

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 976

She sighed and admitted, "Nina, I accidentally hit him while dreaming last night."

Confusion was written all over Nina's face as she glanced back and forth between Evan and Nicole. Did Daddy and Mommy get into an argument?

It doesn't seem like it though.

In the end, she chose to believe her mother's words. "Mommy, you really didn't hold back in your dreams, huh?"

Nicole turned to look at Evan apologetically at that.

"It's fine. It doesn't hurt at all. I don't blame you for it."

He smiled at her, not holding her responsible for what happened at all. Her heart melted when her eyes met with his affectionate gaze.

Evan took a look at himself in the mirror when Nina was done covering up the bruise, and he really couldn't tell that it was there at all.

"Nina, your makeup skills are great! Daddy wants to start a makeup brand that belongs to you as your tenth birthday present. What do you think?"

Ten years old.

Nina calculated for a moment. Time passes so quickly. I'll be ten years old in two months!

"Thank you, Daddy. But I still want another gift when I turn ten."

"What do you want?"

"I want Daddy and Mommy to have a romantic wedding."

Two months are more than enough for me to nail Susan for killing Grandpa. When the time comes, there wouldn't be any objections to me marrying Nicole from the Seet family anymore.

"Alright!"

"Thanks, Daddy."

Nicole was grateful that Nina was such an obedient child. As she watched the girl go, she silently prayed that her children would be healthy and happy.

After breakfast, she put on some makeup and got dressed before getting into Evan's Rolls-Royce. Then, they headed to the Seet Group together.

He busied himself with work while Nicole followed along. As she read through the coming plans for the company, she had a sudden whim of calculating the profits of the Seet Group.

A smile appeared on Evan's lips when he found her frowning and getting lost in her thoughts from time to time. After taking a break, he continued with his work again.

John couldn't help but let out a breath of relief when he saw the peaceful sight before him. The perfect couple never gets tired when working together. And the icy mask on Mr. Seet's face has finally melted.

A worried look flashed across Avril's face when she received a call.

The woman named Tiffany who came to look for Levant actually has a child? And she's a divorced woman?

I can't believe she went through so much even though she's still so young.

Levant could definitely accept someone with a different status. But... would he accept a divorced woman who has a child?

I don't think that's possible.

It's impossible unless Tiffany is able to make Levant fall for her just like how he adores Nicole.

Since Avril was getting bored and didn't know what else she could do, she decided to visit Tiffany.

She doesn't look like someone who has given birth before. If the child isn't her own and was adopted, then maybe she still has a chance with Levant.

Based on the address she found, Avril arrived at the latter's home.

She then reached out to knock on the door.

When Tiffany opened the door, she was surprised to see Avril standing outside.

"What? Do you not welcome me?"

"It's not that. Please come in."

The latter walked in and studied her surroundings. The inside of the house was rather shabby with only a few simple pieces of furniture and there wasn't any fine decoration.

"Levant lent you ten million. Why didn't you buy yourself a better house?"

Tiffany smiled bitterly. "This house is already very good for me. I might not even be able to return the money I borrowed from Mr. Levant in a long while. It could take a few years for me to pay everything off."

"It's fine. You can take your time with it since he is not short of money."

She was moved by Avril's words and became even more polite when she found out that the latter was actually Levant's sister.

Avril's gaze landed on the crib and saw the baby sleeping soundly inside. She then asked, "Is he your baby?"

"Yes. He's been with me since I got divorced."

“Did you give birth to him? Don’t you have family?”

Tiffany’s face darkened and only replied after hesitating for a moment. “Yes, I gave birth to him, and I have a family.”

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“Then, isn’t your family going to help to raise him?”

“All of them are busy with their own stuff.”

Tiffany’s eyes reddened with tears and she quickly got up, using “I’m going to make tea,” as an excuse before making her way into the kitchen.

Avril kept silent at that.

She glanced at the child who was sound asleep, then at the house that the former bought with the money she borrowed from Levant and she managed to put the puzzles together.

If she had someone she could rely on, she wouldn’t have chosen to raise the kid herself and borrow money to buy a house, right?

It seems like she’s living quite a miserable life.

A few moments later, Tiffany came out with a cup of tea in hand and she placed it in front of Avril. “Please have some tea.”

“Thank you.”

Avril sympathized with the unlucky woman all of a sudden.

A knock on the door sounded the moment she lifted the cup and Tiffany went to open the door.

