

MY CEO DADDY

Chapter 18 A Good Time

"I will thank Uncle Fang next time."

Jay glanced at the remote control car with no interest in it. Whether it was his birthday or any other event, Baron would always send him thousands of gifts. Yet, he had never put his heart into any of them.

Such a childish toy could only be suitable for those equally childish.

"Jay, I want to talk to you."

Nicole thought it was about time for them to talk about Kerr, so she straightened her face and gave him a stern look.

"I like Uncle Gu very much. Compared to Uncle Fang, I think Uncle Gu suits you better. Does mom like Uncle Gu?"

Nicole knew Jay was smart enough to take care of himself and read books while other children of his age couldn't. However, he still missed a true father-son relationship.

"Jay, it's not about whether I like Uncle Gu or not. He has his own life, his family and his children. We shouldn't disturb other people's lives, right?"

While she was in Manhattan, a friend had tried to set her up on many blind dates. But despite her son's consent, she would always refuse them—afraid someone could wrong her son.

Jay couldn't help the disappointment on his delicate face once he heard Nicole's words. Still, he tamely nodded in response.

"I'm full, mom. I'm going to take a shower."

Staring from Jay's back heading to the bathroom to his almost untouched slice of pizza, Nicole sighed heavily.

She could sense he was upset. But she had no choice besides ignoring it.

'It's all Kerr's fault! He's such a bastard!' she thought.

When she got back into her room, she sat on the mattress in a daze. Inadvertently, she caught a glimpse of the jewelry box at the headboard. In it there was a black earring, which had once belonged to her mother.

Of course, there should have been a pair, but now there was only one single piece left. Nicole put the box away inside the drawer at the bottom of her bedside table.

Suddenly, the phone started to ring, cutting off her thoughts.

The car was on the road and the windows were down as Kerr could feel the breeze comfortably blowing against his face. The peace he felt when meeting Nicole and Jay was exactly what he had been looking for.

When his phone rang, Kerr raised his hand to connect the Bluetooth headset hidden in his ear.

"Kerr, where have you been? We're all having such a good time here! Come over now."

Ken Qin stated convincingly. Kerr looked at his watch to check the time.

"I can't, I have to attend a video conference later."

He had already put a whole day off because of Nicole and Jay.

"Oh, come on! I have a surprise. I promise it's something you'll like and you won't regret if you come by."

Ken's mystery incited Kerr's curiosity, and his eyes turned to the beautiful girl in front of him.

"Fifteen minutes,"

Kerr said and then hung up the phone, stepping on the gas. His black Rolls Royce was traveling like a ghost in the dark night.

It was in Good Times, a famous entertainment place in the city. But compared with other entertainment venues, it didn't give easy access to just anyone.

People that came in here weren't just from wealthy families, they also belonged to the highest social spheres.

Kerr owned a fixed private room in the building, so he knew his way around very well and went straightly to r

oom 168.

"Kerr, here!"

Ken called his friend without straying his eyes from the door. When Kerr was close enough, he reached out his hand to him.

As the heir of Qin Group, Ken was known as the typical playboy. Only those who were really close to him could see there was more behind all his drinking and flirting.

Kerr's eyes went down from Ken's flamboyant face to the pink shirt he was wearing. Although he was already used to his friend's lack of style, he still didn't appreciate it.

"This looks hideous!"

Sitting next to Ken, Kerr raised his head and closed his eyes—a clear sign he didn't want to be disturbed. There were several rich young men in the room, who often stayed with them. However, they didn't bother approaching Kerr.

"It's okay."

Ken looked down at his shirt, satisfied with his look.

"What is it?"

As soon as Kerr reached for the glass, he brought it up to his nose and recognized the peculiar scent of it. He turned and looked at Ken.

"Do you want to die?"

No one dared to plot against him. Ken and Kerr had history together, so it was impossible for him not to know his limits. Even before, no matter how hard they played, Ken would never challenge him this way.

"Ah, this isn't for you. I want to give you a gift today. You'll find it out later."

Ken grabbed the glass from Kerr's hand and poured another for him. Then, he lifted an arm towards the door and snapped his fingers.

"Mr. Qin, here's your wine."

A waitress in a sailor's uniform approached them with a tray. She wore a skirt that was just long enough to cover her sex, making her slender legs look seductive in the dim light.

The girl lowered her head slightly. She seemed a little shy, not daring to look at them in the eyes. Her moves were also uncoordinated and stiff.

She was new.

Kerr squinted at Ken, waiting for the drama.

"Drink it."

Ken put the glass in front of the girl and then raised his eyebrows as he looked at Kerr.

She looked hesitantly at the full glass. It was her first day and she had already been called by Ken who was now offering her wine. Through the other girls, she had heard he was rich.

She was slightly content at first. After all, how could she make so much money any other way? If she had another choice, she certainly wouldn't have reached this point, though.

When the girl finally made up her mind, she quavered but decidedly drank the whole yellow liquid from the glass. Her face flushed immediately.

"Ahem!"

As he watched the pure and innocent girl, Ken nodded and smirked at Kerr from behind her.

"Clear up the room."

Kerr barely opened his thin lips to give these words away.

"Okay, take your time. I want your new yacht."

This was Ken's ultimate goal. Ken then stood up and ordered the men around him out. However, before walking away, he secretly left the door ajar.

The noisy room eventually became quiet.

Kerr was resting his elbows on his knees as he studied the girl in front of him. In the dim light, he couldn't see her face clearly. Her long black hair hanging down on her chest only made her face even more indistinct.

"Come here."

The girl hadn't seen his face until she heard his voice. When she looked up, she froze, completely stunned at how handsome the man in front of her was.

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