

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 6

Worry was etched between Evan's brows. "I understand. I'll be there soon!"

After ending the call, Evan's entire demeanor gave off a cold vibe, causing the temperature in the room to drop abruptly.

Nicole shivered, petrified by how he currently looked.

"Change of plans. Letting you die in a car accident is too mild a punishment. You should atone for your sins first."

Atone for my sins?

What... What does he have in mind?

Nicole was too caught up in her thoughts to notice that Evan had already opened the door and given an order to the bodyguards outside.

"Keep an eye on this woman. Under no circumstances is she allowed to leave this room. And certainly not without my permission."

Only then did Nicole come back to her senses.

He's holding me prisoner here! But my three kids are still waiting for me at the dessert shop!

"Hey!"

Before Evan stepped out, she quickly jumped off the bed and chased after him.

However, she was still a step too late.

The door was slammed shut into her face with a loud bang.

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A silver Rolls-Royce slowly drove up to Hillside Villa, where two rows of maids had already respectfully lined up on both sides of the porch.

“Mr. Seet!” They greeted him in unison.

After Evan slammed the car door shut, he carried two packed boxes of cheesecakes and hurried upstairs with an anxious expression.

“How’s Kyle?” His voice was chilly when he asked his butler, Blake, who was walking beside him.

“He threw up blood again just now...” Blake said, his voice shaking slightly.

“Has he had his medicine?”

Blake heaved a sigh and replied, “Kyle poured it away again.”

Evan paused for a moment and frowned. “Alright.”

Once they were upstairs, Evan realized that Kyle’s room was locked from the inside. He carefully tried turning the doorknob, but it wouldn’t budge.

“I don’t wanna drink it!” A child’s protest came from inside the room.

“Open the door, Kyle. It’s Dad!” Evan urged him in a harsh tone, the command in his voice matching his unyielding stance.

All noise ceased in the room that instant.

Soon after that, the door was unlocked with a clack.

A handsome young boy who resembled a delicate doll stood on the other side of the door. His complexion was pale as he stared at Evan with red-rimmed eyes and an aggrieved pout on his lips.

“I don’t wanna drink the medicine, Dad.”

“Be a good boy, Kyle. You’re sick, so you need to take your medicine to get better.” Evan bent down to caress Kyle’s mop of hair.

Evan was notoriously known to be cold and ruthless. Hence, the rare occurrence of him exhibiting patience and affection only happened when his son was involved.

“I said I don’t wanna drink it! And I’m not sick!”

Suddenly, Kyle seemed distressed for some reason. Then, he shoved Evan’s hand away with a rebellious look on his face, resembling an angered lion cub.

“What exactly do you want then, Kyle?” Evan was beside himself with rage.

Kyle’s big and round eyes reddened again, and his lips started to tremble. “I want my mommy.”

Mommy?

Evan immediately thought of the woman who tried to play dumb in front of him.

Five years ago, that woman faked her death and cold-heartedly sent away her infant son to the Seet family.

But in reality, she's been living happily over the past five years!

Kyle, on the other hand, has been sick ever since he was a child. And all the while suffering from the lack of a mother's love!

Damn you, Nicole! You don't deserve to be a mother at all!

Taking in a deep breath, Evan articulated every word and said, "Kyle, I'll say it again, so listen carefully. Your mother is dead. You only have me – your dad!"

"I don't wanna hear it! You're lying. You're lying!" Kyle covered his ears with both hands, his face contorted in anger.

With a loud bang, Kyle slammed the door shut and quickly locked it again.

"Mr. Seet, Kyle is, after all, only a child..." The butler said apprehensively.

"Confiscate his Lego and iPad later! It's time to let him reflect on his actions!"

With a somber expression, Evan turned to walk away but paused after two steps. "Also, tell the kitchen to continue boiling the medicinal herbs!"

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At the entrance of The Passion.

Juan's obsidian eyes surveyed the brightly lit bar.

He glanced down at the location tracker on his wrist. Yes. Mommy is here.

The three of them had waited for their mother at the dessert store for a very long time, but she never appeared.

Worried that something had happened to their mother, Juan told Nina to take Maya home first while he went to look for their mother.

This was the first time Juan came to a place like this. As soon as he entered the bar, he saw men and women swaying wildly to the beat on the dance floor; it was a mess of tangled bodies.

The pounding music was deafening, and the chaotic atmosphere made his head hurt.

Yet, he didn't linger around but instead directly ran towards the private rooms at the back of the bar.

The GPS shows that Mommy is at the back.

However, Juan was stumped to come face to face with rooms that all looked the same. There are so many rooms here. How is it possible to find Mommy?

Just when he fell into deep thought with a frown, a voice sounded from behind him.

"Is that you, Kyle? What are you doing here?"

Hearing that voice, Juan turned around. Then, he lifted his head to look at the towering man in black with doubt swirling in his eyes.