

Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers

Chapter 91

Chapter 91

Sally frowned impatiently. "I've said what I needed to say. Let go of me, don't touch me!"

Sharon grabbed hold of her and insisted that she make things clear. However, her colleague Lewis suddenly appeared. "Sharon, there you are! I've been looking for you all day."

In the split second that Sharon was distracted, Sally shrugged off her grip and glared at her as she said, "I would advise you to keep quiet, else I'll get Howard to assign you even more work." Then, she strode off haughtily.

Sharon did not stop Sally. She knew Sally was purposefully whetting her appetite by not telling her any more about her father!

Lewis informed Sharon that the director wanted her to bring the design over to the construction site and show it to the person in charge.

Thus, Sharon suppressed her questions and went to work.

As she left the office and drove to the construction site, she found herself unable to calm down as she recalled what Sally had told her.

She remembered the last time she had seen her father. She was wearing a wedding gown and telling him that she was getting married.

Her father had been fine then. He had even given her and Howard his blessings...

It all seemed like a joke now that she thought about it.

Sally had said that there was something wrong with the medications used to treat her father, but what exactly was wrong with them?

Perhaps her father's attending physician would know. However, Doctor Collins avoided talking about her father's illness whenever she brought it up in conversation.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt that something fishy was going on. Her thoughts became so muddled that she completely forgot she was driving and needed to look at the road.

She did not know where she had ended up when a car suddenly came careening toward her at the turning point!

The ear-piercing sound of emergency brakes sounded across the road!

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Sharon was terrified when she turned her head and saw the car was about to crash into her. Her mind went blank as she blindly turned the steering wheel!

Bang!

The two cars collided with a loud crash!

Sharon's car was pushed forward and collided with the green belt whereas the other car rear-ended her.

She had bumped her head, but thankfully the airbag had protected her. She was not seriously injured but was so frightened her legs had turned into jelly.

She took so long to recover from the shock that she was still not done when someone came knocking on her window.

The person whose car she had hit on the rear end had gotten out.

Sharon was trembling all over as she forced herself to calm down and get out of the car.

The person who had knocked on her window was a woman dressed in a business suit. The minute she got out of the car, she raged at Sharon, "What kind of driver are you? Do you have a death wish? Don't take other people along with you if you want to die!"

Sharon did not know what was going on. Her mind had been filled with thoughts about how her father was murdered. She had only come back to her senses after she nearly crashed into the car.

"I... I'm sorry, I didn't do this on purpose." Her thoughts were still muddled as she apologized instinctively.

"You didn't do this on purpose? Look at the state the car is in! You still dare say you didn't do it on purpose?" The woman rebuked Sharon furiously.

Sharon turned and looked at the state of the two collided cars. She trembled as fear began taking over her. If she had not turned the steering wheel just now, she would probably be dead now!

When the woman noticed that Sharon could not say anything and that the color had left her face, she said angrily, "Do you even know how to drive? If you don't..." "Helen." An authoritative voice rang out from the car.

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When Helen turned and saw that her boss had gotten out of the car, she hurried over and said, "Vice President, why did you get out? Are you alright? Are you hurt?"

Penelope's face was blank. No one had ever seen a smile on her face before.

Sharon, who was still in shock, turned toward the direction of the voice. The middle aged woman who had gotten out of the car was dressed in a simple business suit, and her hair was pulled back. Her eyes were unsmiling, giving her an air of sophistication amidst her powerful aura. She looked like a girl boss through and through.

Why did this woman seem familiar? Why did her dominating aura feel similar to Simon's ?

Sharon could tell that she was the owner of the car. Walking over, she said apologetically, "I'm so sorry, I wasn't paying attention to the road just now... but don't worry, I'll pay for however much that needs to be compensated."

After coming back to her senses, she realized that the accident had happened because she was distracted and had turned into the wrong lane.

"Pay?" Helen scoffed before reprimanding, "Can you afford to pay the price if our Vice President was hurt?"

The highway patrol soon arrived and sealed off the scene of the accident.

Penelope glanced briefly at Sharon before saying coolly, "We'll have to take matters to the police if you can't give me a valid explanation." Then, she said to Helen, "Get Attorney Greene to come over."

“Alright, I’ll get in touch with him at once.”

Sharon’s temples throbbed when she heard that. Were they already contacting their lawyers?

Franky hurried into the president’s office. “President Zachary, something has happened to Mrs. Zachary.”

“What is it?” Simon’s gaze was still fixed on his documents.

“Car crash..”