Avril took a sip on the tea but couldn't make up what it was. All she knew was that it was bitter and it couldn't be compared to the ones she normally drank.

She put down the cup and heard a sharp voice coming from the outside.

"Do you know what everyone is saying about you not getting married? Even your Dad and I are embarrassed by it!"

"I only ended up like this because I got married to someone so casually during my early years. I will never get married so easily from now on. I've already moved out. So stop forcing me to get married, okay?"

"Moved out? You're still my daughter even if you've moved out. Your business is my business! You must meet the blind date Aunt Willow arranged for you."

"He's older than me by nine years, Mom. I don't think we're suited."

"You're still complaining because he's older? You are such a brat! You complain when they're older yet you also complain when they're younger. Just what kind of man are you looking for?"

"This is my life, Mom. Can't you just let me decide?"

"Let you decide? Is there someone that you like or have you started going out with someone?"

"Mom! How can you say that? It's been only less than two years since I got divorced. I have to work and earn money besides taking care of my son. How do I make time to go out with someone?"

"Well, if there isn't anyone, then you'll go for the blind date! Just hurry up and get married to someone!"

The woman left angrily after she was done talking. Tiffany clenched her fists tightly and her eyes welled up with tears.

I have nothing left after the divorce and it's not easy to raise a child alone. How I wish my family would help out a little. Well, even if they couldn't, I just hope that they would say some comforting words. At least I'd feel better. But all I got were complaints and criticism.

She felt that her mother was just like a machine that collects rumors and gossip. One day she'd hear some things from someone and another day she'd listen to some stupid suggestions from someone else. Mom would only bring home all these rumors and gossip and criticize me after that, saying that I'm an embarrassment and forced me to get married soon.

Tiffany also felt that she might have gamophobia. She would tremble with fear with just the thought of her previous marriage. She would rather raise her child and suffer alone than go through getting married again.

But her mother had never thought about what she had gone through, and rarely consoled her too. The former was a prideful woman and only cared about what her neighbors would say when her daughter wasn't getting married; hence Tiffany was an embarrassment to her. That was why she kept forcing her daughter to get married as soon as possible.

Tiffany wiped away her tears and turned back to the living room. Her son had woken up by then and she quickly went to coax him. Avril stayed with them for a while more. She said while patting the child's head, "He's cute."

"Thanks."

"Was that your mom earlier?"

"Yeah," Tiffany replied with a nod.

"Why did she treat you like that? Are you her biological daughter?"

"Yes." She nodded again.

She was her mother's biological daughter, but her mother never liked her since she was young. One time, when she was six, her mother chased her out of the house all because she argued with her brother. Tiffany was terribly scared as she watched the doors shut tight and she started wailing right away. In the end, her grandmother was the one who let her in.

She knew that she would have to earn money and survive on her own by the age of sixteen.

"You should decide when you want to get married. It's your freedom. Your mom can give you her opinions, but she doesn't have the right to force you."

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"I know. It'll be my decision if I ever get married again."

Avril nodded. I want to decide my own marriage too. I wonder if Dad would allow it? Even if he doesn't, I'd fight him till he agrees.

After she left Tiffany's home, she made a trip to Levant Winery. She even made time to talk to Levant and told him everything she heard and saw.

Her brother stared at her in surprise as if the person before him was an alien.

Avril asked as she was feeling uncomfortable, "What?"

"Why did you visit her all of a sudden? Are you bored? Besides, what does the way her mother treats her have to do with you? You are such a busybody."

Avril couldn't believe that Levant would have such an attitude. She thought that he would pity Tiffany and decide to pretend to be her boyfriend, giving her mother the lesson she deserved.

"Levant, you were willing to lend her money so why can't you help her?"

He turned to look at her. "How should I help her then?"

She looked up and down at her brother before saying, "What do you think her mother's reaction would be if someone like you becomes her boyfriend?"

Levant kept silent for a moment before glaring at her.

“How could I be her boyfriend? I am never short of women like her. Also, she already has a son. I can’t possibly marry a divorced woman, can I?”

I knew it. He cares about this.

Well, he is a typical tall, rich and handsome man after all. He has both the status and the looks. There’s really no need for him to marry a divorced woman who has a son and a much lower status than him.

“What I meant is that you could pretend to be her boyfriend. Then you can help her deal with her mom.”

