

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 119

Fine?

Davin furrowed his brow at Nicole's reply.

Before he could process her answer further, his phone rang. When he saw who was calling, he picked up as a flicker of irritation surfaced within him.

"Mr. Seet, Kyle is insisting on throwing away the model boat you gave him. We tried to stop him but he refuses to listen."

"He wants to throw it away?"

Davin glanced at the 'Kyle' who was standing right in front of him. My obedient nephew is right here with me. How can he be throwing out the model boat at the same time?

"Yes. He's throwing a huge tantrum. He says he doesn't want anything of yours here at Hillside Villa. Do you want to take it back, or...?"

"Stop lying. Kyle is here with me. How could he be throwing the model boat away? Are you trying to drive a wedge between us?"

Blake instantly defended himself, "Mr. Seet, I have served the Seet family loyally and to the best of my abilities all these years. I would never do any member of the family wrong. If you don't believe me, feel free to check the surveillance tape!"

Blake was an upstanding man who valued honesty. He ended the call with Davin and proceeded to send him a video.

The video showed Kyle kicking and trampling the model boat in a fit of rage.

“This child is too ungrateful. He has no idea the lengths I went to buy the boat. What a brat...”

Realization seemed to hit him and his head snapped up toward ‘Kyle’.

Two Kyles?

What... What’s going on?

His heart pounded and his gaze flickered to the phone. The Kyle in the video was still trashing the model boat.

The phone fell to the ground with a thud.

Could it be that Kyle isn’t schizophrenic, but a clone? What the hell...

This is... insanely terrifying!

What the heck’s going on?

A chill crawled up his spine.

Davin took a deep breath and willed himself to stay calm. A spurt of water suddenly hit his back.

He clenched his fist tightly and turned. There was no one there.

What... This is so creepy!

He stood rooted to the ground, his face completely drained of color.

“What’s wrong, Uncle Davin?”

Davin stared at ‘Kyle’, scanning the face of the seemingly adorable cherub standing before him. But he no longer perceived those features positively. The child’s features now painted a terrifying picture.

Davin’s heart raced at a breakneck pace.

“Dr. Tussaud, come here! Hurry! He’s not Kyle! He’s not Kyle!”

Davin looked absolutely deranged as he tried to drag Nicole out.

Nicole heaved a deep sigh. “Since you found out on your own, I see no point in hiding it any further. This child isn’t Kyle. He’s Juan.”

“Juan?”

Davin was even more shocked now.

“He... He’s human? But the water...”

“Maya, come out!”

Davin turned to see a little girl scrunched up in a box. She was holding a water gun.

The box had a hole in it, aimed directly at the area the water drenched his back.

Davin let out a sigh of relief.

“Dr. Tussaud, your children sure are naughty!”

Maya stuck her tongue out at him. “You wrecked our door! You have to pay us back!”

Davin was stunned for a moment. He then nodded and agreed, “You’re right. I’ll pay for it!”

“Good.” Maya sprinted back into the bedroom. In the next second, she ran out again carrying a bag of shrimp chips. She handed the snack to Davin.

“Since you’re willing to pay, I’ll let you have the shrimp chips. This is my apology for spraying your back. You’re welcome.”

Davin casually opened the bag of shrimp chips and tossed a piece into his mouth.

“Apology or not, thanks for the food.”

Seeing two Kyles and being sprayed by a mysterious spurt of water had taken a lot out of him.

Maya eyed Davin. Wow, he likes eating just like me! Awesome!

Nina crossed her arms and shot him a glare. “So you’re a foodie too! Great, the mini foodie has met the big foodie! Is Maya going to turn into an even bigger foodie?”