

The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy

Chapter 21 A S*x Dream

“Ah!”

Eliana suddenly woke up, breathless and panting. Did she actually just dream about s*x? She even dreamed of kissing! And it seemed that her subconscious pined for more than one man. Recalling the events of her dream, she began to feel hot again all over her body. But it was too ridiculous. How could she dream of both the pimp of the Imperial Golden Club and the CEO of the Moran Group? It was said that dreams were the reflection of one's inner thoughts. Was she secretly a loose woman? No! Eliana refused to admit it. From the corner of her eye, she saw the time on the alarm clock. Startled, she sat bolt upright. She had overslept! She jumped off the bed and quickly freshened-up. Before rushing out the door, she said goodbye to the children. After getting in a taxi, Eliana texted Preston “Hey. Are you still alive?” But to her growing worry, she received no reply. Yesterday, they had made a huge fuss in the club. How on earth would Preston explain what happened to his boss? Worse yet, what if Antwan vented his anger on Preston? As these thoughts plagued her mind, Eliana grew more and more worried. She tried calling him again, but only heard the cold busy tone. Could something terrible have happened to Preston? Eliana tried to be optimistic. Perhaps Preston was just busy entertaining his customers so that he had no chance to reply to her messages and calls.

Imagining Preston laughing in the arms of another woman, Eliana found herself feeling a little uncomfortable. What on earth was the matter with her? Could she have fallen in love with that damned gigolo? It was not until the taxi came to a halt in front of the company that she put away her phone. She quickly paid the fare and trotted to the elevators. Glancing at the time, she grew anxious. If she didn't hurry to punch the clock, she would be late. When the elevator doors slid open, Eliana rushed towards it, for fear of being late. But before she could step on board, somebody stopped her from entering. “Sorry, please take the next elevator.” Bewildered, Eliana looked up and found it was Corbin. She didn't understand. “What? Why?” There was no one else in the elevator. Why should she have to wait for the next one?

Without answering, Corbin stoically dragged her aside to make way for a man who was striding over. Maurice walked over in a tailored suit. He was handsome, but his powerful aura was daunting. As soon as he got close, he frowned and shot Eliana a cold glance. Eliana looked back at him, confused. Why was the boss looking at her like that? She didn't do anything wrong. She was so nervous that she didn't notice when Corbin quickly withdrew his hand. Only then did Maurice walk into the elevator with satisfaction. If anyone else had tried monopolizing the elevator, he would have been scolded severely. But the man just now was no ordinary man—he was the CEO of Moran Group, so no one dared to counter him.

Just then, another elevator arrived. The other waiting employees all rushed inside simultaneously.

Unfortunately, Eliana was slow to react and was the last one to squeeze in. As soon as she stepped foot inside, the elevator automatically warned its passengers that they had gone beyond maximum capacity. One of the employees shouted, "Who was the last one to enter? Get out. Don't waste our time." Everyone looked at Eliana pointedly. She pursed her lips unhappily. How unlucky she was! she stepped out of the elevator. As the doors of the other elevator slowly slid to a close, she met Maurice's cold gaze and sneer.

Before she could respond, the elevator doors closed ruthlessly, leaving Eliana alone and bewildered. Why did her boss sneer at her? Did she offend him somehow? Checking the time, Eliana's heart leaped to her throat

D**n it! There were only three minutes left before she would be marked late:

Unable to wait any longer, she rushed to the staircase.

Out of breath, she rushed to the Design Department, but she was still too late,

And it was all the CEO's fault.

He had his own exclusive elevator. Why did he have to compete with employees for an elevator? Indignant, Eliana looked around fiercely, which startled a colleague who was beside her. "What's the matter with you?" Taking a deep breath, Eliana forced a smile and said, "I was stopped by a mad dog on the way, so I ended up being late." "Don't worry. Your salary won't be affected." The colleague seemed to read her mind.

Eliana's eyes immediately lit up. "Are you serious? Is our company so lax?"

The colleague looked at her strangely. "Not exactly... Those who are late have to go to the company's golf course to pick up the b***s. Mr. Moran made this rule just today."

Eliana stared at her colleague blankly, completely and utterly speechless.

A new rule? Was it specially set for her? The colleague saw the murderous intent in her eyes, smiled awkwardly, and then left.

