

CEO Daddy 591

Chapter 591 Helping Gwendolyn

Gwendolyn was exhausted from crying. When she woke up, it was already past nine at night.

The room enveloped her in darkness. Devoid of the usual noise from the children, everything lay in serene stillness.

She hadn't experienced such solitude in ages.

Gwendolyn opened her eyes and gazed at the window, thinking about how beautiful the moon probably was. The white curtains allowed some moonlight to enter, making the room seem even colder.

She could hear the rustling of leaves as the breeze blew past them.

Drawing a deep breath, she felt much calmer now, probably because she cried so much earlier.

Gwendolyn switched on the bedside lamp and reached for her phone. She still had a lot of work to do, so there was no time to wallow in her sorrow.

She searched up Zachary's number, one she had never expected to dial.

However, since the Surrington family would come to propose marriage the next day, she had no choice but to reach out to Zachary for the sake of her grandfather.

It took some time before the call was answered.

“What?” His voice was tinged with an impatient and chilly undertone.

“It's me, Gwendolyn. The Surrington family will be arriving tomorrow to propose marriage. Please inform the rest of the family to avoid mentioning the fact that I have three children.”

Upon hearing her request, Zachary chuckled.

“How can you expect to keep such a secret? Moreover, aren't the children Zayden's? Are you going to conceal it from his family?”

Gwendolyn had already thought of how to respond to him. “Zayden hasn't told the truth to his family, so for now, we will keep the existence of the three children discreet. Anyway, we married because of Grandpa's wishes.”

She had been feeling troubled over this matter recently. Although Michael's health had deteriorated, he was still in his right mind.

Everyone in the Ashton family had returned and was staying at the residence. They were all waiting for him to die so they could split the family assets.

Gwendolyn was worried about Michael's health. Since he cared the most about her, he could pass away at ease after witnessing her marriage.

“Very well, I understand,” he stated before promptly ending the call.

Gwendolyn exhaled, relieved by the outcome. The man on the other end of the call was her father, but she had never experienced any fatherly love from him.

Even when she was about to get married, he exhibited no trace of reluctance. Perhaps he had been looking forward to marrying her off since a long time ago.

After concluding the call, Zachary confided in Candace, who was putting on a face mask in front of the mirror.

Candace abruptly rose from her seat, narrowly stopping the face mask from slipping off her face. She gently patted it with her hand.

“What is Gwendolyn up to? Aren't the children supposed to be Zayden's? Now that she wants to conceal it, doesn't that mean that the kids aren't his?”

In truth, she had long been aware that the children were not Zayden's but Patrick's.

However, she would never speak of this matter or admit it.

Zachary let out a sigh. "Inform everyone not to mention anything about the children tomorrow. Dad has been holding on just to witness her marriage. Once she's married and settled, he will find solace and can let everything go without any worries."

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The entire family was eagerly waiting to split the family assets. However, they could not proceed with it until Michael died.

Based on this fact alone, they would unquestionably help keep Gwendolyn's secret.

On the other hand, Candace was seething with anger. She was determined not to let Gwendolyn have it easy.

However, since those three children were like ticking time bombs, she made up her mind to help Gwendolyn this time.

Once Gwendolyn became part of the Surrington family through marriage, Patrick would not long for her any longer.

“I will personally handle the matter and inform the rest.”

After uttering those words, Candace gracefully settled back in front of the dressing table and continued with her skincare routine.

Zachary leaned against the couch. “What do you think Dad will leave behind for Gwen?”

Everyone in the Ashton family was wary of Gwendolyn. After all, she was Michael's favorite.

Had it not been for the plot orchestrated by Candace and her daughter, Gwendolyn might already have become the heiress of the Ashton family and inherited Ashton Corporation.

Now that Michael's time was drawing near, he might be leaving her the biggest share. In that case, even Zachary, the CEO, would be under her authority.

Candace's hands momentarily paused. "Has the will been drafted? Can we secretly peek at it? If we don't like it, we can make amendments."

Chapter 592 Set Them Up

Zachary stared at her like she was a fool. "Do you think it's that easy? The will is locked in a safety deposit box at the bank. We can only open it if we have all three keys from Dad, the lawyer, and the bank."

Candace widened her eyes. "It's that troublesome?"

She was genuinely oblivious. Since she came from a mediocre family, she had no idea about these things.

"But Dad dotes on Gwen so much. Would he entrust the entire company to her?"

Her greatest fear was that she and Felicia would be left with nothing. If everything was bequeathed to Gwendolyn, their future would be uncertain. They would lose all semblance of dignity within the Ashton family.

Although a prominent family like the Ashton family seemed so glorious on the surface, it was extremely conservative.

Those seemingly harmonious relatives all wished for one another's misfortune and yearned to assert dominance over the others.

They battled like the scheming royals of past ages, and after years of such struggle, she was utterly exhausted.

Zachary let out a wistful sigh. "How would I know? But Dad won't do that. With so many family members, each one will receive their rightful share."

He knew that very well. It was impossible to give all of the family's assets to a single person.

