

## **CEO Daddy 601**

### Chapter 601 Gorgeous Jocelyn

With his face squashed against the ground and his left arm pinned behind his back, all Kevin felt was intense pain. “Pat, I’ll stop. I won’t do it again. Please let me go.”

“Kev, don’t ever do that to me again. Otherwise, I’ll kill you.” Patrick let Kevin go after the latter begged for mercy. Why would a man act like a woman? I’ll beat him up if he does it again.

Kevin rose to his feet, stretching his arm before touching his face. “Oh! Did you injure my face? How am I going to present myself to the gorgeous Jocelyn later?”

Misery was written all over Kevin’s countenance, and he went into the bathroom to check on his handsome face.

In the next moment, a scream of despair rang out.

“Ah!”

From the mirror, Kevin saw that his left cheek was swollen. No wonder I was in so much pain! I’m injured! I look like an ugly pig now! How am I supposed to face Jocelyn later?

Ten minutes later, Kevin was seated on the couch with a bag of ice over his left cheek.

Meanwhile, Patrick was constantly on his phone to deal with business matters.

Kevin saw how busy Patrick was and realized something when he saw the latter’s majestic jawline. It’s

true when people say that men look the most attractive when they’re busy. At this moment, Pat looks so handsome!

After making several phone calls and sending a few emails, Patrick focused his attention on his laptop. Once his work was done, he gazed at Kevin and asked, “How’s your face?”

Patrick had just been fooling around earlier and hadn't meant to injure Kevin. Even though he couldn't bring himself to apologize, he was feeling remorseful.

"I'm fine. However, you ought to look after your health." Kevin flashed a smile. Pat seems so busy all the time. I bet he doesn't eat on time and rest well. He has a ticking time bomb in his head now. If he keeps this up, things are going to worsen. His priority right now should be avoiding things that will trigger him. The bullet is moving around all the time. If he becomes agitated, he might die.

"Yeah!"

Right then, Kevin received a call from Yanick.

"Yes, Yanick?" Kevin answered the phone.

"We've arrived. Let's meet in our usual private room," Yanick said.

"Okay. We'll be right there."

Kevin hung up the phone and tossed the ice bag onto the coffee table nearby.

"Pat, they're already there. Let's have dinner," Kevin uttered. Since I'm hungry, Pat must be famished

as well.

The meals served on the plane were horrendous, so neither of them had eaten much. Since it was almost seven, it was understandable that they were both hungry.

Like the cold and stern man he was, Patrick put his laptop aside and wore his suit.

The two went to the restaurant across the road and entered a private room.

In there, they saw a tall and beautiful lady sitting next to Yanick. The lady had auburn curly hair, a splendid body figure, and exquisite facial features.

In other words, she was stunning.

Upon seeing the lady, Kevin whispered to Patrick, "Wow. She's truly breathtaking."

Unfortunately for Kevin, the pretty lady wasn't attracted to him because of his injured cheek.

When Yanick saw them entering the private room, he rose to his feet and said to Jocelyn, "Jocelyn, this is my junior, Kevin Chavez. He's our mentor's last disciple."

Kevin reached out his hand and praised, "Nice to meet you, Jocelyn! You're gorgeous!"

Jocelyn nodded indifferently in response, leaving Kevin feeling slightly awkward.

Afterward, Yanick continued, "This is Mr. Lowen. Patrick Lowen."

Patrick gave Jocelyn a curt nod.

"Is he the one with a bullet in his head?" Jocelyn asked flatly.

She's so straightforward and blunt! I've never seen a woman like her! In fact, I'm nothing compared to her. Is this what a straightforward woman is like? Kevin was stunned.

## Chapter 602 Michael And His Wish

Yanick nodded. "Yes. He's the patient. Kev and I have been conducting all sorts of experiments, but we have yet to succeed. You're a master of brain surgery, and you're probably the only one who can perform this operation."

Jocelyn raised her brows slightly and glanced at Patrick. "Patrick, do you have a lot of enemies? If I save you this time around, will something similar happen again?"

