

# Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers

## Chapter 121

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"Mommy, I'm going with you! I don't want to be apart from you!" The boy hugged her tightly and refused to let go.

Simon stood next to them wordlessly, his expression impossible to read. Douglas' old face darkened. Did she want him to beg her to come back?

"Don't worry. I told you to come back, so no one's chasing you out again as long as I'm here!" Douglas had no choice but to accept Sharon for his grandson's sake. 1731  
"Since Dad said so, just do it. No need to worry." Simon finally spoke, his gaze unfathomable "Yeah, Mommy! Since Grandpa said so, just come back and stay with me," the boy piped up.

Sharon did not really want to move back in, but her son was here and she would rather not stay with Simon outside. She did not feel at ease living with him.

In that case, she had no choice but to nod. "Alright, I'll move in."

With the old man's word, it would be much harder for Penelope to kick her out again.

That night, Penelope walked into the Zachary household's dining room only to immediately see Sharon there. Simon was with her too, their child sitting between them. They looked like the perfect, happy family of three. Penelope's heart gave a jolt. Why was Sharon here? She glared at Sharon coldly, saying, "Who said you could come back?" "Grandpa said Mommy could! Grandpa said Mommy can stay here from now on!" Sebastian replied in an instant. He did not like Aunt Penelope because she was the one who chased Mommy away. Penelope immediately turned to look at the old man, her tone not especially respectful. "Dad, how could you let that woman back into our house?"

To be honest, there were times when Douglas could not control his oldest daughter either. Right now, however, his oldest grandson was the most important. The boy had refused to eat and fussed about for two days straight, and he nearly got hurt after climbing up that tree today too.

Douglas was too old to handle the boy's tantrums anymore.

He kept his expression stern, behaving like the patriarch of the family as he said, "I told her to come back. Do you have a problem with that? She's the boy's mother and it's cruel to tear them apart. I'm too old to do such heartless things anymore." Penelope's expression turned ugly. Was he implying that she was being heartless then?

She smirked coldly. She understood now. Sharon must have used her child to convince Dad to let her back!

She did not know that Sharon was such a devious schemer. It had barely been two days since she kicked Sharon out, yet here she was, back again! Simon could see that Penelope was furious right now. He sighed soundlessly and said, "Come

sit with us, Penelope. We're all family, after all. Let bygones be bygones." Penelope's features were hard. A family? As if! She would never accept Sharon! "I don't have an appetite!" she said harshly, turning and striding out of the dining room with those cold words. Penelope thought that after she chased Sharon out of the household, all she would have to do was order Simon to divorce her and that would be the end of Sharon Jeans. To think she was wrong, completely wrong! 2

She had not expected Simon to fall so deeply under her spell! She had to do something now or her younger brother would be done for!

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Sharon watched Penelope storm away through the dining room door. She had anticipated that Penelope would react like this.

Since she had come back here, she had mentally prepared herself to face Penelope. No one could chase away so easily this time.

After dinner, Douglas dragged Sebastian off for another game of Chinese Chess, while Simon talked on the phone in the corridor Sharon went upstairs to settle her luggage. The clothes she had moved to Simon's private condominium had arrived back at the manor.

At the staircase landing, she bumped into Penelope as the latter came downstairs. The path was narrow, so their eyes met and the air turned tense.

"Sister Penelope." As Penelope glared at her, Sharon merely greeted her politely.

"Don't call me that. I'm not your sister!" Penelope barked back mercilessly.

Sharon only pursed her lips calmly. "You don't have to acknowledge me as your sister-in-law, but I still have to call you Sister."

Penelope's eyes were filled with contempt. "Shameless, aren't you? No wonder you strolled back in there barely two days after you were driven away. It's my first time

meeting a woman as devious as you are. How dare you use your son to achieve your motives!" Penelope had found out what had happened that day and how Sharon managed to come back so soon. It was all because of that child! Sharon frowned. "If you insist on calling me devious, Sister, I can't change your mind. But I must clarify that I never used my son!" She took a deep breath and continued under Penelope's contemptuous gaze, "You don't understand how it feels for a mother to be torn away from her son. I'm grateful to Director Zachary for understanding me and allowing me back here to stay with my son." "Enough! Don't make yourself sound like a perfect mother, as though you're the only one with a kid!" Penelope said coldly. She seemed to get especially agitated every time Sharon mentioned children.

