

Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers

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Hearing this, Sharon was befuddled. Admirer? Why would she have an admirer?

She looked around but did not notice anyone suspicious. She took the glass doubtfully. "Thank

you." 1

When the waiter left, Sharon still had not found this so-called admirer. A commotion came from the entrance of the ballroom. Everyone present turned to look. Sharon also looked in the direction everyone was looking at only to see Penélope helping Douglas into the ballroom.

The reputable figure had arrived. It was no wonder why everyone's attention had been caught.

It could be seen that Douglas was still very respected and feared. As this was the corporation's anniversary celebration and he was the chairperson, naturally, he had to attend.

However, when Sharon saw Rebecca on the other side holding Douglas as well, her heart sank.

Especially when she saw Douglas bringing Rebecca in front of Simon. She felt her heart being squeezed violently. =

In a setting like this, Douglas brought Rebecca to Simon's side. Was this not telling everyone that Rebecca was going to be Simon's other half?

When she thought about how he and Rebecca had gotten a room together in a hotel that night, it would only be a matter of time before his and Rebecca's relationship was announced, right?

Thus, their divorce was also a matter of time, right?

When she thought of this, her heart felt uncomfortable, and a bitter taste lingered in her mouth. She lifted her head and downed the glass of wine in her hand in one go, wanting to wash away the bitterness. |

After Sharon drank the wine, she did not wait for Rebecca to walk to Simon before turning to leave. She did not want to see how well-matched Rebecca looked when she stood next to him.

However, the bystanders' words still went into her ears... "Look, guys. That woman standing next to Director Zachary is the heiress of the Lawrence family, right? Is Director Zachary choosing her as his daughter-in-law? "Although this Lawrence family can't compare to the Zachary family, I heard that the Lawrences and Zacharies are family friends. Director Zachary watched Rebecca Lawrence grow up. He can't be blamed for choosing a daughter-in-law he's familiar with."

"Putting it that way, Rebecca Lawrence and President Zachary can be considered childhood friends. Director Zachary isn't going to announce the good news at this celebration, is he?"

"If that's really the case, the women admiring President Zachary are going to be very sad tonight..."

Sharon really wanted to cover her ears, but these words seemed to drill straight into her ears regardless. Her footsteps quickened involuntarily. She only wanted to leave this crowd as soon as possible.

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When Simon saw his older sister helping their father in, he went over to greet them. "Dad, Sis, you're here." When he saw Rebecca, his handsome brows wrinkled unconsciously. "Simon," Rebecca called out softly and even a little coyly when she noticed him looking at her. Simon looked at her dully. "Call me President Zachary." The smile on Rebecca's face froze. Could he not show her a little dignity in front of so many people?

Douglas glared at him, displeased. "Rebecca is one of our own. Why are you trying to be all courteous with her?"

Penelope could sense that there was something weird between the three of them. She could not help glancing at Rebecca. This was the woman their father had chosen for Simon? She was not unfamiliar with Rebecca, it was just... She did not think Rebecca was a good match for Simon

Today was the celebration of their corporation's anniversary. Simon did not want to upset his father at this time, so he did not pick up the conversation. He chose not to bother himself with Rebecca.

He inadvertently turned his head. From the crowd of guests, he spotted Sharon's figure at a glance. Everybody was facing him, but only her back was toward him, getting farther and farther away. He did not understand why, but his heart tightened.

Sharon suddenly wanted to drink alcohol. She went to the drinks corner, picked up a glass, and downed it. The spicy feeling traveled from her throat down to her stomach, but why did she feel that it was her heart that was uncomfortable?

She shook her head. She did not know what was going on with her.

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She picked up another glass, but just as she was about to drink it, a hand stretched out suddenly to stop her. "You'll get drunk if you drink like this." A playful voice sounded in her ears, and she saw Howard's carefree appearance the moment she turned her head.

She furrowed her eyebrows. She was in a bad mood now, and the last person she wanted to see was him. She shook off his hand impatiently. "I didn't ask you!" After saying this, she downed that glass of wine.

Howard snickered mockingly. "What? You can't stand seeing a different woman standing by my uncle's side?" Derision appeared in his eyes. "You should've expected a situation like this ages ago. I told you, you'll divorce him sooner or later!" These words stabbed straight into her heart. It was not as if he had never told her these things before, but before this, she had never taken them to heart. Now, however, his gloating lit a fire in her chest. She did not control her tone and coldly commanded, "F*ck off! Don't bother me!" The angrier she got, the more Howard deliberately provoked her. "Tsk tsk, that angry? Won't it be more tragic for you the day he abandons you?" The veins on Sharon's temples throbbed faintly, and she could not resist laughing coldly. "If you want to compare what's tragic, I can't beat you. Sally is getting intimate with another man right under your nose. You don't even know you've been cuckolded. How pitiful!" Howard's gaze sharpened. "Stop trying to stir things up! Do you think I'd believe your nonsense?" "Whether you believe it is up to you. I'm not the one being cheated on, after all." She glanced at his side. Noticing that Sally was not here, she could not help asking, "She loves to boast so much, but why isn't she with you in a place like this?"

