

CEO Daddy 151

Chapter 151

Justin smiled and cheered, "You can do this, Mommy!"

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn nodded solemnly. "Yeah!"

He then sent her to the car. Gwendolyn turned to look at her son, who was dressed in a black coat, standing at the entrance seeing her off.

He reminded her of Patrick. His handsome look resembles Patrick's. Perhaps good-looking men look like this when they were kids, huh? She smiled at the thought.

With that, she entered her red Cloud University and went to Cloud University, where the training course took place.

It was rumored that the course was famous for cultivating many famous designers.

Gwendolyn sat in the classroom when she reached the place. There were roughly twenty students around.

The girl who sat beside her moved toward her and greeted, "Hello! I'm Jasmine Carter. We are classmates from now on."

Gwendolyn returned a smile. "Hi! I'm Gwendolyn Ashton."

was a friendly person. It did not take long for them to get along

heard that Tiffany, the famous designer, will be

that, but she had heard of Tiffany before. The latter

Gwendolyn was a great fan of Tiffany. Back in her days in the Ashton family, she loved to buy the clothes Tiffany

were too expensive, and whenever she produced new designs, it

be wealthy, but they had to have connections as

Gwendolyn believed it was the right choice to join the course if

they needed to do was to receive their books and get

Suddenly, her teacher called her, "Gwendolyn, please stay back for a teacher's calling me. You can go ahead,"

"Ah, just when we're about to have

and asked, "Ms. Yates,

first day. It

teacher, smiled and informed, "Someone wants to meet

she entered the office, she saw an elegant lady sitting by the

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Hearing that, Tiffany nodded. "I understand. You can do it, Gwendolyn!"

Gwendolyn smiled at that. "Thank you! I will do my best."

What a strange day. Not only do I get to meet my idol face to face, but I got her encouragement as well.

The two of them conversed as they had coffee.

Gwendolyn only realized how fast time could fly. Two hours had passed in the blink of an eye, and it was already five o'clock in the afternoon.

Thus, she rose and bid goodbye to Tiffany. When the latter sent her out, she asked, "Can I call you Gwen?"

Gwendolyn nodded. "Of course! My friends call me that too."

"Gwen, here. I made a dress for you."

At that, Gwendolyn's eyes lit up. "Wow! This is for me? Thank you!"

it on the spot. A dress made by Tiffany herself!

that, Gwendolyn waved goodbye with the

happens, you can always call me

nodded again. She seems to be different from the

walked down the stairs, Gwendolyn could not help but

had a peek at her gift. It was a white dress that

leave, yet her phone rang suddenly. It was a call from

"Hello, Old Mrs. Lowen?"

we met each other. Could you come to our place for

was taken aback. "Do you mean now,

too. Patrick's grandpa seems a

was sitting in his

Didn't he always want a great-grandchild? I shall show him three great-grandchildren! That is sure to

let the elder woman down. Hence, she responded, "Sure, Old Mrs.

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“Let's go. Get in the car. Today we'll be heading to an elderly woman's house as guests. Please remember to stay well-mannered.”

“All right,” the three kids replied in unison.

With that, they left the house.

Camille had some fruits and coffee in her hand as she followed behind them.

“Gwen, are you bringing them home?”

Camille was aware about her family's situation. She knew they were a wealthy family from Avenport. The kids had grown up, and maybe it was time for them to return to their roots.

Gwendolyn shook her head. “Nope. We're just going to a friend's house.”

She would never bring the kids back to the Ashton family. Michael was a prideful man. He was still resentful over the matter.

If it was not because of his years of favoritism for Gwendolyn, he might not even be willing to see her.

She would never bring the kids back to the family just to face their brutal lectures.

After the kids entered the car, Camille placed the gifts on the passenger seat.

“Drive carefully, Gwen.”

hopped into the

You cook something for yourself tonight. We

four of them then headed to the Lowen residence and parked

shouted, “Gwen,

Entering the place made one feel as if they were entering a

huge estate as well. Curiosity was sparkling

meeting his grandpa and grandma in

Mr. Handsome's house. He's a prince from

burst into laughter. Her little mind

was a girl full of

then, Alice came out to welcome them personally. There were a

helped her kids to open

checked out the surroundings curiously. As Alice saw the two boys,

quickly held her

then lifted her hand, asking them

"I'm fine."

of them, her gaze fixated on the three

She was adorable and beautiful. Even her smile was just

looked just like Patrick

coincidence? Or

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The chattering continued until they reached the living room. Hector was in his wheelchair with a cold look.

As he saw Alice, his eyes moved and widened.