“What?!” Simon’s gaze turned serious as he dropped the pen in his hand and stood up to walk out of the office. “Which hospital?”

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Franky realized he had misunderstood and hurriedly said, “No... Mrs. Zachary is fine. She’s the one who crashed the car.”

Simon quietly heaved a sigh of relief but soon frowned again. “She crashed into someone?”

“Well, to be precise, she didn’t crash into anyone. It’s just... I don’t know how to explain it either. The highway patrol just called. They want you to go over.”

Simon glared at him before saying coolly, “Well then, why don’t you go and get the car ready!”

“Yes...” Franky hurried off.

Sharon had just finished giving her statement at patrol headquarters. The officers had seen the cause of the accident through surveillance footage at the intersection, and the accident had indeed happened because she had made the mistake of turning into the wrong lane.

Thus, all responsibility was on her. She would bear all losses, and it was up to the other party to decide how they wanted to proceed with the matter.

When Simon entered, he saw Sharon sitting dazedly in a corner. His face darkened as he walked over.

Sharon’s gaze was lowered to the floor when a man’s slender legs entered her field of vision. When she raised her head in confusion, she met the man’s dark eyes. Waves of emotion washed over her as she stood up.

"You're... you're here." Her voice quivered, and a glimmer of hope appeared in her desolate eyes when she saw him. She even had the urge to hug him, but she tugged at the corner of her shirt and stopped herself from doing so.

Simon pursed his lips as he gave her a once over. The anxiety that had filled him throughout entire journey dissipated when he saw that there were no other wounds on her other than some bruises on her forehead.

"You crashed into someone?" He finally asked in a solemn tone.

Sharon shook her head, and then she nodded her head. Even she was confused. "I..."

"Simon?" A woman's voice interrupted Sharon as she was about to speak.

Penelope walked out of the interrogation room. Her assistant and lawyer were right behind her.

She thought Simon had come for her after hearing the news.

"Penelope?"

Simon was surprised when he saw her. He had not received news that his oldest sister was coming home today. He looked at Sharon and then at his sister. Could Sharon have crashed into his sister?

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Sharon was probably the one in most shock now. When she saw the two reunite, she was startled. That powerful woman was Simon's oldest sister!?

"President Zachary, are you here to pick up Vice President Zachary? I'm telling you, it was that woman who wasn't paying attention to her driving and ended up hitting Vice President Zachary!" Helen immediately complained to him.

Simon's expression sank. "Penelope, are you alright?"

"Vice President didn't get hurt, but she did get an incredible shock. Don't worry, President Zachary. We've discussed it with Attorney Greene. We'll definitely have the perpetrator pay for every last cent!" Helen spoke again.

Sharon felt her scalp tingle when she heard what they said. His sister was so powerful, so there was no way they were going to let her get away easily, right?

She glanced furtively at Simon. She must have caused him trouble again.

Simon suppressed his shock. He would never have imagined that Sharon would so coincidentally crash into his sister. His gaze shifted as he said, "I'm glad you aren't hurt, Penelope."

Then, he reached and pulled Sharon to his side as he said formally, "Penelope, let me introduce you to Sharon, my wife."

Sharon was shocked. Shouldn't he be comforting his sister and calming her down? Why had he just introduced her?

She tried to pull her arm out of his grasp, but the man had wrapped his large palm around her arm. She could not break free. The only thing she could do was smile awkwardly at Penelope as she said, "Hi, Penelope..."

The expression on Penelope's face darkened after hearing Simon's introduction. Her eyes narrowed as she stared at Sharon. So, this was the woman he had married without even telling the family?

She had not been paying attention to Sharon before, but now, she was staring at her so intently her gaze could burn a hole right through her.

She wondered to herself, 'What kind of power does this woman possess to cause her younger brother to register their marriage without so much as to tell his family?'

Helen, who was standing behind her, was speechless.

Penelope's face grew tight, but she still did not say a word,

The atmosphere was so tense Sharon could feel it physically bearing down on her

Finally, Penelope squeezed a sentence out of her. In a cold voice, she said, "I'm not your sister!" Before she strode off with a terse expression on her face.

Helen froze in surprise for a few seconds before she ran after Penelope. "Vice President

Sharon turned to look at Simon in confusion. "What's going on with your sister?"

Simon's eyes glinted momentarily, but he did not say anything to her. He merely said, "We'll talk more when we're home."

"I can leave now?" Sharon's eyes widened. His sister wouldn't let her go that easily, would she?