Both Kevin and Yanick were dumbfounded. What? That's rather direct, no?

“I have a lot of enemies, but I don't want to die. Please treat me, Dr. Dunn. Money isn't an issue for me,” Patrick answered expressionlessly.

Kevin had never seen Patrick treat someone with such politeness. Pat is desperate to stay alive!

“Jocelyn, he's my best friend. For our mentor's sake, please operate on him,” Kevin uttered. Sadly, our mentor passed away. Otherwise, we could get him to operate.

Hearing that, Jocelyn took a bite of her food elegantly and said, “Sure. Obviously, I'll do my best, but I need to see the X-ray first tomorrow. If it's too risky, I won't do it.”

“Of course. If the operation isn't doable, we won't force you to do it, Jocelyn.” Yanick served her some food.

During dinner, Kevin and Yanick kept serving Jocelyn food.

Hence, her mood seemed to have improved tremendously after dinner.

Before she left, she assured Patrick, “Don't worry. I'm good at what I do. I can definitely perform the operation.”

At that point, she was slightly tipsy and behaving alluringly.

Kevin was impressed. Jocelyn doesn't feel like a doctor at all. In fact, she looks more like a model! Not just that, she's also a beautiful lady who loves drinking!

Yanick called them a substitute driver. When he was helping Jocelyn to get into the car, she suddenly turned around and pointed at Kevin. “I heard you were a handsome man. Well, after seeing you today, I can't help but disagree.”

Right after that, she pointed at Patrick and added, “He, on the other hand, is dashing.” With that, she arched a brow and smiled before getting into the car.

“Pat, don't you see? Whenever you're around, I lose my charm.” Kevin heaved a sigh. Jocelyn is stunning, but unfortunately, I don't stand a chance.

“Be careful on the road. See you guys at the hospital tomorrow!” Patrick said to Yanick.

“See you tomorrow!” Yanick waved goodbye.

Meanwhile, over at the Ashton residence, the Ashton and Surrington families had just agreed on the wedding matters. In two days' time, the ceremony was to be held at Majestic Hotel in Avenport.

That hotel belonged to Zayden, so it seemed logical to have the wedding there.

Gwendolyn and Zayden then went to the hospital to visit Michael.

Initially, Candace didn't want Michael to see Gwendolyn. However, Candace didn't see the point of doing so anymore after finding out they couldn't amend the will. Hence, she let Gwendolyn look after Michael.

At that time, a housekeeper was feeding Michael some oatmeal porridge, but his appetite wasn't great.

Gwendolyn took the bowl from the housekeeper and continued feeding Michael.

Surprisingly, Michael shook his head and refused to eat.

Gwendolyn was heartbroken when she saw how much weight Michael had lost. “Grandpa, Zayden and I are going to get married in a couple of days, so you can finally stop worrying. However, you need to eat and get better. Otherwise, you won't be well enough to attend the wedding.”

In truth, Michael was in no shape to attend the wedding because he couldn't even get out of bed.

Gwendolyn was getting married to Zayden because she wanted to fulfill Michael's last wishes and cheer him up. Perhaps if Grandpa is happy, he'll get better after some time. Even if he can't recover, he'll at least be able to rest in peace.

Upon hearing those words, Michael reluctantly parted his lips and ate a spoonful of oatmeal porridge.

“Gwen, they didn't make things difficult for you today, did they?” Michael asked. Without me at home, the others must've bullied her. That's why I must see her get married before I die.

## Chapter 603 Not The Right Man

Gwendolyn shook her head. “Grandpa, they didn't bully me. In fact, they even helped me secure a significant betrothal gift from Zayden's parents!”

She was being honest. Apart from the traditional betrothal gift, the Ashton family also requested two pieces of land.

Despite the excessive request, the Surrington family accepted it.

However, she had already told Zayden not to give away the land titles because her father and uncles were blatantly taking advantage of Zayden's family. They were the ones who wanted the land, not her.

“That's good, then.” Michael chuckled.

