

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2001

Chapter 2001 Change The Actors

“Okay. I agree with your suggestion.” Upon saying that, Maya apologized, “Aunt Sheila, I’m sorry. I didn’t know this would happen. We shouldn’t have taken the leading roles.”

“Maya, it’s not your fault. No one can predict the future. I hope you can face this with a brave and hopeful heart. Don’t be upset. Let’s believe that Wilbur will recover soon. Call me anytime if you need anything. Remember, we will always have your back.”

Sheila’s words touched Maya. Her eyes beamed with tears as she choked on her words. “Thank you, Aunt Sheila.”

Hanging up the phone, she tried to recollect herself. Then, she drove to the food plaza as there were some urgent errands for her to settle. After that, she wanted to stop by the Simpson residence to check on Wilbur. She wanted to at least make sure that he was safe.

Meanwhile, at the set.

Everyone was left in bewilderment when Sheila announced the change of the leading roles.

“It’s forbidden to change the leading roles halfway. It’ll affect the audience rating.”

“Absolutely. I’ve never seen something like this. If we are going to change the leading roles, why don’t we change the story as well!”

“Exactly... the audience would be confused!”

Sheila was frustrated upon hearing all those comments from the crew. She understood their concerns, but she could not think of another option. I can’t let a mentally-impaired person do the filming too. It will be worse. Plus, the Simpson family won’t agree to it too.

As it was the weekend, Zayden and Joy were around too. Zayden rolled his eyes and suggested to Sheila, “Mommy, can you let Nina be the leading female actor? She looks like Maya. People might not even notice the change of actress.”

“What about the leading male actor then? Where am I going to find a man that looks like Wilbur?”

Zayden rubbed his forehead. “Why don’t we post an advertisement to search for someone who looks like Wilbur?”

“It’s not that easy. Plus, let’s assume we manage to find one. Nina is in love with Stephen right now. I’m not sure if she’s willing to play the role of a woman who’s in a relationship with another man.”

Joy blinked her eyes. “Aunt Sheila, what about this? Let’s change the script. We can say the male lead’s face is ruined because of a car accident, and he has to undergo plastic surgery. Then, Stephen will be the new face of the male lead. With that, he can act as Nina’s boyfriend then.”

“Disfigured due to a car accident?” Sheila’s heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. She was not sure if it was a good idea.

However, someone from the directing crew agreed to it.

“I think that’s a good idea. Since the couple is going to have a misunderstanding in the next scene, let’s portray that the male lead gets drunk after the conflict. Then, he gets into a car accident upon leaving the bar. When he reappears, he looks completely different, and the girl does not recognize him anymore, thinking that her lover had passed away during the accident. The audience will pity her and hope she finds out the truth soon...”

“That’s right. We can create a lot of episodes with that. I think it’s a good idea. The storyline sounds natural too.”

Seeing everyone agreeing to it, Sheila was convinced it might work. Her next step was to persuade Nina and Stephen to accept the roles. I wonder if they will agree to this?

If Nina says her company has been busy recently, and Stephen rejects too, what should I do then?

Just then, a name came across Sheila’s mind.

That’s right. If he is the one who approaches Nina and Stephen, it might work!

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2002

Chapter 2002 Agenda

Just then, Davin had just taken over a big manor. It was newly built, and its location was perfect. It covered a large area and wasn’t renovated yet. Davin scanned the place and started imagining what it would look like after renovation. He even started to imagine it being crowded with customers in the future.

Just then, his phone rang, and it snapped him back to reality. Seeing that the call was from Sheila, he wondered if she would agree to him purchasing the manor. He figured

he should ask her opinion about it. After all, most of his money was under Sheila's control. He would need her approval to use the funds.

He cleared his throat and answered the call, "Sheila, why are you calling me?"

Why is his tone different today? He didn't even call me Sheep. Sheila was somehow taken aback. As she wanted to ask a favor from him, she sounded utterly caring. "Have you eaten? Where are you now?"

Davin glanced at his watch. It's three in the afternoon. What meal is she talking about?

"I've eaten my lunch, but it is not yet time for dinner. What's the matter? Do you want me to go home for dinner?"

"No, I want to invite you to a candlelight dinner tonight. Let's spend some romantic moments together. What do you think?"

A candlelight dinner? It seems like an excellent opportunity to mention buying the manor. Davin decided to grab the opportunity.

