

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 241

With that thought in mind, Nicole smiled faintly and replied in a distant manner, "Thank you, Mr. Seet."

Just as she spoke, she continued her work and didn't touch the cup of tea.

However, Evan wasn't used to her thanking him. He was expecting her to take a sip and complain about the tea's temperature and quality. Or perhaps, suspect that he had some ulterior motives and warn him off instead.

What happened? Why is her attitude so...

He felt a sudden unease creep into his heart, as if the Nicole sitting in front of him wasn't the Nicole he knew. In fact, she felt more like a stranger.

In less than two hours, Nicole saved the work she had done.

"Mr. Seet, please check through."

Just as she spoke, she got up and stood by the side, just like an ordinary employee waiting for her work to be inspected. Her expression remained indifferent throughout.

Evan approached her and read through the document. "Your salary will be paid by the month, is there a problem?"

"No."

“Alright. Tomorrow night, you will translate like what you did today. I’ll get a babysitter to cook for the children. So you don’t have to worry about time.”

“Thank you. In that case, I’ll take my leave.”

With that, she turned to leave.

As Evan watched her walk away, he seriously suspected that the woman who just left wasn’t Nicole at all.

At the rear house.

The kids were arguing and running circles around Davin.

“Stop, stop arguing! If the few of you yell any louder, the whole roof would collapse on us.”

“Uncle Davin, tell us whose fault is it?”

“Juan is shifting the blame.”

“It’s Maya. She secretly put the jigsaw puzzle into her special pocket.”

“Mommy shouldn’t have sewn her such a big pocket.”

Maya shifted her eyes around as she was surprised that Nina complained about her special pocket.

If Mommy didn’t sew the pocket for me to put my snacks, what am I going to do when I’m hungry?

Nina is being too much for having something against the pocket.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. Reaching out with her chubby hands, she gave Nina a forceful slap.

After being slapped, Nina glared angrily at Maya. Not backing down, she shrieked as she pinched Maya's fat arms.

With all her flesh caught in the pinch, Maya could feel the stinging pain.

Hence, huffing and puffing, she gritted her teeth and starting fighting with Nina.

Davin didn't expect the matter to escalate so quickly as the fight broke out.

Both girls were hitting each other without any reservation.

"Quick, both of you, break them apart."

"Uncle Davin, the girls do not listen to reason when they fight. Since you can't break them up yourself, how do you expect us to do it?"

"Should we just let them fight on then?"

Just as Davin spoke, Maya lunged at Nina's arm and bit down.

"Argh! Fat piggy is biting me."

"Maya, stop biting. That's not a drumstick. I'll take you out to buy one, or even a pig trotter if you like. So, stop biting!"

However, his words fell on deaf ears. Realizing it wasn't working, Nina yelled, "Here comes my invincible claw!"

Nina raised the hand that wasn't bitten, curled it into a claw, and swiped it at Maya's chubby face.

Nina's claw was fast and managed to scratch Maya's face a few times, causing it to hurt. Is it bleeding? Will I be disfigured?

"Wah!"

Maya suddenly wailed as she let go of her bite.

Meanwhile, Nina looked at her hand. When she saw all the bite marks on it, she too began to cry.

One had her hand bitten while the other had her face scratched. Davin looked on at both girls, unsure of what to do.

"Wh-what am I going to do?"

Babysitting isn't as easy as it looks.

In his panic, Davin thought about Nicole and was about to ask Juan to get her when Nicole barged in.

"What's going on?"

The moment she walked into the rear house, she heard both girls crying their lungs out. Hence, she dashed into the room anxiously.

"Mommy, Maya bit me."

"It's Nina's fault, she scratched my face."

Looking at both the injured girls, Nicole quickly settled them down and helped them treat their wounds.