

# Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo

## Chapter 39

Nicole snapped out of her daze as his menacing voice rang out.

Lowering her eyes, she realized that one of the acupoints was missing a needle.

“Sorry!” She hastily stuck the absent needle into the acupoint.

When the session was over, she took her time placing everything back into her kit.

After all, she was in no hurry to see what horrible fate had awaited her. Maybe he hasn't managed to come up with his torture method yet?

Davin made his way over to the bed. “Kyle, are you in pain?”

The little boy glanced at him before promptly disregarding the older man.

“C'mon! I purposely came over so that we could have some fun together. I said I was going to get you a present yesterday, didn't I? I brought it with me today. We can play with it together later!”

He reached out to pat the boy's head, only for the child to dodge out of the way of his hand.

“Don't touch me!” Kyle barked, with a serious look on his youthful face. He then deliberately moved away further so that they had some distance between them.

Davin was stunned.

Just yesterday, Kyle had said that he was the best uncle in the world and had even kissed and hugged him. Why was his attitude completely different today?

“What’s wrong, Kyle? Did I somehow do something to offend you? But I’d only just arrived here!” Davin cried out in protest. He was at a loss for what to do.

Kyle completely ignored the man. It was as though he was air, for all that the child took notice of him.

Is he throwing a temper tantrum? Why? Is he just unhappy from getting stabbed by all those needles?

While Davin floundered in his helplessness, he suddenly heard his brother speak. “How long do you intend on taking to keep your equipment? It should have only taken half a minute.”

Following the other man’s gaze, he saw that Nicole was still keeping her silver needles. She was fitting them back into her kit, one by one, and with excruciating slowness.

“Do you need any help?”

The woman shook her head at Davin’s offer. “There’s no need for that.”

Thinking that she was only being courteous, he stood up and walked to her side. In no time at all, he finished packing everything up for her.

Then, he grinned at her. “I’ve noticed that your feet are injured. Helping you was no trouble at all. You don’t have to thank me!”

Thank him?

She stared at him blankly for several seconds before she had managed to force a smile onto her lips. She did not care if it was laced with bitterness.

'Thank you' were truly not the words that she had wanted to say to him at the moment.

Initially, she had thought that dragging her metaphorical feet would delay the inevitable. Now... look at what has happened! Her suffering was coming for her way sooner than she had wanted!

Why did you have to help me, you blasted man! In fact, it's not called 'help' if it's unwanted. Ever heard of the term 'meddling'?

"Since you're all packed up, come on out!" Evan commanded, with his dark eyes pinning her to the spot.

"I'm having trouble moving around..."

"You want me to carry you again?"

"N-no! What I meant was, I'm having trouble moving around so I might be a little slower. Perhaps you should head outside first and wait for me?"

That would give her the chance to inform Kyle to prevent Juan from coming out no matter what had happened to her.

Unfortunately, Evan was not allowing her that opportunity.

"If it took you so long to keep a few needles, I would have to wait till next year for you to step out of the house!"

While she did toy with the idea of taking her sweet time, she had no intention of staying here for that long. At the very least, she would be leaving this house sometime today. Waiting a whole year is such an exaggeration!

She was about to justify herself to him when that haughty face appeared before her once again. Just like earlier, he hefted her into his arms, much to her alarm.

What's happening? This does not seem like a precursor for anything bad!