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Howard did not gloat anymore, and his face became tense instead. "What else could it be aside from you having harmed her body so badly that she still hasn't recovered until now?!" Did this mean Sally did not come because she was not well? Sharon did not know if it was because she was drunk, but she felt her head exuding heat, and her words were not so careful. She laughed derisively. "Do you really still think the child she got rid of was yours? I told you long ago, that was Wayne John's. Heh... You don't know who Wayne John is? Go look then. Look in all the big and small hospitals. You'll surely find a surprise."

competition

Sharon did not want to talk nonsense with him anymore. She picked up a wine glass and turned to rejoin the crowd.

Howard stood where he was, his large hand gripping the wine glass fiercely. A voice in his head told him not to listen to Sharon's nonsense, but waves crashed against his heart uncontrollably.

What if what she was saying was true?

Holding the glass of wine, Sharon took advantage of the party starting to go outside for some air. Until now, she still did not have the courage to look at Simon and Rebecca.

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In a blur, she bumped into the person in front of her and the wine in her hand splashed onto the other party. She was startled and quickly returned to her senses. She clumsily wiped that person down. "Sorry, I didn't do it on purpose..." The other party did not move, only looking at her panicked appearance. His lips curved elegantly, and a pleasant male voice said, "No worries." When Sharon heard this voice, she thought that it was familiar. She lifted her eyes abruptly, meeting his smiling yet unsmiling dark eyes. She was astonished. "You... You..." "So we meet again. Tell me, do you think this is fate?" Eugene Newton noted her shocked expression. He extended a hand and formally introduced himself, "Hello, I'm Eugene Newton." Eugene Newton? Why did this name sound a little familiar? Only she could not recall where she had heard it at the moment. She stretched her hand out belatedly. "Hello, I'm Sharon Jeans." The people who could come to Central Corporation's anniversary celebration were not to be trifled with. She could not offend him. "Sorry for wetting your clothes." She saw that a patch of his clothes was soaked. However, he did not seem to care too much. He smiled and said, "If you really feel sorry, then you can't reject me when I ask you for a dance." "Huh? Dance?" Sharon was still for a moment. Why would he think of asking her to dance with him?

She looked over at the dance floor. Many people were dancing.

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She shook her head awkwardly. "I don't know how. I'm sorry..." She indeed did not know how to do ballroom dances.

"I already said you can't reject me." Eugene winked at her and said, "It's fine if you don't know. I can teach you."

His expression and posture were still very elegant. After speaking, he extended a gentlemanly hand to her.

Sharon looked at his clean, lean hand. She found it hard to refuse.

Perhaps it was because she was feeling too pressured. Although she did not know how to dance, she raised her hand and agreed to his invitation like she was possessed! It was only when he had walked to the dance floor with her hand in his did she come back to her senses. What was she doing? 1.

Why would she agree to an unfamiliar man's invitation?

Eugene circled a hand around her waist. He moved closer to her, smiling mildly as he said, "Woman, focus." Sharon already regretted it. "That... I really don't know how. How about you ask someone else

Before she could finish speaking, Eugene was already leading her into the first steps of the dance. He enveloped her waist, and she had one hand on his shoulder. She could only bite the bullet and follow his steps. He moved closer to her ear, whispering as they danced, "Put out your left foot... Right foot..." He taught her. Simon had just picked up a glass of wine from the tray the waiter held when he turned and saw Sharon on the dancefloor. She was actually dancing with another man!

At that moment, his pupils shrank.

Eugene was holding Sharon around the waist, moving through the dance on the dance floor. He was whispering in her ear, instructing her on the next step. The two of them were already standing very close. Him lowering his head to speak in her ear looked especially intimate to the eyes of an outsider. People who did not know better would definitely think they were a couple.

Sharon was very afraid that she would make a wrong step and stomp on the other party's feet, so she was particularly nervous. Her attention was fully gathered on how to dance well, and she did not notice that Simon was glaring at her with cold, narrow eyes not far away from the dance floor.

