

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

Chapter 191

Nicole was easy-going.

Evan tapped his fingers on the table. "Okay, what do you want?"

"I'm making buffalo wings. So I'll need to borrow some chicken wings and condiments."

"Very well. You'll have to pay me back three times for every ingredient that you take."

Nicole looked up at him.

Can he be any more unreasonable? Breathe, Nicole. Breathe.

"And I'll need to take a fish," she continued.

"Very well. That's ten fishes for one."

Ten? You might as well ask me to pay you back with a fish pond!

Nicole pursed her lips. "Mr. Seet, don't you think you're a little more demanding than a loan shark?"

"Forget about it then!"

It'll take a long while if I were to travel to and fro just to get the ingredients...
Fine, I'll just bear with it!

"I'll also need to borrow some boneless pork meat."

"I don't have that. But I can send someone to get it for you—if you can accept the price."

Evan didn't really like to eat pork, so he was sure that there wouldn't be any in the kitchen.

"How much?"

"Six hundred!"

Is this an attempt at open robbery?

Nicole goggled at Evan, who remained indifferent.

His unreasonable demands were straining her patience. Thinking about the funds she had in her hands, she took a deep breath, turned around, and walked out of the room.

"What a bastard. Just say so if you don't want to lend them to me. You didn't have to go to such extremes," she grumbled as she headed back to the rear house.

"Mommy, I'm hungry. When can we eat?" Maya whined, rubbing her rumbling stomach.

Nicole looked at the kids apologetically. "Hmm, let's make something else today and tomorrow I'll make your favorites. How's that?"

The kids exchanged glances and nodded understandingly.

Nicole got busy in the kitchen. And once dinner was ready, she joyfully called the children to the table, "Let's have spaghetti with meatballs tonight, shall we?"

The kids sat around the table and watched as Nicole served the food on the table. The thick aroma wafted in the air, stimulating the glutton in their stomachs.

"Let's eat. It's really yummy."

Seeing that Maya was stuffing food in her mouth, Nina reminded her to eat slowly and chew her food if she wanted to lose weight.

Maya gave her a look, and only then did she slow down.

Kyle and Juan looked at each other, seemingly wanting to say something, but they held their tongues.

"What's wrong? You don't like pasta?"

"No, Mommy. Daddy probably hasn't eaten either. I was wondering if we could ask him to join us," Juan said and Kyle nodded in agreement, thinking that Evan had certainly never tried such delicious pasta.

Remembering Evan's indifference from before, Nicole wondered if he would have the effrontery to join them at the table.

"I don't think your Daddy likes pasta."

"No, Mommy. Daddy likes pasta too. Let Daddy eat with us, please."

"Yes, Mommy."

Nicole thought about it and gave a thoughtful snort, "You kids go ahead and call him then."

It's natural if he doesn't want to come. But if he does...

I must get it even with him!

Ten minutes later, Juan and Kyle pulled Evan into their little kitchen.

Nicole was very surprised to see him.

Looks like I've underestimated him.

"Mommy, Daddy's here."

"The kids forced me to come," Evan started immediately when he saw her.

"I knew it," Nicole laughed. "I knew that you wouldn't enjoy eating my food. So, there's a seat over there. You can sit and watch as we eat."

Juan and Kyle looked at each other. Huh? Is Mommy not allowing Daddy to eat?

"Mommy," Juan whined, trying to gain affection by acting in a cutesy manner.

Worn out, Nicole turned around and served Evan with a plate of pasta.

With that, the family started digging in.