Gwendolyn went on to feed Michael half a bowl of oatmeal porridge. He ended up eating more than usual that day. After his meal, he took his medication and dozed off.

It's good that Grandpa is able to eat and sleep well. Gwendolyn then said to Zayden, “Zayden, I'm staying here tonight to keep Grandpa company.”

“Mr. Surrington, I'll send you back.” Suzanne walked up to Zayden and held his hand.

When Gwendolyn was about to bid them farewell at the elevator, Zayden suddenly reminded her, “Sleep early tonight and don't overtire yourself. You'll be a bride in two days, so you wouldn't want to have dark circles under your eyes.”

Zayden thought she would regret it if she were to look ugly during her wedding. After all, the wedding day matters the most to a woman.

“Okay. Grandpa won't be on an IV drip tonight, so I won't stay up,” Gwendolyn replied. We have nurses and caretakers around. If I get tired, I can go to sleep.

When Michael fell sick in the past, Gwendolyn was the one who accompanied him through the nights at the hospital. Although she was young, she was good at looking after a patient.

Upon returning to the ward, Gwendolyn tucked Michael in.

A housekeeper then prepared a bed for Gwendolyn and said, “Ms. Ashton, we're right outside. Please call for us if you need help.”

Gwendolyn smiled and nodded. Afterward, she couldn't help glancing at Michael. I hope Grandpa gets well soon.

With that in mind, she sat in the chair next to the bed and held Michael's hand. Grandpa looks weaker by the day. I don't want him to die. Back then, he protected me when I was staying in the Ashton residence. Without him, I wouldn't be who I am today. However, I was still hurt by that pair of mother and daughter in the end. I eventually left home, grew up, and became a sensible adult. Now, I just want to spend a few more years with him.

As she thought about that, her eyes became misty, and her tears began dripping onto Michael's hand.

Michael woke up to see Gwendolyn sobbing. “Gwen? Why are you crying?” he asked.

Michael knew Gwendolyn was scared of him dying, and he also knew that she was the only member of the Ashton family who wished to see him live.

Seeing that Michael had woken up, Gwendolyn suppressed her tears and wiped her cheeks dry. “I'm sorry, Grandpa. I must've woken you up.”

When Michael fell sick in the past, Gwendolyn was the one who accompanied him through the nights at the hospital. Although she was young, she was good at looking after a patient.

“It's all right. We can chat for a while.” Michael smiled.

Gwendolyn sniffled and nodded, but her eyes were still brimming with tears. I don't want Grandpa to die... I want him to live and watch my kids grow up.

Noticing that, Michael heaved a long sigh. “Gwen, I'm old, and I'll die sooner or later. If I die, I can finally be free of pain. Thus, there's no reason to be sad.”

“No, Grandpa. You'll live well into a ripe old age.” Gwendolyn started sobbing again. I can't accept it. I'm losing the only family member close to me.

Michael lifted his hand to help her wipe her tears away. “Don't cry, Gwen. I prefer to see you smile.”

Gwendolyn couldn't help it, but she knew she had to pull herself together. I can't let Grandpa feel bad.

“Gwen, marrying Zayden is a good thing. Of course, he's not as incredible as Patrick. Patrick is handsome and capable, but he's not the right man for you. Let Fel have him, okay?” Michael uttered.

Gwendolyn was stunned when she heard that. What? Does Grandpa know everything?

Michael chuckled when he saw the surprised look on her face. “Have you forgotten about the fact that I was the one who gave you those three mansions? I know who you meet all the time. Still, you should listen to me, Gwen. Distance yourself from Patrick. Otherwise, you'll get hurt.”

## Chapter 604 Shake Me Off

Gwendolyn was utterly confused. Why can't I be with Patrick, but Felicia can? If I were to hear that from someone else, I would think that was a biased statement. However, Grandpa said it, and he has always favored me instead of Felicia.

At that thought, she pursed her lips and questioned, “Grandpa, since you know I love Patrick, why are you preventing me from being with him?”

