

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1096

"You whelp! I can't believe you still have the cheek to speak! Evan's children are all in their teenage years now. And you're not young anymore. So tell me, how did you deal with Tiffany's baby?"

"Dad, don't bring up the past. My only wish is to bear a child with the woman that I love. I don't care for the other women at all."

"Is that so? So you can't be bothered? What if a chubby kid shows up in front of you right now?"

A chubby kid?

I would like it very much if the woman that I love give birth to our very own chubby kid.

"Dad, just wait and see. I'll spend the rest of my life chasing after the woman that I love, be with her, and fulfill your wish of having an adorable and chubby grandchild."

Murphy let out a scornful laugh. "I can't wait any longer. But your decision doesn't matter anymore since I've got a grandchild now."

Levant looked at him, confused.

Dad doesn't have other sons, so how did a grandchild come about?

"Dad, are you daydreaming?" Levant poked fun at him.

"Son, I'll present to you my grandchild in a while and then you tell me if I'm daydreaming." Murphy hurried upstairs.

Seeing Murphy's strange behavior, Levant turned to Sophia and asked, "Aunt Sophia, is everything okay with my dad? Is he really searching for a grandson upstairs?"

"Yes." You'll be flabbergasted soon enough.

Hearing the vague answer, Levant decided to change the topic. "We'll discuss about Dad later. Aunt Sophia, I have something important that I need you to be the judge of."

"What is it?" Sophia asked.

Levant took a good look at Evan and told Sophia about the replaced stones.

"Aunt Sophia, I'm not trying to take advantage out of this situation, I just hope that you can advise your son to return me my belongings."

Sophia lifted her head. "Evan, is what he said true?"

Evan nodded and answered in affirmation.

Hearing his confession, Levant added, "At least you still have the guts to own it up like a man."

"If this is the case, Evan, why don't you return Levant's belongings? I believe he won't send any more gifts to Nicole. Right, Levant?"

Aunt Sophia's words are like a double-edged sword. On one hand, she seems to be siding with me; on another, she's warning me to stop sending Nicole things.

Fine, I won't send her gifts then. If I do, I won't repeat the same mistake of delivering it to Imperial Garden and directly into the hands of Evan.

"Rest assured that I won't send any more presents to Imperial Garden, Aunt Sophia."

"All right. Evan, please return the items to Levant."

"Sure, I'll get someone to deliver it here as soon as possible." He contacted his butler right away and made the necessary arrangements.

Levant was extremely satisfied with the outcome. He glared at Evan and gave him a smug look. Who has the last laugh now?

Evan approached him and said in a low voice, "Don't get too excited. You won't get to touch them even though they will be delivered here soon."

What does he mean?

Aunt Sophia has agreed to this. Does he intend to go back on his words?

"Evan, what games are you playing at? Don't ever think of using the same trick twice. I'll definitely check the box thoroughly this time."

"Don't you worry. Your items will be presented before your eyes, it's just that they won't land in your hands at the end."

I doubt you'll be able to snatch it away right under my nose.

Levant sneered at him.

"We shall wait and see," he said confidently.

As soon as he said that, distinct sounds of a crying newborn could be heard from upstairs.

Levant was absolutely stunned. "Is that the cry of a baby? Why is there a baby in Seet Residence? Whose baby is that?"

Evan gazed at him in amusement whereas Sophia remained silent but wore a cheeky grin on her face.

As for Nicole, she was secretly counting the days of Tiffany's pregnancy and reflecting on Murphy's reaction previously. I'm almost certain that the crying baby is Levant's child!

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Nicole looked towards Evan, who confirmed her suspicion. Then, they both turned to Levant, who could not help but feel that something was off.

As the footsteps got closer, the noise of the bawling baby got louder. When Murphy carried the baby to Levant, he was still in a daze.

Baffled, he asked, "Dad, please don't tell me that this is my brother. Are you really so crazy about having a grandchild that you decided to produce one yourself? You're already at such an advanced age, how... this... oh boy..." This is so shameful!

"Stop talking nonsense! This is not my son, it's yours! He's my grandchild."

The news hit Levant like a wrecking ball.

"Dad, what did you just say? This is my son?"

"Yes!"

"No, wait a minute now... Dad, you must have adopted one or kidnapped one from elsewhere and planned to say that it's my son. I know, you're just trying to save your own skin, am I right?"

"You Idiot! Stop spouting nonsense! This is your biological son. If you don't believe me, you can verify it through a DNA test."

This is my child? And what did he say? A DNA test?

