

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 500

“Ouch, my back hurts so bad.”

Heart-wrenching scenes from last night suddenly flashed through her mind as she mumbled.

She widened her eyes upon recalling the night she had.

Something must have happened yesterday night. Did I have a wet dream?

It doesn't feel like a dream though.

She sat up in bed and soon noticed that her entire body was covered in bruises. Her face paled instantaneously.

No way... How could a dream leave bruises on my body?

Could it be that Evan visited me in my dreams and did naughty things to me?

Did I just spend the night with a spirit?

Man, this is insane...

Her heart started to beat erratically. She hesitated for a while before putting on her nightgown, hurrying over to the dressing table to check herself out. She noticed that a couple of visible hickeys were left on her neck under close scrutiny.

Is this really Evan's doing?

Her heart pounded.

She herself found it unbelievable. What more would other people have to say about it?

They would most certainly think that she was a promiscuous woman.

With that thought in mind, she quickly dressed in a turtleneck.

It would be wise to keep the hickeys that had just popped out of nowhere out of sight from others.

After getting dressed, she gobbled down some breakfast before rushing to Lane Corporation.

She couldn't help recalling last night's events as she sat in her office. Although she only had fragments of what actually transpired last night, she was certain that it had been Evan.

Nicole Lane, have you gone crazy from missing him?

That can't be right. Why am I covered in hickeys if it was just a dream?

What in the world is going on?

Just as she was pondering the strange night she had, her assistant suddenly entered her office, informing her that Levant was here again.

"Why is he here again? I refuse to meet him!"

"Ms. Lane, he said he has something important to tell you."

"What could be so important?"

"He said he needed to tell you about it face-to-face."

She didn't know what Levant was getting at, beating around the bush like that. "I don't have time for this. Ask him to leave!"

Her assistant nodded and went off to convey her message.

Levant wasn't surprised by Nicole's harshness. He simply smiled. "Tell her this is a very important matter that concerns her."

The assistant was stumped. "Sir, why don't you call her yourself? I'm afraid Ms. Lane will still refuse to meet you even after I talk to her."

So Levant took out his phone and called Nicole.

Nicole hung up the call without hesitation when she saw the caller ID.

However, Levant was determined to get through to her. He wouldn't stop calling.

In the end, Nicole finally picked up the phone out of annoyance after Levant called numerous times.

"Ms. Lane, would you like to know about your past?"

"What? What are you talking about?" Nicole asked, shocked.

"I said, would you like to know who your biological father is?"

"My biological father is Zane. Levant, I really don't have time for this. Can you please find someone else to pester?"

"I'm not joking around here. Your biological father isn't Zane!"

She suddenly recalled the conversation she had with Sylphiette on the phone when she heard Levant's firm response.

She had also been told back then that Zane wasn't her biological father and that the man had gone to K Nation to investigate her past.

Could Sylphiette have spoken the truth?

What in the world is going on?

Nicole had wanted to ask Levant to leave, but after hearing what he had to say, she decided to hear him out.

“Head over to my office.”

Levant walked in moments after the call ended and sat on a leather sofa opposite her like a gentleman.

Nicole didn't waste any time. She went straight to the point and asked, “You're saying Zane is not my biological father?”

Levant nodded.

“Who is, then?”

Levant gave it some thought and replied, “It's someone from the Musgrave family.”

“The Musgrave family?”

Isn't that Uncle Stephen's family?

Nicole fell into shocked silence. “My mother never told me about it. How did you find out?”

“Your mother's name is Rosalie. She's Wesley Monroe's disciple just like you.”

Nicole was taken aback when she heard that statement.

“You're right; my mother's name is indeed Rosalie. However, she had never practiced acupuncture. I'm Wesley's disciple – she's not,” Nicole rebutted.