"Okay. I'll pick you up tonight. How's your filming going? Is Wilbur's injury going to affect the progress?"

"I don't think so. Let's talk about it when we meet tonight."

If you can persuade Nina and Stephen, then the filming won't be delayed!

"Okay! I'll pick you up then!"

"Okay."

During dinner time, Davin came to the site and waited for Sheila. Zayden was startled to see him. "Daddy, are you here to pick us up? Is it because you've not much work at the underground palace, so you're going home with us?"

"I'm not here to pick you up but your mother."

Zayden could not wrap his head around it. "What's the difference? I'm going home together with Mommy."

"You don't need to accompany her back home tonight."

"Daddy, what do you mean? Why won't you allow me to go home?"

"I want you to go home alone!"

“Daddy, I’m still so young. Aren’t you afraid I might get into trouble if I go home alone? Have you ever thought of that?”

Davin was rendered speechless.

“What I meant was to ask the driver to send you home!”

“Then what about you and Mommy? Where will you guys go?”

“We have some important things to attend to—adult’s business. A kid like you should not ask so many questions.”

Zayden stared at him closely. “Are you guys planning to have another son? Are you envious of others because they have so many children?”

Davin furrowed his brows. This brat... Why is he asking such a question? Is he thinking of having a sibling, or is he afraid to have one?

He went along with it and nodded. “That’s right. We’ve decided to have another child. You’ll have a companion soon. Isn’t that nice?”

Zayden pursed his lips and asked provocatively, “Daddy, are you able to do that? Mommy said she wouldn’t give you any more children. She wants to become like Luke’s mom. She wants to focus on her career.”

“How dare you look down on me? I can get her pregnant easily if I want to.”

“Nonsense!”

Zayden lifted his chin as he did not believe his father at all.

“What attitude is that? How could you talk to me like that? Let’s wait and see then.”

“Okay. I’ll wait for my brother or sister. If you fail to do so, you’re not a man.”

D*mn! How could he provoke me like that? He is eager to have a sibling, isn’t he? I haven’t even mentioned to Sheep about the manor. If I suggest having another baby, she’ll bury me alive.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2003

Chapter 2003 Optimism In Life

After Sheila was done with her work, Zayden reported to her what Davin had said. “Mommy, Daddy said he could make you pregnant if he wants to. Is that true?”

Sheila glanced at Davin. "Do you want a baby?"

Davin had not thought of that issue recently because he was occupied with the new manor. He was only saying that to Zayden absentmindedly.

"Sheila, let's talk about it at the restaurant. The atmosphere is better there." Sheila thought for a while. "Okay then. Let's go." She had a favor to ask from Davin as well.

With that, the duo left together, having each of their own agendas in mind. Zayden froze on the spot and stared at their retreating figures. He somehow felt like his parents had abandoned him.

How could you abandon me like this? Fine. I'll allow it since you're going to give me a sibling! Just then, he saw Joy approaching. "Zayden, what are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at the parents who abandoned their kid." Joy did not understand what he meant. Zayden did not intend to explain either. "Where's Yuvan? Is he going back to Imperial Garden with us?"

Joy shook her head and said that Yuvan would be busy that night. "What is he going to do? He has no parents or family."

"Maybe he is busy looking for a wife." "I doubt he could find a good wife. We should keep an eye on him, or else he might get cheated on," Zayden uttered.

Joy was rendered speechless by that. He sounds like he has a lot of experience in finding wives. "You should let Uncle Davin keep an eye on him, though. He is more experienced than you."

Zayden sighed as he thought of Davin's reputation. Just a few days ago, his classmates teased Zayden by calling him a playboy. He figured it must have something to do with his father.

Daddy, are you aware of how much trouble you have caused me?

"Forget it. It doesn't matter what kind of wife Yuvan gets. Just like what Grandma said—everything is destined."

"You are too young to say such a thing. Don't you think we control our fate?"

"A man can never fight the will of heaven!"

Joy pondered for a while and responded, "We are still so young. We should be more optimistic in life."

Is that so?

While Zayden contemplated her words, someone approached them.

“Mr. Zayden, Mr. Davin asked me to send you home.”

“Let’s go!”

Joy grabbed Zayden’s hand and dragged him along, leaving the venue with the chauffeur.