However, Michael would definitely give Gwendolyn a greater portion out of his personal bias so that she could have a stronger foothold in the Ashton family.

Upon concluding the call, Gwendolyn went to the bathroom. After showering, she placed a warm towel over her eyes. She had cried so much earlier that her eyes were swollen.

Once they became less puffy, she headed downstairs.

After wallowing in her sorrow, the best way to seek solace was to eat a hearty meal. Perhaps everything would be better afterward.

This was her usual way of consoling herself. However, relationship troubles were uncharted territory for her. She did not know if it would truly make a difference.

As she emerged from her bedroom, Gwendolyn transformed once again into a resilient and determined woman, ready to face the world.

In the living room downstairs, Camille was engrossed in watching television. She saw Gwendolyn coming down and quickly got up.

“You're awake. Let me warm the dishes up for you.”

Gwendolyn asked, “What about the rest? Have they gone to sleep?”

Camille smiled. “Ms. Drache played with them until they grew tired. They've gone upstairs to sleep. Juliette insisted that she sleep with Ms. Drache.”

Gwendolyn nodded. Kids could always get along with one another.

It was all thanks to Ms. Drache that she could sleep for a few hours so peacefully.

Sitting on the sofa, Gwendolyn absentmindedly watched the television. However, she was not paying attention to what was being broadcasted.

As Camille emerged from the kitchen, she noticed Gwendolyn daydreaming. It was then that she remembered Gwendolyn saying that she had broken up with Patrick.

She sighed. They clearly like each other, so why are they always arguing? They're indeed so young. It'll be too late if they come to regret this at my age.

Onca thay bacama lass puffy, sha haadad downstairs.

Aftar wallowing in har sorrow, tha bast way to saak solaca was to aat a haarty maal. Parhaps avarything would ba battar aftarward.

This was har usual way of consoling harsalf. Howavar, ralationship troublas wara unchartad tarritory for har. Sha did not know if it would truly maka a diffaranca.

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“You'ra awaka. Lat ma warm tha dishas up for you.”

Gwandolyn askad, “What about tha rast? Hava thay gona to slaap?”

Camilla smilad. “Ms. Dracha playad with tham until thay graw tirad. Thay'va gona upstairs to slaap. Juliatta insistad that sha slaap with Ms. Dracha.”

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With these thoughts in mind, she took out her phone and discreetly made a call to Patrick.

He was still in a meeting, busy wrapping up the tasks for the next few days before going overseas tomorrow.

It was John who answered the call since he had Patrick's phone.

"Hello."

"Are you at home, Mr. Lowen?"

When John heard the voice of an elderly woman and noticed the name displayed as Camille, he remembered that she was Gwendolyn's housekeeper.

"Hello, Ms. Ziegler. I'm John, Mr. Lowen's assistant."

Camille was taken aback for a moment before quickly glancing at the phone. Yes, this is Mr. Lowen's number.

"I'm looking for Mr. Lowen."

John replied, "Mr. Lowen is currently in a meeting and can't take calls now. Is there something I can help you with? I can pass on your message or have him call you back later."

Camille furrowed her brows. He's still in a meeting at this hour? Successful men like him are indeed so busy building their careers that they have no time to care about their families.

“That's so hard on Mr. Lowen. Has he eaten?”

“He has.”

“Oh, he's had his meal. Since I have nothing important, I'll hang up then.”

With that, she promptly ended the call. She had intended to help patch things up for the two of them, but she did not expect Patrick to be so busy.

Chapter 593 Something Unusual

When the meeting concluded, it was already past eleven at night.

Everyone in the conference room was exhausted. They got up one by one and left.

Patrick remained seated at the head of the table as he raised his fingers and massaged his temples.

Truth be told, he wasn't immune to fatigue; he just hadn't felt it before. However, the feeling was more evident now.

John walked in and placed Patrick's phone in front of him.

“Mr. Lowen, there are a few calls you need to return. I've taken care of the rest.”

Patrick nodded slightly. “Okay, you can get off work now.”

John paused for a moment. “We'll send you home first before getting off work, Mr. Lowen.”

This was the usual routine. The assistant and bodyguards were only supposed to leave after sending him home safely.

“It's fine. It's getting late now, so I'll drive myself home tonight.”

Patrick stood up and grabbed his phone. Suddenly, John remembered something.

“The housekeeper from Ms. Ashton's house called.”

Upon hearing this, Patrick halted in his tracks.

“What did she say?”

His eyes seemed to light up instantly. Indeed, as the rumors said, Patrick only loved Gwendolyn. John was now witnessing it firsthand.

“She asked if you had eaten, so I said you did. She then replied that there was nothing else and hung up.”

The hopeful look in Patrick's eyes dimmed before he walked away.

John shook his head, unable to read Patrick's mind.

However, since Patrick had already given his instructions, they did not dare to follow him.

At four in the morning the next day, John and the other bodyguards were waiting at the entrance.

As they did not dare to call Patrick and hurry him, the driver asked, “Mr. White, what time is Mr. Lowen's flight? Should we urge him to hurry up?”

