

Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers

Chapter 145

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Simon's body tensed instantly, and he grabbed her small hand. His pitch-black eagle eyes stared at her dangerously. "Just now, you'd rather die than submit. Are you playing a game of push and pull with me?" If she had been sober enough, she would definitely have heard the ridicule in the man's words. Unfortunately, her awareness was a little messed up. With that passionate kiss earlier, she could not discern all too well now. Panting slightly, she shook her head strongly, trying to wake herself up more. Finally, she could react and push him away. Glaring at him in a rage, she asked, "What do you want to do?" He was not publicly displaying affection with Rebecca in the ballroom, so why would he run over here to force a kiss on her?

Seeing that her angered appearance did not seem to be fake, Simon could not help feeling that it was odd. Could her initiative just now have been faked?

He stuffed a hand into his pocket as his eyes narrowed slightly at her lips that were reddened by the kiss. His voice was slightly hoarse, and it was indiscernible whether there was joy or anger in his tone. "You know Eugene Newton?"

Sharon furrowed her brows like she could not remember who Eugene Newton was at the moment. After thinking for a while, she remembered. It was the man she danced with just now. "What does my knowing him have to do with you?" She scoffed coldly. "What relationship do you have with him?" He asked soon after. He was clearly questioning her. "...". Sharon opened her mouth to say 'What relationship could we have?' Except being pushed by him like this made her feel very upset. She paused before firing back at him, "What does this have to do with you? Is this a matter that's under your control too?" She wanted to leave right after she said this, but he grasped her wrist.

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She was once again pressed to the wall. The man's voice turned low. "We're husband and wife. You were holding hands with another man, so tell me, does it have nothing to do with me?"

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Sharon's pretty brows knitted together. So he did still remember they were husband and wife! "So what if we're husband and wife? Just because we're husband and wife, I can't make friends with other men?"

“Do you need to hold each other and dance to make friends? Isn't a friend like this too intimate?”

Sharon was slightly startled. He had seen her dancing with Eugene?

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No wonder he said something about holding hands. Could it be that ... he suddenly came here to block her and punish her with a kiss because she danced with Eugene?

This man was that petty?

Simon glared icily at the woman who did not speak. His voice turned cold, and he cupped her

jaw in his large hand. “I don't care what relationship you have with him. From today onward, you're not allowed to interact with him!”. The man's words were overbearing and unreasonable. Sharon naturally felt uncomfortable, and she could not resist blurting, “Why can you interact with Rebecca Lawrence but I can't interact with other men?”

Simon met her gaze and saw the refusal to comply in her eyes. There seemed to be a little rage in there too...

When she brought Rebecca up out of nowhere, he instantly understood something. The coldness in his eyes vanished, and his thin lips curved as he moved closer to her.

“What? Jealous?”

“You're the jealous one!” Sharon quickly retorted. Oddly enough, she still felt a little guilty at heart.

Surprisingly, the man boldly admitted, “Yes, I am jealous. I don't want to see you dancing with other people.” Especially Eugene Newton! || This shocked Sharon, and she stared at him in disbelief.

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Her dumbfounded expression was quite amusing. Bending his finger, he tapped her on the forehead as he said in a low voice, “You're not allowed to have any contact with him, you hear

me?”

Sharon rubbed her aching forehead and said in a huff, "Don't be so bossy. You..."

She had not finished speaking when she was interrupted. The sound of footsteps traveled toward them as a woman called out, "Simon, are you here?"

That was Rebecca!

Sharon did not blink as she stared mockingly at him. His 'best friend' was in search of him. Was he not going to let go of her?

The man had a calm expression on his face and did not seem worried that Rebecca would catch them in the state they were in. "Simon, where are you? The party is about to start. Uncle has requested that we dance the opening dance..." Rebecca could sense that Simon was nearby but could not pinpoint his exact location.

Sharon had a mocking expression as they stood in the corner. Was he not going to leave? This time, Simon frowned. An unreadable expression flashed across his eyes as he lowered his gaze. Ignoring her mocking gaze, he tilted her chin upward to kiss her as he said bossily, "Remember what I said. No more coming into contact with Eugene." Finally, he let go of her and turned out of the corner. As Sharon leaned against the wall, she listened to the man walk off. Rebecca greeted him happily, "Simon, there you are! The party—" "I know," Simon interrupted as he walked right past her toward the ballroom without even looking at her.

The smile on Rebecca's face froze, and she felt wronged as she watched the man walk off coldly.

Sharon rounded the corner when silence returned to the corridor. Her chest felt stuffy, and her body was still warm.

What right did he have to stop her from talking to Eugene?