After they went back to Imperial Garden, Evan, reading a magazine in the living room, was startled to see them. “Huh? Where is the other tail?”

Zayden looked behind him. “Uncle Evan, what are you talking about? Only monkeys have tails.”

Evan’s lips curled into a smile. Joy rolled her eyes as she understood what her father meant.

“Daddy, Yuvan is busy tonight. So, he didn’t follow us back.”

Only then did Zayden realize what Evan was implying. “Uncle Evan, are you asking about Yuvan? He went to find his wife.”

“Does he have a wife?”

“No. That’s why he has to find one. Uncle Evan, can you introduce some pretty ladies to him? I don’t think he can find a pretty one.”

“I don’t have time for that.”

Zayden pursed his lips upon hearing that. He is so petty.

Just then, Maya walked down the stairs. She greeted them abruptly and was about to rush out of the house.

“Maya, where are you going?” Zayden asked curiously.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2004

Chapter 2004 Is He Pretending

Maya halted in her tracks. “I’m going to visit Wilbur.” “I heard he is injured and cannot continue the filming. Is that true?”

“Yes!” Maya nodded. “What a shame.” Zayden sighed and suggested, “Maya, I miss Wilbur too. Can I go with you?”

Maya seemed reluctant upon hearing that. Is this a suitable time for Wilbur to see Zayden?

Just then, Evan's voice rang out. "If Zayden wants to go, bring him. With Wilbur's current condition, I think he can talk to Zayden."

"Maya, I want to go too. Can Zayden and I go together with you, please?"

"Okay..." Maya took a deep breath and forced herself to agree. She then reminded, "After we reach the Simpson residence, remember not to run around and don't talk nonsense. Please don't create trouble, okay?"

"Okay." "Maya, we promise we won't."

"Let's go then." Evan asked the butler to arrange a chauffeur for the three of them.

On the way there, Zayden asked how serious Wilbur's injury was and how long he needed to recover.

Maya's gaze seemed troubled. "I have no idea when he can recover. His brain is injured. He is like a kid now, just like you guys."

"Huh?"

Zayden widened his eyes in shock, and Joy was stunned as well. The two kids then comforted, "Maya, I'm sure Wilbur will recover well."

The latter plastered a smile. I hope so, too. We are counting on Mommy to find an expert in this field. That's the only way Wilbur can recover.

At that moment, Wilbur was sitting in the dining area and happily enjoying a plate of fruits.

Nicholas and Mabel were observing him from the side. "Nic, do you think he has really become dumb?"

"Mom, what are you trying to say? Are you suspecting that he's pretending?"

"Not really, but I feel everything's so surreal—how he used to sit at the table and eat when he was normal. It's so hard to believe that this is the reality now."

Nicholas continued to observe Wilbur. He was eating like a kid at the moment. As he had difficulty handling the fork, he struggled to pick up the fruits. Because of that, he would even grab the fruits with his other hand and gobble them down.

If he's normal, he won't eat like this. He can't be pretending, right?

Nicholas walked up to him and stared at his plate of fruits. Suddenly, he stretched his hand and flipped the plate. The remaining fruits fell to the ground.

“Wilbur, I’m so sorry. I just wanted to help you. But it seems like you can’t eat them anymore.”

Wilbur stared at him angrily. “It’s all your fault. You idiot!” Upon saying that, he knelt to pick up the fruits from the floor.

The maid saw it and wanted to help. However, Nicholas signaled her to stop. The maid immediately paused in her tracks, not daring to move.

Wilbur picked up a piece of fruit and put it right into his mouth. “Yummy…”

Mabel was disgusted upon seeing that. Wilbur used to be a hygienic person. He would have never eaten it if it was in the past. Did his brain injury cause his personality to change too?

Nicholas then stood next to Mabel and exchanged looks with her. “Mom, do you believe it now? Please don’t overthink.”

“Wil, it’s not that. But if he is pretending, eating a few pieces of fruits from the floor is nothing.”

“Mom, what do you mean?”

Before Mabel could respond, she heard kids shouting, “Wilbur, we’re here to see you.”

“Wilbur, we’re here to play with you.”

Mabel glanced outside and saw Zayden and Joy running inside joyously.

“What are they doing here?”

“They probably came with Maya.”

“An idiot plus two annoying kids. It looks like we won’t have a quiet night.”