"Mmm..."

He tried to lift his hand, but he could not. The wheelchair was shaking.

Seeing that, the nurse quickly came over. "Old Mr. Lowen, please calm down. Take a deep breath."

Alice saw Hector's reaction and smiled.

Look how excited he is. I wonder how he'll react when he sees his great-grandchildren.

Juliette sat beside Old Mr. Lowen and stretched out her small hand. "Old Mr. Handsome, do you want some candy?"

Hector was about to calm down. However, once he saw Juliette's little hand and heard her sweet voice, he was stirred up even more.

He rolled his eyes, and it scared Alice's heart out.

"Bring Old Mr. Lowen back to his room! Let him stay there for the night."

housekeepers and nurse then pushed Hector back to his room. He tried to mutter something as his head was tilted. Unfortunately, no

wanted to see and play with the kids. Sadly,

door was closed,

candy and fed it

"So sweet!"

down with their backs straight. Their cool stance attracted a lot of the

housekeeper. "Old Mrs. Lowen, I brought some fruits and coffee. It's not anything

just to have you visit me. You didn't have to bring

wearing a dark red
looked stunning with that kind
two of them were observing their surroundings—it had always been their habit. Every
like a happy duckling. She explored
the three kids. The questions
back for some questioning, as she was curious
around as though it was her own house. Hence, she went to her daughter. “Juliette, don't go and
everything that looks pretty. Am I
could not help but laughed. However, the housekeepers were staring at her. They must
She felt embarrassed.

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Alice furrowed her brows. It was half-past six on Sunday, and Patrick was still working.
“Pat, are you not going home for dinner?”
“That's right, Grandma. I'm quite busy with work recently. I can't go back anytime soon.”
“Okay then. I'll let Gwen know you're not coming back. We'll eat first.”
Just as Alice was about to hang up, Patrick stopped her.
“Grandma, who did you just mention?”
Alice grinned at how she elicited a response just by mentioning Gwendolyn's name.
He was not interested in an old lady like his grandma, but he was clearly interested in a pretty young
lady.
“I invited Gwen and her three darlings over for dinner tonight. We'll eat first if you aren't coming back.”
“I'm finished with work, so I'm coming back now.”
Alice chuckled after hanging up the phone.
look into the
Pat, and Pat would be glad
let out a
living room. “Juliette, sit here and eat your food. Stop
massive, and she was
was a crybaby, and once the latter started, it would take

close eye on Juliette, as it
help look after your sister.
two boys responded brightly, "All
was only then that Gwendolyn sat down
from Hector's room. Soon after, a housekeeper
entered the bedroom with the three children
the bedside table to the floor.
"Old Mr. Lowen, what's wrong? Are you feeling
looked at her quietly, gazed at
and extended
a candy. You'll be happy
After tasting it,
his thoughts, "Isn't it sweet? You should feel better now.
and Julian picked up the medicine container on the floor, placed it on the table, and then helped him

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Alice walked over to Hector's side and saw that he was smiling while eating candy.
She furrowed her brows slightly. "Hector, do you want to join us for dinner?"
He looked at her and nodded.
Alice smiled knowingly. "I know why you were throwing a tantrum. You were upset because I didn't let you out, weren't you?"
Everyone in the room laughed. Upon seeing this, Juliette went up close to Hector and whispered, "Old Mr. Handsome, don't be angry. They're not laughing at you."
The quick-witted Juliette had always been an easy-going girl. She had become familiar with Alice very quickly. And now, she was becoming close with Hector too.
Gwendolyn was not worried at all. It seemed that her three children got along well with the elderly. They would often try to make conversation with the elderly since they were young.
Of course, they could merely babble since they were still babies back then, and the elderly would hum in response.
Hector felt frustrated upon hearing Alice's words. They still did not understand him. He was not upset because he could not go out.
Instead, it was because he could not see his great-grandchildren.

However, no one knew what he was thinking. He had no choice but to throw a tantrum. They were going to be the death of him sooner or later.

However, he was glad that the triplets had given him candy and even helped him tidy his hair.

However, he was glad that the triplets had given him candy and even helped him tidy his hair.

He especially liked the adorable Juliette, who was good at sweet-talking and comforting others.

