

CEO Daddy 561

Chapter 561 Last Night

Gwendolyn had never told him such things before. Patrick could fully understand her now that he had heard that.

There was a faint glint in his eyes. “Yes, I know.”

Camille smiled at that.

“Mr. Lowen, please do try to understand her. She's quite stubborn, and if she says she likes you, then she won't change her mind. You must believe her.”

Patrick could finally understand why Gwendolyn treated Camille like family.

The older woman truly did deserve it.

It was already nine-thirty at night by the time Gwendolyn had gotten all three kids to sleep. When she went downstairs, she saw Camille watching television with Patrick.

The news channel on the television took Gwendolyn aback. Camille always loved watching police and detective TV shows. The news didn't seem like something she would enjoy.

“Patrick, you're still here.”

The two of them looked over in her direction from the couch.

Camille stood up hurriedly. “It's getting late. I'm going to go to bed now.”

She glanced at Gwendolyn when she passed by the younger woman, seemingly telling her to cheer the man up.

After all, Patrick was Gwendolyn's boyfriend, but she had to take care of Zayden every day. It was a situation that any man would find hard to accept.

Now that Camille had explained everything to Patrick, all Gwendolyn had to do was cheer him up.

Despite Camille's wide smile, Gwendolyn couldn't find it in herself to smile back.

Camille seemed to think that they were just having a lover's tiff when in reality, that night would be their last.

Her eyes became even darker when she thought of that.

Patrick turned off the television, walked toward her, and reached out to hold her hand.

“Let's go.”

His voice was deep and melodic, like a note on a cello.

Gwendolyn looked at his large hand holding her own slender one and admired the sight before following him next door.

They had just entered the house when he immediately pinned her against the door. His eyes were lit up with desire and his lips were quirked up in a smirk.

“Are you seducing me?”

Gwendolyn looked at his wicked smile. She knew how twisted the situation was, but his smile was beautiful all the same.

She smiled and nodded.

“Yeah, I am seducing you,” she said, biting her bottom lip softly and looking up at him flirtatiously.

Patrick had a feeling that Gwendolyn had many more sides to her. As of right now, she looked like a seductress. She was dressed in black as pure and deep as her gaze, but she was flirting in a way that caused his loins to stir.

He used his large hand to lift her chin up a little roughly.

“Do you know what the consequences are?”

“Of course.”

She wasn't reserved anymore. She was truly baring it all and the man thought it felt good.

He preferred her even more when she was being honest and upfront. The way she was seducing him was simply irresistible.

While chuckling, he kept a hand on her perfect chin as he used his other hand to hook onto the strap of her dress and slide it off her shoulder.

She was already attractive enough with her shoulders bared. Now that the straps were coming off, however, the fair skin of her bare chest was enough to drive him insane.

Gwendolyn continued to look at him with her lips pressed together slightly as she shivered.

She was prepared to meet his every request that night. Despite that, she was still scared.

After all, they had only spent one night together. They weren't that well-acquainted in that aspect, and she still felt shy.

The lust in Patrick's eyes continued to grow. He seemed to be undressing her with just his eyes.

She was really starting to feel afraid and couldn't stare back at him any longer. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him.

His lips were a little bit cold and the lack of warmth sent a shiver throughout her whole body. Once again, she felt like running away.

Nothing was going as she had imagined. She had wanted to take the initiative so that she could finally satisfy him. Now that they really were starting, however, she was beginning to feel helpless.

Patrick placed a large hand behind her head and finally took the initiative back, kissing her firmly.

Chapter 562 I Love You

Patrick chuckled slightly as Gwendolyn's eyes widened.

“I'll take care of it.”

He seemed to have seen through her attempts at taking the lead. He could probably tell how flustered she was.

Gwendolyn frowned slightly. She felt embarrassed, but since they wouldn't be spending any more nights together, she decided to let go.

He had seen her embarrass herself before anyway.

His kisses were fierce and demanding, almost as if he wanted to swallow her whole.

Gwendolyn had been holding his arms at first but slowly, she snaked her hands around his lean waist.

She heard a ripping noise and realized he had torn her dress off, but she closed her eyes and ignored it. She didn't care anymore. He could tear off anything he wanted.

Her body was completely exposed in front of him and she instinctively lifted her arms to cover herself up.