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2005

Chapter 2005 Stepmother

The two kids ran toward Wilbur and saw him eating the fruits that had fallen onto the ground. Zayden immediately stopped him. “These are dirty. You can’t eat them. Otherwise, you’ll get sick.”

Wilbur stared at him aggressively, thinking that Zayden wanted to snatch the fruits away from him. The next second, he picked up a piece of mango and stuffed it into his mouth. "It's so yummy."

"You..." Zayden widened his eyes in bewilderment. Is this the Wilbur that I know? Joy furrowed her brows as she glanced at Mabel and Nicholas. "Why didn't you stop him from eating that?"

Mabel was stunned momentarily. "We... We didn't notice that. I bet the fruits have just fallen. Wil, why are you eating those fruits on the floor?"

She walked toward Wilbur, speaking like a caring mother. Joy shifted her gaze toward the maid who was standing still. The latter evaded her eyes and glanced secretly at Mabel and Nicholas. The next second, she lowered her head cowardly.

Right away, Joy understood what had happened. Maya came into the room and saw Mabel trying to stop Wilbur from picking up the fruits. "Wilbur, be good. You can't eat these anymore. You'll have a stomachache if you do."

Wilbur ignored her and continued to pick up the fruits. Maya immediately rushed over and knelt before Wilbur. "These are dirty. If you like them, I'll prepare a lot of delicious food for you. I'll cook anything you want to eat, okay?"

Wilbur stopped and lifted his head, staring at Maya with surprise. "Really? Do you know how to cook?"

"Yes. Maya is a good cook. She can make anything you like," Joy chimed in. Wilbur stared at Maya hesitantly. His eyes suddenly lit up after Maya helped him up. "I like to eat crab cakes. Do you know how to make them?"

"Sure!" "Then make it for me." "Okay! Let's wash our hands. After that, wait for me with Zayden and Joy, okay?"

Upon hearing that, Wilbur nodded his head.

Nicholas and Mabel exchanged glances. With Maya around, there was nothing they could do. They figured they should leave the idiot with her. Soon after, the duo exchanged pleasantries with Maya and went upstairs.

Zayden pursed his lips, staring at the two retreating figures.

"Just now, when Wilbur was eating those dirty fruits, they didn't bother to stop him. I guess this is the difference between a stepmother and a birth mother. A birth mother will surely take good care of Wilbur. I pity him very much. Should we ask him to go back to Imperial Garden and stay with us?"

Maya thought that was a good idea. However, the next second, she doubted if Rodney would agree to it.

The Simpson family was considered a reputable family in Y City, slightly behind the Seet and Muir families. Maya wondered if it was appropriate for someone like Wilbur to stay at someone else's house.

His father didn't even allow him to stay at Bernian Hospital!

"I'm not going. I want to stay here. This is my home," Wilbur uttered.

Maya stared at him closely. "You know this is your home. But do you know that you have to be wary of your stepmother?"

Wilbur lowered his head and did not say anything. No one knew what was in his mind as he kept his silence for a long while.

"Wilbur, are you not going to Imperial Garden with us? It's fun over there. Everything you need is there too! I'm sure you'll like it." Zayden tried to persuade Wilbur.

"Forget it, Zayden. Let him be if he doesn't want to go. His dad won't allow it either," Maya commented.

Zayden rubbed his head and reminded Wilbur sternly, "Wilbur, I think I should teach you some common sense. You can't eat the food once it falls on the ground. Also, if anyone bullies you, you have to fight back. Do you get it?"

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2006

Chapter 2006 Payback

Wilbur nodded in reply. "Sigh, if we could place a bug on Wilbur, we would know if anyone bullies him." Maya thought Joy's idea was feasible but was not sure if that was considered an invasion of privacy.

She approached Wilbur and asked in a gentle manner. "Can I give you a fun thing to wear on your body all the time?"

"What fun thing?" "It's a magic ball. If you are facing any danger, just speak loudly to it and someone will come to help you."

Wilbur remained silent. Then, he looked at Maya with a strange expression. "What do you think? If you wear this magic ball all the time, I'll make lots of yummy food for you to eat."

After a moment of stunned silence, Wilbur nodded in agreement. Immediately, Maya called Jeff, asking him to find a friend in the industry to order an invisible bug and send it over. It had to be shaped like a globe since she had just told Wilbur that it was a magic ball.

