

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 85

Nicole spoke softly, but her tone was dead serious.

Is she saying something else? Is there a hidden message somewhere?

Nicole later got the handwritten documents from Evan. She had spent the entire night rewriting it, but rip! She tore those documents up without any hesitation. One after another... until everything was in pieces.

She then tossed those shreds in the air, and they danced like snow on a beautiful winter night.

Evan narrowed his eyes. This woman spent the entire night writing everything, then tore them apart herself. What game is she playing?

Evan was still trying to figure it out when Nicole turned around and walked away gracefully.

She was cool, determined, wild, and free.

Who would've thought that this woman can be so cool?

At that moment, Evan found himself a little lost with anxiety slowly creeping up in him as he stared at her walking away.

Evan instinctively tightened his fist. Nicole Lane got off easy. She deserved the treatment she received compared to all the vile things she had done. What I did was nothing!

The glint in Evan's eyes became less bright when he walked into his office. He hadn't even sat down before his door was knocked.

"Come in."

John rushed over as soon as Evan finished speaking.

"Ms. Tussaud refused to translate the document from A Nation and is leaving, Mr. Seet. Maybe..."

"She has resigned. Have someone else translate the document."

"What? Uh... Um..." said John, who looked surprised when he heard what Evan said. He seemed to be at a loss for words after that.

Evan shifted his gaze to John and barked, "What? Why are you acting like the company can't survive without her?"

John seemed troubled when he replied, "We regularly receive sizable orders from A Nation, but the company never accepted them because no one is fluent in that language. After Ms. Tussaud joined us, we finally had the skill needed, so yesterday afternoon, we accepted our clients' orders from A Nation. Every single one of those business transactions is over a hundred million in value, and we need the related documents translated immediately."

Evan glared at John, "So?"

John answered nervously, "The translator before Ms. Tussaud, Jimmy, used to translate documents from A Nation, but Jimmy doesn't fully understand that language. Hence, we can't get him to work on those documents. Uhm... So, uh, t-the company needs Ms. Tussaud. She's the only one who can do it."

She's the only one? Huh, that is ridiculous! Those documents aren't holy scriptures, and there is no way that only she can translate them!

Evan scoffed and ordered, “Get HR to recruit someone else. Offer a great salary. I refuse to believe that we can’t find anyone else.”

“We’re in a rush, and only a few people know that nation’s language, so it might be difficult...”

“Then you better f\*cking hurry! Get out now!” scolded Evan before John even finished speaking. John was frightened, and he quickly turned around to get out of the office.

Holy! What is up with Mr. Seet today? Why is he so angry suddenly?

John sighed before he hurried over to the HR department.

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Nicole hadn’t left the office for long before her phone suddenly rang.

She checked the screen and saw that it was an unknown number. That got her to hesitate a little before answering it.

“Hi, who is this?”

“Ms. Tussaud, it’s me, Evan’s mom.”

“Hi, Mrs. Seet. What’s up?”

“I have heard all about it. Why didn’t you tell me that Evan has been bullying you? I’ll help you out.”

“It’s fine. I’ve already resigned.”

“Resign? That stupid kid. Don’t you worry, I will have him beg you to go back!”

“Actually, I...”

Sophia was truly impatient. Nicole hadn't even finished speaking but the call was hung up.

Get Evan to beg me? That's not going to be easy... Wait, something's off. How did Sophia know that Evan had been bullying me? Evan certainly won't tell her, and those close to him won't either. They wouldn't dare to. Is there a whistleblower who simply can't stand how he bullied me? That's not likely. Who would risk offending the boss just for me?

Nicole simply couldn't figure it out.

Sophia sighed in front of her grandson after hanging up the phone.

“Your dad really needs a good whooping!”

“Grandma, you gotta help Ms. Tussaud. Daddy refused to let her take care of me and forced her to work overtime during lunch. She even had to stay up all night just to finish work. He is such a big bully.”