John had just closed his eyes, wanting to rest for a while.

When he heard that, his eyes fluttered open. “If you dare to urge him, go ahead.”

The driver fell silent. It appeared he had no choice but to drive a little faster later. He couldn't afford to risk delaying Patrick's flight. Otherwise, given Patrick's recent mood, the driver might end up fired.

Being Patrick's driver came with numerous perks. Not only did he get a handsome salary, but influential individuals would also seek him out if they wanted to get closer to Patrick.

Such connections could grant him abundant benefits, elevating his social status.

Hence, he remained steadfastly loyal and was always ready to shoulder any responsibilities, all in the hope of continuing his employment with Patrick.

Just then, John's phone rang. When he saw that Patrick was calling him, he quickly answered the call.

“Mr. Lowen.”

“Are you here already?”

“Yes. We're at the entrance.”

The gates of the mansion swung open as the call ended.

The driver drove the car into the courtyard. John then stepped out and entered the house, dutifully retrieving Patrick's luggage.

By the time they reached the airport, it was already past six in the morning.

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"Mr. Lowan."

"Ara you hara alraady?"

"Yas. Wa'ra at tha antranca."

Tha gatas of tha mansion swung opan as tha call andad.

Tha drivar drova tha car into tha courtyard. John than stappad out and antarad tha housa, dutifully ratriaving Patrick's luggaga.

By tha tima thay raachad tha airport, it was alraady past six in tha morning.

When they entered the VIP lounge, Kevin approached them.

"You're finally here, Pat. Let's go."

Patrick lifted his left hand and glanced at his wristwatch. "Isn't the flight scheduled for eight in the morning?"

It was only half past six. However, Kevin could not wait any longer.

"We'll be leaving on my private jet. It's the perfect time to depart now."

Patrick furrowed his brows slightly. "Why the rush?"

When Patrick fixed his brooding gaze on him, Kevin felt a pang of guilt.

He hooked his arm around Patrick's and urged him forward. "I'm in a hurry! My friend told me his female friend is a stunning beauty. I want to see it for myself."

He grinned, concealing his inner uneasiness.

Patrick's lips curved into a cool smirk while a knowing expression spread across his face.

As they walked, Kevin suggested, "Let's turn off our phones! It's a rare opportunity to enjoy some peace and quiet."

While saying that, he attempted to grab Patrick's phone, but Patrick quickly pulled it away.

Casting him a cold glance, Patrick remarked, "Kevin, you're acting strangely today."

He's already suspecting something. Kevin's heart skipped a beat. Perhaps I'm too anxious. The reason he was in such a hurry was that he feared news of Gwendolyn and Zayden's wedding would reach Patrick.

He wanted Patrick to cut off all contact with the outside world. However, he had forgotten that Patrick was an incredibly astute person who was hard to deceive.

Patrick fixed his intense gaze on Kevin. "Is something troubling you?"

Kevin was utterly flustered. He noticed something! What should I do?

If he revealed the truth, Patrick would likely cancel his trip to Corleon. At the same time, Kevin would probably be unable to save his own skin too.

Suddenly, he calmed down.

"Fine, I'll come clean. I went to a nightclub and fooled around with a woman. Unfortunately, Estelle found out, and now she's out to get me. That's when I made the decision to hide in Corleon with you. It's a good opportunity to find out more about your illness too."

That's a good enough reason, right? Since I'm known for being a playboy, he'll probably believe this.

Only then did Patrick finally avert his gaze and continue walking.

He believed me! He actually did! Thank God he believed me. As expected, I needed to sacrifice my reputation first before I could convince him.

Kevin lightly held his forehead to calm himself down.

Once the plane takes off and we leave this place behind, everything will be fine.

Gwendolyn woke up a little after seven in the morning. As she pushed open the door to her room, she

saw Suzanne peacefully sleeping at her doorstep.

A subtle furrow formed between Gwendolyn's brows. Did Suzanne sleepwalk?

Bending down, she gently called out, "Suzanne, wake up."

At the sound of her voice, Suzanne abruptly opened an eye. She lazily wiped a trace of drool from the corner of her mouth before breaking into a sheepish smile.

“You're awake, Gwen.”

Gwendolyn smiled affectionately and ruffled Suzanne's hair.

“Why did you fall asleep here?”

Suzanne, still groggy from waking up, revealed the truth.

“Mr. Surrington instructed me to keep watch over you and make sure that you didn't meet any other men. That's why I stood guard outside your door.”

Immediately realizing her slip of the tongue, Suzanne covered her mouth in haste, her wide eyes darting around. Why did I reveal the truth to her?

Promptly rising from the floor, she scolded herself for succumbing to the temptation of sleep.

When she saw Suzanne giving herself a light slap, Gwendolyn couldn't help but release a sigh. So,

Suzanne came here for a purpose. Zayden even assigned her a task. She's so honest too, even staying here for an entire night.

Gwendolyn smiled. “I'm heading to the Ashton residence. If you're tired, feel free to rest in the guest room.”

With that, she began walking toward the staircase. Suzanne hastened to catch up with her.

