

CEO Daddy 431

Chapter 431

Furthermore, he no longer cared about his life at his insistence on meeting her.

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The two tall men followed Patrick out and saw him standing before the elevator, reaching out to press a button.

“Pat, I'll come with you,” Lucas said, worried about Patrick.

Moreover, if he were to tag along, he would get to accompany Lucy for the night.

Patrick did not answer him. He felt much better after taking the painkillers, but the headache was still wreaking havoc in his head.

Hence, he kept a cold look on his face as he remained silent.

The light shining on him was soft, but it somehow managed to accentuate his gloomy mood.

Frowning, Kevin said, “Pat, don't neglect yourself because of her.”

That was something only a good friend would say to another. When Patrick turned to look at Kevin, a hint of joy flickered across his eyes.

“She's not the one to blame for my current condition. Instead, you should be holding the one trying to hurt her accountable.”

Patrick was never one to go up against a woman because he, as a man, did not want to settle any scores with women. However, what Felicia did utterly infuriated him.

When the elevator arrived, Lucas informed, “Kev, we're leaving now. I'll be going to the airport to send you off tomorrow.”

The doors to the elevator slowly closed after the two men entered it and stood side by side.

They were both equally tall. Patrick wore a black suit, while Lucas wore a gray T-shirt and pants. Any stranger who looked at them would automatically assume that Patrick was the more apathetic individual while Lucas was the more easygoing one.

Furthermore, he no longer cared about his life at his insistence on meeting her.

When Lucy returned to the ward, Gwendolyn had just come out of the bathroom and was wiping her hands with a tissue.

she

hugged her with a

if that man came

was worried about Gwendolyn

Patrick made a
“I'd ask him to get
tissue into the trash can before grabbing her
a cab, and I'm sure it's reaching soon. I'll head off now. You don't need to worry about me, okay? Stay
with Melanie. By
she is. She seems like someone fragile, but
right? You still have a wound on your
nodded. Then, she walked over to Melanie's bed
straightened up, she turned to gaze at
days of your life are
“All right. Let's do
out
Gwendolyn saw Lucy, she
her
what would you do if that man came to pick
Gwendolyn going
Patrick made a
to get lost. I
into the trash can
don't need to worry about me, okay? Stay with Melanie. By the
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Chapter 432

Lucy wanted to help Gwendolyn out since she was Gwendolyn's friend.

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However, Lucas tightened his grip around Lucy and said, “Babe, let's go to Melanie. Let's not disturb them.”

Lucas hoped for Gwendolyn and Patrick to get along fine without any disturbance from Lucy and himself upon thinking about how Patrick had a bullet in his head because of Gwen and how that bullet might kill Patrick at any time.

Maybe Pat can live longer if he's always in a good mood. Not even Kev is sure that the surgery will save him. That means it's a tough surgery. Kev's a genius doctor, after all. He's a miracle worker, but even he is saying that things aren't looking good for Pat. Pat's genuinely in danger this time.

Nevertheless, Lucy struggled and huffed, "You don't know anything, Lucas. Gwen only fell from the stairs because she was upset—because she saw Patrick sleeping with another woman. How can you tell me not to help her out now?"

Lucas did not care about that; he only cared about getting Lucy away from the scene.

Thus, he lifted her into his arms and strode toward the hospital.

Lucy smacked him. "Lucas Gomez, what are you doing? Put me down!"

As she thrashed around, she kept her gaze fixed on Gwendolyn. Patrick had a hand on Gwendolyn's shoulder, and Lucy knew her friend would not be able to break out of Patrick's grasp.

Unfortunately, there was nothing Lucy could do about that. Fighting with men would be akin to throwing an egg to a rock, and fighting against Lucas would be akin to jumping straight into the fire—a foolish decision.

Lucy wanted to help Gwendolyn out since she was Gwendolyn's friend.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn was glaring at Patrick. "Let go of me."

"I won't," came Patrick's deep voice before he started pushing her into the car.

Gwendolyn screamed, "Patrick Lowen, let go of me right now!"