Gwendolyn's eyes lit up, and she wanted answers. I care about Grandpa the most, and he already knows about Patrick and me. I have to find out what's going on. Even if there's a feud between the Ashton and Lowen families, why is Felicia allowed to be with Patrick? She's also from the Ashton family, no? Is there a secret I don't know about?

Michael's gaze darkened, and his expression took on a slightly grimmer look as he recalled some bad memories.

Shaking his head, he replied, “You don't have to know about everything else. Just listen to me. Thankfully, you'll be marrying in two days' time. I'm relieved.”

Gwendolyn wanted to question further, but Michael immediately retracted his hand. “I'm tired. I'm going to sleep. You should get some rest as well.”

Gwendolyn knew she had to stop pressuring Michael, so she stood up, tucked him in, and went back to her own bed.

The lights in the ward were dim, but she couldn't seem to fall asleep.

Instead, she just kept staring at the ceiling in bafflement. Why can't I be with Patrick?

Gwendolyn heaved a long sigh and eventually dozed off.

The next day, in Corleon, Patrick had already woken up and washed up by seven in the morning. He then went to sit by the floor-to-ceiling window and glanced at the rainy view outside. That day was surprisingly gloomy and chilly.

With a cigarette between his slender fingers, he was listening to John's report regarding the company's operations.

John was standing next to him with a tablet in his hands as he gave his report.

Right then, Patrick took a deep puff of his cigarette and looked at the expensive watch on his wrist. “Okay. It's time to wake Kev up. We need to head to the hospital soon.”

Patrick couldn't eat breakfast that morning because he had to undergo a body check-up.

After John was done reporting, he kept his tablet and lowered his head respectfully. “Noted, Mr. Lowen. However, I need to ask you something.”

A worried look flashed in John's eyes as he spoke. Will Mr. Lowen agree to it?

“Go on,” Patrick demanded coldly. He seemed to have guessed what was happening. Needless to say,

he wasn't too happy.

John bit the bullet and said, “Liam has stayed in Alendor for almost twenty days now, and the company has plenty to deal with recently. Would you allow him to return?” Instead, she just kept staring at the ceiling in bafflement. Why can't I be with Patrick?

Liam had asked John to seek Patrick's permission, so John decided to try his luck. I'm putting myself at risk here. If this goes wrong, I might also get transferred there.

“Did he ask you to ask me that?” Patrick asked.

John had been working for Patrick the longest, so he knew he couldn't fool the latter. Hence, he nodded and answered, “Yes. He has learned his lesson and promises he won't make the same mistake again.”

“Fine. Let him come back.”

“Got it, Mr. Lowen.” John heaved a sigh of relief and left the scene.

After John left, Patrick instinctively glanced at his phone. He hadn't received a missed call or a text from Gwendolyn.

Seeing that, he tapped on WhatsApp, opened Gwendolyn's chat, and typed: What are you up to?

However, he deleted those words and typed: Don't think you can get rid of me with that one night.

After sending the text, he kept the phone in his pocket, pretending nothing had happened.

In the next second, he whipped out his phone again and saw that she hadn't replied to his text.

Therefore, he tossed his phone toward the couch and turned to look at the view outside.

A while later, a visibly sleepy Kevin entered the room and said, "Pat, let's go to the hospital."

#### Chapter 605 Blocking Gwendolyn

When Patrick turned around, the grimness of his expression was visible.

Kevin guessed that it was connected to the weather. It was gloomy and raining, and anyone would be in a bad mood.

However, this was also the best weather to sleep in, for it was chilly.

That was how he ended up oversleeping. If not for John waking him, he would have slept the entire day.

Patrick walked over to the couch to pick up his phone before glancing at his screen.

When he realized that a certain woman had yet to reply to him, his expression darkened further.

Kevin could already hear the room turning into ice. He could hear Patrick's heavy footsteps and almost sense the drop in the temperature in the room. At that, he could not help but shudder.

However, he lifted a brow and thought, Well, he's not in his peak state right now. I guess I'll accommodate him. But what's making him so upset early in the morning? I'm sure it's not because

of Gwen's marriage. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so calm. He'll either get another episode, or he'll head right back. He wouldn't go to a hospital.