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"Don't think that you've won just because Dad let you back. Remember, in this household, your only position is as the boy's mother. I'll make Simon divorce you at once and find him a suitable bride!"

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"You should be telling Simon Zachary that." Sharon walked past her and continued upstairs. There was no point in talking anymore.

Once back in her room, Sharon took her clothes out of her luggage. Although Penelope had chewed her out, she was still in a pretty good mood.

After all, she did not have to be separated from her son anymore.

When Simon entered the room, he heard her humming as she put her clothes into the closet. She had not noticed him at all.

His eyes darkened and he strode toward her. Sharon had just put her things away when she felt the man's arms around her waist. He hugged her from behind, saying softly into her ear, "Why the good mood?". The man's thin lips were almost pressed against her ear. She felt her ear tingle and she tilted her head to avoid his breath. "Why not? I'm back and I don't have to away from my son anymore. Of course I'm happy."

"Is that so? Are you sure it's not because you don't have to stay with me now?". The more she tried to avoid him, the more he approached her. His crisp scent surrounded her. "Of... Of course not." He was right that she should be glad of that too, but she did not dare to say that to his face.

The man turned her around to face him, his eyes narrowed as he watched her. "You're lying." There was no way she could hide her thoughts in front of him.

Sharon felt her heart tense up. She pulled her lips into a smile and said, "I'm not lying. If I am, then... I'm no better than a puppy!" It was true that her good mood was not because she no longer had to cohabit with him, so that meant she was not a puppy, right?

The man looked at her evenly, as though evaluating the truth in her words. After a second, he curved the corners of his thin lips. "A puppy, huh? Do you bite?"

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Sharon could not help but laugh. "I'm not really a puppy. Why would I bite?" "Are you sure? Are you really sure you won't bite me?" The man's voice was extremely low as he said that, and his tall body slowly leaned in, trapping her between the closet and his chest.

Sharon did not react at first, but when she met his teasing gaze, her face instantly turned red. She finally realized what he was insinuating.

"You... Don't get too close. We're at the Zachary household, and Sebastian will be here soon!" She wanted to push him away out of embarrassment, but he grabbed her wrist and pinned it behind her back.

He then lowered his forehead to press against hers, saying softly, "I locked the door just now, so he can't come in." Simon had learned his lesson now, so he guarded against the boy's sneak attacks in advance. 2

"Y-You..." Sharon looked at his handsome face in disbelief. Had he been aiming for this from the moment he stepped into the room?

The man lifted her chin with his slender fingers, enjoying her flustered expression. He felt his mood improve slightly. "Mrs. Zachary, I suddenly want to kiss you. May I?" 1

He remembered how she had forbidden him from kissing her randomly. He had agreed to ask for her permission back then, and now he was keeping his promise.

Sharon lowered her eyes awkwardly. How could he ask that with a straight face? Her scalp was tingling, and she took a deep breath before saying, "No, you..." Before she could finish that sentence, his lips fell over hers! He just kissed her briefly before leaving her lips, looking down at her with a hint of a smile in his eyes. Sharon's breath became ragged and she instantly frowned. "You! I didn't say you could, so why did you kiss me anyway?" Was that what he meant by asking first?

“No, that wasn’t a kiss. It was just a peck.” He could say that without batting an eyelid.

This man was more than a thug. He was a slimy con artist!

“Let go of me. I want to bathe and go to sleep. You should go to bed too, or your sister will accuse me of seducing and misleading you again.” He chuckled deep in his throat. “Are you that afraid of my sister?”

“I’m not afraid of her, I just don’t want to see her grumpy face. She looks like I owe her a million bucks or something.”

