

CEO Daddy 191

Chapter 191

Suddenly, a few women surrounded Gwendolyn and started chattering.

“Yes. It does look nice.”

“Look at the shade. It must be pretty expensive.”

Gwendolyn lowered her head. She was sure the number would blow them away.

Smiling slightly, she told them, “It's just a cheap brand. It's not worth much.”

She then quickly stuffed the necklace under her clothes, reminding herself not to reveal it ever again. If anyone with knowledge about jewelry saw that, she would definitely be robbed.

Actually, she did not want to wear the necklace. She wanted to leave it at home, but Patrick did not allow her to do so.

He even checked it daily to make sure she was wearing it.

What can I do? He's my boss.

“So how much is it exactly?”

Francine and Christina were staring at her.

then continued, “Just tell us. How much is

necklace, they crossed their arms,

been mingling with the upper-class society for years, they

pretty good taste in jewelry. Even though they couldn't tell the necklace's brand, they could see through the workmanship that it was a classic. It would become even more valuable as

something embarrassing to wear. On the contrary,

with no choice,

interested in something that cheap, so she blurted out

ladies each transferred a

two for each

was shocked that they could actually bring themselves to buy such a

contrary to her expectation,

too. If the madams like

surrounded Gwendolyn with their phones in their hands, transferring

moment, it looked like Gwendolyn had come back to the Ashton

Felicia came forward and sneered, "Gwendolyn, are you trying to earn money the housekeepers quickly backed off. They were always acted arrogantly at home. Now that she was mistake, she would either scold

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Gwendolyn said in a calm voice, "I'm here because I am part of the Ashton family."

Felicia was slightly infuriated when she heard her.

"Really? Did Dad forgive you? Did Grandpa forgive you? You have long lost the right to come back here after the shameless thing you did back then," Felicia retorted.

The moment Felicia mentioned that incident, Gwendolyn turned furious. She walked over and grabbed Felicia's chin with her hand.

Her grip was strong enough to hurt Felicia.

Felicia tried to wrestle out of her grasp, but she could not free herself at all. After so many years of fending for herself, Gwendolyn had gotten much stronger.

Therefore, all Felicia could do was glare at Gwendolyn. "Let me go," she warned.

"Tell me, Felicia. Who was that man? It was you and your mother who drugged me and brought me to his bed, right?" Gwendolyn sneered.

Having spent a lot of time thinking about everything that happened, she was sure that Felicia and her mother knew the whereabouts of that man.

Felicia was still trying to break free from Gwendolyn's death grip. Her chin was about to get ripped off at this rate. She had just undergone plastic surgery, and it might become deformed if Gwendolyn did not let her go anytime soon.

struggled, she continued to glare at Gwendolyn. If looks could kill, Gwendolyn would be dead

I just want you to speak," Gwendolyn

Felicia averted her eyes.

the left, she taunted, "It's an old man in his seventies.

car that night was quite expensive. It's a pity that I did not manage to see his face. Or maybe, the one who picked her up was not the man

on Felicia's chin. "So, you are admitting that you and your mother

Gwendolyn. She realized that the woman in front of her probably knew that she had just gotten her chin done not long

on purpose! She's using

said such a thing. If you think I did it,
was really about to destroy her chin when she heard someone walk over. It was Candace, who had
overheard
brings you here, Gwen? Your dad is over there.
act up, Candace took Gwendolyn's
well, talking to Zachary and
giggle, Candace said to her husband, "Look who's
heart. How dare she walk into the Ashton residence like she owns it? Does she still think she's
by Zachary.
As long as Candace was around, Gwendolyn would never

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"Of course not."

Candace's face paled. She had not expected Michael to speak up for Gwendolyn.

Zachary glanced at his wife before turning to look at Gwendolyn. "Since it was your grandfather who
allowed you to come back, make sure you obey the rules."

Gwendolyn ignored him. It was clear that she did not want to entertain him. This caused Zachary to feel
slightly awkward.

What a useless daughter, just like her mother!

Just then, Gwendolyn said politely, "It's getting late, Grandpa. I'll head back first."

Michael nodded. "Remember to come back in three days' time, Gwen. Your sister is getting married. She
and Patrick will need to pay you their respects and give you some gifts. It is the Ashton family's
tradition."

Candace was confused at Michael's words.