Kevin was consoling himself as he paced around.

I'm sure it's not. It's so far away, and no one's going to be such a slacker to shove this mess onto me. But it's quite dangerous for him to have his phone.

Hence, Kevin decided to block Gwendolyn with the excuse of taking things for him later at the hospital.

If I don't do this, that girl might suddenly post a picture on her Instagram, talking about her wedding, just because she's feeling happy. Yes, yes. I have to block her first. Pat won't be able to take it otherwise. No one else besides Gwendolyn will tell him about this, and it's not as if anyone else will post something about this matter on Instagram too.

“Yes, that'll be how things go,” he muttered under his breath.

When Patrick heard it, he asked, “Did you not sleep well last night?”

Kevin snapped back to his senses and smiled.

“Of course not. I can't sleep in such a big room by myself. I'm afraid.”

He's a director of a hospital! What is he afraid of?

However, Patrick was in no mood to bother himself with Kevin anymore. It seemed like Kevin had woken up too early and had yet to sober up.

As the hospital was right beside the hotel, the two chose to head there on foot.

There were bodyguards following them, but the bodyguards had opted to keep a distance from them.

The silence was pressuring, and Kevin wanted to find a topic to talk about.

He never felt stressed with Patrick before, but somehow, something was strange in the air that day.

He was a bundle of nerves.

After letting out a long sigh, he combed his waxed hair and asked, “Pat, do you think I look good today?”

Kevin's face was no longer swollen—there were no traces of injuries anymore, so he had returned to his usual attractiveness.

However, Patrick only shot him a look in silence before continuing his way.

Sensing Patrick's disdain, Kevin ran over to him and said, “I'm asking because I think Jocelyn's very pretty. Do you think she'll fall for me if she sees me?”

“Yes, that'll be how things go,” he muttered under his breath.

All Patrick did was look at him coldly, hoping that Kevin would come to the realization of what was wrong with him by himself.

Kevin felt a surge of frustration, muttering under his breath, “All right, fine, I won't say a word.”

He knew all too well that no woman stood a chance of developing any sort of feelings for him when

Patrick was around.

After all, Patrick had a face that others would do a double take at, and his icy demeanor demanded attention from all.

Just the day before, he could not help but notice how the usually haughty Jocelyn had begun looking at Patrick in a different light.

The two of them soon reached Yanick's office, and Yanick handed Patrick a pile of examination forms.

Kevin then went toward the examination room with Patrick, but when the latter was about to enter the room, Kevin extended his hand toward him.

“Pat, I'll be holding onto your stuff and waiting by the door. Remember, during the examination, you're not allowed to have your coat, phone, cigarettes, and lighter.”

Without a second thought, Patrick unloaded the items and handed them over to Kevin. He even shrugged off his own coat and passed it to Kevin.

As Kevin watched Patrick disappear into the examination room, he quickly sought out a secluded corner. He needed to find a quiet spot and block Gwendolyn

Chapter 606 Blocked

Kevin hid behind the door of the emergency exit, so nervous that he was sweating profusely.

He had never been this nervous, not even during surgeries. Yet, the action of blocking Gwendolyn was tensing him up beyond expectations.

Kevin felt his hands trembling, but he was determined to do it for the sake of his good friend's well-being.

He successfully unlocked Patrick's phone, which, to be honest, had a password that did not really count as one—six zeros.

Then, he quickly opened WhatsApp and blocked Gwendolyn.

After blocking her, he leaned against the wall, feeling as if he was about to collapse.

At that moment, the security door suddenly opened, startling him.

John stuck his head around the corner and asked, “Mr. Chavez, are you here?”

He had seen Kevin coming here earlier, so he came looking for the latter.

Kevin took a deep breath before standing up.

“What's the matter?” he asked in the calmest manner he could summon.

“I'd like to smoke too. Can I do it here?”

John was a chain smoker, but he did not dare to smoke in the hospital, for it was forbidden. He thought that Kevin was hiding in the stairwell to smoke.

