

Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers

Chapter 86

Chapter 86

Simon stayed overnight at the hospital without leaving. Although he could not help out with much, it was better to do so than let Sharon look after the child alone.

He asked Franky to send over the documents that he needed to go over so that he could work in the ward while Sharon looked after the child.

Just as Sebastian mentioned, Sharon looked after him throughout the night. She wiped off his sweat, changed his towels, and tested his body temperature repeatedly in fear he would break out into a fever again. Sebastian took his medicine at night and fell into a deep sleep. Sharon turned around to look at the man who was busy looking at documents not too far away. She got up and walked over to him. "Take some rest. You'll be busy with work at the company tomorrow," she said softly. This was a premium ward. There was an extra bed and a sofa, so he could rest if he was tired. Simon raised his head to look at Sharon. Her hair was slightly messy as she had been busy taking care of Sebastian. The soft lights of the ward cast a dim glow on her figure. Right now, she was the stark image of a stereotypical gentle mother.

He lost his mother after being born, so he had never experienced motherly love nor did he understand what it felt like to be cherished by a mother. Nevertheless, he managed to catch a glimpse of the image of a mother from this woman tonight.

His heart fluttered as he gazed deeply into her eyes. "You're the one who should take a rest. Go lie down, I'll look after him," he said.

"It's alright, I don't need to rest. You should continue with your work. I can't sleep, so I'll look after him. Anyways, I'm already used to it," Sharon said with a wave of her hand, she could not sleep in peace when her son was in such a condition.

Nevertheless, Simon got up and held onto her wrists tightly. He then pulled her toward the bed and pressed her down on the bed by her shoulders to make her sit down.

Sharon returned to her senses before he could press her onto the bed. She grabbed his hands, which were still on her shoulders, and raised her head to look at him. "I told you that I can't sleep," she said indignantly. "You must sleep even if you can't," Simon said, leaving no space for objection. He pressed her onto the bed with a domineering stance and made her lie down.

Of course, Sharon was unwilling to lie down. She tried to get up immediately. Simon leaned his tall body on hers and placed his hands on her sides, forcing her to lie on the bed.

Simon's face was so close to hers that their breaths intermingled. She lay there not daring to move, but this did not mean that she had conceded to him.

"Simon Zachary..." "Shh, don't say anything. Close your eyes and go to sleep," Simon said in a low, hushed voice

as he pressed his index finger on her lips. Although it seemed like he was coaxing her to sleep, his behavior exuded a sense of dominance. "...," she murmured. She was still reluctant to sleep. "Do you want me to accompany you to bed?" he interjected directly. She looked into Simon's well-defined eyes and met his deep, dark gaze. Her heart skipped a beat. If he inched a little closer, their lips would touch. "It's not that I don't want to sleep, I'm worried..."

"Woman, don't you know that there are times when you don't need to act tough? Otherwise, no man would love you," Simon said in a low voice, his eyebrows neat and well-defined.

She stared at him without uttering a single word. A barrage of complicated emotions washed through her heart. Was this considered acting tough?

It was not that she did not want someone to love her. However, she had already been used to taking care of her child alone in the past five years. She had no expectations to rely on someone else since a long time ago. Could she depend on the man in front of her? Simon let out a soft sigh as he covered her eyes with his large hands. "Go to sleep. Leave the kid to me," he said. She thought that it was impossible for her to fall asleep. Maybe it was his reassuring voice, or she was really way too tired, but the moment she opened her eyes, sunlight was streaming through the windows. She sat up in a hurry and turned over to look to the side. Sebastian was still fast asleep on the bed with his eyes closed. She got down the bed and rushed over to measure his temperature without even bothering to put on her shoes. His body temperature was perfect. His fever had stopped. She let out a breath of relief as all the worries in her heart dissipated. She frowned as she caught sight of the pile of used towels beside the bed. Did Simon Zachary really look after Sebastian last night?

Chapter 87

Simon was nowhere to be seen in the room. Just as she was wondering where he went, a nurse came in to serve them their nutritious breakfast.

"You're awake? President Zachary prepared this breakfast for the both of you. He told me to let you know that he has gone to the company," the young nurse said with a look of admiration on her face.

Sharon was stunned. Did he go to work so early in the morning? 1

Warmth erupted in her heart as she stared at the nutritious breakfast.

Sharon continued looking after her son in the hospital till he was discharged. When she returned to the Zachary household, the wound on his hand had mostly recovered. She felt much more relieved.

Since there were people looking after Sebastian in the Zachary household, she could go to work without any worries.

Once Sharon returned to the office, her colleagues mentioned that there was a new design director in the designing department. Apparently, he was a handsome young man. Sharon smiled at the news without putting it to heart. She secretly wondered if he could even compare to President Zachary.