Patrick as he shoved her

the driver quickly drove

the door handle to get out,

raised her arm to

did she want to be so close to him. Did he only remember me after doing it

wave of bitterness crashed

could not ignore. Nevertheless,

you

window without giving

ran out of patience, the look in his eyes turning much

I'm talking

I'm already feeling unwell, and her lack
of Patrick. "Let go of
voice before he
let
Patrick as he shoved her in and sat beside
the
tried to pull the door handle to get out, but it was
her arm
in Patrick's corner nor did she want to be so close to him. Did he only remember me
crushed
still something he could not ignore. Nevertheless, he was quietly watching the woman who was
you hurt
window without giving him a
Patrick ran out of patience, the

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Patrick had fallen into a peaceful slumber as if he had been lulled into a trance by her calming and soothing scent.

Patrick had fallen into a peaceful slumber as if he had been lulled into a trance by her calming and soothing scent.

His head no longer ached, and he felt himself drifting away into a world of dreams.

When Gwendolyn turned to look at him, she saw that his eyes were closed, and his breaths were deep and steady.

She exhaled at the sight. Did he seriously fall asleep? How tired is he?

Realizing how swamped he was at work, she couldn't bear to wake him up despite her rising rage.

She didn't move and allowed Patrick to hug her until the car rolled to a stop before his house.

Upon arrival, the driver turned over his shoulder to ask, "Ms. Ashton, do you need my help to bring Mr. Lowen into the house?"

I dare not wake him, but I wonder if Ms. Ashton dares to do so.

Gwendolyn snapped out of her reverie and felt a flash of irritation. Hence, she pried his hands from her waist and hopped out of the car.

“You can bring him upstairs. I'm going home now.”

With that, she marched away without looking back. The driver glanced at Patrick sleeping soundly in the backseat with a grimace.

Patrick was in a deep slumber as the sedative effects of the painkillers he had taken earlier gradually took hold.

When Gwendolyn arrived home, Camille was wide awake and gulping down a glass of water. She rushed toward Gwendolyn, her eyes widening in shock when she saw the bandage around Gwendolyn's head.

“Gwen, did you get involved in a fight?” she demanded.

a peaceful slumber as if he had

gotten herself into a bit of trouble after she resorted to violence and had to pay a hefty amount of money as a form of compensation. Has she forgotten her lesson and

touch her head. “I didn't fight,” she said softly. “I just fell. It's nothing serious, so don't

to get your wound wet. Be careful when you go to bed. When you head out, you must wear a cap. Otherwise, your wound

mother, and so when she heard Camille lecturing her in a motherly

“Got it.”

by a sharp pain. After hearing about her injury, Juliette ran to

to poke her wound and woke

tried to stop her, but it was too late. They furrowed their

in agony. “Juliette, that

Juliette retracted her finger and flashed a

weren't faking it. Is there

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girl hopped to poke her wound
her, but it was too
face was twisted in agony. "Juliette, that
retracted her finger
fucking it. Is there really a hole in
her eyes wordlessly. She refuses to believe that
shut her eyes wordlessly. She refuses to believe that I got hurt for

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Gwendolyn quickly filled her suitcase, forgoing any makeup and instead opting for a tracksuit and a cap. She rushed downstairs, eager to be on her way.

Upon spotting her, Camille came over with a bottle of milk and a bun.

"Gwen, I know you have a flight to catch. Here, you can eat this on the way to the airport."

Knowing Camille made the bun herself, Gwendolyn took it from her.

"Camille, please take care of the children when I'm not around."

Camille chuckled. "Of course. Don't you worry."

Gwendolyn left home in a hurry. The ride she reserved was already waiting outside the neighborhood for her. Knowing it would be a long way from her house to the guardhouse, she took off at a full sprint, determined to make it there as quickly as possible.

After hopping into the car, she said hastily, "Please drive faster, sir."

The driver nodded. "Okay."

Gwendolyn settled into her seat and started munching on the bun as she was famished.

It was half past ten in the morning when Patrick woke up. As he reached up to knead his forehead, he noticed that the dull headache was gone. He felt revitalized after the much-needed restful sleep.

Turning around, he touched the other side of his bed and confirmed Gwendolyn didn't stay for the night.

His expression changed as he extended his arm toward his phone. It was already half past ten.