"Dad, she's just her older sister. There's no need for such formalities. People will laugh at us," she
hurriedly said.

speaking, she glared at Gwendolyn, looking as

nothing good would

Felicia and Patrick. Who does she think she

Fel is getting married before her older sister, she should pay her respects to Gwen as

still could not wrap her mind around his words. If outsiders knew about their ridiculous rule,

been congratulating him on his granddaughter's marriage? It's all because Fel is getting engaged to Patrick. Right now, no families in Avenport could exceed the Lowen family. Even the elders know that, and they're all impressed with Patrick and envious of Dad for getting an outstanding grandson-in-law. This is all thanks

it's Gwen's fault for not finding a husband. Blame her instead," Candace

stepmother's nasty words, Gwendolyn did not show

well with a calm expression, looking just

noddled to himself in satisfaction as he decided he

Both you and Fel shall copy the Ashton family's rules a

worse than not wearing makeup! I

in, and they needed to try them on. They would also have to send

not have any time to copy

a prominent family.

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Candace shivered involuntarily as Michael was terrifying when he was upset.

She replied reluctantly, "All right, Dad. I'll go copy the family rules shortly."

Seeing how defeated Candace looked, Gwendolyn felt extremely satisfied.

She suddenly realized that she had ways to deal with these two women.

Her grandfather doted on her. As long as she kept visiting him, she could get Michael to deal with them.

Gwendolyn could not help but grin as it seemed that revenge was at hand.

She was not planning to make them lose everything, but she did not want to let them live too comfortably either.

After coming out of the Ashton residence, Gwendolyn waited for her ride at the roadside.

She was browsing through her phone when Patrick called.

"Mr. Lowen," she greeted after picking up.

"Gwendolyn, are you stupid? Why did you leave without eating?"

the table earlier and felt

have the opportunity to bring the

was an extremely

earlier, he had asked her to order what she wanted. However, she almost fell

cost almost thirty thousand. To ensure she did not see wrong, she had even counted the number of digits. Even

in herself to make someone spend so much and decided to

table would have cost at least hundreds of thousands.

her that the children would

called out as she had gone

only then that she came back to her

family is used to having homecooked meals. They

four of

Has she taken a liking to Benjamin? Do her

I'm drunk. Come pick me

assistant and the chauffeur with you? I'm afraid it'll be difficult for me to go as I didn't drive

hand in one gulp and

you, give me Ms. Ziegler's number. I think she'll be glad to pick me up and

shocked

you now? I'll

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Upon hearing this, the driver stepped hard on the accelerator, causing her face to bump into the front seat. She hit herself so hard that tears flowed out from the corners of her eyes.

Does he have to step on the accelerator so hard? It hurts so bad.

“Miss, it's best if you put on your seat belt. I'll do my best for the sake of your husband.”

The driver was a kind person, and upon hearing that someone was about to jump off a building, he offered to do his best.

He picked up his walkie-talkie and announced to his fellow drivers, “Fellow friends, we have an issue. Someone is planning to jump off Horizon Tower. If you see him, try to dissuade him. His wife is on the way.”

“I'm nearby, but I don't see any onlookers.”

“He won't survive if he falls from such a height.”

“He chose the place well. The view up there must be good.”

“I haven't been up there before. Perhaps I should head up and try to dissuade him.”

Gwendolyn's chest tightened as she listened to the drivers' remarks.

She had only wanted to change her destination and ask the driver to hurry. Little did she expect the driver to be so kind and even enlist help from his friends.

She covered her face in embarrassment and dared not look at him. If he knew she had just lied to him, he would surely give her a good scolding before letting her go.

journey that would supposedly last for one hour only took

I don't think he has jumped yet.

awkwardly and said, “Thank you! You're a

and ran toward the

revolving restaurant, she calmed

there was no one in the

over, she greeted, “Mr. Lowen! I'm here. That

and glanced at the expensive

took fifty minutes. You've passed. You don't have

reached out his

“Come help me up.”

onto

that he was skinny, but he

who looks slim when dressed but muscular

in

hand and hooked it

could smell the

how much

the two empty bottles on the

two bottles of Lafite on his own. It was a pity as the wine had

hold his liquor well, and he was only

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Gwendolyn's expressions changed. She looked down and saw that he hadn't loosened his grip. He was still holding on to her tightly.

