

CEO's Mysterious Fiancee

CEO's Mysterious Fiancée By Piper Dunlap Chapter 16

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Chapter 16

You and Patricia Must Get Married! They were all in the same clink and they were in the same ward. Whe

n the clinic was on fire they took the wrong baby im pank Patricia thought, is that so? Donald continued, “They sent Paige’s hair We have examined it, and it is 99.9% identical! When we met her I found she looked

just like your mother. It’s identical!”

Hearing Donald say this, Patricia’s heart completely sank, but she was

still trying. "Then how do you know that I am not your biological daughter?" "After we got the test with Paige, we went to your room to get a hair of yours." That was to say, Patricia was not one of the members of the Lusk family biologically. There went the last glimmer of hope in Patricia's heart. "Patricia, although you are not the child of Donald and me, after so many years, we have already regarded you as a daughter." Danica stroked her head. "You can stay at home. When you get married in the future, we will make the party one of the best." Danica looked at Patricia in her usual way. But Patricia knew better than anyone that something was different! How good it would be if she was indeed the daughter of the richest man in the coun

try! Now that Paige had returned, she could at most be considered an adopted daughter with no family tie!

She was an outsider! Her eyes dimmed for a few seconds, and Patricia subconsciously reached out to hug Danica. "I love you, m*m and dad. I will always be your good girl." After talking with her parents for a while,

Patricia came to the second floor and found that the entire floor had changed!

This floor looked brand new. It had been renovated. Each room had its style. Patricia ran into a maid and asked, "What is going on with these rooms?" "Mr and Mrs. Lusk prepared these to welcome Ms. Paige home. They invited a worldfamous designer called Ken and the best contractor to design and decorate. They changed every room, e

xcept yours. And each room is decorated with a kind of style because we don't know what style Ms. Paige likes." Patricia's expression changed drastically. "But. "Seeing that there was no one else around, the maid whispered, "Ms. Paige grew up in a small family. In the end, she only picked the most ordinary one." Hearing the maid say this, Patricia felt better. The maid looked around again and said in a light voice, "Ms. Paige wasn't that educated. She doesn't know how to appreciate art. Normally, precious artwork like "Five Intoxicated Kings" was supposed to be hung in the living room for people to see. But she asked someone to take it to the tea break room!" Patricia was a little surprised. "She did that?" "But Mr. and Mrs. Lusk value h

er very much. They took the painting to the tea room as she asked. "Today, they cooked for Ms. Paige and bought many beautiful clothes, shoes, and bags for her "And, oh, they gave her millions of dollars." Under Patricia's long eyelashes, a pair of eyes hid great waves. "Ms. Lusk, please forgive me for saying this. If you choose to go abroad, I'm afraid your family status in the future will be... precarious." The maid braced herself and reminded Patricia. Of course, Patricia knew what she should do now. "Yes, I know I want to stay alone." "Yes." "Wait, your name is Dalia, right?" Patricia stopped her and took off the diamond bracelet on her wrist and gave it to her. "I heard that one of your family is si*k. This bracelet may be useful." "Thank

you, Ms. Lusk!” Dalia Doyle was grateful.
“I will be loyal to you forever, Ms. Lusk.”

The diamond bracelet was sparkling Patricia raised her hand to signal her to leave. She had an idea.

Although Paige was the real daughter of Danica and Donald, these years she had been with them day and night. Her bond was deeper than Paige’s! The next morning. In front of room 306 of Farwen Hospital, a man pushed the door open and entered. He had a pair of dark and clear eyes and delicate facial features, and his whole body exuded an incomparable nobility. The old man on the bed moved his fingers slightly. He seemed to have sensed something and slowly opened his eyes. Seeing that the person who came was his eldest grandson, Martin, t

he old man's gaze softened, and his voice was a little weak. "You brat..." "You're awake?" said Martin. "Where am I? What's wrong with me?" the old man struggled to raise his head to size up the room. Why was he in so much pain that he could barely speak? "You are on a hunger strike. Do you remember?" Martin smiled. He refused to eat and take medicine unless he could see Martin. And in the end, he fainted and was in danger because of the hunger strike. After Martin reminded him, the old man remembered it. He was indeed on a hunger strike. He knew that he did not have much time left, so he wanted to force Martin to get married as soon as possible. He wanted to turn over in bed, but his whole body was in pain. "Oh, it hurts

...” Martin did not help him up, but he even mocked his grandfather. “It’s very lucky of you to wake up.” Martin meant that he should endure that pain. “You brat, I just woke up. Can you be a little polite?” the old man complained. “It’s all your fault. Tell me. How many days has it been since you last came to see me?” If not for the fact that he refused to eat and take medicine, and had such a big operation, Martin wouldn’t come to see him. “Well, you forced me to do this.” Every time Martin came over, the old man would bring up the Lusk family’s daughter, Patricia, and mention the engagement back then. “You... I don’t care!” The old man turned his head angrily. “I don’t have much time left. Maybe one day soon I will die. Tomorrow, you mu

st bring your fiancée to see me!” “I don’t have a fiancée,” Martin said word by word. “You just want me dead, don’t you? The Stowe family and the Lusk family are engaged. You and Patricia must get married! Otherwise, how can I face the Lusk family?” “The engagement was made by you. It is your problem to solve it,” Martin said in a cold voice. “You! You... Ouch, my heart...” The old man clutched his chest, his expression painful. “Rhys, get the doctor.” Just as Martin finished speaking, the old man waved his hand and said, “No need! Anyway, if you and Patricia don’t appear together tomorrow, I don’t have you as my grandson! In the future, I will have nothing to do with you!” Seeing that the two of them were arguing again, Rhys tried t

o smooth it, “Mr. Stowe, please calm down. He is just too busy recently...”

“Work, work, all about work. A man has to get married and that’s when life is complete.” “How come it...” Why did Rhys get involved? He just loved work!

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