She had no idea that her gesture simply made her cleavage even more obvious.

Patrick's breathing began to get much heavier and rougher.

He lifted her so that she was straddling his waist. She could feel how solid he was underneath her and it scared her.

“If you don't want to fall, hold on tight.” Patrick's gaze was deep and his voice was low and sexy.

He kissed her as he carried her to the bedroom. They kissed passionately and their tongues were intertwined to the point where Gwendolyn felt that her mouth was numb.

She only realized that he had managed to take off all of his clothes on the way when he carefully lay her down on the bed.

He had a perfect body. He had model-like proportions with long legs, a broad chest, and wide shoulders but a lean waist. His chest was well-sculpted to perfection and nothing seemed to be out of place.

Patrick didn't seem to be in a rush. He slowly planted kisses on her forehead, eyelids, and earlobes.

His thin lips brushed across her own before making his way down to her neck and even lower.

His kisses were extremely careful and felt as light as butterfly wings. He was treating her as though she was his most treasured possession.

He made sure to cover every inch of her soft skin and continued to kiss her gently.

Gwendolyn began to moan softly. She felt embarrassed but she simply couldn't help herself.

She just couldn't control the sounds coming out of her mouth. His kisses made her feel as if she was about to melt.

When his lips finally began to inch even lower, she called out hurriedly, “Wait, Patrick. Don't.”

He looked up at her and said quietly, "Be good and stay still."

Whatever happened next made Gwendolyn feel as if she wasn't herself anymore. She clung to the bedsheets tightly and did her best to bite back her moans.

She finally let out a loud whimper and was no longer able to hold back. He looked up and chuckled.

"Remember how it feels like to be with me, Gwen. Don't you ever forget."

She bit her lip at his words. She was beginning to feel that she could never forget the way he made her feel.

She didn't want anyone except for him. Only he had the ability to make her virtually melt like that.

She was quivering slightly and her whole body was flushed from the exhilaration. He hovered over her with his hands on either side of her head and enjoyed the view.

"You're so beautiful, Gwen."

She finally opened her eyes and looked at him. She was still relishing the strange feeling she had experienced just now. It felt like being on cloud nine and being in the depths of the ocean all at the same time.

Her eyes shone as if she had just cried.

She wrapped her arms around his neck. "Tell me you love me, Patrick."

Her heart was already icy cold as she said that. All she wanted was for him to say he loved her.

He smiled and said, "I love you, Babe."

Gwendolyn hugged his neck tightly and smiled.

“Patrick, make me happy tonight. Make me the happiest I've ever been. I want you. All of you.”

Since it was their last night, not only did she want to make sure she didn't forget anything, but she also wanted to make sure he remembered it for the rest of his life. She wanted to make sure that he would remember her even when he was sleeping with other women.

She wanted to make sure he remembered her name and how happy she had made him.

Again, he said, “I love you.”

Chapter 563 The Origin Of The Ring

Kevin alighted from his sports car, hung the white suit in his hand onto his shoulder, and sauntered into the Chavez residence.

“Mr. Kevin,” the housekeeper greeted him respectfully when she saw him.

He flashed a faint smile and asked, “Where's my grandmother? Is she asleep?”

The housekeeper replied, “She's still in the living room watching television with Ms. Chavez.”

Linda was Alice's best friend, so both of them had almost the same hobbies. They loved watching television dramas and were even fangirls of celebrities.

In other words, they were two trendy old women.

Kevin ambled into the living room. The Chavez residence was humongous.

There was a white piano at the entrance of the main building. It was an antique passed down from his great-grandfather.

The piano was still playable as it received scheduled maintenance from a piano tuner.

The decorative style in the living room was traditional, which was what Linda liked.

Rosalie was sitting on the couch watching television with Linda while chatting with her.

They were swooning over the man on the television. “How handsome!”

Kevin glanced at the screen and brushed his hair back. “Is he more handsome than me?”

Linda looked over and waved at him. “Come over here, Kevin. You're free today?”

Kevin was usually busy because he had several hospitals, a pharmaceutical business, and a laboratory under his name.

He walked up to Linda, sat beside her, and put his arm around his shoulder. “It's ten already, Grandma. Aren't you going to have your beauty sleep?”