“Don’t worry. We’ll have the company’s anniversary dinner in two days. It’s also her welcome home party. You just have to apologize to her and give her a present as compensation, then maybe she’ll change her opinion of you.”

Sharon blinked. “Apologize? Compensation?” “Did you forget? You crashed into her car and nearly knocked her over.”

Sharon finally remembered, her face crumpling. “Oh, right. I offended her from the very start.” No wonder Penelope was so mad at her all the time.

As they chatted, there was suddenly a knock on the door. It was Sebastian. “Mommy, are you in there? Open the door!” Sharon was about to oblige, but Simon was still holding her tight. “Sebastian wants to come in. Let me open the door.” She tried to pull his hands away.

Simon frowned unhappily. Thank goodness he had not been doing anything to her, or the boy would have interrupted them again! “Let him wait a while longer.” He was not going to let her open the door. The brat kept getting in his way! Sharon gave him a look. What was he holding a grudge against his son for?

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“Mommy, is Dad bullying you again? Bad Daddy, don’t bully Mommy!” Sebastian slammed on the door and velled when he realized his mother was not opening the door.

Sharon’s heart raced as she heard the ruckus her son was causing. Did he have to be so loud? Now everyone could hear him!

“If we don’t let him in soon, the entire household will know that you’re bullying me.” Sharon shoved Simon again.

To her frustration, Simon looked perfectly calm and unaffected. "So what if they know? What can they do about it?" 1 Sharon's eye twitched. What did he mean by that? Did he want the whole family to know what they were up to in their room?

In a room on the same floor, Penelope heard the boy's shouts and knocks on the door, but no one opened the door for a long time.

Her expression changed in an instant. That Sharon Jeans was utterly shameless!

She was ignoring her son all so she could seduce Simon!

Sharon had not forgotten that Riley was still recovering at the hospital. After work, she picked up her son to visit Riley

As she walked into the hospital room, holding her son's hand, she saw that there was someone else already inside.

It was Eugene Newton, the man who had hit Riley. He was unexpectedly dutiful, seeing as he came here to keep Riley company.

As soon as Sharon walked into the room, she met Eugene's gaze. When their eyes met, that same familiar feeling washed over her. It felt as though they had known each other for a long time.

However, she was certain that she had never seen him before. This feeling was unprecedented and inexplicable.

"So we meet again." Eugene approached them and politely held out his hand to her.

Sharon came back to her senses and shook his hand as a sign of good manners.

"Is this your son?" Eugene looked at the boy next to her after he pulled his hand back.

Sharon nodded. "Yes." For some reason, she did not want to get too close to Eugene. This strange yet familiar feeling made her uneasy.

"Hey, hey! Are you flirting with her again? See, she's married with a kid. Give it up." Riley was worried she would get Sharon in trouble, so she hurriedly issued Eugene a warning.

Eugene looked as gentlemanly as ever, giving Sharon a faint smile. "Your son is adorable."

"Wrong, mister! You should say I'm cool. Adorable doesn't suit me," Sebastian corrected him.

Eugene's smile widened, "You're the coolest kid I've ever seen." He went along with Sebastian nicely.

"Sebastian, come to your godmother! Didn't I tell you not to talk to strangers?" Riley waved at the boy.

Sebastian ran to her. "I heard you broke your leg, godmother."

"Pooh-pooh! My leg ain't broken! Don't jinx me."

Eugene put one hand into his pocket and said calmly, "Even if it was, I'll take responsibility for it."

"Do you even need to say it? Of course you will!" Riley huffed.

Sharon watched the two of them bicker from the side. Why did they give her "odd couple" vibes?

Eugene did not stay too long this time either, leaving soon after.

That was for the best. If he stayed any longer, Sharon would only grow more suspicious of him.

Sharon and Riley talked for a bit before a nurse came to tell them it was time to claim Riley's medicine from the pharmacy. Sharon left her son to stay with Riley while she went to take the medicine,

After she got the medicine and was about to head back, though, she happened to see a familiar figure around the corner.

She froze. That was... She ransacked her brain until the name came to her. It was Wayne John!