Gwendolyn felt at ease after seeing that Hector had calmed down.

wish to see them. However, she

if his

Hector into the living room to watch television. In the meantime, Juliette happily watched her favorite

and Julian would then help Juliette and Hector to

wiping as soon as they spotted any crumbs or juice at the

time, Alice was chatting with Gwendolyn. Alice could not help but keep staring at Gwendolyn, seemingly amazed by the latter's

first time meeting someone as stunning as Gwendolyn. She grew fonder of Gwendolyn the

understood why Petrick was so

enounced, "Old Mrs. Lowen, Mr.

think he would come home end looked towerd the

took his coet, end he

ren

you're beck! Open

up end opened his mouth es the strewberry

house is so big! It's like

stey here if you like this

Juliette's eyes brightened. "Reelly?"

she shook her heed

it's not my home.

upon seeing her

Do you went to help me

downcest eyes suddenly brightened up

my brothers to help
understood why Patrick was so
then, the housekeeper announced, "Old Mrs.

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Patrick kissed the little girl on the cheek. "Thank you, Juliette!"

For some reason, from the moment he met her, he felt an indescribable closeness to her.

Despite not liking children in the first place, he found that he did not mind the three children and even liked them a lot.

Is this what it feels like to extend your love for someone to the people close to them?

Patrick put Juliette down on the couch before asking Hector, "Grandpa, how are you feeling today?"

He noticed that the old man was in good spirits, and his condition was also improving, so he hoped that his grandfather would speak to him one day.

Hector stared at him while making a silent remark.

You fool. Your wife and children are in front of you. Why don't you marry her so that they'll become your legitimate children?

Patrick raised an eyebrow. "Grandpa, Gwendolyn is my secretary, and these children are hers. Should you miss the children in the future, I'll ask her to bring them along to accompany you."

After he finished speaking, he leaned over to whisper into the old man's ear, "If you want me to father a child, it may not happen anytime soon. You'll have to wait a few more years, so I can only satisfy your desire by letting you interact with someone else's children."

Then, he stood up, grinning devilishly.

There's no way I'll father a child with Felicia. At the most, I'll marry her to fulfill his wishes. He can't blame me for not having children.

There's no way I'll father a child with Felicia. At the most, I'll marry her to fulfill his wishes. He can't blame me for not having children.

Hector slowly turned to glance at Gwendolyn before looking at his handsome grandson in front of him.

He wanted to speak or write out his thoughts, but the condition of his body did not allow him to do so, causing him to feel extremely frustrated.

and Hector even ate a small portion of his food,

she pushed Hector out for a walk. Hence, Gwendolyn

tell that something was not right

to negotiate the price of the house, wait a little more. Don't be

that she won't be able to wait for the bone marrow, so
pain when she heard Lucy's sobs from the other end of
help you think of a
with tears brimming in her eyes, feeling upset upon thinking
for Lucy as well
Petrick was scrutinizing her. Sensing a pair of eyes on her, Gwendolyn brushed off her
did they
not hear them
a smile. "They went for a walk. Are you done with
She nodded. "Yes."
I've a
rose
well, he was her boss, so she headed
the third floor. Petrick waited for her to
hearing the click of the lock, Gwendolyn turned her
"Mr. Lowen..."
the door and put her
tie and began to unbutton his
she quickly backed away. "Petrick, what are you trying
to go upstairs, and now he's removing his clothes. What exactly is he trying to do? Guessing his
intention, she could not help but tremble
chuckled deviously. "What do
very hard for Lucy

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By then, Gwendolyn had already retreated to the window and would fall if she continued moving
backward. They were on the third floor. Even if she did not lose her life, she would be disabled if she fell.

"Don't come closer, Patrick, or I'll scream!"

Yes, I can scream for help since I'm by an open window. Someone will definitely hear me if I shout at the
top of my lungs.

Patrick could not help but chuckle softly upon seeing her startled expression.

“What do you think I'm going to do?”

She noticed that he had already removed his shirt, exposing his toned chest and alluring abs.

Seeing his attractive figure, she gulped as her throat suddenly felt dry.

However, she still upheld her integrity. I'll never touch a man that belongs to someone else.

“How should I know? I'm not you!” she replied through gritted teeth.

She then shifted her gaze away from his body.

Just then, Patrick sat on the bed and showed his back to her.

“My back is itchy. I think I have rashes. Help me apply some medication.”