Simon turned to look at Franky, who hurriedly said, "You can take Mrs. Zachary home now, President Zachary. I've just paid the fine and communicated with the officers. It is a private matter now."

"Let's go." Simon took her hand into his large palm as they left.

Sharon lowered her head to look at her arm, held securely by his thick, large hand. She felt the warmth from his hand washing over her in that instant.

Suddenly, she realized this was what it felt like to be secure in a relationship.

However, she was still a little nervous. There was no doubt his sister had a bad impression of her after she had hit her car.

She suddenly remembered what Howard had once told her. There was another figure in the Zachary family who was so powerful that even Simon had to obey them.

That person would be his sister, right?

They got into the car that had been waiting for them. As they traveled home, Simon asked, "Why were you driving recklessly?"

"I... I suddenly remembered my father when I was driving, and I got distracted..." Sharon said as she lowered her head.

She blamed herself, but she was already in a horrible mood.

"Your sister... she won't form a bad impression of me and hate me because of this, right?"

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The man did not have any expression on his face as he threw the question back to her. "What do you think?"

Sharon lowered her eyelids. "I... I regret everything. I never thought I would crash into her."

“Regret? Why didn’t you think about the repercussions when you were driving? What if someone crashed into you, or if you crashed into someone? Do you think you could bear the responsibility?” He reprimanded with a stern expression on his face.

Sharon was surprised at the serious expression on his face. “I, I know it’s my fault, but ... we’re husband and wife now. Your sister will forgive me because of you, right?”

The man still had a stony expression on her face. “I’m just worried that she’ll refuse to view you as her sister-in-law.”

Sharon was stunned. He was right, she had addressed Penelope as her sister-in-law, but she had merely walked off with a stony expression on her face.

“So what should I do? I can apologize to her, right?”

“You ruined her car, but you think an apology will immediately make things right?”

Sharon lowered her eyes again, a distressed expression appearing on her face. “I know, I’ll definitely repay her, but...” She could not procure that much money in such a short amount of time, and she also knew that Penelope would not be driving any ordinary car. 3

“What’s the difference to her between me paying and you paying?” The man raised an eyebrow as he asked.

“So... So what should I do? Just tell me.” Nothing she said would work, and she had no idea how else she could deal with his sister.

The expression on Zachary’s face did not change, but the look in his eyes did. “I can help you pay for the ruined car. You’ll owe me one then.”

Sharon stared wordlessly at him. It had taken them a whole circle for him to admit he wanted her to owe him a favor.

So, she asked hesitantly, “Does that mean you’ll also help me settle the matter between me and your sister?”

Simon nodded slightly. “It won’t be enough if I do it alone. You’ll have to play along too.”

“How should I play along?” She asked curiously.

The man’s gaze turned playful. “For example... you can call me Hubby when we’re at home.”

Hub... Hubby?

The corner of Sharon's eye twitched. Did he want her to flex their relationship before his sister?

Penelope had a frosty expression on her face when she arrived at the Zachary household. Fiona, who happened to be there that day, had a joyful expression on her face when she saw her. "Penelope, you're finally back! The family would be done for if you still hadn't returned."

Penelope sat on the armchair and glanced expressionlessly at her as she asked in her usual cool tone, "What do you mean, 'done for'?"

Fiona hurried over and sat beside her. "Didn't you know? Simon refused to pay heed to our objections and married a woman who's harboring evil intentions!"

Penelope was Douglas's eldest child, the oldest sister amongst the Zachary siblings. Fiona was her younger sister-in-law and inferior to her in the family hierarchy.

Douglas had had three children in total. Besides his second child, who had died in a car crash, he had his older daughter and youngest son. Simon had been born much later, which explained the large age gap between him and his sister.

Penelope narrowed her eyes as she recalled the woman named Sharon Jeans. Her gaze turned frosty.

"What
t?" She had heard about Sharon before her return but did not
have many details to go on.

"Penelope, you didn't know? It proves further that Sharon is not a force to be reckoned with. Look at how she got Simon, who usually obeys every one of your orders, to register their marriage without even telling you anything!"
To this day, Fiona had been unable to accept the fact that Sharon had married into the Zachary family and become one of them.

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“Penelope, you have no idea how calculating Sharon is. She used her child to approach Simon...”

“Fiona, don’t you think it’s a bad idea to gossip about my wife behind her back?” Simon had a frosty expression on his face as he walked into the living room. Sharon was beside him.

Fiona was just about to tell Penelope all about Sharon’s shortcomings. She had not expected Simon to return at this moment and overhear her, with Sharon beside him no less!