The man she had been looking for all this time! She immediately gave chase. He was not getting away this time. She followed him closely until they arrived at the hospital garden. He looked harried but also wary, as though he was supposed to meet someone here.

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Under a large tree in the garden, Sharon saw Sally Luke! So Wayne was here to meet Sally. No wonder he was being extra careful. Sharon did not dare to approach them too

closely, in case they noticed her. All she could do was hide behind a nearby tree and spy on them secretly.

They were a distance away, so she could not hear them. However, she saw Sally lean into Wayne's embrace, looking hurt. She seemed to be seeking comfort. ! Sharon hurriedly took out her phone and snapped a picture. This was the best evidence she could get! 4 She had thought that Wayne had left, but it seemed that he had merely switched to working at another hospital. This was the best private hospital in River City, so she had to hand it to Wayne for getting a job here. That was not easy.

Perhaps it was because he consoled her as she hoped for. Sally stopped looking quite so pitiful, and they wrapped their arms around each other, even making out. Sharon was not going to let go of such a perfect chance, of course. She took pictures of them with her phone. With these pictures, Sally would not be able to deny that she was cheating on Howard. Sally had tried to frame her over and over again, and she even went as far as to scald her son's hand. Since then, Sharon had sworn revenge.

Now that she had the photos, Sharon put her phone away and left quietly before they noticed her.

Under the tree, Sally and Wayne finally broke apart. Sally was panting and her face was red, but she suddenly saw a woman's silhouette under a nearby tree.

Sally's pupils dilated. That was... Sharon Jeans! 15

Her heart was overwhelmed with terror. Why was Sharon here? Had she been following her?

Shoot, she had been careless! How could she not have noticed her?!

Did that mean Sharon saw her rendezvous with Wayne? Had she seen them kissing here?

That cursed Sharon! Even since Douglas kicked Sally out, she had been feeling angry and upset. Howard was treating her more coldly now since he began working at Central Corporation too. Just two days ago, Howard had gotten into a fight with his uncle at the Zachary household over Sharon. Sally felt the fear creeping into her heart. She knew that Howard had never truly gotten over Sharon. He hated the fact that Sharon was with Simon now. Since Howard was treating her terribly, Sally came to Wayne for comfort today. If she had not, she would go mad from the stress. Yet, Sharon Jeans...

Sharon had come after Sally before she could track her down!

Sally could not leave Sharon be anymore, or it would spell the end for both Wayne and herself! She had to make the first move.



Sally's eyes glinted with a cold and vicious light. Sharon and her son kept Riley company in her room for some time before leaving. When Sharon remembered the evidence of Sally's affair that she had procured, she curved the corners of her lips. 1 Still, Sally had said that her father's death was shrouded in suspicion. Sharon had never forgotten that. Perhaps she should ask Doctor Collins about it. She immediately called Doctor Collins and arranged a meeting with him. The next night, Sharon went to the hospital her father had been treated at before he died. Doctor Collins was on duty until ten at night. At precisely ten o'clock, Sharon arrived at the hospital and made a beeline for Doctor Collins' office.

She knocked on the door. Doctor Collins' tired voice responded from inside. "Come in."

Sharon then opened the door and went in. Doctor Collins was sitting at his desk and looking at the medical records, a pair of reading glasses on his nose. After all, he was not young anymore. Sharon sat across from him, saying apologetically, "Sorry for disturbing you this late at night."

Doctor Collins waved her off. "Don't worry about it. I usually work until late at night, anyway." He paused and looked right at her, asking, "You're not here for a medical consultation, are you?"

Sharon shook her head, going straight to the point. "Doctor Collins, I'm here to ask about my father's illness. Why did it suddenly worsen back then? Didn't you say his condition was improving?" Doctor Collins was silent for a long time, his gaze complicated behind his lenses.

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"Doctor Collins, for the last five years I've always regretted the fact that I couldn't stay with my father in his last moments. Could you please tell me the truth?"

Doctor Collins saw the plea in her eyes and sighed deeply. "I knew I couldn't keep this a secret forever. Your father's condition worsened suddenly... not without reason."

