

## The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy Chapter 4

### Chapter 4 The Male Prostitute

“Help me!”

Maurice looked down at the drunk woman in his arms. She grasped at his sleeves as though he were a lifesaver amidst a rolling ocean.

When his eyes swept across her face, he felt that this woman looked a little familiar.

But he didn't have the time to pause and think. Antwan had burst out of his private room and found Eliana in the arms of another man. His fat face purple with anger, he roared, “You're coming with me!”

Maurice glanced at Antwan indifferently.

Only then did Antwan falter slightly. Although this man was merely a stranger, he could still feel that he was dangerous. His aura made Antwan panic.

“Get out,” Maurice said flatly.

“Who the fuck are you to tell me what to do? How dare you steal my woman? Do you know who I am? Give her back!” Antwan tried to puff out his chest like an aggressive alpha male. “Otherwise, I won't let you leave the Imperial Golden Club!”

Wyatt, who was drinking and watching this scene unfold before him with amusement, suddenly burst into laughter.

How interesting! This fat man actually had the nerve to threaten Maurice.

How dare he challenge Maurice?

“Well, since you rarely get the chance to have an affair, let me help you.” Wyatt stood up casually and winked at Maurice. Then he walked up to the fat man. Suddenly, he raised his foot and kicked Antwan in the stomach, causing him to stagger a few steps backward. Then he walked out of the room and slammed the door shut.

“Get him out of my sight,” Wyatt barked at the bodyguards.

Two bodyguards quickly sprang into action. They dragged Antwan to the gate of the Imperial Golden Club and threw him onto the street.

The passers-by walked around Antwan, peering at him with curiosity. He had never felt so humiliated in his life.

In the private room, Eliana was still holding on to Maurice's clothes.

Impatient, he tried to shake off her stubborn hands.

But she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her body against his. "I've seen your eyes before..."

Her warm breath smelled lightly of alcohol, brushing on his skin like a light breeze. She bit her lower lip seductively, and her watery eyes caught Maurice's attention.

Then, it suddenly dawned on him. The memories of the past surged in his mind, vivid and clear. In his memory, he was kissing a woman and eventually had sex with her.

That woman from years ago was the woman in front of him right now.

His expression immediately darkened. "It's you."

Eliana closed her eyes, dizzy from the alcohol. She winced in pain, leaning her head on his shoulder tiredly.

Her soft lips brushed against Maurice's bare skin, giving him goose bumps. An inexplicable sexual desire was aroused in his body.

He sneered, "Do you really think I'll fall for the same trick twice?"

He had fallen for the exact same trap five years ago. Were his rivals trying to set him up again?

Come on. At the very least, his rivals should've picked another woman to seduce him. Did they think he was a blind fool?

"Huh? No, I just want to go home. Adrian and Aileen are waiting for me," Eliana murmured under her breath. When she tried to stand on her own feet, she momentarily lost her balance and pressed her hands against Maurice's chest to regain her balance. "Wow, nice body," she commented in surprise.

Her fingers wandered around his body. The man's muscles were firm and defined. What was more, he had wide shoulders and narrow waist. He looked like a god.

Maurice frowned and caught her hands to stop her from groping him.

With her misty eyes, Eliana tilted her head and looked into Maurice's eyes. She suddenly smiled, her eyes lighting up with recognition. "Hey! I know you!"

Maurice raised his eyebrows. "Is that so? Then who am I?"

“You’re... You’re that kind of man.”

Maurice frowned and patiently asked, “What kind of man?”

Her beautiful red lips parted and she blurted out, “A male prostitute.”

Maurice’s eyes blazed with anger when he heard this unexpected answer. Suppressing his anger, he gritted his teeth and asked, “A male prostitute, you say? In that case, let me serve you tonight.”

He was curious to see where  
this woman would draw the line.

“Ah!”

Eliana suddenly felt dizzy and pressed her slender fingers against her temple. When she came to her senses, she was already sitting on the sofa.

Under the dim, warm light, the man leaned towards her and slipped his arms around her waist. She tried to gather her bearings, but she only felt dizzier.

The next second, his lips were pressed against hers.

The man kissed her passionately and crazily, as if he wanted to become one with her.

Eliana suddenly felt hot. She clutched the man’s shirt tightly and murmured, “Wait, wait...”

Humph, was this woman going to expose her true colors already?

Maurice narrowed his eyes at her coldly. “What’s wrong?”

“I... I don’t have any money with me today,” she said in a slurred voice. Intoxicated, everything was a blur to Eliana in that moment.

‘So, she insists on keeping up the act. Okay, then. I’ll play along,’ Maurice thought to himself.

He leaned forward again, but this time, he kissed her earlobe and gently licked it. Then he whispered in her ear, “I don’t need your money tonight. Happy?”

Eliana trembled under his touch. She couldn’t think straight.

Maurice slowly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his chiseled muscles. Her mind went absolutely blank when she took in his captivating pheromones.

Then, her eyes landed on the ferocious scar on the man's chest...

Why did the scar look so familiar?

Stunned for a moment, she shook her head to come to her senses.

Then, in a fit of rage, she shoved the man off her. After that incident from five years ago, she had been so angry because she didn't know the identity of that man. Now she knew the truth.

"It's—it's you! You! You're that man from all those years ago!" She was so furious that she couldn't form a coherent sentence.

Maurice straightened his shirt and looked at her with one eyebrow raised. "Me?"

"You're the male prostitute I met five years ago! Do you know how much trouble you have caused me?! I thought you'd be the best male prostitute, but your service was so bad!"

What kind of trick was this damned woman playing?

Maurice narrowed his eyes and frowned unhappily. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I meant what I said," Eliana hissed, pointing a finger at him. "I'll complain to your manager!"

This stupid man hadn't even used condoms back then!

Although she had cute babies now, she would never forget the despair and helplessness this man brought her!

Maurice stared at the woman coldly, anger surging within him violently.

First, she treated him like a man-whore, which was an insult enough in itself. Now, she had the audacity to claim that he sucked!

Maurice suddenly approached her, cornering her on the sofa.

Shocked, Eliana tried to retreat instinctively. However, before she could escape, the man had already wrapped his arms around her waist.

"What do you think you're doing? Let go of me!" Eliana struggled in a panic-stricken daze. However, she was already weak from drinking too much, so she didn't have the strength to refuse his embrace.

The man rested his forehead against hers and then gave her a hot, deep kiss.

Maurice held the back of her head with one hand and secured her waist with the other. He used his tongue to force her mouth open and he kissed her violently.

Eliana tried to push him away, but failed. She had no choice but to accept his kiss.

The atmosphere was thick with sexual desire.

Her rational mind told her to push this man away. However, another small part of her wanted to kiss him back. Eventually, she stopped struggling and devoted herself to the kiss.

The alcohol gradually took over and she passed out from drunkenness.

Maurice gently let go of her. His eyes swept over her sleeping figure.

The next moment, the door to the private room was slammed shut.

Maurice had walked out, with lipstick smeared all over his lips, revealing what had happened just now.

The waiters who passed by didn't dare to look straight at him. They all bowed their heads respectfully.

Maurice pointed at the private room and barked an order. "Don't let anyone near that room."