# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1505

Chapter 1505 The Secrets

A basement? So, this pharmacy actually has a basement? Could it be the same as the basements under the abandoned manors?

Juan continued prying information out of the pharmacy employee.

"Are you serious? Does the pharmacy still need a basement to store medicine when its business isn't all that good?"

The employee was silent for a while as she turned it over in her mind. In the end, she decided to go all out and tell him everything she knew, including her conjectures, in order to marry a fine man and live the life of her dreams.

"Let me tell you something. We're never allowed to go anywhere near the basement. Once, my boss' brother came back with tons of huge, strange wooden boxes. Seeing that he was struggling to carry them with another man, we thought to lend them a hand. Unexpectedly, we were hauled over the coals no sooner had we made a move. We were even warned not to go near the basement."

"Huh? Is that for real? Why are you guys not allowed to go near the basement?"

The employee shook her head. "I don't know why either. That's why I think the things my boss' brother brought back are definitely not medicine. Perhaps it's even some shady stuff to be kept away from the public eye!"

After saying that, she even mysteriously urged Juan, "My boss doesn't allow us to reveal any of that to anyone, not even our parents. I only ever told you, so you've got to keep it to yourself!"

"Don't worry. I won't tell anyone about it." Juan darted his eyes around before asking with curiosity etched on his face, "Since there's no one here right now, can you bring me to the basement for a look?"

The employee was taken aback momentarily before she shook her head fervently.

"No, no! That's out of the question! I'd be dead if my boss were to learn about it!"

"That serious? Would he dare to commit murder in broad daylight?"

Juan's dark eyes narrowed a fraction. No matter the secrets that are hidden within the basement, I'll definitely get to the bottom of it!

"You don't know how powerful my boss is. Okay, let's not talk about that anymore. Let's talk about... us." The employee gazed at him shyly. "Do you think your parents can accept me? And when are you bringing me to meet them?"

Juan lifted his head and looked at her. "Um... I'll consider it carefully. I can tell that you're very candid and kind. Let me speak to my parents and ask for their opinion. I'll bring you home if they agree."

"How long will that take?" the employee inquired further.

"Well, a day or two, I suppose. Wait for my good news. I'll be back to look for you in a day or two."

Beaming from ear to ear, the employee nodded jubilantly. "Okay. I actually have many more strengths. Not only can I play the piano, but I can also cook. I even helped my sister to take care of her child. Thus, I can care for our child myself when we do have one in the future. I'm definitely low-maintenance, so you'll never regret marrying me!"

Good Lord! She's even thinking of a child! You're thinking too far into the future, lady!

Juan grinned widely. "Exactly! A girl like you is the perfect marriage partner! Wait for my good news! I'll give you an answer right after asking my parents!" While saying that, he hastened away.

He had just exited the pharmacy when the employee called out to him while waving her hand.

For an instant, Juan was stunned. Don't tell me she has jolted back to her senses and is afraid that I'd go back on my word, thus planning to follow me all the way?

"Your medicine! You forgot your medicine!" the employee hollered, but he merely ran all the faster.

In no time, he had disappeared from sight.

As the employee stared down at the medicine in her hand, a shy smile bloomed on her face. "I bet he's eager to marry me. He's in such a hurry to ask his parents that he even forgot his medicine. Aw, I'm so touched. I'll just keep the medicine for him first and give him when he comes back. Anyway, he'll be back in a day or two."

Sprinting all the way to the junction where he parked his car, Juan glanced back over his shoulder.

Phew! Fortunately, she didn't chase after me. Is she all that unmarriageable, or does she desire to marry a tall, dark, handsome, and wealthy man so much that she has lost her mind? How could she gullibly believe a man's insouciant words that he wants to marry her? Ah, she's too easily fooled! I wonder if she's really so naive or has a screw loose in her head!

## Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1506

Chapter 1506 Garbage Collector

Juan took out his phone immediately and told John everything about the basement in the pharmacy. He wanted John to find out more about the basement.

"Mr. Juan, that was quick of you to discover about the basement. You are really good."

"Of course! My capabilities alone are equivalent to the ten of you guys'. Get the investigation done as soon as possible. I shall wait for your news."

"Don't worry, Mr. Juan. I'll get someone to check it out right away."

Afterward, Juan sped toward another suspicious location.

Twenty minutes later, he arrived at his destination. It was a regular residence.

Juan surveyed the area and felt that there was nothing remarkable.

Looking at the dark door, he wondered about the people who lived there.

Out of curiosity, he walked toward the door and wanted to knock. However, on second thought, he found it to be inappropriate. Furthermore, he would need an excuse to be there.

As he scanned the area, his sight fell on a garbage collector nearby. An idea instantly popped into his mind.

Juan paid a high price for the garbage collector's uniform. At the same time, he managed to elicit some information about the residents. Once he was ready, he knocked loudly on the door.

"What is it?"

A man in his fifties opened the door. Juan scrutinized him carefully. While the older man was dressed simply, he looked pretty alert. The older man kept his eyes on Juan and sized him up.

Thankfully, Juan had on his uniform.

"Hi. I'm here to collect the garbage."

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"Collecting garbage? Isn't it a bit too early?"

"Ah, well, my uncle isn't feeling well, so I will be his replacement. I have to rush over to the hospital to be with him later. That's why I am early today."

"All right. Come on in then."

Carrying his cleaning equipment, Juan walked into the house. After glancing around, he noticed that it was just an ordinary double-story house, and there was nothing special in the courtyard either.

"All the trash is in that bin over there. Take it away."

"Sure."

Juan emptied the trash bin into his trash bag and turned around. All the while, he never ceased to study the place.

He was nearing the main door but had yet to discover anything. He knew that if he left right then, it would be difficult to enter the premises again in the future.

After some thought, he ripped the trash bag apart with his hands. All kinds of food wrappers and medication packaging started flying around the courtyard.

"Oh my! What have you done? Are you here to collect the garbage or make a mess out of things? Now, the courtyard is completely filthy!"

"Don't worry. I will clean them up right away. I will make sure everything is spick and span."

"Alas. Young people nowadays are unreliable. Of all the jobs in the world, you have to be a garbage collector. You only make things worse!"

"You're right. Once my uncle gets better, I won't be doing this anymore."

"Fine, fine. Just clean up the courtyard quickly! Or else, I will file a complaint against you!"

"All right. Relax. I will get to it right away."

With that, Juan picked up the broom he had brought with him and started sweeping the courtyard.

The older man was observing him from one corner impatiently. "Have you ever swept a courtyard before? The way you are sweeping is making it worse. At this rate, when will you finish?"

Juan sighed. My dear old man, it is true I have never swept a courtyard before. Besides, I'm doing this only to buy myself some time to spot anything suspicious going on in this place.

"Enough, enough. Stop sweeping. Stand over there. I'll show you how to do it."

Smiling awkwardly, Juan said, "I'm so sorry. How can I let you do my job?"

"If I don't, you might not finish by tomorrow!"