Simon downed the wine in one gulp, his eyebrows furrowing tightly. His entire body exuded an impenetrable coldness. He had only not paid attention to her for a moment and this woman started dancing with another man?

Moreover, that man was Eugene Newton. When did she meet Eugene Newton?

There were so many men present, yet why did she have to choose to dance with Eugene Newton?! 1

They were holding each other so closely. What dance was this? Was it possible that she had not danced before? She did not even know she was being taken advantage of! Glaring at the two people on the dance floor, his large hand nearly broke the glass of wine he was holding! It seemed that he had to add a line to the agreement when they got back. Without his permission, she was not allowed to dance with members of the opposite sex in a public place! Rebecca kept wanting to get close to him. She hesitated at a distance for a while before finally mustering the courage to walk toward him.

“Simon, your father said I’m to dance with you during the opening dance for the party later.” Rebecca waited for a while but did not receive his answer. She finally raised her head to look at him and only then noticed that he kept staring at the dance floor. She did not know if he heard her.

She followed his gaze and looked at the dance floor, spotting Sharon dancing with Eugene. It turned out he was looking at them.

She noticed that Simon’s handsome face was cold. She wanted to smash Sharon into little pieces. Smiling inwardly, she said, “Simon, it seems some people just aren’t honest. How could she dance with another man at a place like this? She doesn’t value you much at all and is treating you like nothing more than air, isn’t she?”

Simon only heard what she said at the end, that Sharon was treating him like he was just air.

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He turned away abruptly. His pitch-black, fear-inducing gaze landed on her. His tone was extremely icy when he spoke, “Secretary Lawrence, you’re overstepping again.” No matter how he and Sharon were, it was not her place to chime in.

The way he addressed her as ‘Secretary Lawrence’ made Rebecca remember that night at the hotel when she confessed her feelings for him but he harshly shoved her away!

Her face paled. She clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms.

Simon did not say anything more to her. He walked past her, not once glancing at her. He only thought about how he did not want to dance the opening dance later with Rebecca.

Under Eugene's instruction, Sharon danced with him. Coming off the dance floor, her palms were full of sweat. It was unsure if it was because she was too nervous or because it was hot. "See. I told you you'd definitely dance well." Eugene saw her sweating prettily and could not help smiling. He took out a handkerchief he brought with him and passed it to her. "Here, for you to wipe your sweat with."

Sharon also felt that being covered in sweat was uncomfortable. Moreover, her body was exuding heat and her head was swelling, but she did not know what condition she was in now.

Sharon suppressed that wave of discomfort. After hesitating a little, she took Eugene's handkerchief. "Thanks." She wiped off the sweat on her forehead.

"It's because you taught well. I've never danced a ballroom dance before."

"Is that so? Looks like you have to call me 'Master'." Eugene smiled as he looked at her.

Sharon saw his smiling eyes the moment she lifted her head. His eyes had a soft light to them. She came back to her senses abruptly. She was not familiar with him. They had just danced together.

"I'm really sorry I spilled wine on your clothes. I've danced with you, so... that's that." She turned and left a little hastily, actually forgetting to return his handkerchief to him.

She suddenly felt a little unwell and like she could not breathe. It was probably because there were too many people here. She had danced as well, which was probably why it was so hot. She had to go out for some air. Leaving the noisy ballroom, she walked to the hotel's gallery. That uncomfortable feeling had eased slightly, but her body was still a little hot.

She touched her forehead. She could not have fallen ill, could she? Was it related to her drinking two glasses of wine tonight?

Her alcohol tolerance was low. She was probably a little drunk.

Sharon entered the bathroom and washed her face with cold water. She felt a lot better now, but she oddly felt that her mouth was dry.

She started to feel irritated and only left after washing her face another two times. Just as she reached the hallway, she was pulled aside by a large force. Before she could react, she was pressed to the wall in the corner. A dark figure caged her in, and her lips were captured in the

next moment.

She gasped. She was about to push him away out of reflex when she detected a familiar scent from the man. It was Simon...

She hesitated for a moment. Why was it him?

She immediately thought of him and Rebecca standing together and everyone saying they were childhood friends who matched each other really well. She could not control the nameless fire that started in her heart.

She finally returned to her senses. She clenched her fists and hammered them on the overbearing man. "Mmph... Let go..."

The more she struggled, the more savage the man became. His kiss now could not be considered a kiss at all. It was a punishing bite to the point that she completely lost the strength to push him away. Sharon did not want to compromise. This man was truly abominable. He was clearly already with Rebecca, so why was he still doing such a thing with her? Could it be that she was too easily bullied?

Could it be that he liked to play emotional games? She should be rebelling, but a strange notion started.