Linda smiled. “Beauty sleep doesn't matter to an old woman like me anymore.” The older I am, the harder it is for me to sleep. Even if I go to bed early, I still won't be able to rest.

Glancing upstairs, Kevin said, “Grandpa can't sleep without you! He'll definitely have dark circles under his eyes tomorrow and throw a tantrum at me and Hugo. Please placate him, Grandma. I don't want to get scolded.”

The elderly couple of the Chavez family was well known for their loving relationship. They had almost never fought since they were young.

Sebastian Chavez would do anything Linda asked him to. In fact, he was quite scared of her.

They had been sharing the same bed every night since their wedding. If Linda was absent, he wouldn't be able to sleep.

Since he didn't have the guts to complain to Linda, he would take his frustration out on his grandchildren instead.

When Kevin was a child, he was often scolded by his grandfather.

Linda stood up. "All right, all right. For your and your brother's sake, I'll go and soothe that old man."

After Linda left, only Rosalie and Kevin remained in the living room. They were rarely together, and their relationship wasn't great.

After all, Rosalie was born to Kevin's stepmother. At that time, he was in his rebellious phase and thought they had snatched his mother's position away.

Rosalie asked gently, "Have you been drinking, Kevin?" There's a thick stench of alcohol around him.

Kevin glanced at her before pointing at the ring on her neck. "That's not a bad ring. Where did you buy it? I'm preparing to buy one too for my girlfriend."

Rosalie lowered her head and looked at her ring.

She was a smart woman, so she immediately understood what was going on. Kevin rarely returns home, so I bet he's here tonight because he wants to learn the origin of the ring. I only bought it because I thought it looked pretty. I didn't expect Patrick and Kevin to react so strongly to this thing.

With a half smile, she replied, "Someone gifted it to me. I don't know where to buy it either." I need to investigate where this ring comes from as soon as possible. It must have something to do with Patrick.

Kevin nodded. "I see. I'll be heading to rest now. You should, too."

He then went upstairs. Rosalie held the ring and scrutinized it. I spotted this ring on a street in a foreign country a few months ago. Even at first glance, I knew the diamond on this thing wasn't fake. The style looks great, too, so I bought it. It appears my decision to buy this thing was correct. Based on Patrick's reaction today, this ring must've mattered a lot to him. Why would he ask Kevin to inquire about its origin otherwise? Perhaps it was something Patrick gifted his girlfriend? No, that's not right. He never had a girlfriend, so what is his relationship with this ring?

Chapter 564 Showing Off

Upon returning to his room, Kevin tossed his shirt on the bed and called Patrick.

In Patrick's bedroom, the bed was a mess.

Gwendolyn opened her eyes when she heard the phone ringing. "It's your phone."

At that moment, Patrick was so occupied that he couldn't be bothered to answer the phone. "Ignore it. Let's continue."

Gwendolyn stopped paying attention to the phone.

Patrick went for it again and again, and Gwendolyn cooperated with him.

While she was very proactive, by the end, she couldn't take it anymore. "I can't continue, Patrick. I'm exhausted."

Patrick gazed at her fair skin and the marks he had left on it. They further weakened his self-control.

He narrowed his eyes and said naughtily, "But I'm not satisfied yet. What should we do?"

Gwendolyn raised her hand. "Will this do?"

A mischievous grin settled on his countenance as he pushed his member toward her mouth. "Suck it."

Her mouth was half open as she stares at his thing. Can I?

Of course, Gwendolyn didn't reject his request. Since I intended to make this night unforgettable for him, I obviously need to do something special.

Under his guidance, she held his member with a trembling hand and opened her small mouth.

By the time their intimate session was over, it was almost dawn. Gwendolyn shut her eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

Patrick tidied himself and wiped her body with a warm towel.

At that moment, she had no energy left to feel embarrassed or resist his actions.

When he exited the bathroom, he saw that she was already sleeping soundly. He stood beside the bed and looked at her for a while.

Then, he glanced at the phone on the table. Who called me last night and disturbed us?

He grabbed his phone and dialed the last caller's number.

Having been woken up by the call, Kevin cursed, "Who the f*ck's calling me so late at night? I'm sleeping here!"

Patrick lit a cigarette, placed it between his lips, and took a puff. It feels great to have a smoke after sex. "Why did you call?"