She faltered awkwardly for a moment but managed to hide it swiftly as she put on a high and mighty air, “Simon, I’m not gossiping. I’m telling the truth.” When she finished speaking, she even glared at Sharon.

Simon’s gaze was stern. “Fiona, my wife is kind-hearted, but you claim that she’s calculating. Do you think that’s the truth?”

Fiona nearly spewed blood from her mouth. Sharon, a kind-hearted person? How could he say something so preposterous?

Sharon stood silently beside Simon. She did not say anything. Fiona had never had anything nice to say about her, and she had already grown used to it.

However, she recalled what Sally had told her when she saw Fiona and could not help but wonder if Fiona had anything to do with her father’s death.

Penelope frowned as she fixed her gaze on Simon. He had not even bothered to acknowledge her before he started arguing with Fiona. It was as if he could not stand to hear even one negative comment about his wife.

Did he genuinely care that much about Sharon Jeans?

Her cold gaze swept across their interlocked hands before she stood and said coolly to Simon, “Come with me!” Then, she turned and walked toward the study.

Simon turned and spoke softly to the woman beside him, “Why don’t you go ahead and relax in the room?”

Sharon nodded and said, “Alright,” before removing her gaze from Fiona.

When Simon entered the study, he saw his sister gazing expressionlessly at him in a critical manner.

He closed the door and strolled over to her. "Penelope, why didn't you tell me you were coming back? I could have picked you up."

Penelope laughed coolly. "You already have a wife now. How could you have any time for me?"

"What are you talking about, Penelope? I might be married now, but you'll always be my elder sister whom I respect. You'll always be the closest person to me," Simon said slowly as he sat down in front of her.

Their mother had died giving birth to Simon, which was why Penelope had taken care of him ever since he was born. Moreover, the age difference between them was so big that those who did not know better might have thought she was his mother,

As for Penelope, she had brought Simon up single-handedly. He might be her younger brother, but she had already treated him as if he were her child.

To this day, she had remained single to care for him. She should have been the one calling the shots on such an important aspect of his life instead of him just tying the knot with some random woman.

His wife at least needed to match him in terms of social standing. He couldn't just pick up some woman off the streets!

"Really? If you cared about me, why didn't you tell me about your marriage? It's such a big deal, but you just decided on it without consulting me?" She was still angry about this. It was a grudge she found difficult to let go of.

Simon's expression darkened slightly. "This matter was indeed resolved in a hurry. I didn't have time to tell you about it. Now that you're back, you and Shar can use this time to get to know each other."

The expression on Penelope's face turned ugly as she could not stop herself from slamming the tabletop. "Did I say I wanted to get to know her?"

She was just referring to how he had gotten married without even telling her and how he had not taken her seriously, but he was still playing the fool now?

However, it was as if Simon genuinely did not understand what she had meant. "Penelope, Shar is a great person. You'll understand once you spend some time with her. At least she's not like the other women who try their best to get near to me."

Penelope stared straight at him before saying mockingly, "But why did I hear that she's Howard's ex-girlfriend? And that she'd even betrayed Howard in the past?"

Simon lowered his eyes. He knew there was no way his sister wouldn't have run a background check on Sharon if she was returning. Perhaps she had even returned because of Sharon.

Chapter 96 "That all happened in the past..."

"Just because it happened in the past doesn't mean it never happened! How dare you get married to a woman like that?! It's so obvious that she has ulterior motives!"

"Penelope, you've never even spent any time with her. All you've done is listen to the rumors. How can you conclude that she has ulterior motives just like that?" Simon did not raise his voice. All he wanted to do was talk some sense into her, not argue with her.

However, it seemed to Penelope that this was the first time he had argued with her because of a woman!

Her grip on the armrest tightened as her chest heaved. "Either way, I don't agree with your marriage to this woman. She even crashed into my car today and would've killed me if I weren't lucky! Divorce her immediately for your own good!"

Simon frowned. "Penelope, today was a misunderstanding. Don't you think you're prejudiced against her?"

"I'm not prejudiced against her. It's just that she's no match for you!"

"I'm the only one who knows if she's a good match for me or not. Penelope, I'm already 30 years old. You've been in charge of planning my life for so long, but... I want to be in charge of my future from now on," Simon uttered each word respectfully, but his domineering attitude was evident.

Penelope shuddered in her heart. The little brother she had single-handedly brought up was no longer the obedient child who listened to her every order now. He seemed like a stranger to her.

Fear arose in her heart. She wanted to control him even more now!

