

Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers

Chapter 156

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Howard was led to the door of the doctor's office by the driver. As he stared at the closed door, his eyes widened and negative thoughts started running through his mind. Was Sally inside having a lovers' rendezvous with the male doctor? Why else would the door be shut?

The expression on his face darkened as he pushed the door open without knocking.

When he entered, he saw a male doctor sitting at the table. There was no sight of Sally. Howard narrowed his eyes, asking, "Where's Sally?" Wayne disguised the panic in his eyes as he forced himself to ask calmly, "You're looking for Ms. Luke? Are you a family member?" "I'm her husband!" Howard gave the doctor a once-over but found nothing odd about him.

"Oh, so you're her husband. She wasn't feeling well, so I prescribed her some medicine and got her to lie down for a bit over there."

There was a curtain at the back of the office, which covered and partitioned off a sickbed used to examine patients.

"Howard, is that you?"

Sally's voice rang out from behind the curtain. She did sound quite weak.

Howard frowned as he walked over and saw Sally lying on the bed behind the curtain. Her complexion seemed fine, but she had a pained expression on her face.

"Where are you feeling unwell?" he asked.

Sally had not expected him to come over all of a sudden. Her heart was still racing, but thankfully, she was able to snap back to her senses quickly enough. Otherwise, he would have caught her and Wayne in each other's embrace.

Placing a hand over her stomach, she said weakly, "My stomach was hurting again. I was hurt badly when I miscarried the last time..." Holding his hand, she began sobbing as she said, "Howard, Sharon caused me to end up like this. It's all her fault..."

He became annoyed the minute she started crying, and all of a sudden, he forgot why he was there in the first place. Sitting down by the bed, he took her into his arms and said comfortingly, "Don't be sad. I'll hold on to this grudge forever. I'll never forgive her."

She lay in his arms as she wiped her tears away. "How can I not be sad? I lost my child and my right to be a mother. I hate her, I hate her so much..."

The hatred in Howard rose when he heard her say that. It was Sharon who had caused them to lose all chances of being parents in the future!

"That's right, weren't you supposed to attend the company's anniversary celebration? What are you doing here..." Sally glanced at him confusedly.

Howard avoided her gaze. There was no way he could tell her he grew suspicious of her after hearing what Sharon had said and deliberately drove over to the hospital to check on her.

"I heard from the nanny that you were at the hospital because you weren't feeling well. I couldn't stop worrying about you, so I decided to come over." "Howard, you're the best." She hugged him tightly and pressed her face to his chest. An odd look flashed across her lowered eyes. "Are you feeling better now?" "It's odd, but my stomach doesn't hurt anymore now that you're here." "Let's go home, then." "Alright," Sally said as she kissed his cheek.

Howard helped her off the bed while Wayne remained at his desk, watching them without interrupting. Afterward, he asked, "Are you guys going home now?"

"Yes, my stomach doesn't hurt anymore. Thank you, doctor," Sally spoke politely to him as if their relationship was nothing more than that of a patient and doctor. "It's all part of my job, no need to thank me," Wayne replied politely as well.

"Let's go." For some reason, Howard did not have a good feeling about the doctor even though there was nothing out of line with the way he acted with Sally.

Just as he was helping Sally out of the office, his gaze swept across the desk where he caught sight of the doctor's biography placed on the table. Both his name and picture were on it.

He saw the name-Wayne John! His pupils dilated as he abruptly turned and looked at the doctor. This man was Wayne John!

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This was the doctor Sharon had mentioned...

Was Sally not here for a doctor's appointment but a date instead? Howard's hands curled into fists at the thought. He nearly barreled himself over to punch Wayne, but he managed to stop himself. His breathing quickly turned labored. Wayne's heart began beating faster as Howard stared at him, but he did not let his smile falter. "Young Master Howard, may I help you?" Sally could tell there was something wrong with him too and immediately asked, "What's wrong, Howard?"

Forcing down his anger, Howard told himself that he could not act impulsively. He had no proof that Sally was indeed having an affair with this male doctor. He would not be able to deal with her if she denied everything.

He silently retracted his gaze and said, "Nothing, let's go." Now that he had found Wayne, it would be easy for him to find out if anything fishy was going on between the two of them, right?

Sally could not help but feel that Howard was being a bit odd tonight, and she could not set her mind at rest. Finally, she exchanged a look with Wayne before leaving with Howard. Had Howard started growing suspicious of her?

Her heart constricted abruptly.