When she took the design draft over to the director's office, she was beyond surprised upon

finding out who the new design director was. "Howard Zachary? Why are you here?" she blurted out. She was utterly shocked. Sitting in a swivel chair, Howard glanced at her stonily with a vague smile on his lips from across the desk. "Sharon Jeans, do you need me to remind you that I'm your boss now?" he asked.

Sharon had never expected Howard to become her boss during her time away from work. Did Simon know about this as well?

However, this corporation belonged to the Zachary family. If Howard wanted to work in the company, what could the others do about it?

She did not understand why Howard chose to come to the designing department.

Did he come here because of her?

After Sally scolded her son, Douglas Zachary had ordered Sally to move out from the Zachary household, and Howard had moved out together with her. Therefore, Sharon had never expected to cross paths with Howard so soon after. Sharon stared at him with a cold gaze. "Why did you suddenly come to Central Corporation?" she asked him straight away. Howard side-eyed her indifferently. "Are you asking me this question as my elder? Or are you doing so as a subordinate?" he asked.

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"You don't need to care about my identity. What the heck are you doing?" Sharon asked, furrowing her brows.

Howard scoffed and replied, "Of course, I'm here for work. What else can I do? Why are you so anxious? Did you think that I came to Central Corporation because of you, aunt?" The way he addressed her in the end was full of sarcasm.

Looking at the cheeky grin plastered on his face, which did not reach his eyes, she felt chills spread out across her back inexplicably. She took in a deep breath. "I hope that you meant what you said and you're really here just for work!" she remarked.

The atmosphere grew overbearing as both of their gazes met.

Howard then laughed out all of a sudden. "Sharon Jeans, do you really think that you're my aunt? Did you think that you'd be able to secure the position of Mrs. Zachary just because you've registered for marriage with my uncle? You're being way too naive, don't you think?" he questioned.

"What do you mean by that?"

Howard sneered. "You're really naive. Don't you know my uncle's identity? Do you think that he'll treat his marriage so casually? He didn't want to hold a wedding ceremony with you nor is he willing to let others know about your relationship. Why do you think so?" he asked. 1

Sharon and Simon had signed a marriage agreement, so she did not really care if they held a wedding ceremony or not. Furthermore, she did not want the public to know about their relationship as well. "We've agreed to keep our marriage a secret. Is there any problem with that?"

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Chapter 88

Chapter 88

Howard smirked derisively. "Don't you understand? I told you that he has no say in the matters of his own marriage. You'll have to get a divorce from him very soon. You may even get kicked out of the Zachary household," he said. He paused and looked her up and down with a pitiful gaze. "That's why it would be the best if you didn't fall in love with my uncle. Otherwise, you'll be doomed," he said. Sharon contemplated upon it. Did he mean that Douglas would obstruct their marriage?

"You don't have to worry about us. At least for now, Director Zachary hasn't opposed our relationship," Sharon said stonily.

"Who told you that it was grandpa? You haven't met the person that I'm referring to. She's much more powerful than grandpa. My uncle wouldn't dare to go against her words," he said. :

Sharon frowned. Who else could Simon be afraid of?

"Oh? Who is this person that you're referring to?"

"Can't wait to meet her? Don't worry, I believe that you'll be able to meet her very soon. She's the one who holds all the authority in the Zachary household," he said, pausing

halfway on purpose Right then, Sharon's phone rang. She returned to her senses and diverted her gaze. She then turned around to pick up her phone. "Hello. President Zachary?"

Howard stared at her silhouette after hearing her address the person on the other end of the phone. A hint of coldness flashed across his gaze.

Simon Zachary called to ask her to head over to the president's office, but he did not tell her the reason why. Sharon sent a glance toward Howard. He could be deliberately telling her all this just to scare her. She could not fall for his scheme. Hence, she did not ask any more questions and proceeded to head toward the floor that the president's office was on. Sharon knocked on the door before entering the office. Simon was sitting in front of his desk He was still working.

Dressed in a tailored suit, Simon was holding a signature pen in his hand, which accentuated his distinct knuckles. The light cast onto his face as he signed the documents, causing his features to look even more well-defined and handsome.

Sharon walked over. "President Zachary, were you looking for me?" she asked. When they were in the company, he could not forget that he was her boss. Simon stopped writing and raised his eyes to look at her. Looking at her with a deep, imploring gaze, her lips twitched slightly. "Mrs. Zachary, it's lunchtime right now," he said in a melodic, deep voice. Sharon's heart raced when she met his soulful gaze. She felt slightly uneasy when he called her 'Mrs. Zachary'.