Jeff looked at the time. "Ms. Maya, it will take an hour at the very least. It will take me about twenty minutes to send it to you. Making it will also take some time."

"An hour is fine. Call me when you arrive. There is no need to enter the Simpson residence." "Yes, Ms. Maya. I'll go and get it done, now."

After hanging up the phone, Maya began to cook for them. The two children played with Wilbur. Zayden looked at Wilbur curiously and asked him quietly. "Have you really gone crazy?"

Wilbur leaned close to his ear as if sharing an earth-shattering secret. "Yeah, I've really gone crazy." Instantly, Zayden's eyes opened wide in surprise. "D-Do you know that you are crazy?"

Wilbur's lips curled imperceptibly in a smile as he nodded solemnly. "I know. Why else would I play with you?"

Zayden frowned in silence. When he realized what Wilbur meant, he pouted angrily. "You go and play with Joy, then. I'm not playing with you anymore."

"That's not fair. Joy is not crazy. How can she play with me?" Wilbur stretched out his hand and pinched Zayden's chubby little cheeks.

Zayden was speechless. Why do you insist that I am crazy?

Do I look crazy?

Pouting, Zayden looked incredulously at Wilbur. Why do I feel that you are not crazy?

"Are you pretending to be crazy?"

Wilbur smiled without saying a word. Reaching out and stroking his little head, he shouted, "I don't want to play with the little idiot, I'm going to eat something delicious."

"You are the idiot, the big idiot!" Zayden yelled at his retreating figure. Maya, who was busy cooking food, immediately turned around and chided Zayden. "Don't talk like that! When you came, you promised me that you wouldn't talk nonsense or cause trouble."

Zayden was quiet for a moment, looking aggrieved. "Maya, he... he called me a little fool. You have such big ears. Didn't you hear him?" With his chubby hands, Zayden formed two ears as big as an elephant's ears.

“He... He is sick now. He didn’t do it intentionally. You should be more tolerant of a sick person, shouldn’t you?” Maya was making excuses for Wilbur. “Well, if he can say that to me, why can’t I say that to him?” Zayden was not appeased!

“He is undergoing an unusual time. Can’t you give him some slack? If you want to rant, you can call me an idiot! Let me accept it on his behalf. I don’t mind if you call me names.”

In silence, Zayden glared at Wilbur who was standing beside Maya. “You just wait! When you have recovered, it will be payback time!”

Wilbur laughed and stretched out his hands, “Payback, give me money! Give me money!”

There was a silence.

Suddenly, Zayden had an inspiration. The image of money appeared in his mind and he quickly ran into the hall and got the maids to find some paper and a pen. He drew a note for one hundred and gave it to Wilbur. “Here’s your money. It’s big money.”

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2007

Chapter 2007 It Is Mine

Wilbur grabbed it happily, glanced at the big money in his hand, turned around, and happily handed it to Maya, wanting to buy crab cakes to eat.

Maya took the money and, after seeing the words “fool’s money” written on it, quietly accepted the money. Then, just as quietly, she added some special seasoning to the crab cakes meant for Zayden.

After they were ready, she placed the cakes in front of the children. “Okay. They are ready to eat. Go ahead, try them.”

Wilbur took a piece from the delicate plate in front of him and ate it with relish. Joy took a bite and could not stop exclaiming how delicious it tasted. Saying that Maya’s culinary skills were beyond compare, she heaped tons of praises upon her.

Zayden watched them eat, drooling greedily, and could not wait to take a piece and stuff it into his mouth. After chewing for a few seconds, he suddenly spat it out.

“Bah! Bah! What kind of taste is this? Why is it so bad?”

“It does not taste bad. It tastes great!” Wilbur said innocently.

"This is exactly how crab cakes should taste like. I think they're yummy." Joy took another piece.

Zayden was dumbfounded for a moment. He glanced around thoughtfully and then took a piece from Wilbur's plate. After taking a bite, he understood what was going on.

"Maya, why are my crab cakes different from theirs?"

"Well, they are eating Maya's brand of crab cakes. You are eating something different."

"What brand is mine, then? They are sour and bitter. Is it named 'sour and bitter' brand?"

"No, yours are called the 'fool's brand.' With one hundred 'fool's money', that's all that you can buy."

Zayden was at a loss for words.