“Gwendolyn, I'm your subordinate now. I'll go wherever you go.”

Suzanne had developed a deep reliance on Gwendolyn, having found solace and security in the latter's presence.

Gwendolyn had no objections either. As long as Suzanne wasn't tired, she could tag along.

When the two went down the stairs, the Ashton family's driver was already waiting for them in the living room. He directed his gaze toward Gwendolyn.

“Ms. Gwendolyn, Old Mr. Ashton asked me to fetch you.”

Gwendolyn nodded. “Let's go.”

Camille walked out of the kitchen. “Gwen, aren't you going to have breakfast?”

She had already prepared breakfast. It made no difference even if they left after eating first.

Gwendolyn smiled. “I have to eat there today. Please take care of the kids, Ms. Ziegler.”

Other than Juliette, the other two kids were actually Camille's little assistants, so it was like three adults taking care of a kid. It wasn't all that tiring, to be honest.

Camille nodded. “Don't worry! I'll take care of them.”

Suzanne flashed Camille a bright grin. “Bye, Ms. Ziegler!”

Suzanne adored this place. They didn't treat her as a mere employee but rather as one of their own.

Yesterday, she had a delightful time playing with Juliette. Although Justin and Julian seemed cold at first glance, those two boys were truly kind-hearted. She genuinely liked those three kids!

Suzanne felt a sense of belonging, as if she had found a home.

Camille waved her hand at Suzanne, bidding her farewell. “Bye, Ms. Drache! Visit us often when you have the chance.”

“Of course, Ms. Ziegler!”

The driver opened the car door for them. Gwendolyn gracefully stepped into the car while Suzanne opened her own door on the opposite side.

The car slowly moved out of the mansion. As they passed by Patrick's house, Gwendolyn subconsciously glanced inside.

Chapter 595 That One Teardrop

Gwendolyn secretly hoped that Patrick would be standing on the balcony, allowing her to steal a fleeting glance at him from a distance. He should be awake by now. Has he had his breakfast?

Yet, even after the car sped out of the neighborhood, she failed to see any sign of Patrick.

Gwendolyn leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes, choosing to shut out any further thoughts.

At first, she had thought there was nothing a hearty meal, or even two meals, could not solve.

Yet, despite stuffing herself last night, she still felt miserable and unable to forget or move on.

Her mind was filled with his image, and she just could not let him go.

Her heart continued to ache intensely, each breath causing her pain.

As the intensity of her pain grew, a tear escaped from the corner of her eye and slowly trailed down her cheek.

Suzanne reached out and caught the glistening teardrop, her wide eyes blinking as she admired its beauty. However, as she brought it closer, she detected a sour scent emanating from the tear. It made her feel uncomfortable.

It was as if the world had suddenly become dull and devoid of its radiance.

She sniffled before looking at Gwendolyn beside her. “Gwen, are you upset?”

Suzanne tucked away the precious tear before resting her head on Gwendolyn's shoulder. “Gwen, if you're upset, you can tell me. I can help.”

Although Suzanne was unfamiliar with this world, and everything seemed foreign and intimidating to her, she took solace in the fact that she possessed magical powers.

She also possessed great strength and was capable of overpowering anyone in a physical confrontation.

Gwendolyn gradually opened her eyes before putting on her mask and armor. “I'm not upset. I'm just a little tired. I'll take a nap.”

Upon hearing that, Suzanne chuckled. “Oh. I'm tired too. Let's take a nap together then!”

She cuddled up to Gwendolyn, and both of them closed their eyes. Gwendolyn could not fall asleep, but Suzanne had already dozed off. She had a remarkable ability to fall asleep quickly.

Gwendolyn tilted her head to look at the girl. She must not have slept well last night.

Suddenly, she was envious of Suzanne's simple and carefree nature. Her life is centered around the joy of eating. Every day, it's just about indulging in delicious food. Such a simple and blissful existence!

Upon arriving at the Ashton residence, Gwendolyn was met with a bustling scene.

The driver opened the door for her. “Ms. Gwendolyn, we've arrived.”

Suzanne was still sound asleep, her head resting on Gwendolyn's shoulder.

Gwendolyn gently stroked Suzanne's head. “Suzanne, we've arrived.”

Suzanne was a little upset at being shaken awake and still had a strong desire to sleep. She let out a sigh. "I'm so sleepy!"

"I'll take you to my room. You can sleep in there," Gwendolyn offered. She had already come to see Suzanne as her own sister rather than just a servant.

Since they had arrived at the Ashton residence, Gwendolyn understood that Suzanne would need some time to adjust to the new environment. Therefore, she thought it would be best to let Suzanne rest and get some sleep. After having enough sleep, she can then indulge in a delightful meal. To her, that's what true happiness is all about, isn't it?

Suzanne was truly exhausted, having hardly slept a wink the entire night. "All right!"

As they got out of the car, Suzanne held Gwendolyn's hand and yawned.

Upon entering the main building, Gwendolyn and Suzanne found the living room bustling with members of the Ashton family. Some were engaged in lively conversations, while others were immersed in card games.