“Pretend? I’m afraid that she’d cling to me and treat me as her actual boyfriend,” Levant answered simply.

“Don’t you have faith in her character and integrity? She’s even going to return the money she borrowed with interest. Besides, I went to her house today and it’s very simple. I even suspect that all the furniture in her house is second-hand. She doesn’t seem like the type of woman who’s vain and materialistic. I don’t think she would cling to you at all. You might even be the one who would cling to her.”

Levant laughed at her words coldly. I don’t know why she’s so adamant about getting me to help Tiffany, but I only care about my winery and Nicole. I’m not in the mood to care about such a childish matter at all.

He kept quiet for a while more then he got up and left without saying anything.

Seeing that it was already noon, he decided that he wanted to scrounge a free meal so he drove over to the Seet Residence.

Since Levant was Sophia’s nephew, she greeted him enthusiastically when he arrived.

Juan and Maya, who lived in the Seet Residence, were quite hostile towards him. However, they weren’t cold and arrogant like Kyle and Nina, so they started to answer his questions after some time.

Juan was smart and cunning so he was very careful with his answers.

Whenever there were questions about his mother, he would only answer with "I don't know." Maya was just as smart and would shake her head at those questions.

Levant couldn't help but admit that Evan and Nicole's children were smart indeed.

Since Davin and Sheila had gone to the Muir residence, Sophia called Evan and told them to get back to the Seet Residence to have a meal. Upon receiving the call, he thought that it was because Maya and Juan missed them so he agreed to it right away.

He only realized that Levant was there when he rushed to the Imperial Garden with Nicole, Nina, and Kyle.

The latter studied Nicole's face and asked about her injury in concern.

She thought about it for a moment before answering, "It'll recover in a few days. I would wear a mask whenever I go out. And I went to Evan's company today. No one else saw my injuries besides John."

"Are you afraid that people would find out that you're injured? Why?" Levant asked.

Nicole was stunned by the question. She was still thinking of how she should answer when Evan replied to him with a glare, "Because she doesn't want inconsiderate people to ask so many questions!"

Levant froze. Why do I feel like he's talking about me?

I only asked because I'm concerned!

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Resentfully, he glared at Evan. "I think Nicole doesn't want others to know that you have something to do with her facial injury. She must be wary of gossips about herself being Mr.

Seet's fiancée and must have felt pressured by those women around you who are interested in you."

After saying this, Evan looked at Nicole curiously. He wanted to know if Nicole indeed had these concerns.

She smiled apologetically. "I didn't think that much."

Evan turned around and eyed Levant maliciously. "I have a sudden thought that you can help her decompress; those women out there suit you well."

Levant scowled. He did not see this coming from Evan. So Evan is petty because I am being nice to her? He even tried to hook me up with someone.

"Evan, what do you mean?"

"I'll introduce some women to you!"

"No need!" Levant rebuffed.

"It's not up to you to decide. Uncle Morris will be overjoyed if he knew."

Seeing the malicious smile on Evan's face, Levant was certain that whoever Evan would introduce to him would not be any decent woman.

He objected again, "No need for that. I already have a girlfriend!"

His statement shocked everyone in the living room.

Sophia looked at him amusingly. "Really? Who is it?"

Levant staggered, "She... she is..."

"You don't have one, do you?" Evan glanced at him. "It'd be weird if women find you interesting!"

His words successfully provoked Levant. He growled defiantly, "What do you mean? Who wouldn't like someone as handsome and charming as I am? Who are you to look down on me?"

"If you want to impress us, give us her name!"

"Levant, who is it? I will run a background check on her for you," offered Sophia.

As soon as Sophia posed her question, everyone's attention was on him, awaiting his answer.

Levant finally gave in to them.

"Tiffany!"

I'll use her as cover first.

"Tiffany? Who's Tiffany?"

Sophia silently recalled the ladies she knew from the prestigious families of Y City, but there was no memory of a "Tiffany."

Evan and Nicole frowned as well. They did not expect that Levant could come up with a name.

At this moment, the three of them were immensely curious about this Tiffany.

Levant sighed. Avril had suggested that he should pretend to be Tiffany's boyfriend, but he had refused. I never thought I would actually need to use her as my fake girlfriend. Well, it's no big deal. I'm just using her name.

"Levant, which family is Tiffany from?" Sophia queried curiously, determined to dig out an answer.