This...

Levant looked around and saw Sophia smiling at him. "Oh, my nephew, this is indeed your son. There's no doubt about it."

Levant was rendered speechless.

He looked at Nicole and Evan. With his arms folded, Evan's eyes seemed to be mocking him, saying, Did you expect the twist? Are you astonished?

Nicole bowed her head. I was the one who suggested keeping the baby. I was also the person who called the hospital. How should I explain myself and come clean to Levant?

Observing everyone's responses, Levant stared at the baby in disbelief.

Is this really my son?

How come I wasn't aware that I have one?

This is too absurd.

"Levant, I know that I was against the idea of you being with Tiffany in the past. But, through my observations of her in these few months, I realized that she would make a good match for you. Moreover, she's delivered such a lovely baby for our family. I've decided to support your relationship with her."

Finally, Levant was able to connect the dots and had an idea of what was going on.

Tiffany gave birth to this child.

She didn't abort the baby when I brought her to the hospital.

Levant suddenly felt that he had fallen into a trap set up by Evan and Nicole.

"It's fine if you want to pull a prank on me, but how can you joke about such a serious matter? This is a child we're talking about! Who are you to make a decision on my behalf and determine the existence of my child?" he spat.

"You b*stard!" Murphy gave him a harsh kick.

Levant blew a fuse and roared, "I'm not going to keep this baby. Whoever agreed to keep him then should raise him."

"Sure, I'll raise the child then," Evan said in a very calm manner.

"Levant, you b*astard! There's no father in this world who doesn't want to accept his own children. How can you be so cruel?"

Levant rebuked Murphy, "Well, I got that from you! After all, didn't you abandon me when I was young? I was raised by Stephen Musgrave, not you. So, similarly, whoever wants to care for the child, go ahead. Don't get me involved."

"You... you..." Murphy clenched his fists. He was sorely tempted to beat his own son up at that moment.

Just then, footsteps were heard coming down from the stairs.

Nicole hurried over to assist Tiffany and she saw how frail and weak she was.

"I'm all right. I've been treated very well at the Wicked Palace. Though the baby was premature, he's been fed well and is now growing steadily like other full-term babies."

"You look tired though. Please take care of yourself," advised Nicole.

"Thank you."

Tiffany stared at Levant. "I won't give this baby to you even if you want him, Levant. I'll raise him up all by myself and I'll never tell you that you're his father."

Seeing Tiffany's hostility, Levant felt rather uneasy. Yet, he was still adamant about his decision. "Don't think that I'll marry you because of the baby. You can stop your wishful thinking."

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“Don’t worry, even if you agree to marry me, I won’t...”

Before Tiffany could finish her sentence, Murphy interrupted her abruptly. “Levant, you’ve gone overboard! I’ll care for this child.”

“There’s no need for you to do so. I’ll raise him up on my own.”

Murphy was worried to let Tiffany care for his grandchild alone.

Sophia immediately chipped in to give her advice. “Tiffany, it won’t be possible for you to attend to the baby when your body is still so weak. So why don’t you stay here with me? I’m free most of the time and I can help you babysit. It’s not like Evan and Nicole will bear me a baby anytime soon, anyway.”

“Thank you for the offer. But I’m a designer and I have a dedicated person-in-charge who looks into the operations of my company. It’s really not that difficult for me to babysit while working from home. I should be fine.”

“No. This won’t do, this is my grandchild and I’ll worry if you care for him alone,” uttered Murphy.

Tiffany looked at him. “Back when you forced me to stay at the Wicked Palace, I really hated you. But after getting to know you better during these few months, I’ve come to appreciate the love and care that you’ve shown me. I know that you only did that out of your sincere affection for the baby. Nonetheless, I must thank you. I don’t resent you anymore and I see you as a respectable elder now. Whenever you are free, you are welcome to come and visit my baby.”

Murphy froze and his eyes welled up. He really couldn’t bear the thought of separating from his grandson.

“Tiffany, will you be okay doing it alone?” Sophia was apprehensive to let her go as well.

She nodded. “Don’t worry. If anything comes up or if I need any urgent help, I’ll ring and ask for you to lend a hand.”

“I think this is a good arrangement. Uncle Morris, if you’re still worried, you can assign two capable maids to help babysit.”

Murphy considered Evan’s suggestion. “So be it, then.”

It’s obvious that both Tiffany and Levant are obdurate, regardless of any advice given. All I could wish now is for the child to grow up faster so that he’ll be like how the quadruplets were, who worked hard on getting Nicole and Evan back together. When that happens, they can return to stay with me at the Wicked Palace then.