Sharon's breath caught in her throat, and her nerves were tense. "What reason?" Doctor Collins looked at her and hesitated, but eventually he sighed again. "I'll be retiring in half a month. Come visit me after I retire and I'll tell you everything." 1 Sharon was confused. "But why?"

Doctor Collins would not explain. "Let's keep it at that for now, alright? I promise, I'll tell you everything you want to know then."

He refused to say another word. Although Sharon was anxious, she could not force him to speak. After a pause, she said, "Alright, I'll wait for another half a month. Please tell me then." She had already waited for five years, she thought. A little longer would not make a difference. Doctor Collins nodded solemnly. "I will." "In that case, I'll get out of your hair now." Sharon stood up to leave. Would her son be looking for her since she was out so late? She bid Doctor Collins goodbye and left, heading toward the hospital car park.

The car park was in a secluded corner of the hospital compound, where the lights were dimmer. It was at night, so there were not many people around. Sharon felt a chill run down her spine as she walked down the paths.

The further she walked, the worse her bad feeling got. It felt as though someone was following her, but she could not see anyone when she turned around.

She instinctively quickened her steps. When she reached the car, her phone rang in her pocket and made her jump.

Calming herself down, she took out her phone and saw that the caller was Simon.

The thought of him made her heart settle slightly. She slid her finger across the screen to answer the call. "Hello?"

The man's deep voice reached her ears. "Why aren't you at home? Where are you this late at night?"

Was it just her, or did he sound a little unhappy?

He had not been home when she left the house. He had probably just arrived home and called her to ask where she was when he saw that she was not with their son.

"I'm at the hospital." She did not attempt to hide it from him.

Simon's gaze darkened. "Why are you at the hospital? Do you feel unwell?"

"I.. Mgh..." Before she could finish that sentence, a hand reached out from behind her and covered her mouth and nose. No, it was a piece of cloth that they pressed against her face, soaked with a strong sleeping agent. She was caught off-guard and took a sharp breath, the chemical immediately making her dizzy. There was no way she could put up a fight. She fainted, completely unconscious in an instant. While she was knocked out, someone carried her into a car nearby. The car then drove away from the hospital. When Sharon fainted, she had dropped her phone. The crash when the phone hit the ground pierced Simon's ears.

He sensed something amiss, his voice deep as he called, "Sharon? Are you there? Sharon?"

There was no response from her, and he could faintly hear the sound of a car driving away.

He was getting a bad feeling about this, so he called another number. "I want to know where Sharon is within ten minutes."

Less than ten minutes later, Simon received a report from Franky. "President Zachary, the madam was kidnapped by two men at the hospital car park. They drove away in a car." Simon's eyes turned cold in an instant. "What happened?"

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"We don't know, either, but we've found that car using the surveillance cameras. It's heading into the forest outside the city now."

"Send me the address!" Simon hung up abruptly and grabbed his car keys, striding out of the house.

His handsome face was cold and his brows tightly knitted. When he heard that Sharon had been kidnapped, he lost all of his usual cool. He found himself surprisingly frustrated and even more worried.

Who was out for her? Could it be one of the Zacharies' business rivals?

He had not announced his relationship with her, so outsiders should not know that she was Mrs. Zachary. Who could it be then?

When Simon walked past the living room, he saw that Sebastian was not asleep yet. The boy was stacking bricks in the living room, looking bored. "Dad, are you going out too?" He looked at Simon, perplexed. Simon's gaze flickered, but he tried to act calm in front of his son. "Yes."

The boy ran toward him and grabbed his pants with his small hand, looking up at his father. "Dad, Mommy said she'd be back soon, but it's really late now and she's still not here. Could you go get her? Did she get lost?" Sebastian's little face was filled with worry.

Something flashed through Simon's eyes, but his expression did not change as he rubbed the boy's hand with his large palm. "I'll go get her now. You should go upstairs and sleep."

“Promise me you’ll bring Mommy back.” “I promise.” Simon did not have any time to waste. Who knew what those people wanted with Sharon?