Joy, you are taking Wilbur's side!

Zayden realized that if he was disrespectful to Wilbur, Maya would go against him.

While Maya went to get more crab cakes, Zayden took the opportunity to approach Wilbur. "You are a lucky idiot. See how much Maya cares for you. Just for you, she is disowning me, her younger cousin."

Wilbur's lips curled into a smile and he lifted up his thumb. "You're right. Maya is the most adorable, pretty, and kindest woman I've ever seen."

Zayden was speechless.

He looked at Wilbur curiously. "A-Are y-you really crazy?"

"Yes!"

Wilbur bent his head and began eating his crab cakes again.

Zayden stroked his head, feeling that there was something strange about Wilbur's craziness.

An hour later, Jeff rushed to the Simpson residence and handed Maya the customized bug outside the villa.

"Ms. Maya, this was custom-made according to your instructions. Is it okay?"

Maya held it in her hand and examined it carefully. There was a tailor-made chain firmly embedded in the round black sphere, which must be very secure when worn, and the words “magic ball” were also engraved on it.

It looked like a child’s toy, but it felt round and smooth. Except for the few words, there was nothing special about it. No one would guess that this is actually a bug. It was really simple but confiscated. “Well done. It’s great.”

“Ms. Maya, your satisfaction is what matters.”

Maya walked back to the living room with the “magic ball” and put it on Wilbur’s neck. Then she told him, “Remember, this chain must not be taken off. It must be worn all the time, otherwise, when you are in danger, there won’t be anyone to save you. Got it?”

Wilbur looked at the “magic ball” that Maya put around his neck, and pouted. It looked childish for a grown-up to wear something like this. “What’s written here?”

“It’s ‘magic ball.’ Now, remember there is magic in the ball. When you are in danger, it will protect you.” From upstairs, Nicholas came down, and stared curiously at the magic ball hanging around Wilbur’s neck. “What is this?”

“This is a present I’m giving to Wilbur... it’s a toy.” Unfamiliar with lying, Maya did not sound convincing. Toy?

Nicholas reached out to touch it but Wilbur pushed his hand away. “It’s mine! It’s mine!” He glared at Nicholas as if declaring ownership.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2008

Chapter 2008 I Will Always Wear It

“This is Maya’s favorite lucky item. It was given by a friend on her birthday. Maya hopes that it can bring good luck to Wilbur.” Nicholas was silent. Good luck?

What good luck can an object bring? Dream on! If Wilbur can survive for the rest of his life, that is good luck enough! “You’re so kind to my brother, Maya. Wilbur, this is her present to you? Well, you must wear it with care!”

Wilbur held the ball tightly, ignoring him. When Rodney arrived home from outside, seeing Maya, he immediately greeted her politely. “Hi, Maya, when did you come here?”

“It’s been some time already.” Rodney glanced at the high-end mahogany tea table and threw a tantrum. “Why is there no tea or pastries being served? Is this the way the Simpsons treat our guests?”

Mabel rushed downstairs in a hurry. “Mr. Simpson, we don’t see Maya as an outsider, so we did not treat her like a guest. She only cares about looking after Wil. Even if we make tea, she wouldn’t care about drinking it.”

“How rude! Maya is looking after Wil! What are the maids for?”

Zayden glanced around thoughtfully. Then he told Rodney about how he saw Wilbur picking up fruit from the ground to eat but the maids did nothing about it. Instantly, Rodney glared at Mabel in fury. “What happened?”

“M-Mr Simpson, it’s my fault. I was discussing the company business with Nic. So, for a while, I was not watching Wil. Wil was... Mr. Simpson, it was my fault. I’m sorry.”

Wilbur stood by quietly, not saying a word. However, Maya spoke up for Mabel, explaining that Mrs. Simpson had many responsibilities and it was understandable that sometimes she could be so occupied that she could make a mistake. Mabel was taken by surprise when Maya made excuses for her and she agreed repeatedly. Then, she praised Maya for being understanding and a truly well-brought-up daughter of a reputable family.

Maya glanced at her and changed the topic. She said it was understandable for Mabel to make a mistake, but the Simpson family should not permit the maid to watch Wilbur eat fruits fallen on the ground and do nothing to stop him.

“T-This is not permissible in the Simpson family. The maid is ignorant. I will punish them later.” Mabel explained hesitatingly.