C33

She lowered her eyes. Was he reminding her to address him by his name? "Right, it's lunchtime. Stop working, you should eat first," she said reflexively while smiling at him.

Simon put down his pen and got up. He then walked straight toward the sofa in the reception area. He turned around to glance at Sharon, who was still standing there in a daze. "Come here," he said in amusement.

Sharon walked over after he called her. There were a few exquisite lunchboxes on the coffee table. Was this the lunch that his secretary had prepared for him?

"Sit down," he said in a low voice.

Sharon was about to sit down opposite of him when he patted at the seat beside him. "Sit here," he said.

She looked at him without moving. They were just having a meal. Did she have to sit down while leaning on him? Simon sat there with an air of elegance while he stared at her. His domineering demeanor told her that an objection was not allowed. Sharon

laughed dryly and sat down beside him cautiously. "These dishes were freshly prepared and delivered from home. I asked the chef to prepare some dishes according to your personal preferences," he said while opening the covers of the lunchboxes. There were five dishes and two servings of risotto. As soon as Sharon got a whiff of the mouthwatering aroma of the dishes, she knew that it was cooked by the chef at home. Sharon did not expect Simon to be so particular to the extent that he asked the chef at home to cook and deliver food to the company. "Thank you, but aren't there too many dishes?"

"It's not a lot. You're way too thin so you should eat more," Simon said as he placed a piece of meat in her lunchbox.

A faint smile tugged at her lips. Her weight was perfectly standard. How was she thin? "You should eat too," she said in return. She was always courteous to him. Simon gave her an evaluative glance. His gaze darkened as he abruptly said, "From now onwards, come over to eat with me during lunchtime every day." Sharon was stupefied. *Everyday?*

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Chapter 89

Chapter 89

That would not be a good decision, right? What if the other employees found out about it? Nevertheless, Simon did not consider these factors. Noticing the frown on her face, he said, "Did you hear what I said?" Was this an order? Sharon cast a furtive glance at him. Was he not being way too dominant? Despite thinking so, she nodded instinctively. "Oh, alright," she agreed. "Right..." she said. She thought about Howard coming to Central Corporation to work. Was this also something he had arranged? Simon could feel her gaze on him. "Tell me directly if you have something to say. Don't look at me secretly," he said. Sharon felt slightly awkward. She was not secretly looking at him! "I wanted to ask you about something. Did you arrange for Howard to take up the position of the director of the designing department?" She asked. Simon's dark brows knit into a frown. "Howard? He's working at Central Corporation?" He asked.

From his expression, it seemed like he did not know about it.

Sharon nodded. "I thought that you knew about it," she said. Simon's gaze darkened. "The HR department is in charge of employee recruitment. I don't interfere in the process," he said.

However, the HR department had to send the finalized information and details over for him to review after the recruitment process. The HR department did not report that Howard was coming over to work at Central Corporation.

"If you don't want to see him, I can ask the HR department to fire him," Simon said in a calm, neutral tone. It was as if he was discussing something insignificant.

Sharon was stunned. Indeed, she did not want to see Howard. She could not accept the baffling fact that he had now become her boss.

She bit her lip. Could she really make use of Simon's authority to fulfill her personal desires? Noticing her indecisive expression, he seemed to understand her thoughts. The orbs of Simon's eyes shone under the light as he deliberately approached her. "Mrs. Zachary, you can whisper your wishes in my ear. I'll do as you please," he said, an ambiguous smile forming on his lips. 2 Simon's handsome features appeared close before her eyes. Feeling his hot breath against her skin, Sharon's heart skipped a beat! Whisper her wishes into his ears? She did not dare to even imagine doing something like that. 1

"About that..." she began to say something.

Knock knock knock. Someone knocked on the door of the office right then! Sharon tensed up at once. It could not be his secretary, right? She did not want others to see them together!

She inched away instinctively to place some distance between the both of them. Nevertheless, the person knocking pushed the door and entered the room without waiting for Simon's permission. Sharon turned around immediately upon hearing the door open. When she saw the person that had entered the room, her gaze darkened... "Uncle..."

The person that had entered through the door was Howard Zachary. He seemed to be extremely familiar with the office space and had simply walked in as he wished without asking for permission to do so.

Upon entering the office, he was met with the sight of Sharon, who was close to being wrapped in his uncle's arms. His uncle's hand was still holding onto her chin. A panicked expression appeared on her face, which made it flush red. Were they kissing just now? Howard glared at her stonily as a flare of anger arose in his heart. Had she become so shameless now? 3

"Were the two of you having lunch together? I came up to invite you to have a meal together," he told his uncle with a smile after quickly concealing the iciness in his gaze.