The sound of laughter filled the air as several children ran around, adding to the lively atmosphere of the room.

Upon seeing them, Candace got up and walked toward them. "Welcome back, Gwen. Why are you wearing black on your big day today? You should be wearing a bright-color dress instead."

Francine and Christina walked over and chimed in, "That's right. You shouldn't have worn black today!"

Candace grinned. "I have a white gown. It's an antique piece my granny left me. I'll go upstairs and get it for you to try on."

With that, she headed upstairs to fetch the gown for Gwendolyn, her hips swaying.

"No need. It's not the actual wedding ceremony. There's no need to dress so festively," Gwendolyn softly remarked. She wants the world to know how eager I am to marry Zayden so that she can make a fool out of me in front of all the other Surringtons, huh?

Upon hearing that, Christina and Francine exchanged knowing glances, recognizing Gwendolyn's growing intelligence.

“Gwendolyn, you haven't had breakfast yet, have you? Let's go and have breakfast.” Christina and Francine held her hands and led her to the dining area.

It was clear that they were trying to please her.

Chapter 596 How He Distributed His Assets

Observing how well Christina and Francine treated Gwendolyn, Candace knew their behavior was driven by their desire for the family's fortune.

They felt Michael would favor Gwendolyn and likely give her a larger share.

They held the belief that by treating Gwendolyn well, their husbands would be rewarded with influential positions in the company.

Candace's expression turned grim when she figured out the plan those women had in mind. I won't let you have your way.

At that moment, Candace could not help but realize how troublesome Gwendolyn was. If Gwendolyn had actually died, she wouldn't stand a chance to claim a share of the family assets.

What added fuel to Candace's anger was the fact that Gwendolyn was going to marry into the Surrington family.

Candace had initially hoped to make Gwendolyn's life miserable when the latter married into the Surrington family, but now she realized that Gwendolyn had grown more intelligent and astute, rendering her schemes ineffective.

Seeing how Gwendolyn was surrounded by the Ashtons, Suzanne began to panic. “Gwen.”

Gwendolyn glanced at Suzanne before calling another person. “Jada, come here.”

Jada, a young housekeeper in the Ashton residence, seemed to be around the same age as Suzanne. “Yes, Ms. Gwendolyn?”

Gwendolyn pointed at Suzanne. “Take her to my room.”

Jada responded with a slight nod. “All right.”

Gwendolyn made a note to have someone deliver food to the room later, giving Suzanne the option to either eat or rest in the comfort of the room.

Christina and Francine then brought Gwendolyn to the dining area. Not only did they warmly pull out a chair for her, but they also instructed the housekeeper to bring her breakfast.

As the two older women sat on either side of Gwendolyn, Christina spoke first. “Gwen, you're about to marry into a wealthy family. I hope you'll still remember us then.”

Christina added, “That's right. We're all happy for you. You should know the Surrington family holds significant influence in Avenport!”

Felicia, who was also having breakfast at the dining area since she woke up late, was bothered by how Christina and Francine acted.

“Congrats, Gwen!” she blurted out, her tone sounding rather peculiar.

That instantly drew Christina's and Francine's attention. “Fel, are you done with your breakfast?”

Francine grinned and remarked, “I must say, among all the Ashtons, Fel is the most blessed one. The Lowen family is the most prominent family in Avenport, after all.”

Christina concurred, “That's true. You sisters are so fortunate. How we wish we could have such a blessing too!”

As Gwendolyn's hunger grew, she began to eat her breakfast. She then turned to the servant who had served her and spoke up. “Prepare another set of breakfast and bring it to my room.”

Meanwhile, Felicia had finished her breakfast, but she had no intention of leaving. She took out her phone, switched on the front camera, and checked her makeup, making some adjustments.

“Who is in your room? You're not supposed to mention your triplets today, aren't you?” Felicia asked while admiring her beautifully adorned nails and then stowing away her phone.

“I must admit, Zayden is quite magnanimous. Even though the children are not his own, he's willing to accept them. However, now that we're actually talking about the issue of marriage, he's refusing to acknowledge them. Honestly, men like him might have different thoughts and behaviors before and after marriage.” After speaking, Felicia immediately covered her mouth. “Oh, gosh. Why did I even say that.”

She stood up and addressed Christina and Francine, saying, “Aunt Christina, Aunt Francine, please keep Gwendolyn company while she finishes her breakfast. I'll excuse myself now.”

Felicia was wearing an exquisite white gown that day, as if she herself were the one preparing for marriage.

Unfazed by Felicia's words, Gwendolyn continued to eat her breakfast with grace and elegance.

Christina and Francine exchanged glances and said in unison, “Gwen, don't listen to her. Fel is known for her sharp tongue. Her words are not worth paying attention to.”

Gwendolyn responded with a grin. “I'm fine.”

Francine observed Gwendolyn's composed demeanor, noting that she truly seemed unaffected by Felicia's words. It was a noticeable change from the easily angered Gwendolyn they had known in the past. She would have cried in anger if Fel had directed those words at her years ago. It's only been a few years since we last met, yet she seems a lot more mature now.