The party had already started when she returned to the ballroom. She listened to the host say, "Tonight is the 30th-anniversary celebration of Central Corporation. Thank you to everyone who congratulated us! President Zachary has said the corporation would never be where it is now without the hard work of the staff. He will be dancing the opening dance with one of the female employees in the company to show his thanks. We shall let fate decide who this lucky person will be."

The host continued reading the rules. Every female employee in the company could pick one number, and Simon would randomly select a number after that. Whoever's number was picked would be the female lead for tonight's opening dance. Every female employee was overjoyed when they heard there might be a chance they could

dance with Simon. They were acting as if they had already been chosen. There were quite a few female employees in the company. One would probably need to have saved

the world in their previous life to have any hope of being selected from this many people. Of course, one could also choose not to participate. Sharon was one of them.

She did not know how to dance, nor did she have any interest in dancing at these events. Most importantly, she did not want to dance with him at this event. She would end up becoming the women's public enemy.

Moreover, she would not be so lucky to be chosen either. There was not much difference in whether she took part or not. The women around her were all participating enthusiastically. There were even some who tried to slip through the cracks and pick a number even though they were not employees just so they could dance with Simon. Sharon thought to herself that these women had all been fooled by his handsome looks.

Her level of discomfort increased. Her entire body was burning, and the heat seemed to be increasing by the minute. Her head was starting to hurt too. No, she could not stay here any longer. She was either drunk or sick. She had to leave.

Dazed, she had no idea what was going on around her until she saw everyone staring at her. Several of her female colleagues were even glaring at her, jealousy and hatred both apparent in their gazes. She wanted to leave but got stopped from doing so. "Congratulations, Designer Jeans, you're so lucky! The gods must be smiling upon you," her colleague congratulated her with an odd voice.

Sharon was bewildered. What was there to congratulate? She was drunk after having two drinks, how was that good luck? That was bad luck!

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Then, she heard the host announce, "Designer Jeans, please come on stage. You will be President Zachary's dance partner tonight. Congratulations!"

Applause rang throughout the room. Sharon regained some of her alertness, but that only caused her to be even more shocked. Since when had she become Simon's dance partner? She had not even taken part in the drawing of numbers. How could she have been picked when she did not even have a number?

She turned and glanced at Simon who was standing on stage. There was a crowd between them, but she seemed to catch his eyes glinting mischievously...

Sharon did not know how she got pushed up onto the stage, but she was already standing in front of Simon when she regained her senses.

The stage lights were even brighter, and his features seemed even more well-defined as they shone on him. He smirked at her with a secretive and haughty expression on his face. It seemed that everything was going according to his plan. She immediately understood how she was selected even though she did not have a number. It was merely a trick. Everything, from the host announcing that he would be dancing with a female employee to having everyone picking numbers, had just been an elaborate trick to get her to be his dance partner and lead the opening dance.

What she did not understand was why he had not picked Rebecca to be his dance partner.

“Why? Why did you do that?” As the two stood alone on the stage, Sharon gazed straight into his eyes and asked.

Simon answered matter-of-factly, “If you can dance with someone else, why can’t you dance with me?”

What kind of reason was that?

“But...”

He did not give her a chance to finish before he extended his long arms and snaked them around her waist as he pulled her toward him. She nearly bumped into his chest, but she just managed to brace herself against him.

Without waiting for her reaction, he snapped his fingers. The orchestra received the signal and immediately began playing a romantic waltz.

The tall man led her as they began spinning on stage, and the only thing she could do was keep up with him. Were all men like him, forcing others to do things they did not want to do?

Eugene had insisted she dance with him, and now he was doing the same!

“Simon, I don’t know how to dance,” she whispered to him.

The man raised an eyebrow. “You knew how to dance when you were with Eugene, but not with me?”

He did not bother listening to her rejections as he continued dancing with her.

Flustered, Sharon stepped on his feet quite a few times as she said innocently, “I told you I don’t know how to dance.”

The only reason she was able to dance with Eugene before was that he had taught her the steps all throughout. Simon obviously did not have that kind of patience.

Judging by the frosty expression on his face, she must have stepped on his feet hard. Her anger dissipated when she saw the look on his face. She even felt like laughing. Perhaps he had guessed what she was thinking, for he then spun her around several times in a row. Already feeling unwell, this caused Sharon to become even dizzier. She rested her hand against his shoulder. The man cradled her as he slowed his steps. His thin lips imperceptibly curled upward as he whispered into her ear, "I forgot to tell you to be more serious when you're dancing." Sharon cursed inwardly to herself. 'This evil man!' However, she felt nothing but dizziness now. Even her breaths were warm. Was she seriously ill?