Upon hearing Patrick's voice, Kevin snapped out of his anger. "I called you at around ten last night, Pat. It's half past four in the morning right now. Who in the world calls at this hour?"

"I was busy earlier, but I'm finished now."

Kevin's drowsiness instantly vanished when he heard Patrick showing off. "D*mn! Were you trying to kill yourself? Do you have a headache right now?" Is he still okay after f*cking for hours?

Patrick exhaled a ring of smoke and smiled. "Not at all. In fact, I'm feeling very pleased right now."

Kevin was petrified. I hate that he's bragging about his amazing life.

After coughing lightly a few times, he suggested, "It's getting late, Pat. You should rest. Your health is important. Don't sacrifice it for short-term pleasure. There's still a long life ahead of you. You should plan for the future."

Patrick was in such a great mood that he didn't feel sleepy. "As long as I have her, I won't allow myself to die. Don't worry."

Kevin cursed in his mind, Godd*mmmit! What kind of best friend is he? I can't believe he's shamelessly flaunting his love life on a call!

"So, why did you call me?" Patrick asked.

It was then Kevin recalled his mission. "I did as you requested and asked Rosalie where she got the ring. She said a man gifted it to her and that she also didn't know where to buy it."

Patrick fell silent upon hearing that. His eyebrows furrowed imperceptibly while his tone grew colder as he asked, "How old is your sister?" Is it possible that Rosalie was the person I slept with back then?

Chapter 565 She Is Avoiding Me

He turned to look at the woman lying on the bed. I always thought it was her. Was I wrong?

Gwendolyn slept on her side like a child, curling and hugging a bolster as though she lacked a sense of security.

Kevin replied, "She's twenty-four, the same age as Gwen."

"I see. I'll meet you at the hospital tomorrow," replied Patrick. Once I run a DNA test on the hair, the truth will be revealed. I genuinely hope Gwendolyn was the woman I slept with back then.

The next morning, Patrick overslept. As he was exhausted from his intimate activity last night and struggled to fall asleep, he spent the rest of the night staring at Gwendolyn. He planned to register his marriage with her the next day at the City Hall.

Without him noticing it, he gradually fell into a deep slumber.

By the time he woke up, it was already almost nine in the morning. When he opened his eyes, the edges of his lips curved upward.

He stretched his hand to his side but didn't touch anyone, so he abruptly sat up and stared at the empty spot beside him.

His handsome face contorted slightly, and his smile vanished.

He got out of bed and headed downstairs, thinking Gwendolyn was preparing breakfast.

When he heard sounds coming from the kitchen, he called out, "Gwen..."

Upon hearing his voice, Lilian walked out of the kitchen. "It's me, Mr. Lowen. Ms. Ashton isn't here."

Disappointment swirled in his eyes. "I see."

Quickly, he returned upstairs.

Lilian shook her head with a smile. It seems Mr. Lowen only shows his emotions to Ms. Ashton. I can tell he cares a lot about her.

Patrick returned to the bedroom and saw the ring sitting on the bedside table. He dashed toward it and grabbed it. Isn't this the ring I presented to her when I proposed? Did she forget to bring it with her?

He held it in his hand and dialed her number, but it wouldn't get through.

Immediately, Patrick knew what was going on and hung up furiously. "Do you think spending a night with me is enough, Gwendolyn? You belong to me in this life! Don't think you can escape me!"

At that moment, Gwendolyn was driving to Dragonhill Mansion with her luggage stored in the trunk. She decided to stay at the mountain for the time being.

As for the children, she had already asked Camille to care for them and would visit them once every week.

Suddenly, she felt her ears burning.

Someone's badmouthing me! Gwendolyn pouted. It's possible Patrick's the one cursing me. He should be awake by now. Honestly, it'd be more surprising if he didn't swear at me when he saw that I'd returned the ring to him.

Inhaling deeply, she comforted herself, "Don't think about him anymore, Gwendolyn. You aren't fated to be with him. Think about Zayden instead. He needs you right now. You'll only feel more at ease after

you help him get better."

Meanwhile, Patrick visited Gwendolyn's home and pressed the doorbell.

When Camille opened the door and saw him, she smiled teasingly. "Gwen didn't come back last night. She was at your place, right, Mr. Lowen?" I bet they had many passionate moments the night before. After all, they're an adult couple. Sex is inevitable and an expression of love.