Since Murphy had agreed to the idea, Sophia said, “Tiffany, I’ll select two maids to help you out, all right?”

Tiffany gave it a thought. “I think one is enough. And I’ll pay for her monthly salary.”

“Don’t be silly. You’re already doing so much, how could we let you contribute more? No worries. I’ll make all the arrangements accordingly.”

Just then, a maid from the Imperial Garden showed up with a box in her arms.

“Mr. Seet, this is the box that you’ve asked for.”

Evan took the box and opened it. Levant yelled when he saw the content. “These are the items that you swapped!”

Evan shot him a stare. “That’s where you’re wrong. These are my welcome gifts for the newborn. Ms. Watson, please accept them.”

What?

He’s giving it to Tiffany? Levant knitted his brows.

A thin smile settled on Nicole's face. So, by "another woman," Evan was actually referring to Tiffany.

Well, this is an excellent decision.

"Tiffany, accept them, please." Nicole took the box from Evan and carefully placed them on Tiffany's hand, who was too shy to receive it.

She took a look at its contents and gasped. "Oh no, this is too expensive. I can't accept it."

"Yes you can, it's rightfully yours. Just take it as you're accepting the gift on behalf of your son."

Nicole insisted and forced the box on her. Tiffany felt uncomfortable accepting such a luxurious present. But I didn't do anything to deserve this.

"I'll be the temporary guardian of these precious items then. If you need it, please feel free to claim it back anytime."

"We don't need it. This is for your child. So, keep it for him," Nicole reiterated.

"That's right, please accept the gift, Tiffany. You deserve it!" Sophia glared at Levant while he remained quiet.

Evan cleared his throat and gave Levant a taunting stare. See that? Didn't I say before that even though it's your belongings, you still won't be able to get them back. Gifting them to Tiffany is the best idea ever. And I doubt you'll have the guts to claim it back from her...

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Levant rolled his eyes at Evan and felt that he had been set up again.

Not only did I fail to get back those items, but now there's even a child added to the equation?

He took a glance at the baby and felt conflicted.

Baby, it's not your fault. It's entirely my mistake. I shouldn't have created you. Your presence is like a stumbling block to me and all it did is increase the distance between myself and the woman that I love. It's going to be even more challenging to get her back now.

He then looked at Tiffany. She's really not my type. Feeling frustrated, he sighed repeatedly.

Fate is really toying with me.

"Don't you want to hold your son?" Evan posted him a question.

"Evan, did you really think that now I have a baby, I'll give up on Nicole? Dream on!"

Seeing Levant clenching his jaw in anger, Evan was beyond pleased. With his lips curled up, he said in a relaxed manner, "I think you're the one dreaming. It's time you wake up now and accept the fact that Nicole will never like you."

Levant did not respond to him.

He turned and looked at Nicole, who was cooing at the baby in Tiffany's arms. An image flashed across his mind. How wonderful would it be if Nicole and I could raise the child together? My life would be complete and I would be most contented.

As he dwelled in his thoughts, an ugly smile appeared on his face. Evan caught that and suspected Levant to be up to no good again.

He glared at Levant and gave him a stern warning. "If you dare to have any bad intentions, Uncle Morris and I will teach you a hard lesson. You haven't experienced hopelessness, have you?"

"Pft! Are you threatening me? Well, jokes on you because I'm not afraid at all."

Although he proclaimed so and might appear tough on the outside, Levant was quite wary deep down. Not to mention he had to keep in mind his relationship with Aunt Sophia, who treated him quite well. There would be a lot of other implications to consider should he decide to go against Evan.

It's best not to burn any bridges. With that thought in mind, Levant decided he would not act recklessly.

"Look, he's smiling. This little boy is so cute. He has two dimples and a pair of big, round eyes, just like Tiffany."

Hearing Nicole's passing remarks, Levant could not help but gave the baby a good look. There's a twinkle in his marble-like eyes. He actually looks incredibly adorable. Levant did not realize that a smile had crept upon his face.

Evan noticed the other man's expression. I'm certain that this baby will wrap Levant around his little finger in the near future.

On their journey back to Imperial Garden, Nicole gossiped with Evan about Levant's attitude towards Tiffany. She felt sorry for Tiffany.

I've lived a hard life once, raising three children abroad, all by myself. I know exactly how difficult it is for a woman to do this alone. I can empathize with Tiffany.

