Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 1066

At that thought, she turned on her laptop and began making plans.

Beside her, Nicole quietly sighed as she stared at her two serious daughters.

"What's wrong?" Evan asked curiously.

His wife turned to look at him. "I think they're both better than me. When I was around their age, I wasn't as hardworking as them. I was like a fool back then, thinking of the colorful flowers in the Rose Garden and..."

Before she could say "the boy, Tye," her face turned red. She stole a glance at Evan before looking away.

It seemed like the man had figured out what she had not said as he followed her to the bedroom with a bright smile. Upon entering the room, he asked, "What were you going to say? The flowers in the Rose Garden and what?"

"N-Nothing."

"I already know what it is without you even needing to say it. You're thinking of the flowers in Rose Garden and me, who protected you, right?"

Nicole stayed silent.

She raised her head to glance at him before lowering it again. There was a sweet smile on her face, but she kept quiet as she started arranging the skincare products on the dresser.

Evan stared at her for a moment before he stepped toward her and pulled her into his arms. "Nicole, when did our fates entwine? From the night at The Passion or from Rose Garden?"

The woman mulled over his words before giving him a serious reply, "Of course it's from Rose Garden. That's where we first met, after all."

"We've known each other for over twenty years since Rose Garden, but you've only been pregnant once. Don't you think that number's too little?"
Hs direct words rendered Nicole speechless.
What is he trying to say?
With pursed lips, she twisted her head to look at him. "Although I've only had one pregnancy, I've given birth to four children. That's more than enough kids."
In response, he hurriedly explained, "You can't count by quantity per pregnancy. You're supposed to count by the number of pregnancies. Moreover, I wasn't by your side when you were giving birth to the children. I couldn't take care of you back then. So, Nicole, let's have another baby. Think of it as an opportunity for me to make up for my regret."
She hesitated.
He continued, "Nicole, think of it as a challenge. You've given birth to four previously, so you'll give birth to five this time. Nine children would be a perfect amount. I, too, want to know how my nine children would look like. I wonder what kind of odd babies you can give birth to."
Nine? Odd babies?
"Evan, y-you're asking me to give birth to children to satisfy your curiosity? That's such a weird request. Now I know why I've given birth to weird children. It's because they have your weird genes!"
"My weird genes? Those four have already grown up, so we can't verify your words. Give birth to a few more, and we'll observe whether they've inherited your genes or mine," Evan muttered as he held her waist.



 $\hbox{``I want... I haven't thought of anything else besides those cookies. I'll call you when I've decided.''}$

"All right, then. Rest well at home. Don't do anything that slows down your recovery, and try your best to recover within these few months."