thinking that Nicole winked at him.

Memories engulfed him like the ocean's waves as he recalled every bit of the time he spent with Nicole.

For him, this was the happiest time of the day. It was during nightfall that he was able to bask in his happiest memories with her.

He wondered if Nicole was looking back at the memories they shared somewhere out there in the distance.

In the past two years, he recounted the memories they had made. Over and over again, he came to the conclusion that their happiness was far and few between.

Nicole, what do you think?

What are you doing right now?

The stars twinkled again, but he could not hear a response from her.

Just then, the low buzz of his cell phone snapped him out of his reverie. He took a deep breath, walked to the desk, and answered it.

“What is it?”

“Evan! I have some good news, I think you’ll thank me for this!” came Davin’s excited voice from the other end of the receiver.

“Speak!”

“Nicole is still alive. Six months ago, she made an appearance with someone in K Nation, and there is no mistaking her for anyone else. So are you excited yet?! How are you going to thank me for this?”

“Anything else?” asked Evan.

Davin said, “Unfortunately not. I only found out that much for the time being, but I think this is excellent news! Now how are you going to express your gratitude?”

Evan was silent for a while. “I already know about this. Nicole was with Wesley. They showed up in K Nation six months ago and surfaced in S Nation two months ago. The Hidden Masters are looking into it now, so I think we’ll find her soon enough.”

Damn, he already knows this much?

Davin had not anticipated that Nicole would be traveling with her mentor.

Avril’s investigative skills went at a snail’s pace compared to that of the private investigators Evan hired.

Davin was planning on making Evan happy with this piece of information and to be rewarded for his 'efforts'. The possibility seemed highly unlikely now.

"Well, Evan, at least you know that Nicole is alive. You should be happy! I know you'll both meet soon!"

With nothing further to say, Evan hung up.

Hearing that Nicole was alive did make him happy, but there were still things that bothered him after all this while. When she raised the three children abroad alone, he wasn't by her side; He couldn't be with her when she lost her memory at the estate either. And now? Nicole had been suffering from hallucinations for the past two years, and still, he was not there with her.

She had to go through her hardest moments in life alone—that was by far his biggest regret. Evan would never be able to forgive himself for leaving her alone that way.

He vowed that when Nicole was found, he would do his best to love her and remain with her. He would do anything to make up for the lost time.

The next day, Evan received an anonymous email asking him to meet.

I wonder who that is?

He carefully looked through the email, but found only a single sentence: See you at The Passion at 8 o'clock in the evening!

The Passion was where he first met Nicole. Evan wondered who this mysterious person could be.

Surely it couldn't be Nicole?

He suddenly felt invigorated, his eyes shining with excitement. Evan truly hoped that it was Nicole and could not wait for the evening to arrive.

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The day seemed to pass by a lot slower, given Evan's anxiety. The hours and minutes dragged on, and he found himself constantly looking at the clock.

Finally, it was the time of the meeting. Evan drove to The Passion at top speed. The lights inside glimmered seductively, adding to the lush atmosphere.

The interior was noisy and harsh-sounding, but Evan barely registered it. His handsome face remained impassive and calm, completely unresponsive to the din around him.

When he walked towards the specified booth, he noticed that there was a woman seated there.

Evan observed the woman's back carefully as his brows furrowed in doubt. Her back was too thin, as it bore no resemblance to the person he was anticipating.

Perhaps it isn't her after all?

His heart sank a little, but he was eager to find out anyway.

Evan then approached the booth and took his seat. After seeing the woman's face clearly, the disappointment weighed heavily in his heart.

This woman was a complete stranger to him. "You asked to meet me?"

The woman nodded.

"What do you want?" asked Evan impatiently.

The woman studied him before replying. "I wanted to see for myself. What kind of man would my fellow acolyte fall for?"

Acolyte?

"Who is this fellow acolyte of yours?"

The woman smiled. "Nicole, of course."

At the mere mention of Nicole's name, she saw that Evan's face lit up immediately. She had noticed that Evan's face was the epitome of disappointment when he first laid eyes on her.

"Is Nicole alright?" asked Evan, a hint of worry clouding his features.

"I'm afraid not," she replied grimly.

"Where is she?"

"She doesn't want to see you."

"Why?"

"How am I supposed to know what happened between the two of you?" She stared at him pointedly, a sour look on her face. "I can bring you to her, but it has to be in secret."

Evan nodded. "Alright."

Even if he could only see Nicole in secret, he would be happy. Evan was willing to go to hell and back for her.

The woman looked at him excitedly. It's just like Wesley had said. He is truly a handsome chap, and very eager to meet Nicole. We've been taking care of her for so long now. She is so affected by her hallucinations. I've lost count of the number of days we've been troubled by her illness. All those sleepless nights! He's her husband, so asking him for a reward for our efforts doesn't seem to be that unreasonable!

"I wasn't finished. You can meet her, but there are some conditions."

"Tell me."