"Evan, do you think we should help Levant and Tiffany patch things up? It's not easy to be a single mom."

"No doubt it's not easy for her to do this alone, but it's even harder to matchmake them. Since she's determined to keep the baby, I'm sure she has it all planned out."

"Hmm... I'll visit her whenever I have the time. You don't know how much I longed for someone to lend me a hand when I was taking care of the three munchkins. It would have given me some warmth and encouragement. I..."

Nicole turned her head and noticed that Evan was staring back at her. From her tear-filled eyes, Evan could roughly imagine those miserable days she had been through. He felt pangs of regret and guilt.

"You... Why are you looking at me like this?"

He pulled her into his embrace and planted a deep kiss on her forehead.

"Nicole, I'm sorry for all the sufferings you must have been through."

A warm and fuzzy feeling rose within her. When I was living in hardship, I never thought that one day I could bury myself in Evan's embrace and tell him all about this, let alone have him comfort me through and through.

She considered those grieving days' worth it when she was reminded of what she had now. Not only did she have four smart and beautiful children, but she was also blessed with a loving husband.

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"Evan, I've really been through a lot. So, be nice to me in the future, okay?"

"Am I not treating you well?"

"You are! I'm just saying that I hope you can continue being so good to me."

"Of course I will."

"Mommy, you should make Daddy write a letter of guarantee."

A loud voice startled the couple.

They looked in its direction and saw Maya looking at them, grinning from ear to ear.

"Maya, why did you come downstairs?" Evan asked.

Taking a bite of the juicy red apple in her hand, Maya replied, "I went to the kitchen to take some fruits. Daddy, why did you ask? Were you annoyed that I've disturbed your time with Mommy? Fine, I'm going upstairs then. You guys continue..."

She headed upstairs but after taking about ten steps, she turned back around and walked back to her parents with a smile.

"Mommy, I have something to say before going back to my room. It'll only take a couple of minutes." She gazed at Evan and asked, "Daddy, may I borrow Mommy for a few minutes, please?"

"Sure, you two have a chat. I'll be in my study room checking on some company projects." With that, he strode upstairs.

Nicole thought that Maya was being mysterious.

"Mommy, let me tell you a secret."

"What secret?" Nicole prodded.

Maya tiptoed, leaned on Nicole's shoulder, and murmured, "Nina has a crush on her teacher, Mr. Chris Sanders."

What?

Nicole's frowned. I did think that Nina was acting strange lately, seeing that she's always in a daze or smiling for no reason. I have suspected so, but...

"Maya, do you have any evidence?"

The girl thought for a while. "Well, Nina secretly made a mold of her teacher's face and painted his likeness on it. Moreover, she often stares at the model at night and talks to herself. Do these count?"

Nicole froze for a moment. "Anything else?"

Maya tried to recall. "Oh, yes. Nina wanted to use up her hard-earned allowance to buy Mr. Sanders a present. I think she's picked one out already and is waiting to save enough for the purchase."

"What present?"

"A watch, just like the limited edition one that Daddy has. Anyhow, she hasn't got enough money yet and is thinking of ways to earn some. She even asked to borrow from me."

"Did you lend her any?"

"I..." Maya giggled. "Mommy, I didn't lend her. I can't even bear to wear the same identical watch as Daddy, let alone lend her the money to get one. Moreover, I think that guys should protect the ladies and treat them well. Nina is stooping too low in order to please him."

Maya's words cautioned Nicole. Nina has always been a prideful child, she never cares much about others. But now, she's willing to do so much for a guy? This could only mean that she has developed feelings for this guy.

She's only a fourteen-year-old, she has no idea how love works. I must guide her wisely before she makes any silly mistakes.

That's right, she needs some guidance.

I think it's about time I have a heart-to-heart talk with Nina.

"I know what to do now, Maya. I'll talk to her."

"Okay, Mommy. Please don't tell her that I told you, or else she will get angry and quarrel with me."

"Don't worry, I got this."

With that, Maya went upstairs. Nicole pondered over it and decided to visit Nina in her room.

"What are you doing, Nina?"

Hearing Nicole's voice, Nina quickly hid the handmade model of Chris' face in the bookshelf. She then turned to greet her mother. "Yes, Mommy, do you need anything?"

Nicole sensed her daughter's guilty conscience, but she kept her composure and nodded. "Nina, Mommy wants to have a chat with you."

"Please take a seat, Mommy."

Nicole plopped herself down on the European style armchair. "Nina, how are your classes coming along? That Mr. Sanders, is he good to you?"