After receiving a signal from Christina, Francine asked, “Have you visited your grandpa?”

They were curious about how Michael would distribute the family assets, considering he had three sons, two grandsons, four granddaughters, and three great-grandchildren.

Chapter 597 Betrothal Gift

At that thought, they couldn't help but sigh inwardly. The Ashton family is not what it used to be, so what can we possibly receive in the end?

Gwendolyn replied, "I've visited him, and I'll also be going today. After the marriage talk is done, Zayden and I will go there."

She figured her grandfather should be waiting since his biggest wish now was to see her get married.

Christina's eyes gleamed. "So, how's Dad's condition? Will he recover?"

Ever since members of the Ashton family learned about Michael's hospitalization and deteriorating health, they all came back. Their intention in doing so couldn't be more obvious.

"Grandpa is fine. He's conscious and even said he would attend my wedding ceremony."

Of course, those were merely lies to deceive them.

Given Michael's current condition, there was no way he could leave the hospital. Otherwise, Gwendolyn wouldn't have to agree to get married so soon.

The two older women were slightly startled before saying, "Oh, that's good."

With that, they got to their feet. "Gwen, take your time to eat. We'll go out to help now."

Gwendolyn nodded. Being watched by them while she had her breakfast was indeed discomfoting.

Francine and Christina chatted as they walked out.

"Did you hear that, Francine? Dad is in good health. He's not going to distribute his assets."

Francine shook her head. “How can you believe her? Gwen has a good relationship with Dad. Therefore, she certainly hopes he will get better. However, can't you see why she's in such a hurry to get married? It's because she wants to let him witness her marriage. The assets will still have to be divided.”

“You have a point. It seems like Gwen isn't so easy to fool anymore. She has become shrewd.”

After the two exited the dining room, Candace strode over. She crossed her arms and glanced coldly at the duo, uttering discourteously, “You two think Dad will give her the most family possessions, don't you? Don't forget who her mother is and why he spoils her.”

Michael's favorite son was Zachary, and he had doted on the latter since the latter was a child.

Therefore, Michael also treasured Zachary's first daughter, Gwendolyn.

If it weren't because Felicia was an illegitimate child, Michael would've cherished her too. Candace blamed Gwendolyn for that. If it weren't for Gwendolyn and her mother, Fel would've been the most doted on by Old Mr. Ashton.

Francine and Christina immediately tried to smooth things over. Francine wrapped her arms around Candace's.

“Candace, you're overthinking. We came here to congratulate Gwen since the Surrington family is coming to propose marriage today.”

Christina chimed in, “That's right! Since Gwen's the highlight today, we simply want to congratulate her on her fine marriage. But, speaking of which, Fel is the one who got the better deal. Patrick is so handsome, and the Lowen family is so formidable. How can Zayden be compared to Patrick when he's just a blind man?”

Candace's mood finally brightened up a little after she listened to Francine and Christina's words. Gwendolyn is no match for my daughter. Patrick is Fel's, so Gwendolyn can stop dreaming of being with him.

In the afternoon, the Surringtons arrived. Zayden came with his parents and grandparents. Evidently, the Surrington family regarded the marriage with great importance.

Suzanne stood beside Gwendolyn and watched the approaching party. Trailing behind them was a small truck. When the truck stopped, the servants started unloading box after box of items, each one exquisitely wrapped.

Gwendolyn asked puzzlingly, "What's in those boxes?"

One of the older servants answered, "These are betrothal gifts brought by the Surrington family."

Gwendolyn was slightly surprised, not expecting them to bring so many betrothal gifts.

The Surrington family's butler handed a document to the Ashton family's butler, who then passed it to Zachary.

Initially, the list should've been handed to Michael, but since he wasn't there, Zachary took Michael's place.

Candace glanced over, and her eyes lit up at once. They brought that many betrothal gifts over?

Francine had already moved closer to take a look, then turned around and whispered, "Gwen, the Surrington family is quite sincere. The betrothal gifts include eight boxes of an assortment of precious jewelry, six storefronts, and an additional fifty million."

Chapter 598 Daydream

Francine and the others had never seen such lucrative betrothal gifts, so they immediately felt Gwendolyn was truly blessed.

Subsequently, low murmurs filled the air as the crowd discussed in undertones.

Candace uttered coldly, "They brought over so many betrothal gifts to pressure us into providing more dowry. Don't assume this is a good thing."

The others' facial expressions changed slightly after they heard Candace's remark. She's right. Old Mr. Ashton is so fond of Gwen. Who knows how much dowry he'll give her?

Gwendolyn was unfazed. Zachary and his brothers received the guests and invited them into the house while she walked up to Zayden and held his arm, supporting him up the stairs.

Suzanne also jogged over. “Mr. Surrington, you look so handsome today!”

Zayden was wearing a sky-blue suit that day paired with a white shirt. His tie was also sky-blue in color. He appeared well-groomed and handsome.

Zayden said, “Did you take good care of Ms. Ashton?”