Zayden pouted. “I don’t think the maid is ignorant. She is too obedient and she did not dare to do anything.”

“I think so, too. Definitely, someone stopped her.” Joy reaffirmed his words.

“You, you two kids. What are you talking about? I love Wil more than my own son. I...”

“Silence!”

Rodney growled and Mabel stopped talking angrily.

Since Maya had brought this matter up, she had to be given a satisfactory answer.

Wilbur was no longer sane and therefore of no help to Maya in any way. The Simpsons had to please her lest she left him and the Simpson Group would lose the support of the Seet Group. This was indeed a heavy loss for the company.

Rodney pondered for a while, and then handed Wilbur's food and drink expenses to the butler. Then he deliberately emphasized, "If Mr. Wilbur is not taken care of properly, you know the consequences!"

The butler was trembling. "Yes, Sir, I will do my best to take care of Mr. Wilbur!"

Rodney turned toward Maya. "Don't worry. Wil has an important position in this home and in my heart. He will always be my most beloved and favorite son."

Maya was pleased with the way things turned out.

However, Nicholas and Mabel showed great displeasure in their countenances.

If not for his relationship with Maya and hence, the Seet family, Rodney would never give this idiot such special treatment.

It seems that we must think of a way to cut off the relationship between Maya and Wilbur.

If Maya remains totally devoted to this idiot and gives birth to his offspring, we will have no place in the Simpson family.

As Maya left, she secretly repeated her instructions to Wilbur never to take off the magic ball even when he went to bed.

"I understand. I will wear this all the time." Wilbur nodded and he wore it all the time.

Maya was pleased. "That's a good boy!"

Wilbur laughed as he watched the three of them leave.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2009

Chapter 2009 A Normal Couple

At a western restaurant, Sheila and Davin were having a romantic candlelight dinner. The atmosphere was harmonious as if they were a young couple on a date.

Davin was a very nervous person and rarely attentive or considerate, but tonight he was not his usual self. He kept serving food to Sheila, and persuading her to eat more.

"Sheila, try this steak. It's different from what you've eaten before. The seasoning for marinating the steak here is a closely-guarded secret and because of its special taste, diners come here in an endless stream. That's why this restaurant is so popular. You see you've lost weight recently while filming. Eat more to replenish your body."

After that, he used a fork and knife to cut the steak for her before placing it in front of her respectfully. That really surprised Sheila. "You eat, too."

"We'll eat together.' After having the steak, Sheila began to pour wine for Davin.

"I heard that the red wine here tastes very special. It is blended with several kinds of wine. The taste is different from brandy, whisky, and vodka. It has a strong taste but it is soft and mellow. Come, let's have a toast."

"Fine!" The crimson liquid was like a ruby, and under the soft lights, it exuded a seductive luster. They raised the goblets, clinked their glasses, and drank it all.

After the pleasantries, they got down to business. The warm gentle smile, like a spring breeze, never left Davin's face. "Sheila, why are you in such a good mood today? What made you think about having a western dinner tonight?"

Sheila was rather dumbfounded. It was a delicate task to request Davin's help in convincing Nina and Stephen. She had to choose her words carefully.

"Davin, do you remember saying that you would support me in my filming career, and no matter what, you would do everything in your power to help me?"

"I remember. Is there anything you need my help in?"

He observed Sheila. Her hesitant manner showed that she needed help but it was difficult for her to voice her request. Coincidentally, he had wanted to discuss something with her.

Sheila was normally a straightforward person and after hesitating for a while, she went straight to the point. "Davin, to be frank, I need a favor from you. You will help me, won't you?"

Davin froze for a while, and then, nodded. "I agree to help you. We are a married couple. Of course, I'll help. Sheila, I have something to ask of you. You will agree, too, am I right?"

Sheila was taken aback and the smile gradually disappeared from her face. "What do you want to tell me?"

She recalled Davin's unusual overly enthusiastic manner just now and the truth dawned on her.

"Davin, no wonder you were so nice to me just now. So, do you have an ulterior motive? Usually, you do not care about what I eat and drink. When did you ever coax me to take care of my health? Whenever you are overly courteous, you have an agenda! Tell me honestly, what are you up to?"

“Sheila, please don’t say that. When you were carrying Zayden in your womb, I was very concerned about your health and made sure you had enough nourishment. I also bought a lot of supplements for you, don’t you remember?”