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a long time since Patrick had woken up so late in the morning, but it was a blessing in disguise since he was now free from any

time since Patrick had woken up so late in the morning,

felt really awful last

Gwendolyn but was greeted by the automated intercept message. “Sorry. The number you

a sense of disappointment wash over him as

last night and embracing her in his arms before he fell asleep. Unfortunately, his mind

stepped out when his phone rang. He grabbed his phone off the bed,

“Grandma.”

your grandpa has recovered completely. Why don't you come

“Grandma, I'm pretty busy lately.

his recovery. I hope you are able to come home today so that I

only grandson, so Alice could only share such happy moments

it. “Okay, then,” he

met Hector, who was practicing calligraphy on

beck. Let's head out for a

the opportunity to go out

better, their family was

her, Hector suggested, "Let's ask Fel to join

me long sigh. He's still thinking about

couldn't help but recall

they were his, Hector would be so delighted that he'd ask Pet to marry Gwen right

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After Patrick's car rolled to a stop at the courtyard of the Lowen residence, the butler pulled the door open and greeted, "Mr. Lowen!"

Patrick gave him a curt nod and asked, "How is Grandpa doing?"

Hector seemed to be in good spirits when Patrick saw him yesterday, but he had yet to undergo an examination to confirm his current condition.

The butler reported, "After Old Mr. Lowen came home last night, Old Mrs. Lowen instructed the doctor to examine him thoroughly. Fortunately, the report indicated that he was in excellent health. His mood has been upbeat ever since. He was even practicing calligraphy in his study this morning."

The Lowen family was obviously thrilled that Hector had recovered completely.

Patrick even spotted new ornaments adorning the porch.

He entered the living room to notice Felicia and Hector sitting together, cheerfully conversing with one another.

That very sight caused displeasure to fill Patrick's heart.

After all, he could never forget what she did.

Sensing his icy gaze, Felicia turned her head and rose to her feet.

"You're back, Patrick."

A smile played on her lips as she gazed at him adoringly.

Alice got up and came to him. "Pat, your grandpa wants to take a stroll around the park. He wants us to keep him company."

She knew that only old people like Hector liked strolling in parks, and young people would find it boring.

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liked strolling in parks, and young people
of the Lowen residence, the
consciousness and was now feeling better,
now feeling better, everyone had to do their
conceded resignedly, wishing nothing more than for him to be able to stay alive and healthy for a few
more
"Grandpa, let's
scowled and demanded, "What's the matter? Don't you want to come with me for this walk? Is it
humiliating for you to be seen with me
before turning
Felicia, as his affections
is part of our family and invited her to the walk. Isn't he
tends to treat everyone indifferently, but if he develops feelings for you, he
Patrick well as they both
the parking lot, Hector gave Felicia's
you should go in
Felicia complied and released her grip
Mr. Lowen," she
stole a glance

Is your

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Alice let out a sigh. Since Hector adores Felicia, I'm afraid he won't support Gwen and Pat.

She blinked twice before tugging on Hector's sleeve.

"Hector, Gwendolyn is a nice girl. She's prettier and kinder than Felicia. Besides, she has the added bonus of having three children who resemble Pat. Why don't you consider her?" She tried to persuade Hector to change his mind.

She then winked at him flirtatiously.

Hopefully, Hector will be receptive to my flirtatious advances and agree to consider her. Marriage is a life-long commitment, so it is important that Pat chooses a partner that he knows he can be happy with for the rest of his life.

Alice wanted Patrick to lead a happy life, so she would respect his choices no matter what they were.

Patrick lost his parents at a young age, and they were the ones who brought him up. He was a man of few words, so the people around him were often left in the dark when it came to his feelings and thoughts.

Alice believed that there was a generation gap between them.

Hector glanced at her and scoffed, "What's this about you winking at me? Is something wrong with your eyes? Do you need me to call the family doctor?"

Alice felt an overwhelming sensation of disappointment wash over her, and she could no longer bring herself to look at him anymore. What an old and dense man. Was I not clear enough?

"No need. My eyes are fine," she replied curtly.

Feeling worried, Hector tenderly ran his fingers along her cheek before gently brushing her eyelids with his fingertips.

