

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 96

After John knocked on Nicole's door, he entered the room without waiting for her response.

"Ms. Tussaud, you must have worked hard. Why don't you take a rest?"

"It's all right." Nicole looked up at him. Her gaze then lowered to look at the fancy box in his hands. "What's this?"

With an overjoyed expression, John explained, "Ms. Tussaud, our president ordered this from the best dessert store in the city for you. Do try it."

Evan ordered this for me?

From the best dessert store?

Nicole stared at John in disbelief, wondering if she had heard him wrong. That bastard Evan. How can he possibly be nice to me?

"I beg your pardon?"

John looked at her before repeating his words in a serious tone. He even added, "Ms. Tussaud, you didn't hear me wrong. Mr. Seet had specially ordered this for you."

Did Evan really ordered this for me?

What happened to him? Does he have ulterior motives?

After all, there are no free lunches in this world. What is he planning?

Knitting his brows, John looked at the contemplating woman. “Ms. Tussaud, our president is actually nice to his employees. Last month, one of the staff members’ family was diagnosed with cancer. He needed money, and Mr. Seet gave him his annual salary in advance without hesitation.”

Nicole fell silent. She had not expected an inapproachable man like Evan to have sympathy.

Is John saying that Evan is encouraging me as my employer?

Yes. That must be it. Evan wants me to go through the documents carefully. It seems like the collaboration with A Nation is quite important to the company. I’m useful to him.

Sensing her worth, Nicole smiled.

She then lowered her head to look at the mousse cake. She had always been reluctant to buy the cake. It was a long queue for the new products of the dessert store. Not to mention that even if she had the money for it, she still might not be able to get it.

The last time Maya saw the poster, she stared at it for nearly a day. If I bring it back for the three kids...

For a moment, Nicole thought she could see the way Maya’s eyes lit up at the sight of the cake.

She’ll love it.

“Ms. Tussaud, try it.”

John's words dragged Nicole back to her senses. "Work is more important. Please thank Mr. Seet for the cake on my behalf. I'll bring it home to enjoy it slowly."

Um...

John had wanted to ask her for a bite, but that seemed impossible now.

Regardless, although Evan had not met with Nicole, they seemed to be on good terms; one had sent a cake, and the other had expressed her gratitude.

Mrs. Seet will be happy to hear about this.

After returning to the president's office, Evan stared at John, eager for the latter's answer. "Did she eat it?"

John shook his head. "No. She's busy with work. She said she'll bring it home to eat, and she said thank you."

She thanked me?

The look in Evan's eyes darkened. It's too early to thank me now. You'll know how special the mousse cake is once you try it. You can thank me then.

Nicole was so absorbed in her work that she had not realized it was lunch break. It wasn't until Nina called, and the ringtone sounded that it snapped her back to reality. She quickly kept her things and rushed to the kindergarten to pick her children up.

Naturally, in her rush, she had forgotten about Evan's cake.

In the afternoon, she came back to the office. Evan was leisurely waiting for her in his office.

However, after waiting for a long time, he saw no signs of her storming into his office demanding for an explanation.

Was the taste of the cake not special enough for her?

Or is Nicole feeling guilty about the idea she planted in Kyle's head? Is that why she's not coming after me?

Unable to guess what was going on, he stood up and went to Nicole's office.

Through the glass windows, he could see Nicole's head lowered as she typed on her keyboard. Once in a while, her eyes would glance to the side, where the information must be at.

Evan was surprised to find that she looked pleasant while working attentively.

His gaze then landed on the untouched mousse cake on the table. Frowning, he thought, Didn't she says she'll bring it home? It's still here. Is she not planning to eat it or...