Patrick was provoked by her smile and his face darkened.

Immediately, Camille stopped smiling. He looks so scary like this.

"Where's Gwendolyn?" asked Patrick icily, ready to enter the building.

Camille sighed. "Gwen has left for a month-long business trip."

Patrick sneered before returning to his car. She's avoiding me. Okay...

Chapter 566 Fake

Camille was a little dumbfounded as she watched him strode away. That smile on his face earlier... seems threatening. Did they quarrel last night?

Then, she pondered aloud, "I wonder if it's because they're not getting along harmoniously. Mr. Lowen is a busy man who often works himself to the bone. She should prepare a hearty, nutritious stew for him."

Kevin hadn't arrived at the hospital when Patrick reached there. He was very reluctant to get out of bed in the morning as his sleep had been disturbed last night.

As Patrick waited in his office, his secretary poured him a cup of coffee. Then, she left the office and called her superior. "Mr. Lowen has arrived, Mr. Chavez. You should come to the hospital soon."

Kevin was initially in a great mood as he sat at the dining table, ready to enjoy his breakfast. After he received the call and learned Patrick was at the hospital, his face fell. "Tell him I'm on leave today." I've had enough of his flaunting last night. I don't need any more of it today.

The secretary frowned. "Mr. Lowen said he'll be waiting here until you come, Mr. Chavez. He said it's something important."

At that moment, Kevin recalled that Patrick had wanted to run a DNA test. It seems that he wants me to do it myself.

"Okay. I'll be there soon." He then hung up the call, drank his milk, and stood up.

Upon leaving the dining room, he met Linda and Rosalie, who had just returned from a jog.

Linda asked, "Are you busy today, Kevin? How about you accompany me on a shopping trip?"

"Get Rosalie to go with you. I need to attend to something at the hospital, so I must leave now." Kevin smiled and left.

Rosalie blinked and said, "I need to head to the company, too, Grandma. I'm sorry I can't accompany you."

She bolted out of the building, ignoring the fact that she was still in her sports outfit.

"I'm feeling a little unwell today. I'll follow you to the hospital to grab some medicine." As she spoke, she dove into Kevin's car.

I just pressed the unlock button. She moves way too fast. Kevin furrowed his eyebrows.

As he couldn't chase her out of the vehicle, he just brought her to the hospital with him.

After getting out of the car, he asked, "Which department are you visiting? I'll inform them of your arrival." She's family, after all. I feel compelled to leverage my influence a little.

Rosalie held his arm and said, "I want to sit in your office for a while, Kevin. The doctor I had an appointment with hasn't arrived yet."

Kevin glanced at her suspiciously. That sounds a little fake. All the doctors should be working right now, and it's not time for the next shift yet.

In the end, he allowed her to follow him to his office because he couldn't reject her request.

Arriving at the office, he saw Patrick frowning on the couch in a black suit. Why does he seem unhappy? Didn't he have lots of sex with Gwen last night? He should be looking pleased and energetic, not this. How strange. Is it possible they fought this morning? They were so loving last night, though.

Well, Gwen has a very bad temper, and her mood shifts faster than lightning. She's probably the only person who can upset him like this.

Kevin was happy at that thought. It's delightful that I don't need to endure his bragging again.

Patrick turned to the siblings. Rosalie's hugging Kevin's arm? When did they get so close?

Rosalie released her brother's arm and sat beside Patrick. "You're so free today, Patrick." I knew he would be eager to ask what Kevin had learned from me about the ring.

Patrick was already in a foul mood. He grew more irritated when he saw her smile.

Instead of saying anything, he remained silent and aloof.

Rosalie was used to his distant attitude, so she didn't feel awkward.

While leaning toward him, she deliberately ensured he spotted the ring on her neck. He should have asked me directly instead of my brother. Our families are close friends anyway. Moreover, I'm familiar with his elders, and they like me. If Patrick becomes a part of the Chavez family, he'll only benefit us.

Chapter 567 DNA Test

Patrick didn't even spare her a glance.

Even though he saw the ring on her neck, he remained calm and collected. Once the result of the DNA test is out, the truth will be revealed. It won't matter how exactly she obtained that ring.

Seeing that he wasn't paying any attention to her, Rosalie continued, "Are you feeling sick, Patrick? My chest felt tight when I exercised with my grandmother earlier, so I came to visit a doctor."

