

CEO Daddy 19

Chapter 19 The Wrong Girl

When their eyes met, Kerr stared at the girl's pupils that were a little stunned. He was mesmerized as the pair of eyes closely resembled Nicole's.

As he continued to study her, he could discern a hint of panic on the young girl's face. He silently watched her, noting every detail of her unsteady physical movement like a frightened kitten. When she managed to pull herself up, she quickened her pace, and almost dashed towards the door. But she instinctively held back when she heard Kerr's distinctive voice. It was distant, and yet it sounded dangerously compelling. She couldn't help but stand frozen in fear.

"Don't make me say it again."

Kerr gazed at the door, and he realized what the surprise that Ken mentioned was. The girl in front of him looked like the one who escaped seven years ago.

The girl's legs were so weak that she wobbled and fell to the ground. She wordlessly stared at him with her watery almond eyes as if she didn't know what had happened.

"I feel so uncomfortable." Her words were barely a whisper. She didn't know what was wrong with her. She felt confused and frightened at the same time.

Scanning the girl's clueless and blushed face, Kerr subconsciously recalled the night seven years ago.

Kerr couldn't contain himself any longer, so he approached her. His face showed a complicated expression as he bent down slowly. Raising his fingers, he lifted her chin gently, fully revealing the girl's profile in front of him. She had a delicate face. Then he exhaled, suddenly realizing that he was holding his breath all this time.

She bore quite a resemblance to Nicole, but she lacked the elegance and confidence of the latter.

Squatting in front of the girl, Kerr suddenly reached out for an empty glass from the table behind. He then directly aimed and threw it at the crack of the door visibly emitting a glimmer of light.

Unexpectedly, in that very second, a beautiful woman suddenly pushed the door open from the other side.

"Ah!"

The glass knocked on Nicole's head with a loud thud.

As a reflex, she reached for her forehead and covered it with her hand. But the sudden dizziness in her head made her unable to support herself to stand firmly.

"Watch out!"

Kerr yelled, pushing the girl in front of him away. Then he raced past her to catch Nicole. His eyes eventually became dark while examining the wound on her forehead.

He shook his head. It seemed that he certainly needed to orient Ken what the rules were. He must know the drill by now.

Ken, who was still standing at the door, clearly saw the whole scene. He even vividly heard the impact of the glass against her. But Nicole was so fast that he had no time to warn and stop her.

"Nicole?"

Leaning in Kerr's arms, she tried to move her head a little to dispel the light-headedness slowly engulfing her but to no avail. She could only see that there were still many stars in the sky at that sorry moment.

Blood dripped from the wound on her forehead, and in a steady flow, trickled down in her cheek to Kerr's shirt.

"You..."

"Don't say anything. I'll take you to the hospital," he coaxed her.

Passing by at Ken, Kerr threw him a meaningful look.

Ken could sense nothing but the coldness in Kerr's eyes. Looking quite depressed, he couldn't help patting himself on the forehead. This time, he was done for, and even the yacht was gone.

He was about to follow them when he heard the sound of the broken wine bottle coming from the room. He scurried back as he remembered that there was another one inside. After

a moment of hesitation, he decided to enter the room and swiftly picked up the girl lying from the ground.

Nicole felt a little sober while sitting on the front passenger seat beside Kerr. As she turned her head to look at him, she instantly remembered the main reason she traveled to Good Times. And the mere thought of it jolted her fully awake.

"Send me back now."

She frantically reached out and worriedly took his hand. She looked troubled.

"You should go to the hospital now,"

he said calmly, noting the blood still on her face. Luckily, she didn't look in the mirror, he thought, or she might faint again.

"No, please send me back to the Good Times. My sister is still waiting for me inside,"

she pleaded. It was not until she received a phone call from her stepmother that she learned that her half-sister was in room 168 of the Good Times.

"Is your sister in room 168?"

Kerr frowned slightly as he asked. It was clear that she broke into his private room, just now.

"Yes! You were there, too. Did you see her?"

She grimaced. The throbbing pain in her head reminded her of what had happened.

"Sit tight. I'll take you to the hospital. I'll find someone else to save your sister."

He casually fished out his phone from his coat and called Ken, but he didn't answer his call. As the waiting tone kept reminding him, his face grew darker and darker.

"How is it going? Let's go back. I'm fine,"

Nicole insisted, but when she noticed the speck of blood on her finger, she lost her consciousness.

He couldn't help shaking his head, seeing her sitting unconsciously beside him with her eyes closed.

Kerr breathed a sigh of relief after sending her to the emergency room. He took out his phone again and redialed Ken's number. If Ken didn't clean up the mess, it was very likely that Nicole would misunderstand him.

"Hello, Kerr," a voice said from the other end of the line.

"Don't hurt that girl. You'd better come to the hospital right now, or you'll pay for it."

Meaning the words more seriously than they sounded, Kerr directly hung up the phone.

Those words rendered Ken shocked. He suddenly had a bad feeling. He tapped his forehead again in his hope to shake it off.

Ken closely watched the girl breathing under him. For a while, he hesitated. When he decided to move away from the girl and withdrew his hand, he felt a sharp pain in his palm, stimulating his nerves and turning him on...

Glancing at the unconscious Nicole in bed, Kerr could not help raising his hand and gently touching a strand of hair on her forehead. He neatly tucked the loose hair behind her ears.

Compared with the girl sent by Ken, he felt that he was more familiar with the woman lying unconsciously in front of him now.

Kerr's train of thoughts was interrupted by the sudden ringing of his phone. Viewing the unknown number on the screen, he eventually picked it up.

"Do you have your own child?"

There was a touch of stubbornness in the child's voice from the other end of the phone. Kerr was quite amused.

"No."

"Then, do you have a family of your own?"

Jay's tone became much relaxed now.

"No,"

Kerr answered casually as his eyes mellowed. Surprisingly, he didn't get annoyed by the questions at all.

"Then, will you dislike me if I come into your life?"

Although his mother had said that it was not right to disturb other people's original life, he still asked Kerr, if it was alright.

"Of course not."

Kerr knew the boy was a stranger to him, but he didn't want to turn him down.