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adores Felicia, I'm

feel unwell, let me know. Our eyesight is something that we should never take for granted. Remember that young man from the Surrington family? He lost his eyesight, and his life has been forever changed as a

me know. Our eyesight is something that we should never take for granted. Remember that young man from the Surrington family? He lost his

fine. I won't go

Alice felt a tear through her. Age would never stop

change in

like him, but they aren't his children. You should stop thinking about getting great-grandchildren the easy way,

through Alice as she glared

the brakes as ordered and

Old Mrs.

the hill at the park, right? We're already

the door and stepped out. She

confused. "What is wrong

it. Why did she suddenly fly into

should remain in the car, as we are right beside the road. It is quite dangerous here

returned, but he was back with

Even Felicia seemed glum too, but she couldn't

into the car, she greeted him with a smile, "Old Mr. Lowen, Old

Her smile conveyed obedience.

“She cen

she ebendon me? I heve mede e full recovery end cen welk with eese, so I thought we could finelly heve e chence to enjoy eech other's compeny. Yet, here I em, left elone. Oh,

Hector, pouring out every lest bit of her frustretion. She felt so much better

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Gwendolyn and Tiffany arrived in Willowbank, Frosa. Willowbank was a fashion capital as well as heaven for all fashionistas.

After checking into the hotel, Gwendolyn stood before the floor-to-ceiling window, staring at the ocean view outside. The weather then was already scorching, and the scenery was breathtaking.

Right then, her phone rang.

“Tiffany.”

It was a call from Tiffany. She was staying in the room next door.

“Gwen, take a rest for now. We'll go out to have our meal at six o'clock later. I'm bringing you to meet a friend of mine. Preen yourself and wear formal clothes.”

Gwendolyn could tell the dinner that night would be more of a formal occasion.

Okay, Tiffany.”

After hanging up the phone, Gwendolyn took a shower before taking a nap.

At six o'clock in the evening, Tiffany knocked on her door.

“Gwen.”

hair into a bun and wore a pair of amethyst earrings. Hanging

and touched it. This necklace looks good with any outfit. It's not too striking, nor is it

of the people in the olden times to create such a piece of exquisite

thought about Felicia. She couldn't help but let out a sigh. Is there still hope for Patrick and me to

have. At that moment, she

insisted on wanting her to marry Zayden. I'm caught between a rock and a hard place. This is such a difficult decision

her daze, the sound of someone knocking on the door reverberated beside her ears again. She quickly pulled herself together, picked up her handbag, and left

the doorway, Tiffany, wearing a black evening

to her was her assistant, Linette Ramos. Linette

but Tiffany is the most beautiful one

in vintage clothing. Gwendolyn had seen that outfit in Tiffany's walk-in closet previously. Tiffany had specially hung the gown in a display wardrobe. She told Gwendolyn the dress was created by a famous designer of the last

the suburbs. When the vehicle drove slowly through the gates, Gwendolyn noticed a flower field in the vicinity. Fresh flowers that bloomed during the season spread across

deep breath,

couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow! This is an old castle.

were many ancient castles in Willowbank. Linette and Gwendolyn even planned to visit the castles

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Gwendolyn clearly sensed the changes in emotions in the woman's eyes. The latter was first shocked. Subsequently, the astonishment evolved into elation, then into calmness.

Gwendolyn had a feeling the woman knew her.

However, even after racking her brain, she still couldn't think of anyone she was acquainted with that was from Willowbank. She had never visited that place either.

Tiffany pointed at the woman and said, "Gwen, this is my good friend, Sophia Sanders."

Gwendolyn nodded. "Hello, Mdm. Sanders."

That form of address was strange, but Gwendolyn thought it would be inappropriate to address Sophia as Ms. Sanders right away without knowing her marital status.

Sophia smiled. "I'm not married, so you can call me Ms. Sanders."

Gwendolyn was momentarily stunned. She was under the assumption Sophia married an affluent man. To her surprise, Sophia was actually an independent woman.