After recalling what Avril had mentioned about Tiffany's background, Levant smiled. "She is from a low-income family. However, she is courageous and also a glutton for punishment. She even raised a child on her own..."

Sophia immediately cut him off at the mention of a child.

“Hold on! A Child? What child? Whose child?”

“ .. ”

Levant was dumbfounded. If I say the child is Tiffany’s, Sophia will surely voice her disapproval. Evan and Nicole will mock me too, won’t they?

It also doesn’t make sense for someone like me to be involved with a woman with a child.

Levant thought for a while and muttered, “The child...is an orphan. She brought the poor kid home out of pity.”

Sophia did not know what to say to that. “She must be a kind-hearted lady!”

“Levant, bring her over when you have time.”

Levant was startled. He was merely using her as cover, but now he had to bring her over?

Seeing how reluctant Levant was, Evan sneered. “What a heartfelt story. It’s a shame that it doesn’t have a main character.”

“ .. ”

Levant looked up and silently berated Evan for giving him such a hard time. Then, clenching his teeth, Levant declared, “I will bring her over!”

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Sophia was beyond thrilled after hearing this. If Levant indeed found someone with whom to spend the rest of his life, he would no longer cherish Nicole in his heart and would live harmoniously with Evan. Murphy, too, would be delighted to hear about this.

This was splendid news.

She gaped at Levant in excitement. "What if you bring her over right now?"

"Right now?"

Levant moaned bitterly in his mind. He merely came up with a white lie; why must they insist on bringing her over?

He did not know what Tiffany was up to now, and he was not even sure if she was willing to help.

"Is it inconvenient?" Sophia inquired.

"She could be busy now, she..."

"Mom, you have to give him enough time to find an actress. How can he arrange for a woman right away when you are requesting to see her out of the blue?"

Sophia, "..."

Evan still did not believe him and continued to accuse Levant of finding an actress.

Levant's blood was boiling. I must have had too many unresolved issues with Evan in the past because this jerk just wouldn't let me go!

Glaring at Evan with hostility, Levant spoke through clenched teeth, "Evan! I'm going to bring her over; just you wait!"

Levant left furiously. Quietly, Sophia sighed.

"Evan, you don't have to press him on like this. Feelings have to be mutual in a relationship."

"Grandma, Daddy only wants Mr. Levant to find a girlfriend as soon as possible so that he won't bother Mommy anymore," Juan contended.

Nina agreed, "Yes, Grandma. Daddy is just protecting his love."

Maya said, "Grandma, we want to see if Mr. Levant's girlfriend is as beautiful as our Mommy."

Sophia looked at the mischievous children and smiled helplessly. "These kids surely are Daddy's best wingmen!"

...

After Levant left Seet Residence in his car, he immediately rang Avril for Tiffany's home address.

"Why do you want her home address? Do you intend to be her fake boyfriend?"

"No! I just want her to pretend to be my girlfriend."

Avril was at a loss for words.

What exactly is the difference?

Besides, do you even have a girlfriend? How dare you say you want to pretend?

"Why do you suddenly have this thought? Is it because you now realize what I told you before actually makes sense? Do you now want to help her because you pity her situation? You and Tiffany.."

Levant no longer wanted to hear from Avril. He cut her off instantly, "Give me her address!"

"..."

Avril pouted. You won't even let me talk. Never mind, I'll set you two up eventually.

After giving him Tiffany's address, Avril decided to join in on the fun out of sheer curiosity.

Levant arrived at Tiffany's place. He could not help but frown when he saw the run-down apartment building.

Did I lend her ten million just for her to buy a place like this? What was she thinking? Such a cheapskate.

Levant felt he himself was hot-headed as well. How could I think of using her as my fake girlfriend?

Since everyone was still waiting for Tiffany at Seet Residence, he forced himself to walk into the apartment building and knocked on her door.

"Who is it?"

"It's me!"

The door opened. Tiffany seemed a little excited to see Levant.

"It's you? Come in!"

When he walked into the room and saw the decor, he scowled.

"Why didn't you find a better place than this?"

"I have constraints. I'm already satisfied with a roof over my head, but I'm afraid the money that you've lent me..."

"Don't worry. I'm not here for the money. You can return it whenever you can."

"Thank you. Please sit. I will make some tea for you."

While Tiffany went to the kitchen, Levant looked around the living room. His gaze soon landed on the computer monitor, which showed an incomplete blueprint.

He remembered that she worked as a designer. This must be her work.