Suzanne felt a little guilty. I've been sleeping in Gwen's room since the morning, and she also had to come call me for lunch just now.

At that thought, Suzanne averted her gaze.

“Ha! Of course. I even slept outside Gwen's door last night.”

Zayden curled his lips into a faint smile after hearing that. It seems like it was impossible for Gwendolyn and Patrick to spend time together last night.

He lifted his hand to pinch Suzanne's petite face, causing her to wince in pain. “At least you've done your duty.”

Seeing Zayden smile, Suzanne finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Gwendolyn didn't notice Zayden's countenance or actions. At that moment, she was staring blankly ahead, imagining how the scene would be if the person coming to propose marriage that day was Patrick instead. Perhaps I'll be overjoyed and can truly immerse myself in the joyous mood of this occasion.

At that moment, she felt like she was trapped in an icy cave as she was cold all over.

The elders were sitting together, talking about the marriage in a formal manner.

Gwendolyn didn't participate. Instead, she brought Zayden to the smaller living room for coffee.

Suzanne brewed coffee on the side. She was unskilled, constantly knocking over the cups or other items.

Overwrought, she apologized repeatedly.

Taking in her demeanor, Gwendolyn couldn't help but laugh. How did she get into the Surrington family? I heard all housekeepers must be certified in various aspects before working for them. How did she secure her position? Perhaps she did it through the back door, the same way I entered Lowen Group previously.

A few of Gwendolyn's cousins entered one after the other, all there to see Zayden.

“Gwen, Zayden is so handsome!” Nicolette and Rachelle chirped, their eyes riveted on Zayden.

They figured it was fortunate for them that Zayden couldn't see. Otherwise, he probably wouldn't have been pleased to be watched like a monkey in the zoo.

When Felicia walked in and saw all her younger cousins there, she said, “What do you think you're doing? Watching a show at the zoo? Get out.”

Felicia had always been arrogant in the Ashton family. Now that she had a relationship with Patrick, she behaved more haughtily than ever.

The others feared her, so they hastily ran away after hearing Felicia's order.

Gwendolyn ignored Felicia. She picked up a cup of coffee and placed it in Zayden's hand. “Have some coffee, Zayden.”

Sitting across from Gwendolyn, Felicia crossed her legs and folded her arms while staring impassively at Zayden.

Then, she chuckled. “Zayden, you're going to marry my sister the day after tomorrow. How do you feel now? Are you excited?”

At the thought of Gwendolyn marrying Zayden and how she would no longer compete with her for Patrick's affection, Felicia was thrilled. When I become Mrs. Lowen, I'll be the most envied woman in Avenport. As for Gwendolyn, a woman who marries a blind man, she will become even more insignificant to me. Although, the elders discussing the wedding details seem to be planning to provide a considerable amount of dowry.

Felicia took a deep breath. When I get married, my dowry must be double that of Gwendolyn's.

Chapter 599 Annoy Zayden

Zayden took a small sip of his coffee and replied flatly, “I am. I'm very excited and very happy.”

After he finished his sentence, he moved to hold Gwendolyn's hand.

However, Gwendolyn quickly rose to her feet and said, “I'll get some desserts.”

With that, she left the living room.

Felicia noticed Gwendolyn's reaction. She's thinking about Patrick, isn't she? Well, she's not the only one. Everyone in Avenport wants to marry Patrick.

Zayden saw the mocking look on Felicia's face and clenched his fists. Although he remained expressionless, the veins in his forehead were bulging, a clear indication of his anger.

Lifting her cup of coffee, Felicia took a sip from it. “Zayden, Gwen is actually a loyal woman. I know she's physically committed to you, but you ought to win her heart as well. Good luck!”

When she said that, she had her gaze lowered toward her coffee. However, it was obvious that her eyes were filled with mockery. Gwendolyn, I'm only nice to you because of Patrick. Still, even after you marry into the Surrington family, I'll make your life a living hell. I wonder if Zayden got my hint. Gwendolyn doesn't love him, and she never will.

Meanwhile, Patrick and the others finally arrived in the city of Coldbridge in Corleon after flying for ten hours.

Upon exiting the plane, Kevin hurried toward Patrick when he saw the latter switching on his phone.

“Did someone call you?” Kevin asked. Wow! He received plenty of missed calls, emails, and texts on WhatsApp! It seems like Mr. Lowen here is a busy man.

Upon hearing that, Patrick shot Kevin a cold glance. “Kev, what are you hiding from me? Spill,” Patrick demanded. Ever since we arrived at the airport, Kev has been craning his neck to look at my phone. Does he not want me to receive a call from somebody?

“I’m worried Estelle would look for you. If she knows where I am, she’ll come after me.” Kevin averted his gaze immediately.

Estelle was a spoiled girl from the Blenheim family, and she was known to be willful. Therefore, it was entirely possible she would come all the way here to find Kevin.

Patrick wasn't convinced, but he didn't question further because it was obvious that Kevin wasn't willing to reveal anything.

Kevin's senior had agreed to fetch them at the airport. At the exit, there was a young man with a buzz cut, wearing a white t-shirt and denim jeans.

