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Chapter 1321 Who Are You

Nina's gaze on Stephen became more complex as this went on. She acutely noticed that some of Stephen's opinions and words when he answered her questions coincided with Chris'.

Is there any connection between Stephen and Chris?

Her mind trembled at this idea.

When Stephen saw Nina was deep in her thoughts, he asked, "Ms. Nina, are you satisfied with my answers?"

Nina carefully eyed the unfamiliar face before her. She really couldn't find anything that suggested a connection between Stephen and Chris.

However, she finally decided to let him stay because he gave off the same vibe as a certain someone she knew.

"Thank you, Ms. Nina."

Stephen heaved out a relieved sigh once he was outside of Nina's office. "Do you always have band-aids with you?" the assistant asked.

"I've always been prone to injuring my hands, so I've taken to always carry some with me. It became a habit as time passed. I didn't expect it would be useful until just now."

"I see. No wonder you can hand one to Ms. Nina in such a timely manner. Ms. Nina is very nice, but she's been in a bad mood recently. You'll know why later."

Stephen smiled in reply and went to the design department with the assistant.

Meanwhile, Nina was in a state of confusion.

Stephen, Chris... What's the relationship between these two men?

Chris' face and voice are very different from Stephen's. They're poles apart, so I can say for certain that they're not the same person.

Or could it be that God pitied me and sent someone similar to Chris to soothe my heartache and mend my failed romantic relationship?

Could a person mend the damage done by another person? Nina thought that her little theory was quite absurd.

Smiling at herself mockingly, she turned her focus to work.

Her assistant sent the latest plans that the design department had made to her office near the end of office hours. She screened out the plans by herself and chose an outstanding one with the best design concept. She was surprised when she saw Stephen's name signed on the plan.

It seemed that Stephen was truly talented in design.

"Bring me Stephen's personal information."

"Yes, Ms. Nina. I'll bring it right away."

Nina read the information carefully after her assistant handed it to her. It seemed that the man was really a translator before but quit after he fell sick to recuperate.

"He was sick? What was his illness? Is he better now?" Nina murmured curiously to herself.

"Ms. Nina, this is a person's personal information, after all. We have no right to demand the other party to tell us if they didn't voluntarily state it..." her assistant replied. She then added hastily after seeing Nina's frown deepen, "Or I can ask him for you if you want?"

"Forget it. Let's not worry about other matters as long as he's serious and focused on his work. You can go now."

"Yes. Ms. Nina."

Her assistant then took back the file Nina handed over before leaving the office.

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In the president's office.

Evan and Nicole sat together as they stared at the computer screen, which was displaying the customized floor plan of the hospital they had a specialist design. Both of them were focused as they carefully observed the floor plan.

Nicole studied it thoroughly while making a note on the materials best suited for the building. The design for every ward was incredibly detailed and impeccable, but Nicole thought that it was too much of a luxury.

"Mr. Evan, I think the design for the acupuncture clinic I had before was already fine the way it was. We're only planning to expand it and turn it into a hospital, so isn't this design a bit too excessive?"

Evan's initial budget for the hospital was five billion. He naturally felt that this was the standard and not too excessive.

"It's a hospital, so naturally, it will be bigger and much more proper than a clinic. Therefore, this is normal."

In an instant, the image of a hospital equipped with the most advanced equipment, the most luxurious rooms, and an extraordinarily pleasant environment appeared in Nicole's mind. She was worried that the patients would regard the hospital as a luxury hotel and would refuse to leave after their treatment was over.

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Chapter 1322 I Did Not Do Anything

"Take a closer look at it. You can make some suggestions if there's anything you're dissatisfied with. They can then revise the plan."

"Ah, okay."

Nicole snapped out of her thoughts and focused back on the floor plan.

Her phone rang suddenly three minutes later. She glanced at the screen, which showed that it was Sophia calling, so she immediately picked up.

The voice that came out, however, was Joy's.

"Mommy, what are you doing right now?"

"Mommy is at work, Joy. Were you a good girl with Grandma? Did you make trouble?"

On the screen, Joy was silent for a while before looking at Davin and answering with, "Mommy, I was a good girl and didn't make any trouble."

The little girl's voice was a little faint and unsure. Next, Davin's voice rang out. "Oh, you didn't make trouble, huh? You were a good girl, you say? You caused plenty of trouble already, you precocious kid."

"What's the matter? What did Joy do?" Nicole asked curiously.

"Mommy, I didn't do anything!" Joy insisted.

"Your daughter is really something, Nicole. Mom took her and Zayden to a wedding in the morning, and you know what she did? She took our Zayden to compete on the stage and said that the one who won would be the boss." Davin continued, "But after that, she refused to fight and had Zayden do it. You know Zayden; there's no way he could win the fight. So Joy called up Luke for help. In the end, the three of them joined forces and beat up all the children attending the banquet, who then started crying. They made the wedding feel like a funeral with all the sobbing going on. Needless to say, the kids' parents were not happy either and tried to argue with Mom.

"You know Mom. She didn't get angry with these brats, but instead, she stood by their side and said that it was normal for kids to fight. She also bragged that her granddaughter and grandsons won the fight. So understandably, the kids' parents were even more unhappy and had a dispute with Mom. As soon as these brats saw those people arguing with Mom, they promptly played pranks on those parents. You can imagine how the wedding turned out... The sound of kids crying alone was enough, and now there were additional noises from the adults. A nice wedding turned into such a mess. The hosts were furious and finally called me over, so I went there to pick Mom and those little devils up. Alas, these children are really out of control!"

Joy stared at Davin with a stubborn expression while he explained.

"What's with that look? Was I wrong?" Davin asked when he noticed Joy's stare.

Joy rolled her eyes and said, "What you said was wrong. They willingly agreed to participate in the fight and should have admitted their defeat after their loss, not started crying. They really are just a bunch of gutless crybabies."

After seeing the proud expression on Joy's round face, Davin said, "They wouldn't have participated in the challenge if you didn't start it. To put it simply, you are the initiator, little troublemaker."

Joy wasn't happy with Davin's words, so she rolled her eyes again and began to argue with him.

"I started the challenge because I wanted to seek justice for Zayden. A kid bullied him before, but Zayden didn't dare to fight back. A man shouldn't take that lying down, so I started the challenge. I wanted Zayden to avenge himself."

Davin was quite surprised to hear Joy's reason. He then turned to Zayden and asked, "Is what she said true?"

Zayden just fidgeted with his fingers without saying anything.

"Is it true?" Davin repeated.

The boy looked at him before lowering his head.

"Hey, why are you so timid? Why don't you fight back when others bully you? You're like a tennis ball, so easily smacked around..."

Zayden looked at him again with an aggrieved expression on his small face. It wasn't like he didn't want to fight back, but his mother always told him not to fight and to be brave. She told him that people should use their brains to solve their problems and win, not their fists.

Davin became angrier when he saw his aggrieved and pitiful expression. "Kid, I'm telling you now, you better hit the people who hit you from now on. If they hit you once, you pay them back double. And if they hit you twice, then make them cry! You're not my son if you let people hurt you so casually in the future, you got me?"