“Ahh! You were not concerned about me but for your child. Why don’t you treat me well when I am not pregnant?”

“I... you always take care of yourself well. You don’t need me to take care of you. Everything that you consume, that you wear or use, are all of the superior quality.”

“It is normal for everyone to take care of themselves. As my husband, it is your responsibility to treat me well. Why else would I want a husband for? I do not have a death wish and I do not want a husband who will be the death of me!”

Davin was silent. The way they related changed from being a romantic couple to being a normal married couple’s daily bickering.

Mistaking the CEO for a Gigolo Chapter 2010

Chapter 2010 Borrowing Money

Davin thought that if they continued arguing, they would end on a bad note, which was disadvantageous to his objective. Clearing his throat, he coaxed in a gentler tone, “Sheila, don’t be angry. I swear that I’ll treat you nicely in the future.”

Sheila scrutinized him in disbelief. Men always lie! Who’d believe them even if they swore?

“Tell me! Are you treating me so nicely today because you did something bad?”

“No! I’m so busy every day that I don’t have time to do anything bad. Well... A manor caught my eye and I wanted to buy it. The underground palace’s business isn’t doing too well. The sun can’t reach the underground during winter, so those rich heirs don’t really like to go down there anymore.

Hence, I’m planning to move the business above ground and build an extremely unique manor. Furthermore, the underground palace isn’t ours. I had to go to all lengths to force Steven to give it to me, so I feel uneasy using it. Since I don’t dare to renovate it too wildly, it’s hindering my potential.”

Sheila stared at him. “What kind of manor caught your eye?”

“It’s a manor in the Southern suburbs that has been built a few months ago. It’s in a good location, so there’ll definitely be many people willing to go there.” The Southern suburbs? How can it be so coincidental?

A strange look flashed across Sheila's eyes as she asked Davin, "How much does it cost?"

"It costs eight hundred million. If we want to renovate it properly, it'll probably cost another one or two hundred million." After Davin finished speaking, Sheila fell silent for a moment and asked, "Is the location good?"

"Yeah. I've been there already. The location and the architectural style are impeccable. How about this? When we go home, you can pass me the deposit and I'll send it to the person in charge. This will be settled, then." "How much is the deposit?"

"A hundred million." Sheila coughed. "Well, you don't have to ask me for my opinion if you want to do anything. I'll definitely support you. As for the money, don't ask me for it either. I've already invested a lot in the script-writing and filming, so I can't fork out any money."

"Sheep, my savings and the money that my parents gave when we married are all with you. It's not right for you to keep it from me when I need it, right?"

"It's not that I don't want to give it to you. If you need eighty million, I'll definitely support you. However, if you need eight hundred million, it won't be enough even if we withdrew all our savings! It's better if I use it for my television shows. Why don't you wait till I earn some money? I'll give them to you after earning them."

"It's not that, Sheep. I have at least five hundred million in my account, right? When we got married, my parents gave us another two hundred million. That's seven hundred million in total! We've also earned quite a lot over these few years, right? Also, your parents gave a few hundred million for your dowry too. Can't you give some money up to support me?"

"Why should you have my dowry? My parents gave it to me, so it's my personal asset."

"Fine, your dowry is yours. But I have the right to use my own money, right? Give my money to me. I'll return them to you after I earn back the money."

After thinking about it, Sheila refused. "Sheep, you're being unreasonable! Why can't I use my own money?"

"We've been married for so many years! Why are we still distinguishing things based on what's yours and what's mine? What's yours is mine as well! Furthermore, even if I give you money, it won't add up to eight hundred million!"

After buying the manor, we still have to invest in the renovation. That'll require another one or two hundred million. Why don't you borrow three hundred million? If you manage to do it, I'll give you the money." Borrow money?

The first person that appeared in Davin's mind was Evan. Evan definitely had much more than three hundred million. He was confident that as long as he asked for it, Evan would lend him that money.

Even if Evan refused to lend him money, he could use his shares in the Seet Group to exchange for it. Anyway, he was certain that borrowing three hundred million would not be a problem for him.

"Okay, I'll go and borrow it now. When I succeed, you have to give me the seven hundred million!" Davin drank the glass of red wine in a single gulp. When he got up to borrow some money, Sheila called him back.