Hearing those words, Gwendolyn came to her senses. It turns out that I was overthinking.

him sitting there with a tube of ointment

you having an

feeling uncomfortable because of them. But he's good at enduring it, as he

uncomfortable because of them. But he's good at enduring it, as he showed no reaction when he came

when I soak

you know you can't? Aren't

the ointment,

upon hearing the question. Why would I prepare swabs when my intention is for you to apply the ointment

any. Just use your finger. I'm not

taken aback. I can't believe that he's

gaze and smiled before heading toward

bathroom was bigger than her house, equipped with a bathtub that seemed more like a swimming

this extravagant. The Ashton residence truly can't be compared to the Lowen

stared at the woman with the flushed face in the

Gwendolyn Ashton,

her hands, she returned

fingers to warm them up before applying the ointment for him, dabbing it carefully onto the infected

got to his waist area, her world spun as he suddenly pinned her down onto the bed, pressing his

hends were pinned above her head. She struggled with all her might but found that she
her, he slipped his
remember much after that. All she knew was that her mind went blank, and
breathing was

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Finally regaining a little of her sanity, Gwendolyn hummed and shoved him away.

At that moment, Patrick had also regained his senses and moved away from her. As she sat up, she noticed that her clothes had been torn apart, revealing her snow-white...

“Ahhh!”

She grabbed a pillow and held it in front of her chest. “Patrick, how dare you!”

The man was currently feeling miserable. He badly wished to continue, but seeing her reaction, he knew that it was impossible.

A gleam of ruthlessness glinted in his eyes as he panted heavily. One day, I must pin her under me and make her mine.

Patrick grinned mischievously. “Where did you touch me just now? Don't you know that it's risky to touch that area of a man?”

Gwendolyn pondered for a moment while blinking innocently. Wasn't I applying ointment all the while? I didn't even touch him anywhere in secret.

“How should I know? I'm not even a man.”

She was going crazy thinking about what had just happened. It was a strange feeling.

Why was I shamelessly enjoying it? I even desired to keep it going. It must be a normal biological reaction, nothing more than that. I'm twenty-four this year, so it's normal to have such needs as a woman. Yes, that must be it.

Gwendolyn was secretly buttoning her shirt behind the pillow. I've no idea when he ripped it open. Not only that, my body aches from being pressed down by him. He's such a jerk. I feel like beating him up.

only that, my body aches from being pressed down by him. He's such a jerk.

and the

from the bed,

you before that I love you, Gwendolyn. One would only do such a

would never touch someone he was

into his bed. As long

Gwendolyn got up from the

in the future, Mr. Lowen. Even if you like me, have I given you my consent? Without it, what you're doing is considered sexual assault, and

she walked quickly to the door, opened it,

when she's around? Now

geze derkened es he put on

He grebbed it end enswered the

“Go eheed.”

booked. Would you like to come over end confirm the deteils? For instence, the style of the decoretions end the

e

it to you. You

confirm the style? We heve verious styles, end we cen elter them to suit their testes. After

elreedy ennoyed from being yelled et, so when he heerd the steff mentioning once in

Gwendolyn but hes to be engeged to Ms. Ashton. It's reesoneble for him to

one

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Meanwhile, Gwendolyn bumped into the others returning from their walk as she ran down the stairs.

Upon seeing her frantic expression, Justin came forward and asked, “What's the matter, Mommy?”

Her face was flushed, and she reached up to tidy up her hair.

“I'm fine. We should be going now.”

Alice and Hector looked rather reluctant to see them go, as they had a lot of fun playing with the children during their walk earlier on.

Both of them adored children, so they were reluctant for the triplets to leave, hoping that they could stay overnight at their house.

Alice approached Gwendolyn and held her hand.

“Why don't you all stay here tonight, Gwen? Hector is very happy today, and he can't bear to see the children leave.”

Recalling what had happened earlier on, Gwendolyn could not bring herself to stay.

“The children have school tomorrow, and I also need to work, so we'll take our leave now. We'll come and visit again next time.”

Then, she tugged at Juliette's arm. “Let's go.”

Not long after, the four of them left as their car slowly drove out of the Lowen residence.

saw the house had

Patrick came downstairs. He inquired as

wish to ask you something," Alice called

to ask you something," Alice

living room and sat on the couch, wearing a slightly miserable expression on

coffee. "This coffee is pretty good.

it was not the coffee from

the girl would select the best

from the cup before looking at Hector. He seems to be doing great, but when will his health return to

you ever not use protection when you spent a night with

the two boys, the more she thought they looked like Patrick. She felt an indescribable closeness toward them, especially Juliette, whose friendliness made her seem

for a moment. Only once in that dream. Well, it wasn't a dream, but I couldn't find the woman.

However, Gwendolyn looks pretty similar to her.

not worry

he was about to stand up when Alice added, "Justin and Julien look so much like you

looked rather grim. She highly suspected it

would piss him off so much. Won't I know if they were my

are quite good-looking,

then twenty years. Can she still remember what I looked like when I

must take responsibility if you fathered the child with the women. Being the single parent is very

Hector rolled his eyes and feigned