He instructed the butler to take the boy upstairs and tuck him into bed, while he jumped into his car and drove away with a stormy expression. Simon followed the navigation Franky had sent him, driving out of town. His car sped down the road, his entire body tense. His large hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, a cold bloodlust in his eyes.

If those people dared to hurt her, he would never forgive them! Simon’s car had barely just left the city when Franky called him again. “President Zachary, we’ve caught up to the car. It just left an abandoned warehouse. I’ll send you the location. The madam should be inside. We’ll keep trailing the car before it gets away.” “Make sure you get them!” Simon’s tone was icy,

Under the cover of night, the car zoomed through the darkness like a nocturnal hunter. Simon raced his car to the abandoned warehouse.

In as short a time as possible, Simon reached a run-down factory warehouse. His surroundings were completely dark, with no light anywhere. There was only the dim moonlight from up above.

Simon turned off his engine and jumped out of his car, running toward the warehouse quickly. He did not make too much noise because he did not know if there were any kidnapers inside. If he tipped them off, they might hurt Sharon. He arrived at the door and saw that the rusty front door was not closed tight. It was equally dark inside with no lights on. He could not hear any sounds either, his surroundings so silent that he could only hear his own breathing. He snuck in through the slightly ajar door, his ears perked and on guard for any movement. Upon going in, he still could not see anyone. The moonlight shone in through the metal windows, allowing him to make out the interior. His cold sharp gaze swept around him and suddenly focused on something nearby- Someone was lying on the ground there! He focused. It was a woman and she looked like Sharon! His heart twisted in his chest. Throwing all caution aside, he immediately sprinted to her.” Sharon...”

He could be sure now that there were no perpetrators in the warehouse. Sharon was alone. He was wondering why they left her here and ran, but he understood once he reached her. At the same time, his heart leaped into his chest and his large body tensed. “Sharon!” The woman lying on the ground was tied up with rope. She was unconscious and not responsive, a large pool of bright red blood on the floor next to her. The blood was flowing from the cut on her wrist...

The moment he saw that, Simon felt the urge to kill. If those perpetrators were here now, he would have killed them all!

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“Sharon...” He called her name softly, his voice trembling despite himself. He knew that she was unconscious, but he just wanted her to wake up and open her eyes.

He hastily untied her and took off his coat to wrap up her wrist in an attempt to stop the bleeding. She had already lost a lot of blood, the smell of iron permeating the air. Those perps were heartless. They sliced open her wrist to try and make her bleed to death slowly!

Simon wrapped up her wrist and picked her up in his arms, rapidly returning to the car. Once he put her in the passenger seat and buckled her in, he looked at her pale face and felt his heart ache in his chest. Before he knew it, he was caressing her face. “You’re not allowed to die without my permission!” With that, he started the car and drove to the hospital in the city at top speed.

Nurses came in and out of the emergency room. The air was heavy with tension.

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Simon stood next to the door, one hand against the wall. His body felt as though it was covered in frost. His expression was icy and dark, his eyes cold enough to kill. His aura was freezing, his body still tense. Even his thin lips were pressed into a flat line. As soon as he brought Sharon here, the doctors and nurses leaped into action to save her. A nurse came out of the ER, looking anxious as she said, “The patient lost a lot of blood. We need to give her a transfusion now, but we don’t have enough Type A blood anymore. If we get some from another hospital, it might be too late...” “Take mine,” Simon said without thinking.

The nurse blinked. “Yours? Are you Type A?”

“Yes.”

“Alright, then come with me.” The nurse immediately took him to the blood donation room.

The situation now was dire. If they did not give Sharon blood immediately, she would die. The nurse put the needle into his vein to collect the blood, and soon she had an entire bag full. “Please rest here. If you feel dizzy, tell us.” The nurse urgently needed to bring the blood to the ER.

Simon put down his sleeve and stood up, straightening his large body. His expression was cold. "No need for that. Please give her that transfusion right away!" He did not stay to rest, going right to the door of the ER to wait.