Simon narrowed his eyes slightly and fixed a cold, hard gaze on his nephew, who had barged into his office without notice. "Why are you here?" He asked in a frigid tone.

"Oh, that's right. I forgot to tell you that I've been recruited by the HR department. I'm now working in the company. I've told grandpa as well. He supported my decision to come over to the office to help you out," Howard said. Simon remained impassive.

Howard had grandpa's support, so it was no wonder he just joined the company without telling him anything. Sharon understood what was going on after hearing his words as well. However... Why did he have to apply for the designing department?

Watch Out, CEO Daddy by Wine Warms The Flowers

Chapter 90

Chapter

90 "Uncle, was this lunch prepared by the chef at home? It smells so good. I haven't had lunch yet. You wouldn't mind giving me some risotto, right?" He asked before proceeding to take a seat.

"Go home if you want to have it," Simon said coldly. He rejected him straight away.

Howard halted in the midst of sitting down. "Sure, I won't interrupt the two of you. Since I'm all alone, I'll just order some takeaway," he grumbled.

He glared at Sharon subtly before leaving. Nevertheless, she did not even spare him a single glance. She was still enjoying her lunch with his uncle.

He suppressed the blazing rage in his heart and turned around to walk away quickly. The moment he closed Simon's office door, the smile on his face instantly disappeared.

Initially, Sharon had an appetite. However, after Howard came over, she somehow did not feel like eating anymore. She put down her fork and spoon after eating a little. "I'm full. You can continue eating slowly," she said.

Simon frowned upon noticing that she had barely touched her risotto and had only eaten a measly portion of the dishes. "Are you kidding me? Or are you saving food because you're afraid that I can't afford your costs of living?" He asked. "I'm really full," Sharon said with a pout. She usually did not eat much.

"Finish your risotto, and eat half of the dishes," he ordered authoritatively, leaving no space for discussion. She was as thin as a stick. How could she eat that little?

Sharon was rendered speechless. Was he not being way too controlling? Could she not even be free to eat as she pleased?

Seeing her remaining still with a look of defiance on her face, Simon narrowed his eyes slightly. "Or do you want me to feed you?" He asked. 1

Sharon stopped breathing as she met Simon's gaze. He wanted to feed her?

Her scalp went numb at the thought of the high and mighty President Zachary feeding her risotto personally. Finally, she picked up her fork and spoon obediently and waved her hand at him. "It's alright. I can eat on my own..." she said.

They were just eating. There was no need to make it so thrilling. She finished her food under his supervision. She ate plenty of the dishes as well, and soon felt full to the brim.

Sharon touched her bloated tummy. She felt like weeping when she thought of having lunch with him every afternoon from now onwards.

After eating, she walked out of the president's office carefully. She was afraid that someone would see her.

Luckily, everyone had gone out to have their meals. Hence, nobody noticed her.

A hint of amusement flashed across Simon's gaze when he saw her leave with a guilty conscience.

Sharon bumped into Sally, who was here to look for Howard, on the way back to the office. Her instincts told her that she did not want to see Sally right now. She was afraid that she would not be able to control her emotions and immediately break out into a dispute with Sally upon seeing her.

Sharon pretended not to see her as she quickened her footsteps. However, Sally deliberately stopped her. "Aunt, why are you leaving after you saw me?" she voiced out sarcastically. "I don't want to listen to any of your nonsense," Sharon said straightforwardly without any hint of courtesy. Sally's eyes glinted harshly as she sneered. "Do you really think that you're the president's wife just because I called you 'aunt? Not a single person in the entire company knows that you're Mrs. Zachary. I don't think you mean much to Simon Zachary," she said.

Sharon remained impassive. "What does this have to do with you?" She asked in a frigid tone. After speaking, she continued walking. However, Sally blocked her path once again. "Sharon, didn't you say that you came back because of your late father?" She asked. "What are you implying?" Sharon asked, focusing her gaze on her.

Sally plastered a stony smile on her face. "Would you believe me if I told you that your father's death had nothing to do with Howard?" She asked. "What do you mean?" Sharon asked while staring straight into her eyes. Her gaze sharpened at once. Sally admired her freshly manicured nails while she spoke nonchalantly. "Think about it. Your father was in a good condition while receiving treatment in the hospital. Why did he suddenly fall sick? Could it be... could the doctor have given him the wrong medicine?" She questioned bluntly.

"What did you say? Say that again!" Sharon exclaimed in shock Sally deliberately stopped halfway after saying this. She switched the topic at once. "Howard is still

waiting for me. My time is precious. Unfortunately, I'm not free to chat with you," she said before turning around to walk away. How could Sharon let her go? She grabbed onto her and yelled, "Continue speaking!"