As she spoke, she touched the ring on her neck. I'm showing you the ring. Why aren't you looking at it? You should be losing your composure like yesterday and spilling the truth.

When Kevin noticed Patrick was visibly annoyed with her, he piped up, "Didn't you say you have a doctor's appointment, Rosalie? Go now!"

Incensed, Rosalie glanced at Kevin and rose to her feet reluctantly. "Okay. I'll be back later."

After she left, Kevin asked, "You're trying to determine if you're the father of Gwen's children, right?"

He had already put on his doctor's coat. He adjusted his glasses before approaching his friend.
“Give it to me.”

Patrick retrieved a plastic bag from his pocket and handed Juliette's hair to Kevin. “How long will it take?”

Kevin grabbed the bag and laid it on his table. “I'll let you know at noon.”

Patrick furrowed his brows. “Can you personally run the test right now?”

Of course he doesn't trust anyone but me. Kevin glanced at the time. “I have a meeting in ten minutes. I'll do it when I return.”

I guess I'll have to wait. Patrick exited the office with Kevin and headed toward the elevator.

Rosalie, who had overheard the conversation in the neighboring room, glanced at Kevin's office. It'll be easy for me to steal the bag Kevin placed on the table. But I can't believe Patrick may be the father to Gwendolyn's children. If they're truly his kids, then there will be no hope for me.

She gritted her teeth. Who cares if the hair will prove that? I'll swap it out and ensure it won't be a match. No one can snatch Patrick away from me. He belongs to me since we were children!

Inside the elevator, Patrick glanced at the time. It's almost eleven. “How long will the test take?”

“About three hours,” Kevin answered after giving it some thought.

Patrick kept quiet. Once I obtain the report and it proves that the children are mine, I'll let Gwendolyn know it's pointless for her to hide from me. I will take back my children, but can she stay separated from them? I think not! In the end, she'll still have to return to my side.

Abruptly, Kevin asked, “Gwen can't be the woman you had sex with back then, right?” I recall Pat visiting me one day six years ago. He said he might or might not have dreamed of sleeping with a woman. At the time, I thought he was hallucinating, so I suggested he get himself a girlfriend. If he's doing this, it means it wasn't his hallucination.

Chapter 568 I Only Have This Car

Patrick arched his eyebrow. "It's possible." My intuition tells me Gwen's the woman from back then. I hope it's true.

"Okay. I'll perform the test right after my meeting concludes and contact you immediately once I have the result." Kevin was quite excited. If Pat has children, it means his wedding with Gwen is on the horizon! Old Mr. Lowen has been encouraging Pat to get married and have children. I bet the old man will be overjoyed to learn Pat has three kids, and he won't interfere with Pat's marriage anymore. I'm happy to be able to lend my buddy a hand. When the time comes, I'll ask Pat and Gwen to thank me properly.

Gwendolyn had arrived at the entrance of Dragonhill Mansion in her small Fiat. However, the security guards denied her entry.

She lowered her car window and stated the number of the mansion.

A few days ago, mentioning the building number would have been enough for her to be granted access.

However, the security guard insisted, "You can't enter."

Gwendolyn was confounded. "Why?" I frequented this place for the past few days. Why am I suddenly not allowed to come in?

"Because you can't," spat the security guard coldly. Then, he whispered to his coworker, "The people living in this residential area are affluent individuals, celebrities, and government officials. I doubt someone who drives a cr*ppy car like that is a friend or relative of a resident inside. She's definitely here to make sales pitches."

The residential area didn't allow salespeople to enter, so the security guards had to be strict while enforcing that rule.

Gwendolyn was furious. Instead of reasoning with the security guard, she dialed Zayden's number.

Soon, the call connected. "Ms. Ashton."

When she heard Suzanne's voice, she glanced at the guard and pursed her lips. "Suzanne, can you ask Zayden to tell the security guards the car with the number plate 886SB is his friend's? They're not letting me in."

Upon hearing that, Suzanne looked at Zayden. "Okay."

Once the call ended, Suzanne relayed Gwendolyn's words to Zayden.

At that moment, Zayden was checking the stock market on his computer at his desk. He did it every day and had been earning a lot of money recently.

He stood up and looked out the window. "Go pick her up and ask the security guards to apologize to her."