When Kevin saw the young man waving at them, he grumbled softly, “What the f*ck? My senior is dressed like a university student. He’ll make us look old, no?”

With that, Kevin quickly tidied his hair and adjusted his glasses.

Patrick wore a dashing black suit while Kevin wore a formal-looking white suit. In fact, he looked like an elite businessman.

When they walked next to each other, they looked imposing and cool.

Obviously, Patrick didn't respond to Kevin's words, and the latter saw that coming. This fellow always leaves me talking to myself.

Kevin hugged his senior when the two arrived next to the man.

“It's rare to see you here personally, Kev!” Yanick Xenos, Kevin's senior, exclaimed.

Kevin patted Yanick's back and introduced the men to one another by saying, “This is my close friend, Patrick Lowen. Pat, this is the senior I talk about all the time, Yanick Xenos.”

Patrick and Yanick shared a polite handshake.

“Yanick, thank you,” Patrick uttered. Considering the state of my body, they're my only hope.

Yanick smiled and replied, “You're welcome! A friend of Kev's is a friend of mine. Besides, we're doctors. This is what we're supposed to do.”

The group exited the airport and got into a car.

Patrick and Kevin were sitting in Yanick's car while their subordinates followed from behind.

As he was driving, Yanick said, “I've already made an appointment with Jocelyn Dunn, and we'll have dinner with her later. Tomorrow, she'll examine Mr. Lowen's condition before coming up with a plan for the surgery.”

Those words caught Kevin's attention right away. “Jocelyn? What a nice name! Is she a looker?”

Chapter 600 Beaten Up

“She's breathtaking!” Yanick replied.

Hearing that, Kevin nudged Patrick with his shoulder. “We're seeing a beautiful doctor!”

Prior to that, Patrick was looking out the window indifferently.

Upon getting nudged, Patrick turned toward Kevin and uttered in a deep and attractive voice, “Do you not remember what you're running from?”

“Oh. That's right. Ever since I got into a relationship with Estelle, I lost my freedom. I told her I wanted to break up with her, but she wouldn't accept it. It's so annoying.” Kevin chuckled awkwardly.

Yanick heard that and asked, “Have you finally found yourself a girlfriend?”

“You underestimate me, Yanick. I'm a handsome man, no? I have plenty of admirers,” Kevin uttered confidently.

“That's true. However, you never acknowledge any of them,” Yanick agreed. Back then, he had a lot of flings, but none of them was the one. In fact, whenever he met a pretty girl, he would tell them he was single.

Patrick kept mum and listened to them talk about their university life. I know exactly what Kev is like. What he shows to the public isn't who he actually is.

By the time they arrived at the hotel, it was already six in the evening. Yanick glanced at his watch and said, “I'll fetch Jocelyn, and we'll meet at the restaurant across the road later.”

Kevin knew the area well because he had gone to university there. “Go ahead, Yanick! I've been longing to eat at that restaurant for years. Let's have a feast tonight!”

With that, Yanick departed, and Patrick and Kevin entered the hotel.

John and the others had already checked in for them, and they were supposed to stay in the presidential suites on the top floor.

After entering the elevator, John asked, “Mr. Lowen, how long will we be here for?”

Kevin grew anxious when he heard that. Does John know about Gwen's wedding?

Kevin wanted to say something, but he was afraid of Patrick realizing something was up.

Patrick replied in a flat tone, "I'm not sure. Tomorrow, we're going to—"

He stopped talking abruptly because he didn't want his subordinates to know about his condition. Although, I did faint in the office once, so they seem to know I'm not feeling well.

"I'll have the answer tomorrow," Patrick ended up saying.

"Okay. In that case, I'll get someone to fetch Old Mrs. Lowen the day after tomorrow. She's coming back," John replied.

Alice had been staying at the church for almost a month. She wasn't supposed to return until a few days later, but she had to change her plan due to Gwendolyn's wedding.

Patrick didn't give it much thought because he knew his grandmother would fast for a month at the church every year. Before this, I fetched her myself every year. Since I'm not around this year, John will get someone to pick her up. There's nothing to worry about.

Upon arriving on the top floor, Kevin didn't go to his own presidential suite. Instead, he went into Patrick's and checked out the surroundings. This is a huge presidential suite with four rooms!

Seeing that, Kevin suggested, "Pat, perhaps I should just stay here with you. There are so many rooms available. I can stay in any one of them."

Patrick lit a cigarette, took a puff, and glanced at Kevin. "I'm not used to staying with men."

Kevin was rendered speechless. What sort of excuse is that? I'm not even staying in the same room as him or sleeping in his bed!

Feeling mischievous, Kevin said, "To be honest, Pat, I'm bisexual."

With that, he acted like a woman and approached Patrick. "Pat, I would like to stay!"

In response, Patrick pinned him to the ground with one hand.

In pain, Kevin fumed, “F*ck! Why are you so aggressive?”

Patrick took a deep puff of his cigarette and blew out a thick cloud of smoke toward Kevin's face. “I hate perverts and didn't mind my strength.”