Unfortunately, there were a lot of things to deal with today. Eliana was so busy that she ended up having to rush to the golf

court without having lunch. The golf course was located outside the Twin Towers of the Moran Group. There, the sun shone brightly. Taking a look at the vast golf course that went as far as the eye could see, Eliana was stunned. How could she pick up all the golf b***s in such a large golf course? "What a freak!" she blurted out without much thought.

“Who is?” A deep voice sounded from behind Eliana, which made her almost jump up from shock.

She whirled around, only to find it was the devil himself standing behind her.

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Chapter 22 What Were You Looking At

Maurice was wearing but a thin shirt, his coat draped over one arm. The scorching sunlight illuminated his chiseled outline, and Eliana found herself staring at his delicate eyebrows and cold eyes. When he was serious and silent, he gave out a sense of ruthlessness, which was enough to make people forget how to breathe. But at this moment, as he lowered his eyes and looked at Eliana, his domineering aura almost disappeared, replaced with something that almost looked affectionate.

To Eliana’s surprise, she realized his gaze was as attractive as Preston’s. “Eliana,” he said coldly, snapping her back to reality. She immediately glanced away sheepishly. What the heck was wrong with her? Why did she always relate Maurice with Preston? “Mr. Moran,” she greeted him stiffly. Maurice glanced at her and then at the vast golf court before them. “Do you have any objection to the new company rules?”

After a slight pause, Eliana looked up and asked tentatively, “Mr. Moran, did you make this new rule specifically for me?” The man didn’t even bother to look at her. He simply brushed past her and said coldly, “You can leave if you don’t like it.” The coldness in his voice sent a shiver down her spine. She looked at him from the corner of her eye, sizing him up carefully:

Her CEO was so cruel.

Whack! A golf ball arched through the air and landed in the distance.

Eliana had just picked up one ball and now had to run after another ball. She was so tired from running around that she was out of breath “Don’t you think you’re being a bit harsh?” Wyatt asked passively, feeling sorry for the woman who was chasing after the golf b***s.

Maurice’s expression darkened and the corners of his mouth tightened. “She’s spying for my uncle. It shouldn’t be a big deal for her to pick up a few b***s.” “But she... She doesn’t look like a spy at all.” Smiling faintly, Wyatt fixed his eyes on the sweating Eliana in the distance. Her hair was wet with sweat, but she didn’t look disheveled. She almost looked like an athletic goddess. Her slightly parted red lips, her breathless panting, and her heaving chest all drew his attention.

Whoosh! A gust of wind suddenly blew straight at his face. Wyatt subconsciously took a step back. When he realized that Maurice had swung the golf club at him, he showed an aggrieved expression. "What did you do that for?" he demanded. "What were you looking at?" Displeasure flashed in Maurice's eyes, like a knife piercing through Wyatt's face. "You may see her face, but not her mind. Has your ability to see through people degenerated to the same level as your golf skill?" Shooting Maurice an impatient look, Wyatt picked up his golf club and stepped forward. "All right, all right. I just glanced at her, okay? No need to get so violent." While the two of them fought, Eliana finally had the chance to rest. But her respite didn't last long. Soon, golf balls started flying out again.

The scorching hot sun beat on Eliana's back as she ran back and forth after flying golf balls. After a while, she started to feel dehydrated and dizzy.

All of a sudden, the automatic sprinklers on the lawn went on, spurting water at her out of the blue. She took a step back and immediately lost her footing. She slipped and fell, twisting her ankle. She shrieked as a piercing pain shot up from her leg. It took her quite a while to recover. Gritting her teeth, she pulled herself to her feet and limped back to the tee area, the golf ball in hand.

"Hey! Are you okay?" Wyatt jogged up to her. When he got close to her, he blushed slightly. Eliana's clothes were soaked. The translucent fabric clung to her curvaceous figure, revealing her plump breasts and thin waist. At the sight of these, Wyatt's throat immediately went dry. Eliana didn't seem to notice his hungry gaze and she smiled at him politely. "I'm fine, thank you." Frowning deeply, Maurice put his big palm on Wyatt's head and twisted it to the side, forcing him to look away from Eliana. Then he looked into the woman's reproachful eyes. – Unfazed, Maurice picked up his suit jacket and threw it to her. "Go back to work." His suit jacket landed on her head, covering her face. Only then did Eliana glance down and realize that her clothes were transparent: Blushing; she quickly put on his suit jacket. When Eliana got back to the Twin Towers of the Moran Group, she slowly walked towards the elevators, leaning against the wall

It seemed that her misfortunes weren't about to end:

It just so happened that Gabrielle was passing by, carrying some samples in her arms. Seeing Eliana like this, she smiled with glee. "You look like a mess!" Eliana was tired and in pain, and the wet clothes still clung to her body uncomfortably. She didn't want to deal with Gabrielle, so she gritted her teeth and ignored her. But all of a sudden, Gabrielle grabbed Eliana's arm and demanded, "Why are you wearing Mr. Moran's jacket?" "None of your business, Angry, Eliana shook off Gabrielle's hand She had been extremely busy since she got here. She hadn't rested at all today yet was found at fault over and over again. No matter how good she was at handling her temper, she couldn't stand the injustice any longer. Gabrielle's wrist was twisted slightly. She raised her voice all of a sudden and cried, "Eliana! How dare you hit me?" Passers-by overheard her cries and quickly made a detour for fear of being implicated. Eliana didn't want to engage in this unnecessary squabble and turned around to leave. Unfortunately,

Gabrielle wasn't willing to let her go. Grabbing at the suit jacket, she said in a shrill voice, "Leave what doesn't belong to you!" "This doesn't belong to you either!" Eliana shot back through gritted teeth. Gabrielle raised her chin and sneered, "Do you really think that we don't know what you're up to? When you cleaned the CEO's office, you tried to seduce Mr. Moran. Now, you're up to the same tricks. Shame on you!"

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Chapter 23 Intimacy In Public

As soon as Gabrielle finished speaking, the crowd fell silent for a moment "D**n! What did I just hear? She has seduced Mr. Moran?" "Didn't I tell you that she looked like a tramp?" "You're missing the point. How can she be wearing Mr. Moran's suit-jacket?" "She probably stole it!" | Eliana's colleagues fixed their burning gazes on her as if they were going to incinerate her. With a frown, she asked, "Miss Aston, are you sure that you want to make this into such a big deal?" "Don't threaten me. Did you forget how lofty you were back then? I asked you to be with Mr. Blake, and you refused. Now, you're selling yourself to a wealthier man." Gabrielle did not believe her words at all. Eliana smiled and said in a sharp tone, "Speaking of selling oneself, I don't think sám as experienced as you in that matter, Miss Aston. I am sure that you must be really exhausted after getting so many projects." When her colleagues heard that, they were shocked and turned to Gabrielle with a disdainful look. "Oh my God! Is that what people do to get good design projects now? How shameful." "It's not surprising that Gabrielle became the design director at such a young age. Who would have thought that she sold herself to get to that position?" 14 "Now that the truth is out, I don't find it surprising-at all that a lot of our colleagues of the Design Department have resigned. How could they bear to work like that?" Gabrielle's face turned livid with rage as soon as she heard those words.

With a twisted expression, she threw the wooden sample box at Eliana in a fit of pique. "What-nonsense are you talking about?" Just before the box hit Eliana's face, she turned aside and dodged-it. With a crisp sound, the latch of the box flung open, littering the sample diamonds all over the floor, like a cloud of stars. "Ah!"

Everyone else in the office let out a scream and took a step back. Gabrielle was flustered for a moment before she calmed down, raised her eyebrows at Eliana, and scolded, "How dare you destroy the sample! It was supposed to be a part of the new products that are to be released during the next press conference. Each of those diamonds is worth more than a million dollars. Even if you sell your body to make up for it, you won't be able to afford a single diamond if you lose them." With that, she pushed Eliana away, Eliana's ankle was sprained, so she stumbled and got down on one knee. As she stuck her arms out to break her fall, her ankle hurt so badly that it resulted in a headache. She could not help but grit her teeth angrily.

At the same time, Gabrielle was complacent. "Oh, come on! Don't pretend to be weak." She felt like she had finally gotten the perfect opportunity to put Eliana in her place. She then cruelly raised her foot, intending to stamp on the back of Eliana's hand with her high-heeled shoe. However, she accidentally stepped on a diamond, and fell backwards like a defeated turtle. Seeing that, everyone burst into laughter. Furious, Gabrielle glared back at them. Just by a glance she was flabbergasted. Maurice squatted down beside Eliana and put his arm around her waist. "No, thanks." Eliana pressed his arm, signaling him to stop hugging her. However, Maurice ignored her and leaned over until his handsome face was merely an inch away from hers. Sensing his strong masculine aura, Eliana leaned back in shock. What was he trying to do when there were so many people watching them?

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