Seeing how eager Evan was, she decided not to beat around the bush. The woman reached into her bag and fished out a notebook which she then gave to Evan.

"This is a log of what I've done to take care of Nicole for the past two years. How are you going to thank me? I'll let you decide. I'd prefer cash of course. Do you catch my drift?"

Of course, he understood what she meant. The woman was asking him to pay her for her efforts.

Evan examined the notebook carefully. She had recorded the progression of Nicole's illness, as well as things they needed to look out for. Towards the back, she recorded her daily physical condition as well as her diet.

Each page was full to the brim, but there was no doubt that she had been very attentive to Nicole.

He noticed that in the past three months, there was no record of Nicole having hallucinations. Most of it detailed recovery steps.

Evan was curious. "Have her hallucinations stopped? Is she cured?"

The woman sighed. "It took Wesley a full twenty months of traveling all over the country, looking for a cure to get her back to normal! In the last three months, there have been no relapses, but she is still weak. She has been depressed and needs proper care."

Evan was relieved when he heard the news.

Over the past two years, all he cared about was the condition Nicole was in. The thought nagged at him persistently, day and night.

Knowing that her illness was now cured, he was very happy.

But when he thought about how much pain she had to endure throughout her treatment, he felt distressed again.

Nicole, why are you so stupid?

Why don't you let me bear it with you?

"Wesley and I now have other matters to attend to, and there are other cases that require our attention. I'm afraid we can't keep looking after Nicole." The woman pursed her lips and continued. "She is your wife, isn't she? Shouldn't you be taking care of her instead?"

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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?"

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"Exactly, why would it take so long?" queried Damien.

"Well, all we have to do is observe. I'm sticking to my bet of three years." retorted Darius.

Jeremy grinned and looked at his companions. "The cost of the wager will be three months of our salary. Winner takes all!"

"Deal!"

"No problem."

While they were gleefully betting on Evan's progress, the four were not prepared to see the state Evan was in the next day.

Jeremy was the first to be shocked by Evan's appearance as he made his way towards them.

He rubbed his eyes hard, thinking he was mistaken. "No, that's definitely Mr. Seet. Are my eyes playing tricks on me?"

"If you mean that he looks so gaunt and ghastly that he might die at any given moment, then your eyes are not playing tricks on you," said Damien, wide-eyed.

"If what I'm seeing is real, then why does Mr. Seet look so horrible? There's no real way to describe this, this..."

Jeremy sighed and trailed off, gesturing vaguely at Evan. Meanwhile, the other three were already making their way towards Evan in a hurry.

"What's the matter, Mr. Seet?"

"My time will come soon," replied Evan weakly.

The four Hidden Masters were dumbstruck.

"WHAT?"

"What's wrong?"

"Mr. Seet, what's happening to you?"

Seeing their extremely shocked expressions, Evan's eyes flashed triumphantly.

It appeared that his corpse-like makeup and acting skills had passed the test. Even the four of them had fallen for it.

I hope this works on Nicole.

"Just focus on keeping Mrs. Seet safe for now. There's no need for excessive questioning."

Immediately, Evan's usual demeanor returned as he glanced at them icily.

Only then did the four understand that Evan was pretending to be sick.

Even so, they could not understand why he went through such a fuss.

Soon, they noticed that he slowly made his way towards Nicole's residence.

"What is Mr. Seet doing?"

"Going to scare Mrs. Seet probably."

"But why?"

"How would I know! Just watch, I'm sure he has his reasons."

The four quietly followed suit, trying not to alert anyone to their presence.

Evan silently observed Nicole, who was sitting in the corridor by the courtyard. This was a figure familiar to him, but she wasn't quite as he remembered her.

Upon closer observation, his expression immediately turned cold, and he couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

Didn't the woman say that Nicole was cured? Then why did she look so haggard? She was so frail and thin. A gust of wind could've easily swept her away.

Immediately, his gaze shifted into one of pure distress.

Nicole in her current state was in desperate need of care. He had to make sure that she came back to him as soon as possible.

He pretended to bump into random things as planned. I have to make some noise.

Sure enough, the sounds succeeded in drawing Nicole's attention.

"Who's there?"

As Nicole looked over curiously, Evan pretended to evade capture. Instead, feigning difficulty, he turned around and walked away from her with his head lowered.

After a few steps, he collapsed.

Nicole looked at his back with surprise. There was some familiarity there.

This person is...

Is it really him? Or am I hallucinating again?

Perhaps this was a dream.

Nicole stood there blankly, unsure of what to do.

Evan who still lay on the ground, felt surprised at her reaction.

Can't you see that I'm lying here? Are you pretending to not notice?

His curiosity got the better of him as he secretly opened an eye to peek at her. It was then that he realized that Nicole was walking towards him, brows furrowed.

Immediately, Evan closed his eyes and pretended to lie there motionlessly.

Nicole bent over and studied his face. "Is this real?" she muttered to herself. "Or is this a dream?"

She wanted to pinch herself but she was afraid that it was truly a hallucination. Pinching would be of no use then.