"If I was in charge of planning the first half of your life, then I'll do the same for the second half of your life unless I die!" She was even more domineering than him.

Simon's pupils shrunk momentarily, but he continued saying after a brief silence, "Penelope, you're going overboard. Sharon is my

wife and the mother of my child. We're a family of three who can't afford to lose anyone.

"Does that mean you refuse to divorce her?"

Simon stood and said calmly, "Penelope, I think you should give her a chance. Spend some time with her before you decide if we're a good match for each other. Don't you want me to find happiness? If I divorce her, I might never find happiness ever again."

Without waiting for her to speak, he said, "You're shaken up by the car accident today. I'll host a welcome home banquet for you another day and have Sharon apologize to you then."

Simon turned and left the study once he was done talking. Penelope sat and did not say a word as she watched him leave.

Her brows furrowed tightly together. Happiness? Could Sharon Jeans give him that?

Sharon was waiting for Simon in their room. Finding it difficult to sit still, she paced about their room as she thought, 'I wonder how his conversation with Penelope is going?'

The minute she heard the door opening, she turned her head around. Simon had returned.

She immediately bounded over. "So, how did it go? Has Penelope forgiven me?"

The expression on Simon's face turned grim when he saw how anxious she was. He seemed to have difficulty expressing himself.

Seeing the ugly expression on his face, Sharon probed. "You didn't have a falling out with her, did you? She's refusing to forgive me?"

Simon sat down on the couch, and Sharon followed suit. She could not help but sigh as she said, "I knew it wouldn't be that easy to talk to her. Even if I compensate for the damages to her car, her impression of me has already been sullied."

"She indeed... has a bad impression of you." The man nodded in agreement.

"So what are you going to do now?" Sharon's heart felt heavy. He did not get scolded by his sister because of her, did he? 1

"She wants me to divorce you," the man said all of a sudden as he stared straight at her

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Divorce?” Sharon’s heart jumped in shock. She had pondered this possibility but never expected Penelope to actually bring it up.

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“Penelope, you’ve never even spent any time with her. All you’ve done is listen to the rumors. How can you conclude that she has ulterior motives just like that?” Simon did not raise his voice. All he wanted to do was talk some sense into her, not argue with her.

However, it seemed to Penelope that this was the first time he had argued with her because of a woman!

Her grip on the armrest tightened as her chest heaved. “Either way, I don’t agree with your marriage to this woman. She even crashed into my car today and would’ve killed me if I weren’t lucky! Divorce her immediately for your own good!”

Simon frowned. “Penelope, today was a misunderstanding. Don’t you think you’re prejudiced against her?”

“I’m not prejudiced against her. It’s just that she’s no match for you!”

“I’m the only one who knows if she’s a good match for me or not. Penelope, I’m already 30 years old. You’ve been in charge of planning my life for so long, but... I want to be in charge of my future from now on,” Simon uttered each word respectfully, but his domineering attitude was evident.

Penelope shuddered in her heart. The little brother she had single-handedly brought up was no longer the obedient child who listened to her every order now. He seemed like a stranger to her.

Fear arose in her heart. She wanted to control him even more now!

"If I was in charge of planning the first half of your life, then I'll do the same for the second half of your life unless I die!" She was even more domineering than him.

Simon's pupils shrunk momentarily, but he continued saying after a brief silence, "Penelope, you're going overboard. Sharon is my wife and the mother of my child. We're a family of three who can't afford to lose anyone."

"Does that mean you refuse to divorce her?"

Simon stood and said calmly, "Penelope, I think you should give her a chance. Spend some time with her before you decide if we're a good match for each other. Don't you want me to find happiness? If I divorce her, I might never find happiness ever again."

Without waiting for her to speak, he said, "You're shaken up by the car accident today. I'll host a welcome home banquet for you another day and have Sharon apologize to you then."

Simon turned and left the study once he was done talking. Penelope sat and did not say a word as she watched him leave.

Her brows furrowed tightly together. Happiness? Could Sharon Jeans give him that?

Sharon was waiting for Simon in their room. Finding it difficult to sit still, she paced about their room as she thought, 'I wonder how his conversation with Penelope is going?'

The minute she heard the door opening, she turned her head around. Simon had returned.

She immediately bounded over. "So, how did it go? Has Penelope forgiven me?"

The expression on Simon's face turned grim when he saw how anxious she was. He seemed to have difficulty expressing himself.

Seeing the ugly expression on his face, Sharon probed. "You didn't have a falling out with her, did you? She's refusing to forgive me?"

