

CEO Daddy 2

Chapter 2

Six years later, Gwendolyn sped to Avenport's Fourton Hospital in her secondhand Fiat. It was ten o'clock at night.

She hastily parked her car in front of the hospital entrance despite the security guard's warnings.

Gwendolyn lifted her daughter from the front passenger seat and dashed into the hospital.

The security guard failed to stop her from entering the hospital, and he barked, "Just wait till I clamp your car. Let's see what you'll do then!"

Bare-footed and still clad in her pajamas, Gwendolyn couldn't think straight. She could hardly hear a thing. Instead, she ran to the emergency department with her daughter in her arms. Her whole body shook with anxiety.

"Doctor, please, you have to save my daughter. Her temperature is so high that she's seizing up!" Gwendolyn pleaded tearfully.

A doctor hurriedly took the child from her arms and reassured her, "You can wait outside. We'll treat her right away."

Then, a nurse led Gwendolyn out of the emergency room and said, "You can make payment first. Here's the receipt. Your daughter will need to be warded for observation, possibly in the ICU."

Gwendolyn nodded several times and pleaded, "Okay. Please save my daughter."

not bring herself to imagine the worst possible outcome.

hospital entrance. A group of suit-clad men entered the hospital. The tallest of

black coat ironed to perfection,

features and a pair of piercing, black eyes, the man exuded a mysterious aura. He pursed his lips tightly, giving

instinctively moved back to clear a path for him as

losing her balance. With a slight frown, the man extended a long arm and wrapped it around her slender waist, stopping her from falling flat

gaze, and Gwendolyn shivered involuntarily at the

of winter, and I can hardly feel the chill. Why am I shivering under his gaze? What the heck

Gwendolyn to her feet and said coolly,

Patrick entered the elevator. She collected her

one who bumped into me. What a domineering

the elevator. He turned his gaze to her, only noticing that her bare

traveled upward to the old-fashioned pajamas she wore, her swollen, tear-streaked
closed, cutting

tenth floor of the hospital. His grandfather, Hector Lowen, had been in a coma for six years.