"Understood, Mr. Surrington." Suzanne nodded before leaving the study and heading downstairs. I think Mr. Surrington likes Ms. Ashton a lot! She may even become his wife in the future!

She sighed. Will they chase me away after Mr. Surrington and Ms. Ashton get married? This is my home, though. Where will I go if they chase me out of here?

Just as she sullenly arrived at the entrance, she rapidly used an illusion. It only lasted for around a minute, and no one saw her.

She glanced at Gwendolyn's tattered car. No wonder the security guards won't let her in.

Gwendolyn waved at Suzanne. "It's me."

When Suzanne saw Gwendolyn's pretty face, she smiled. What an attractive woman.

Initially, she bore hostility toward Gwendolyn. However, upon seeing her smile, she couldn't hold on to that animosity.

She approached Gwendolyn's car and said, "I'll handle this, Ms. Ashton."

Suzanne went into the security office. Seconds later, the security guards stepped out and apologized to Gwendolyn with a bow, "I'm sorry, Ms. Ashton! We were wrong. Please, enter."

The gates were finally opened, and Gwendolyn called Suzanne to get into the car.

Suzanne smiled at Gwendolyn and asked, "Why did you drive this car today, Ms. Ashton? The mountain road here is quite challenging to navigate."

Gwendolyn was focused on the road as she replied, "I only have this car." The car I drove here before was Patrick's. Now that we've broken up, I've returned everything that belongs to him. We don't owe each other anything anymore.

"I don't think this car looks safe. There are many other vehicles in Mr. Surrington's garage. I'll ask him to gift you one later."

Chapter 569 Help Me Zip My Pants

Gwendolyn didn't respond. It seems that everyone loves to judge a book by its cover. Then again, I am poor, so the car I drive is of low quality. I didn't think much about it in the past. As long as it can help me send my children to the hospital during the night and pick them up on a rainy day, it's good enough for me. It doesn't matter to me whether it looks nice or not. However, the reality is cruel. I'll be denied entrance if my car doesn't look nice enough. Even Zayden's housekeepers look at me with disdain! This world really runs on money.

When she arrived at the mansion, she opened the trunk, retrieved her luggage, and pulled it into the building.

Suzanne hastily grabbed the luggage from Gwendolyn. "Let me do it, Ms. Ashton." While dragging the luggage, she asked, "Are you planning to move in here starting today, Ms. Ashton?" If she is, Mr. Surrington will have to pretend to be blind again, which is inconvenient for him.

"Yes. I'll be easing your burden since we'll be caring for him together from now on," Gwendolyn answered.

When the women reached the second floor, Gwendolyn pointed at the room next to Zayden's. "Please carry my luggage into that room, Suzanne. I'll be staying there from now on."

Suzanne lived in the housekeeper's room on the first floor. Zayden was the only person staying on the second floor, which was why she felt a little uncomfortable that Gwendolyn would be living next to him. What can I say, though? She's about to become the lady of the house.

She carried the luggage to the guest room with a single finger.

Gwendolyn widened her eyes slightly with awe. She's strong.

When she arrived at Zayden's room, she saw him sitting on the couch, his elbows pressing on his knee. He was listening to the news like a kid.

Slowly, she approached and sat beside him. "I'm staying here starting today. I'll be taking care of you from now on."

When she spoke, her expression was calm. However, her hands were gripping the hem of her dress, exposing her true feelings.

His lips curved upward slightly when he caught the sight of her struggling.

"Really?" He sounded excited.

Gwendolyn nodded. "Really."

She stood up and walked into the walk-in closet because Zayden was still wearing his pajamas.

She picked a white shirt and a pair of dark blue jeans for him. "I'll help you change your clothes, Zayden. Then, we'll visit Grandpa."

Michael had fallen sick last night and was in the hospital at that moment.

Gwendolyn thought visiting him with Zayden would cheer the old man up.

Zayden's expression shifted slightly when he heard that. I knew it. It's because of her grandfather that she moved here. It doesn't matter, though. I'm the winner and Patrick's the loser as long as I can keep her around me. "Okay!"

Gwendolyn was a little flustered because she had to remove his clothes before she could help him put on new ones.