She frowned and lifted her head to look at him.

“What's wrong?” He looked back at her calmly.

Gwendolyn bit her lip. Is he so drunk that he failed to realize where he's pinching? Forget it. I can't be thinking about that now. I have to get him into the car first.

She took him outside. Each step she took made her feel as though she was going to die from exhaustion.

Why are men so tall? What's the use of having such a long body and long legs?

Patrick couldn't help but smile when she noticed the frown on the woman's face.

Gwendolyn ignored him. She was basically dragging him outside.

A few waiters came over at that moment, wanting to help her. But Patrick shot them a look. They were so stunned that they quickly retreated.

Gwendolyn looked at the few waiters who were retreating and said, “Don't go. I need help. Just help me get him into the car.”

The waiters shook their heads. “We're sorry, Miss. We're busy and we have to go. Please excuse us.”

immediately left

so heartless? Can't they see that I'm

his head and looked at her. His smile widened when he took in the resentment written

complaints, Gwendolyn still walked forward with all her might and finally got

why do you

and drenched in sweat, Gwendolyn turned her head to look at him. “Mr. Lowen, are

a kid because

smell very good

grinned and caressed his

you're cute

wasn't as serious as how he usually spoke, and his tone was a lot warmer as if he was

her feel

smelled really good as he listened to her words and allowed her to pat his head as if he

girl must really

and planted a few hickeys

felt ticklish, so she lifted his head
to touch that tingling
he had left and his

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Gwendolyn felt relieved when she saw a car coming. However, she was stunned when she heard the man's voice.

How can it be him? Should I hop in the car? Patrick is going to choke me if he finds out that I lied to the driver about his intention to jump from a building.

The Uber driver came out of his car and helped Gwendolyn hold on to Patrick while she was still contemplating.

“Miss, I can give you both a free ride,” said the driver.

The driver was being a busybody. He was curious if anyone had rescued her husband from the building. Regardless, he thought that he would have done a good deed if he managed to save someone today.

Gwendolyn could not bring herself to refuse the driver, seeing that he was so helpful. She could only assist the driver in getting Patrick to his car while smiling awkwardly.

“Thank you so much for helping!”

After she got into the vehicle, the driver closed the door for her.

The driver was in a great mood when he began his drive.

Patrick leaned in close to Gwendolyn and wrapped his arms around her.

He closed his eyes and pretended to be drunk.

expected, pretty women will definitely look for good-looking men. They look like a match made in heaven. Why would

kept glancing back through the rearview

“Miss, did you have a fight with your

man, when it comes to disagreements with the ladies, men should be more magnanimous and coax their wives rather than drinking or seeking one's

speechless at that

of it. The driver's affection was overwhelming to

there all the time, did the guy jump from

voice came through on the driver's walkie-talkie just

from listening. She assumed he was still sleeping at that
him up just as he was about to
action seemed ambiguous to Patrick because his ears were his
car right now. I will send them back safely," said

"That's good!"

the young man that where

Things will

that Gwendolyn had done such an ambiguous action because she didn't want him to listen
actually know the driver? Before we got into the car, she seemed to have told the driver that
mouth curved up

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Having said that, the driver concentrated on driving, and Gwendolyn let out a sigh of relief.

She removed her hands covering Patrick's ears and glanced down.

Seeing Patrick with his eyes closed, she thought he must have fallen asleep.

Phew! Thank God he didn't hear anything! If not, I can't imagine what he will do!

When they arrived at the gates of Star Mansion, Gwendolyn frowned and said to the driver, "Sir, can you
please send us inside? He's blind drunk, and I can't support him."

I would die of exhaustion if I were to carry Patrick into the mansion alone.

It would take at least twenty minutes to walk into the mansion and that was when she was only alone
and walking at her fastest speed.

If she had to drag Patrick with her, Gwendolyn might end up taking two hours to get inside.

The driver looked around the residential area. "The people who live here are from the moneyed class.
Why would they want to take their own lives? It's not like they can't live anymore."

After mumbling to himself, he shook his head.

I really don't understand young people nowadays. They are emotionally weak!