Simon sat down on the couch, and Sharon followed suit. She could not help but sigh as she said, "I knew it wouldn't be that easy to talk to her. Even if I compensate for the damages to her car, her impression of me has already been sullied."

"She indeed... has a bad impression of you." The man nodded in agreement.

“So what are you going to do now?” Sharon’s heart felt heavy. He did not get scolded by his sister because of her, did he? 1

“She wants me to divorce you,” the man said all of a sudden as he stared straight at her

“Ah? Di—
Divorce?” Sharon’s heart jumped in shock. She had pondered this possibility but never expected Penelope to actually bring it up.

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Chapter 97 “And you... agreed?” she asked hesitantly.

Their eyes met. The man did not reply immediately, and that only caused her to become even more nervous. What was she nervous about?

Did she not want to divorce him? After all, their marriage was just for show.

However... if they did get divorced, who would get custody of the child?

“Do you want to divorce me?” He leaned into her as he asked in a low voice.

He was so near her that their breaths were overlapping. She felt herself enter a momentary trance as she shook her head and said, “No, I don’t want a divorce.”

The thought had suddenly occurred to her. If they got divorced, she might lose custody of her child. Thus, she would never agree to a divorce.

Simon’s eyes glinted as his thin lips curled upward into a smile. “That’s right. Seems like you haven’t forgotten about our agreement.”

“But your sister...”

“I’ve already taken care of it. She’s giving you a chance to get to know you better. You must be on your best performance. Don’t embarrass me.”

Sharon’s eyes widened. “You’ve taken care of it? Then why did you have such a grim expression on your face? I thought you were useless!”

She blurted that out without thinking.

Then, when she saw the man glaring at her, she hurriedly smiled and said, "It's good that everything has been taken care of. I'll go see if Sebastian is home."

She was just about to get up and leave after she was done speaking, but the man had grabbed hold of her arm. When he tugged her, she fell back onto the couch. The man's body approached her as he said in a low, dangerous voice, "Who did you just call useless?"

Sharon did not even have time to react before the man pinned her on the couch. He was staring at her with a dangerous glint in his eyes as if she were his prey.

Her face turned warm as his aura enveloped her. "Well, I—"

She had not finished speaking before the man cupped her chin in his hand. She felt his

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warm breath flutter across her face as he said in a low, hoarse voice, "As your husband, shouldn't I do something to prove that I'm not useless?"

She pressed her arms against the man's chest and became panic-stricken when she felt him lowering himself even more. "No... Simon Zachary, your sister just returned. Shouldn't you be taking care of her now?"

"Yeah, I'll go take care of her in a minute."

This proved you could not utter the word 'useless' to any man!

She regretted everything as she said, "No need, you don't need to... You're amazing, really..."

It was too late for regrets. The man planted his lips on top of hers.

Sharon felt her face grow even warmer as her breathing quickened. It was just one sentence. Why did he take it so seriously? Her scalp tingled as she wondered how he was going to prove himself.

The tall man pressed her petite body into the couch. It obviously could no longer hold the two of them, so he took her into his arms as they rolled off the couch and onto the floor. Luckily, a wool carpet was spread on the floor, which was why it did not hurt at all and she only felt slightly dizzy when she fell.

She lay on the carpet, her long hair spread out like seaweed. Her gaze was dazed and her lips were a brilliant red, making her look even more inviting.

The door was pushed open. "Mommy, Mommy... I heard you crashed into someone today..."

Sebastian had heard from the servants that his mommy crashed into someone today, and he was so frightened that he immediately barged into the room to clarify things. 1

When he opened the door, he saw his mommy pinned on the floor by his dad. His round, black eyes widened as he rushed over and accused the man on the ground with a tense expression on his face. "Dad, are you bullying Mommy again?" 1

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The expression on Simon's face was unbelievably ugly, and the veins on his forehead throbbed. Why did the kid interrupt him every time he wanted to do something serious?

The little brat had destroyed his plans. He felt the urge to have him thrown out from the house, never mind the fact that he was his son!

Sharon's face reddened as she pushed Simon off her and lowered her head to check her clothes. Thankfully, they were not messy. The only thing messy was her breathing. She instinctively ran a hand through her hair as she said, "Sebastian, why didn't you knock before entering?"

The little guy huffed. "If I had knocked, I wouldn't have seen Dad bullying you!"

The expression on Simon's face stiffened as he sat and glared at the little guy. "I wasn't bullying her..."

"I already saw everything, but you're still lying!" The little guy did not believe him in the slightest.

