

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 1

“You’re the one they sent me?”

In a luxurious suite, Nicole Lane extended her hand and shoved the surprised man onto the bed.

The next thing he knew, she had straddled him.

Lifting her slender hand to pat the man’s face, her eyes gleamed brightly with satisfaction as she cooed, “Well, you’re quite easy on the eyes!”

The woman’s breath reeked of alcohol, causing Evan Seet’s features to contort with disgust.

There were plenty of women who tried to seduce him, but this was the first time he encountered one who used such a method.

It was practically unprecedented!

The woman’s fair and slender arms were wrapped tightly around his neck as she leaned closer to him. “Kiss me!”

“Are you sure you wanna do this?” Evan avoided the woman’s rosy lips and calmly asked.

“That’s enough nonsense! Are you a real man?”

How can she still be asking this question at a time like this?

Evan narrowed his eyes a fraction before abruptly rolling them over. With a dark expression on his face, he stared at the woman beneath him.

“Am I a real man, you ask? You’ll be sure to find out in a moment!”

“Ahh!”

In the next second, a searing pain tore through Nicole’s body.

The next day.

Nicole woke up aching all over. The moment she opened her eyes, she took in the opulent design of the room she was in with a frown between her brows.

This is...

She sat up abruptly.

Right then, the heart-wrenching scenes from last night played in her mind like a movie.

That’s right.

The night before, she had witnessed her beloved Zach tangled up in the sheets with another woman. Thus, out of spite, she had found herself a gigolo to retaliate against him.

“This is payback, you filthy scumbag!”

“What are you mumbling about?”

A deep and sexy baritone voice sounded from behind Nicole and startled her train of thoughts.

She lifted her head to see a man coming out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist, concealing his most treasured asset.

I have to admit. This man has an amazing figure. It's no surprise that he's a gigolo!

"Why haven't you left yet?" Nicole asked.

Evan's lips arched into a mocking smile. "Because I'm curious. Now that you've successfully seduced me, how do you plan on holding me responsible for you?"

In the past, all those women who approached him were always trying to hold him accountable for whatever deeds were done the night before. He had heard this phrase so many times that he could probably hear it in his sleep.

Yet, to his utter shock, this woman in front of him gave a response so different than the rest – Nicole gave him an eye roll. "Why the hell would I want a gigolo to take responsibility for me?"

With that said, she got dressed and swiftly took out one thousand in cash from her bag before pompously throwing the stack of banknotes onto the bed. "Here's your pay. Make sure you keep it well. Your service last night wasn't too shabby."

Evan's eyes darkened when he heard her words. Service?

Does this woman have a death wish?

As he was still seething with fury, Nicole was already making her way out.

"Stop right there!"

Evan gritted the words through his teeth with a dark and dangerous undertone in his voice.

At that moment, Nicole paused mid-step and glanced back at him with a strained smile. “Is that too little? Well, I’m sorry, but you’re only worth that much!”

“You-”

“Anyway, I’ll be leaving now. Ciao!”

She waved her hand and practically made a run for the exit. As Evan watched the door slam shut, the scowl on his face deepened.

“You’re one dead meat, woman!”

...

Nine months later.

“Waaahh!”

The sound of multiple babies crying filled the operating room.

Looking at the little creatures waiting to be fed, Nicole started to panic a little.

This was her first time being a mother, and she had given birth to four babies at one go!

Just as she was racking her brain for a way to unlock her “supermom” abilities, an interview on the financial news channel caught her attention.

Nicole’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets when she saw the handsome and lavishly-dressed man seated in the middle.

What the hell is this? Even gigolos can be on the financial news channel nowadays?

With a bewildered expression, she listened to the interviewer's question. "Mr. Seet, rumor has it that you've been searching for a particular person for a very long time, but to no avail. Could you enlighten us about this person? Our viewers may be able to provide you with some valuable information!"

Evan turned towards the camera, his gaze turning solemn. "I'm looking for a woman. She left some money with me, and I'd like to give it back to her – a hundredfold!"

A hundredfold!

The last two words were emphasized.

Following that, he also briefly described what the woman looked like.

Later on, he highlighted an important fact. "Even her family doesn't know where she is. Thus, whoever provides me useful clues, you shall be generously rewarded with an amount of no less than one million!"

One million... just to find me? Isn't this man being overly generous?

A heavy sense of foreboding clawed at Nicole's chest. After checking his background, her heart turned cold.

Crap! This man isn't a gigolo!

He's the president of Seet Group International – Evan Seet!

But I was so daft that I even called him a gigolo... Oh god, what have I done?

Looking at the man's icy face in the interview, Nicole shuddered involuntarily.

It'll be over for my babies and I if he finds me!

No, I can't let that happen. I must think of a way to prevent that from happening.

Sometime after the interview, Evan received a special gift.

His frosty eyes deepened as he looked at the gift in his arms – it was a baby swaddled in garments. With a puzzled expression, he asked, “This is?”

“Mr. Seet, this is the child born to the woman you were looking for. She died in a car crash and left only this child behind.”