Her fingers trembled as she took his shirt off and glanced at his naked, impressive body. He's muscular, but he's a bit weaker compared to Patrick. His muscles are less obvious, he's skinnier, and his skin is fairer. Patrick's more like the type who seems somewhat feeble when wearing clothes but looks like a hunk without clothes. Meanwhile, Zayden resembles those thin male characters from comic books. That's especially the case now because he doesn't have much appetite due to his psychological trauma.

Gwendolyn bit her lip and tried changing his clothes without looking at him.

Zayden was observing her the whole way through. I can see the anxiety and fear on her face.

"Help me zip my pants," he said while smiling.

Even an actual blind man could do that by himself, but he requested it anyway.

Gwendolyn glanced at his crotch. I intentionally avoided looking at it earlier, but now it's as if he's reminding me to stare!

Chapter 570 Keep Your Distance From Me

Gwendolyn's expression shifted drastically. I don't want to look, but I'll encounter many scenarios like this in the future. Do I need to help him take a bath, too? Dammit! Now that I think about it, I'm regretting my decision a little. I can't do this! I can't!

"The zipper, Gwen." Zayden took in reluctance on her face. She's so beautiful like this. I can't help but tease her and want to close the gap between us further. Right now, we're a couple. We definitely should do something more intimate.

Gwendolyn pretended to be busy while buttoning his shirt.

“Okay,” she said softly.

In actuality, she really didn't want to touch his crotch. At that moment, Suzanne dashed into the room and zipped Zayden's pants.

She smiled as she got up. “I think tasks like these should be left to me, a lowly housekeeper. How can Ms. Ashton be asked to bend down and do such a thing?”

Zayden thought she was an idiot. She shouldn't have done that.

However, Gwendolyn was grateful for Suzanne's help. “Thank you, Suzanne. I bought you some snacks. I'll give them to you later.”

Suzanne was overjoyed to hear that. The sound of her laughter traveled far. “For me? Thank you, Ms. Ashton!” I haven't descended the mountain even once lately, so I'm almost out of snacks. I've only been licking my lollipop once a day because if I finish it, there'll be nothing left for me. Initially, I disliked the idea that Gwendolyn's staying here. I thought she would disturb Mr. Surrington's and my life here.

Additionally, Mr. Surrington had to keep pretending to be blind, which was troublesome for him. Now, I think it's a great thing! She even remembers that I like snacks! Frankly, I can't wait to get my hands on them!

Zayden snapped, “You're following us to the Ashton residence. As punishment, you aren't allowed to eat anything today.” That is the consequence of being a busybody! I'm going to starve her!

Suzanne almost collapsed. “I was wrong, Mr. Surrington! Please don't punish me like this. How about you discipline me by having me stand instead? Or eat a hundred bagels?”

Is eating the only thing she knows how to do? “Wait downstairs. You aren't allowed to disturb me when I'm doing something,” commanded Zayden furiously.

Terrified, Suzanne nodded obediently and left the room.

After Gwendolyn helped him change into the new clothes, she stood a few steps away from him and commented, “You look good in a white shirt.”

Zayden's mood lifted the moment he received that compliment.

He raised his hand. “Hold me.”

Gwendolyn quickly held his hand and guided him out of the room. “After we visit Grandpa, we'll check your eyes and grab some medicine, okay?”

Even though she was asking for his permission, she had actually arranged everything.

In fact, she would be watching him have his medicine on time every day.

Wordlessly, Zayden trudged forward.

Gwendolyn took his silence as agreement and carefully led him into the elevator. Suzanne was standing at the elevator door.

When it opened, she stepped forward and said, “You should drive, Ms. Ashton. I'll support Mr. Surrington.” I don't know how to drive anyway, so I can only let Ms. Ashton do it.

Gwendolyn nodded. She grabbed the keys from Suzanne's palm, returned to the elevator, and went to the garage.

Suzanne was about to hold Zayden's arm when he walked forward. “Mr. Surrington.” I can see he's unhappy, but why? Ms. Ashton's here, isn't she?

Abruptly, Zayden stopped in his tracks, causing her to crash into his back. “Ouch!”

Zayden turned around. “Do you still want to stay here, Suzanne?”

Suzanne nodded. “I do!” This is my home. Where else can I go?

“Then please keep your distance from me in the future and let Gwendolyn take care of my matters. Otherwise, I’ll kick you out immediately.”