Sharon followed suit and said, "Your dad wasn't bullying me, he..."

Sebastian stared at her, waiting for an answer.

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"He... We were actually playing a game. Yes, we were playing a game." Sharon could not come up with a better excuse.

“Game? I want to play too.” With that, Sebastian pounced toward her. 1

However, the little guy had not come near her before Sebastian grabbed him by the collar and walked out the door with him. He had a dark expression on his face as he said, “You can play this game with your future wife.” 4

Sebastian flailed his limbs around in the air as he protested. “Naughty Dad, let go of me! I want to play the kissing game with Mommy...” 1

Hmph, these meanie adults thought he did not know anything and even wanted to lie to him! He wanted to play the kissing game with his mommy too. He wanted that!

Sharon clapped a hand to her forehead helplessly as she stared at the father and son duo.

Lord knew what Simon had told his sister, but Penelope did not make things difficult

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for her for the rest of her stay. However, she did not make things easy for her either.

Penelope had returned to personally oversee the project for Mountain Linguistic City. As the designer, Sharon felt immensely pressured.

The next day, Sharon bumped into Howard the minute she arrived at the office.

She had not seen him for a couple of days, and he had not returned to the Zachary household either. She had no idea what he was up to, but of course, she did not care.

Ignoring him, she walked straight ahead, but Howard ran after her.

“I heard my aunt is back. How have you not been thrown out of the Zachary household yet?” Howard asked sarcastically.

Sharon paused in her steps and turned to gaze coolly at him. “Well, I’m so sorry that I’ve disappointed you.”

That was the only piece of nonsense she shared with him before she quickly turned and walked away.

Howard seemed to be holding back a smile as he stared at her back and snorted coolly. “We’ll see about that!”

Sharon was extremely busy with work today. She had to present her design to the company’s executives at a meeting the next day.

It was midnight, and she was incredibly sleepy when she finally finished working on the design. Finally, she emailed the design to the department director.

That was right, the design director, Howard Zachary, needed to review her design before it could be submitted to the higher-ups. It was a company rule, and she guessed that Howard would not have the guts to meddle with official business.

The next day, Simon had Sharon present her design to everyone present at the company's conference.

The huge conference room was filled with company executives. Of course, as the company's vice president, Penelope was present too.

Sharon took a deep breath as she remembered what Simon had told her. His sister had been willing to give her a chance. She needed to be on her best behavior now.

Thus, she could not afford to make any mistakes today.

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Sharon felt everyone's eyes on her as she walked up to the podium.

Howard was staring at her. His eyes narrowed as he smiled cunningly.

"Please project the design for me, Secretary Quinn." When Sharon looked at Simon's secretary, she could also see Simon through her peripheral vision. He had a solemn expression on his face as he sat at the head of the table. She felt herself become even

more nervous.

Secretary Quinn was ready. She immediately projected the design onto the screen.

"Hello everyone. I'll now begin talking about my design for the Mountain Linguistic City project..."

Sharon had not finished her sentence when her audience began pointing at and reprimanding her.

Sharon turned to stare confusedly at the screen. The design projected on it was not her design but someone else's.

Her nerves tensed up as she immediately turned to Secretary Quinn and said, "You've projected the wrong one. This isn't my design."

Secretary Quinn was puzzled. "That can't be. Director Howard Zachary gave me this design."

Sharon shuddered as she understood what had happened. She immediately turned to Howard and said coldly, "You swapped out my design!"

Howard put an innocent expression on his face as he said, "Sharon Jeans, don't slander me like that. Since when did I swap out your design? This is your design. I never touched it before I passed it to Secretary Quinn."

"You!" Sharon finally saw through him. He was framing her!

She hurriedly turned to Simon and explained, "President Zachary, this isn't my design. Howard swapped out my design!" Simon's eyes and expression were cold as he pursed his lips. He swept his gaze between the two without saying a word.

Sharon had just finished speaking when Howard stood and laughed coldly as he said, "

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Sharon, is it not enough that you won't admit to plagiarizing someone's design? Don't blame me!"

Anger boiled within Sharon as she gritted her teeth and enunciated each word," Howard, where on earth did you hide my design? Hand it over at once!"

"What proof do you have that I hid your design? Stop slandering me." Howard had a mocking expression on his face all this while.

Sharon was no longer able to control her anger. Although she had gotten injured a while ago, it had not stopped her from completing the design. She had lost countless nights of sleep because of it, yet everything was destroyed because of Howard!

That was not even the worst part. The worst was now everyone thought she had plagiarized!