The nurse was secretly taken aback. He clearly cared deeply for the woman in the ER. Simon looked at the light that was still on above the ER door. His phone vibrated in his pocket, and he picked up immediately.

It was Franky, but his voice sounded a little harried this time. "President Zachary, we followed the car like you told us to. We tried to overtake and stop them several times, but... When we

reached the mountain road, they were in a rush to get away so they crashed into an oncoming car from the opposite direction when they sped around a corner. The people inside died on the spot..."

Simon frowned deeply. "They died?"

Franky said carefully, "Yes, they did. Sorry... We couldn't complete our mission."

The perpetrators were dead so there was no way for them to find out who tried to harm Sharon. To Simon, this meant that they had failed.

Simon hung up without a word.

In the private hospital room, Sharon lay in bed. All of a sudden, she shouted, "Dad..." Her eyes flew open.

She looked at the ceiling above her, still lost in the emotions from her dream just now. A man's deep voice spoke from beside her. "You awake?" She turned slowly to look at him. Simon was sitting next to her bed, his hand holding hers tightly.

"..."

She had barely gotten a word out before Simon continued, "The doctors said you lost too much blood, but you were fortunately saved in time. That's why you survived."

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Now that he mentioned it, Sharon remembered everything that had happened before she passed out. She had gone to the hospital to meet Doctor Collins but she was

knocked out by someone in the car park. She had no idea what happened after that, though.

She felt some pain from her wrist, so she looked down and saw that her wrist was wrapped up in a white bandage. Frowning, she asked in confusion, "My hand..."

"After you were taken away, your kidnapers cut open your wrist and left you in an abandoned warehouse. They wanted you to bleed to death." Simon's tone was calm, but there was solemn murder in his eyes.

"What?" Sharon looked at him in disbelief. They had cut her wrist?

"W-Who... would do something so vicious?" It was hard for her to believe that there was someone this cruel and heartless to try and kill her in such a fashion.

Simon shook his head, his gaze unreadable. "I don't know."

"Did you save me? What happened to the people who caught me?" "They're dead."

Everything he saw was more shocking than the previous thing. Sharon could barely comprehend what she was hearing, her reaction delayed by half a second before she gasped. "They're dead?" How had the kidnapers ended up dying before she did?

Simon gave her a quick rundown of the events. Her bleary brain slowly computed what she had heard.

Someone tried to kill her, but there was no way for them to find out who they were now. Was that it?

She suddenly remembered something and hurriedly looked through her things. "What are you looking for?" Simon asked, mystified. "Have you seen my phone?" Sharon remembered that she had evidence of Sally's affair on her phone. She had not had time to make any copies yet, so she would lose all her evidence if she lost her phone!

Simon shook his head. "I didn't see it." Seeing how desperate she looked, he added, "If you lost it, we can just buy a new one."

"This isn't about buying a new one. I..." She met his black eyes and her words died in her throat. What was the point in telling him that she had pictures of Sally and Wayne's secret rendezvous and kiss in her phone now?

Sharon sighed in frustration. She really should have made a backup! 3

"Was there something really important in your phone?" Simon could guess.

Sharon nodded. "Yes, very important. But now it's all gone." It would be much harder for her to get pictures of Sally and Wayne's affair from now on. "But surely it can't be as important as your life, right?" said the man suddenly as he poured

her a glass of warm water. "You just woke up, so have some water." Sharon came back to her senses. His words reminded her that she had nearly lost her life! Instead of thanking him, the first thing she did after waking up was to fret about her phone. No wonder he looked far from pleased. She coughed softly. "Thanks." She was indeed thirsty, so she reached out her hand to accept the glass of water.

After she drank the water, her throat felt better. However, she frowned... All of a sudden, she really needed to go pee... She glanced at the tall, cool-mannered man. She could not hold it in much longer! "Um... Could you call the nurses in for me?" She had lost a lot of blood and was feeling extremely weak right now. She simply did not have the strength to walk to the washroom. Simon sensed something wrong in her expression and frowned slightly. "Do you feel unwell? Call the doctor instead."