The sun had risen at the presidential suite of the hotel when the effects of the drug in Sharon's body slowly wore off. She had long since passed out from exhaustion, so she was without a clue what had happened.

It was just that during the times she felt uncomfortable last night, she had vaguely felt a pair of strong arms encircling her securely and she would not be able to stop herself from biting that person's shoulder. The sun was shining into the room through the French windows when she finally woke up. She was confused as she had no idea where she was. Her temples were throbbing in pain. Moving her arms around, she used her palms to prop herself upright on the bed. Why did her entire body feel so tired? The blanket on her slid down as she sat up.

What was going on? Where were her clothes? Fragments of what had happened last night flooded into her brain. She recalled that she had been drugged, and a vulgar man dragged her into a room in the hotel so that he could take advantage of her...

She took a look at her surroundings. It was a room in the hotel, but it was not the same one as last night.

Then, she remembered that Simon had made an appearance, and she had clung to him.

God, did she do anything that she was not supposed to do with Simon last night? Her brain was still muddled when the door to the room opened. The man's tall and slender body appeared at the door.

Instinctively turning toward the door, her eyes met the man's excessively dark eyes. Her heart skipped a beat.

Simon was wearing a basalt – gray shirt. He had rolled his sleeves up to his elbows, exposing his muscled forearms. One of his hands was in the pocket of his tailored pants as he slowly strode over to the bed with his long legs.

The closer he got to her, the heavier her breathing became. Using her hands to grip the blanket tightly in front of her, she instinctively backed away until she was leaning against the bed's headboard.

The tall man stood by the bed, looked down at her, and asked in a nonchalant voice, "You're awake?"

Sharon nodded mechanically. She did not dare look at him as she lowered her eyes and answered softly, "Yes."

Her head was still muddled. She wanted so much to recall what had happened last night, but her mind was blank. She could only remember that she had kissed him but could not remember what happened after that.

"Uhm... Last night, I... You..." she stammered. She wanted to ask him if anything had happened between them last night, but she was so nervous she could not even form a complete sentence.

Simon raised an elegant eyebrow as he gazed at the contorted expression on her face. "What do you want to say?" He was giving her a chance to finish her sentences.

Sharon bit down on her lip. It was a touchy subject to broach, but she really wanted to know." Last night, did we..."

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"We did everything we were supposed to last night," the man abruptly interrupted her and uttered such a shocking statement in a calm manner.

Sharon felt her entire body tense up as she widened her eyes and stared at him in disbelief. "We... We..." She felt embarrassed and helpless at the same time. Did they really sleep together last night?

Why did she have no memory of that, though?

A shadow loomed over her as the man bent down and positioned himself on top of her. As he leaned forward, he seemed to be holding back an evil smile. He said, "Last night, you..."

Sharon's back bumped against the bed frame as she stared unblinkingly at the man's handsome face that was magnified before her eyes. Her heart began racing again as she said, "I ... What did I say?"

She watched as the look in the man's eyes turned unreadable. Using a long finger to tilt her chin upward, he said in a relaxed voice, "You said..."

Then, as if something had exploded within her mind, Sharon's face turned beet red. She wished she could dig herself a hole to hide in. "I... I was drugged and wasn't in the right state of mind. If that actually happened, I was just talking nonsense. You'd better not take it seriously!"

She could not believe she would say such humiliating things to him last night but could recall she had definitely kissed him.

Simon's eyes narrowed as he gazed at her and said lightly, "Oh? That means you don't want to take responsibility for what happened last night. I acted as your antidote, but you're going to just cast me aside?"

What was he talking about? What did he mean by her not wanting to take responsibility and casting him aside?

She had no memories of that and could not help but glance suspiciously at him as she asked, "You... You really acted as my antidote last night?" Why was he making it sound as if she had forced him to sleep with her?

The man pursed his lips and stared at her, raising his hands to begin unbuttoning his shirt.

When Sharon saw that, she shuddered and tightened her grip on the blanket. She gazed at him warily. "What are you doing?"

The man did not reply and merely continued undoing the buttons on his shirt one by one. When Sharon saw his broad chest and toned abs, she could not stop herself from gulping. She became even more panicked now. "Why are you taking your clothes off? Put them back on!"

Simon pulled his shirt away from his left shoulder and pointed to it, saying, "Look here. These are the marks you gave me last night."

When Sharon looked at his left shoulder, she saw more than one deep bite mark on his flesh. She instantly felt embarrassed and apologetic. Was she the one who gave him those bite marks?