A designer's career was ruined the minute they were accused of plagiarism. No one would dare hire her in the future. She would not be able to stay in the design field any longer. 2

Moreover... Penelope was here today. She had even been told to be on her best behavior

She strode over to Howard and grabbed him by the collar as she said angrily, "Return me my design!"

Howard still had an innocent expression on his face. "I didn't hide your design. How many times do you need me to repeat myself?"

"Enough! Everyone shut up! This is a conference room, not a place for you to get into catfights!" Penelope slammed a hand on the table as she bellowed coldly. The conference room was immediately shrouded in a cold, tense aura.

"President Zachary, how should we solve this matter?" Penelope turned to look at Simon as she spoke. Was this the woman he had asked her to give a chance and get to know?

Everyone turned to look at the president, the man who would make the final decision. No one dared say a word.

Sharon turned to gaze into Simon's dark eyes. He would believe her, right?

Simon's thin lips were pursed together. He had a cold expression on his face as he stared at the two and said, "Both of you, get out. Today's meeting has nothing to do with you. I hope the two of you will be able to give me an explanation regarding the design by the time the conference ends."

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"President Zachary..." Sharon had just started speaking when he bellowed, "Get out!" He did so without as much as a glance toward her.

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Sharon was shocked by his sternness. She restrained her emotions, which she had lost control of, and regained some clarity. She had just argued with Howard in front of the company's executives. How embarrassing!

Her hands curled into fists as she bit down on her lip. Although she still felt angry and resentful, she still had to shut up and leave the room obediently. She could not embarrass herself further.

Simon had a stern expression on his face, and he pretended not to see her as she left. However, he gave her a sideways glance as she left, and she seemed to have an aggrieved expression as she walked out of the room. 2

Howard had an imperceptible smile on his face. He did not say anything as he obeyed Simon's order and walked out the conference room after Sharon.

Sharon strode past the corridors as she heaved angry breaths. The rage in her heart was threatening to burn her alive!

Footsteps rang out as someone ran after her. Then, the person behind her grabbed her arm and forced her to stop.

When she turned and saw Howard's disgusting face, she immediately shook his arm off her with a disgusted expression on her face. "Are you satisfied now? This is what you wanted, right?"

Howard raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, this is what I wanted."

Sharon was furious. "Why? Why must you target me?!"

Howard stared at her as he smiled evilly and said, "Didn't I tell you to divorce my uncle and leave the Zachary household?"

Sharon understood everything now. She was furious, but she could not help laughing as she said, "So, you did all this to force me out of the household? And also kick me out of the company?"

She did not imagine him to be that shameless as he proudly admitted, "Yes, I'm forcing you to leave."

Sharon must have been way too angry just now. Now that she heard his shameless admission, she calmed down.

She laughed lightly and said, "Hah... Did you think you could force me to leave using

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such despicable methods? That's impossible." After speaking, she turned and walked off.

Howard stuffed a hand into his pocket and snickered as he watched her leave. He was curious to see how long she could continue holding on.

When the conference ended, everyone else returned to their work, leaving only Simon and Penelope in the room.

"Simon, you saw what happened during today's conference. Is this the person you wanted me to give a chance and get to know? Can a woman like her bring you happiness?" Penelope stared mockingly at him.

Her bad impression of Sharon had only become worse after her plagiarism stunt.

"She gave herself the title of 'well-known designer', didn't she?"

Simon had a stony expression on his face. He looked so calm that no one could guess what he was thinking.

"Penelope, I think there might have been a misunderstanding today. I've seen her design," he said slowly.

Penelope raised an eyebrow. "So, what you're saying is she didn't plagiarize and Howard swapped out her design?"

"I don't know if Howard did that, but I'm sure she would never plagiarize."

Penelope was stunned. Did he really trust Sharon that much?

It seemed that Fiona was right. Her little brother had been completely bewitched by Sharon Jeans.

Her expression darkened as she brought out her superiority as an older sister. "Even if she didn't plagiarize, she made a fuss in front of the company's executives today. Besides, everyone has already come to the conclusion that she plagiarized. Where will our dignity lie if we allow her to stay in the company? The other employees would have objections too."

She paused before continuing, "Moreover, Mountain Linguistic City is the company's most important project right now. How are you going to explain things to the board of directors?"

The expression on Simon's face did not change, but his eyes glinted slightly. "Even if someone is at fault here, it's not entirely her fault."

Penelope narrowed her eyes. "By that, do you mean Howard is at fault too?"