"No, no... There's no need to call the doctor... I... I just need to use the washroom. I have to pee." Sharon hurriedly stopped him from calling the doctor. Simon had already gotten to his feet. Now he was looking down at her, his well-defined features unnaturally calm.

Sharon glanced at him and smiled awkwardly. "See, I told you to call the nurses."

He did not move, just staring at her. The next second, he bent down and pulled the covers off of her, picking her up in his strong arms. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck, looking at his handsome side profile in shock. "You..."

## **Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers**

### **Chapter 130**

#### **Chapter 130**

"Your legally wedded husband is right here. Why do you have to ask anyone else?" with those words, he carried her into the attached washroom.

Sharon took a deep breath, feeling conflicted. They were legally married, sure, but he was still a man and she was a woman...

Simon carried her into the washroom and carefully put her onto the toilet. Looking into her eyes, he said in a low voice, "Can you do it yourself?"

His words sounded so suggestive to her ears, yet he kept such a straight face!



Her face heated up. She could not be as natural as he was, so she hurriedly waved him off, saying, "Don't worry, I can handle this here." Simon did not attempt to push the envelope any further. He straightened up and said, "Alright then, be careful."

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However, he just stood in front of her without moving. He made no indication of leaving, either. Was he going to just stand there and watch? 1 Sharon was embarrassed out of her mind. "C-Could you go out for a bit?" Simon was only staying here because he saw how pale she was, as though she might pass out at any time. Now, though, she looked like she urgently needed to go but could not bring herself to. His thin lips curved and he turned to leave without a word. In truth, he did not walk away from the door after closing it behind him for her sake

Sharon secretly heaved a sigh of relief. She could finally let it rip!

Soon, she was done. As soon as she called out to him, he pushed open the door and came back in, bending down and picking her up without batting an eyelid. He did not seem to worry about her cleanliness at all, behaving perfectly calmly. On the other hand, Sharon felt rather awkward. Even if they were a married couple, she still could not feel at ease letting him take care of her. Simon carried her back into the room and set her back in bed, even tucking her in. She stared at him in a bit of a daze. She had never thought of him as someone so kind and considerate before this.

She did not notice that she had been staring at him for a good long time. After he tucked her in, he put one hand onto the bed next to her and brought his face closer to hers, teasing her. "Am I that good-looking, Mrs. Zachary?"

Sharon instantly returned to her senses. She pulled her gaze back, utterly aghast. How could she have stared at a man like that?

Simon looked at her, her eyes lowered and her gaze shy. Something awoke in his heart, and his gaze turned deeper. He could not help but remember the scene when he found her lying in a pool of blood yesterday.

Looking back now, he finally realized that he had been scared. He had never been so anxious before, nor had he been so worried about a woman.

He had thought that he registered his marriage with her for their son's sake, but now he finally realized with a jolt that his feelings for her went beyond what he imagined.

All of a sudden, an irrepressible thought occurred to him. They were a registered couple, right? They were lawfully wed. It would be nice if they could turn this act into

reality. Simon looked into her eyes, moving closer without thinking. He wanted to press a kiss onto her forehead.

Sharon could feel the man's breath approaching her. Her heart was racing faster too. She could clearly sense his intentions, and there was a voice in her mind telling her to push him away. However, it was as though she was under a spell. She could not move at all. 1 Just as her body was all tense and she waited for the man's lips to touch her skin, someone knocked on the hospital room door right on cue...

The two of them jolted back to their senses. The atmosphere between them was strange now, and Sharon felt as though her heart was still suspended in mid-air.

Simon frowned, seemingly unhappy at the interruption. When he turned and saw how nervous she looked, though, he could not help a small smile.

Just then, the person at the door said, "President Zachary, the breakfast you requested is here."

"Come in," said Simon.

Upon hearing his reply, the person outside finally dared to come in. They placed the lunchbox on the table and left in a hurry.

Simon opened the lunchbox and took out the breakfast inside. It seemed he had asked the cooks back home to make them breakfast.

Sharon had not eaten anything all night, plus she had lost a lot of blood. It was true that she needed some proper nourishment right now.