

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 113

What is going on? Evan's fully hand-made, Italian trousers were glued firmly on the seat. That realization made his face fall, and he quickly called John. "Come here this instant! You have one minute!" he warned.

John was confused, but seeing that Evan had summoned him so sternly, something big must have happened.

He went to the president's office as soon as possible, and when he arrived, Evan was changing his clothes. "Do you require my assistance, Mr. Seet?"

"Something's on the seat. See what it is."

John went to observe the seat closely and noticed it was smeared with a colorless and odorless super glue. How did this get here? John was baffled.

After Evan was done changing and came out of his break room, John gave him a curious look. "How did this get here, Mr. Seet?"

Evan looked at him sharply, his gaze oppressive. Even without saying a word, John could feel the air crushing him, suffocating him. Cold sweat started drenching him, and he realized he asked a redundant question. If Evan knew why it was there, he wouldn't have sat on it in the first place.

John could imagine how awkward Evan must look like earlier. "I'll look into this right away, Mr. Seet."

"I want the report before five."

John looked at the time. I don't have much time to work with. "Yes sir." And then he scurried out like a nervous rat.

But before he could get out, Evan stopped him. John could feel his heart racing, but he still turned back to Evan. The latter was looking at the documents on the table intently as he flipped through them. When he got to the fourth page, Evan hurled the documents at him. "And look into these too!"

The papers flew everywhere, making a mess out of the floor. John went to pick them up and looked through them. Something's on these papers. Oh, they're comic characters. They seemed to be looking down on something with their unnaturally huge eyes. What's this? they're making a sexy duck-lip pose?

Then he saw another shocking drawing. Wait a minute! This is Mr. Seet! But he's drawn all bruised and crying! Oh god, who did this? A shiver ran down his spine, and John didn't look at the papers anymore. After picking all of them up, he escaped the room.

Oh no. If I can't get to the bottom of this, Mr. Seet's gonna kill me! Which idiot pulled this prank? They just have to make my life hard, don't they?

Back at Evan's office. When he was about to drink from his glass, he was reminded of denatonium benzoate's taste, and he smashed his glass against the ground.

The company's network got hacked, my office is infiltrated, and they left prank after prank here. Evan could feel his pride being challenged, and his face fell. No matter who the prankster was, he would teach them a lesson once they were found out.

It took John a while, but finally, he came back with the results fifteen minutes before five. He was already wheezing, but he managed to convey the report.

"She did all these?"

“Yes. It’s the little girl you brought here. She told the receptionist you ordered the coffee and wanted me to take it to you. The camera caught her entering your office, and after she left the company, she’s hiding in this place.”

John sent the footage to Evan’s computer. It showed the girl hiding in the parking lot’s corner while removing her makeup. When she was done, the girl left like she owned the place

Wait, she looks exactly like Nicole. Nicole had two daughters who looked exactly like her. One of them was chubby, but this prankster was the skinny one.

Evan recalled back to the first time he found Nicole in Parkland Garden. Her daughter had looked up at him angrily like he killed her family. “I’m not scared of him, mom!” she declared.

Now that he thought of it, Evan postulated that Nicole must have sent her daughter to sabotage him after her failed attempt last time.