She's indeed a formidable person. Gwendolyn beamed with her dimples showing. "Ms. Sanders."

of her younger self. I was a sweet little girl

turned around

strode up the stairs

at Sophia's gorgeous and alluring figure from behind, Gwendolyn thought she would've likely mistaken Sophia for a girl in her twenties if it weren't because she was Tiffany's friend. She maintains her physique so well. How great would it be

was led into the

dining room also had a retro design, which suited and upheld

and antique paintings in black frames adorned the green wallpaper in
and massive dining table was covered with
tabletop added a simplistic
gold-rimmed plates. Gwendolyn had broken Patrick's plates before, so she knew how expensive the
crochery
price afterward and realized Patrick's crochery set was worth at least a few hundred thousand. The
amount he requested from her as compensation
dinner, but everyone mainly ate in silence. Only the clinking sound of utensils rang in the
Gwendolyn expressed their wish to explore the castle and left
stared intently in the direction of the
smiled. "Sophia, she's your daughter. She looks just like
to reunite the mother and

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Gwendolyn and Linette wandered through the castle, taking in the sights. They were amazed to discover that some of the paintings inside the rooms were world-renowned works of art.

As an art student, Linette was particularly excited and spent a significant amount of time studying the paintings.

In contrast, Gwendolyn seemed uninterested and only glanced at them briefly before moving on.

As a result, the ladies decided to part ways. When Gwendolyn arrived on the third floor, she bumped into Sophia.

She stopped and called out, "Ms. Sanders!"

Sophia was struck by how much Gwendolyn's pretty face resembled her own when she was younger. However, her face became sorrowful as she remembered her own scarred face.

"Do you like it here, Gwen?" she asked.

Nodding, Gwendolyn replied, "May I take some pictures? My daughter loves castles. I'm sure every little girl has a princess dream."

She was certain that her daughter would be overjoyed to learn that she had visited a castle.

Her mood lifted considerably as she pictured her daughter's delighted looks.

"Sure, feel free to take photos. You are welcome

stay in the castle

the chance, I'll definitely bring them to visit you," Gwendolyn responded with a smile. She then Sophia called out to her.

with a broad smile

room. I

followed her into the bedroom, which was spacious and luxuriously decorated. In the center of the room was a bright red wooden bed with thick bedposts covered in deep red

crimson curtains heavily layered and folded on either side of

was truly enjoyable

"Feel free to sit wherever you like. Make yourself

an odd sense of familiarity and felt quite close to Sophia for some

couch, waiting for Sophia, who went into the walk-in closet. Soon, the

age as my daughter. When I see you,

Gwendolyn was surprised by her words, the former's eyes

forced a smile and replied,

you are my daughter. I'm your

thoughts aloud as she did not want to disturb Gwendolyn's

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Gwendolyn was genuinely startled. It was their first meeting, yet the woman was giving her billions in assets. Anyone in their right mind would be suspicious of the strange situation.

Upon seeing her wary look, Sophia smiled and reassured, "Gwen, don't be afraid. I'd like you to help me fulfill my wish. You look like my daughter, and I don't lack this money. Please take it. You may not need it, but your three children do."

Hearing this, Gwendolyn was stunned. How did this woman know I have three children? Perhaps my mentor told her.

She pursed her lips and replied, "Ms. Sanders, although I love money very much and have always wanted to earn more to give my children a better life, I have never thought of accepting something like this. I really can't take it."

After speaking, Gwendolyn turned around and left. She really could not accept such a lavish gift.

However, Sophia quickly stopped her and took off her veil.

To Gwendolyn's shock, the lady in front of her resembled her in every way, especially her eyes and lips. It was as if they were carved from the same mold.

Regrettably, her exquisite beauty was marred by a big scar on her left cheek. Feeling sympathetic toward her, Gwendolyn remarked, "Ms. Sanders."

"My face is ruined, so I can only live in the darkness. Gwen, don't we look alike?"

"Next month, my lawyer will be heading to Avenport to finalize the transfer hope you can be happy! Don't follow in why her mentor brought her to meet Sophia. It turned out that they you know Isabella Myers?"

Myers, but she had no not help that the Ashton family did not calmly, "I don't know who she is. Am I supposed tightly in her hands and shook her head as she uttered, "She's my mother. I guess it's impossible for the both of you to be was now. Her father told her that her accept it. She believed that one day her mother would come back and that she it was possible, she would want to acknowledge her as her current identity did not allow her to reunite with Gwendolyn. She a company Sophia ran using someone else's identity. It was a this while, she had to live in the shadows and do things that me as your mother, Gwen. I have a daughter too. She's just no longer