Indeed, one cannot tell lies

bodyguards blocked the car. Seeing this, Gwendolyn lowered the car window and allowed them

They greeted

driver was startled. Looks like this young man is no

his curiosity piqued, the driver kept stealing glances at

them were attractive and had families. It seems that they're bored with their mundane lives and her gaze, Gwendolyn looked at Patrick, who was sleeping soundly on her lap. She could not care less about the at the entrance of Patrick's to the driver and said, of the car. "Do you need me to walk you help. Taking out a piece of note from her handbag, she shoved walked into the mansion, and quickly closed the mansions here were all detached, and they all had their own gates. Once they were Patrick and the taxi driver would never meet again. Otherwise, the warm and passionate driver would probably Patrick didn't hear her as she supported Patrick into the mansion. Compared to the outdoor temperature, which was Patrick opened his eyes and rubbed his head against

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Gwendolyn screeched, "What are you doing, Patrick?"

"Going to bed with you, my wife," he answered.

As he strode up the staircase, Gwendolyn was struggling. However, she nearly fell out of his arms as she did so, almost scaring her to death.

Ceasing her struggles, she could only hug his neck tightly.

She was dazed, captivated by his handsome features. He actually looks cuter when he's drunk.

She stroked his eyelashes gently and said, "You made a mistake. I'm not your wife."

Patrick smirked. "How could I be wrong? Didn't you tell the taxi driver that I was your husband, Darling? That makes you my wife," he murmured while keeping a straight face.

Gwendolyn gasped. Did he hear that? Wasn't he already asleep? Was he just pretending to be sleeping? It couldn't be. If Patrick had actually heard the conversation, he would not have let it slip.

She was confident that Patrick would not remember any of these when he sobered up the next day.

He carried her into the bedroom and tossed her onto the bed so forcefully that she bounced off it.

crawled to the edge of the bed as fast as she could, her mouth hanging open. She was in shock. She knew that the bed was
could escape. Again, she was flung to the middle of the
and brushed his lips against hers. He then brought her arms over her
her mind at that point. How did he get so wasted that he can't even recognize his home and
Gwendolyn and not Felicia. However, the attempt was unsuccessful, as she was unable to speak at
against hers so firmly and aggressively that
kisses were just like him, so dominating
tried her very best to
almost lost it, though, as he was wearing nothing
just human, after all. It was completely normal for women her age to be filled with desires anyway. She
blamed it on
she had to overcome the
to the temptations. She would
her. They were written all
this opportunity of him being drunk to sleep with her. Once that
snapped out of her daze, her lips had already been released, allowing her to breathe properly. Feeling a
little chilly, it took her a moment to
this naughty man. Not
she said while trying
knew. He was well aware that the woman was Gwendolyn and not Felicia. However, this was perfect as
she was exactly who he

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Gwendolyn pulled the blanket to cover herself as she looked at Patrick coldly.

“Patrick, take a good look. I'm Felicia.”

Wait a minute; he called me “Gwendolyn” just now.

She glared angrily at him. So he's actually clear-headed! He was lying to me. What a jerk!

Patrick took a glance at his lower body. Luckily, it's not hurt. Or else, she won't be able to feel the bliss for the rest of her life.

He arched an eyebrow slightly as he said, “Ms. Ashton, how did you care for me that we're on the bed now?”

Gwendolyn felt defeated. He's gone crazy with just a bit of alcohol and is even acting as if he lost his memory.

She decided not to argue about it.

With the blanket wrapped around her, she slid to the ground and picked up her clothes one by one to put them on.

Patrick pulled the corner of the blanket toward him, causing Gwendolyn to be anxious, and she immediately tugged onto it.

“Patrick, you're sober now. Stop messing around.”

coldly, “I'm

at her body. I've even touched it, but

he found her shy demeanor cute and was amused by it. Hence, he could not

like I'm his lover? We are so intimate that it's abnormal. Moreover, this has happened a few times. This must never

from Patrick's hand. She ran to the toilet with haste, locked the door,

she opened the door and walked out, Patrick pointed to the phone on

nightgown. It

said, “Justin called you and asked you to return

lit cigarette between his fingers, frowning as he smoked. He had

be going back that night and wanted

did not

both her sons first

picked up the phone

me? What is it? Is

every time Justin or Julian called her at night, it was usually because something had

that you only have half an hour left. You'll be punished if

after he finished speaking. Gwendolyn was stunned for

they understood that there was nothing going on between