Upon hearing John's words, Kevin raised a brow.

“You can't smoke here. Go straight and turn right. There's a smoking room, so do it there.”

John nodded and closed the heavy door behind him. Again, Kevin fell back against the wall, his tension leaving him.

Over an hour later, Patrick was done with his examination. He walked out of the room, his hand pressing a cotton pad.

It seemed like he was displeased with the examination, for his expression was darker than before.

Kevin approached him and asked, “You're done?”

Frankly, Kevin could have waited for him in the breakroom or Yanick's office, where he would be much more comfortable. There, he could even enjoy a cup of coffee while using his phone.

However, he had no choice but to wait here so that he could block Gwendolyn on Patrick's phone.

After tossing the cotton pad into the trash can, he reached out to Kevin, waiting for the latter to return

his possessions. Kevin quickly gave his cigarettes and lighter back.

However, Patrick furrowed his brow slightly and coldly demanded, “The phone.”

In that instant, the allure of smoking faded into the background; what he really wanted was to find out if that woman had responded to him.

Kevin sensed his intent and swiftly retrieved the phone from his bag, handing it over without delay.

Patrick took hold of the device and continued walking, his gaze fixed upon the screen.

Opening WhatsApp, he eagerly scanned for any messages from Gwendolyn, unaware and not realizing that Kevin had blocked her with his account, for he had a habit of deleting messages after sending them.

Kevin trailed closely, his hand instinctively rising to readjust his glasses.

I knew it. He was waiting for her message. Thank goodness I blocked her, or else things will be troublesome.

Stepping into the elevator, Patrick inquired, “How much longer until we can get our hands on the report?”

Glancing at the time, Kevin responded, “I’d say it’ll be another hour or two. Let’s head back to the hotel so that you can grab a hearty breakfast first. I’ll discuss it with them later.”

The rest was in the hands of the doctors. All Kevin could do was patiently wait for the results.

Patrick stayed silent, seemingly unaffected. When the elevator reached the first floor, he exited without uttering a word.

Kevin turned to John and instructed, "Go after him. Your boss just lost a significant amount of blood in his blood test. He needs a nourishing meal."

John assured, "Don't worry, Mr. Chavez. I'll ensure my boss gets the necessary nutrients."

At Avenport, by the time Gwendolyn awakened, the doctor had already completed his examination on her.

Per Michael's instructions to maintain a quiet environment, Gwendolyn managed to enjoy a restful sleep without any disruptions.

When she noticed that Michael had already commenced his intravenous therapy, a wave of embarrassment struck her.

"Grandpa, I overslept. Have you already had breakfast?" she inquired.

Dependent on medication, Michael was now required to be on a continuous drip throughout the day, making his situation rather miserable.

However, Michael wore a smile and responded, "I've already had my breakfast. Go and have yours. Don't spend the night here; we have the housekeepers keeping vigil. As a bride-to-be, you shouldn't stay up late. Otherwise, you might end up with dark circles, and you won't look as pretty on your big

day."

At that, Gwendolyn stood up and went into the bathroom to wash up.

She had her phone in her hand, so she noticed that Patrick had sent her a message.

When she read what he sent her, she smiled. It seemed like he did not wish to break up with her, so she thought of talking to him about what Michael said to her. Perhaps he would be able to figure things out from there.

Thus, she called him.

However, a message popped up in the video chat window: The recipient has blocked you from video calling them.

## Chapter 607 They Are All The Same

Gwendolyn's heart tightened, her chest aching.

He blocked me? Wasn't he the one who said I wouldn't be able to get rid of him?

Leaning against the marble sink, Gwendolyn lowered her head, her emotions in turmoil.

She took a deep breath. When she lifted her head, she was composed again.

“Gwendolyn, forget about him! If you keep wavering like this, you'll only end up hurting three people.”

Turning on the tap, she splashed her face with cold water, attempting to clear her mind.

She could no longer do something as rash as that anymore.

She was going to marry Zayden, and it was time for her to sever all ties with Patrick completely. It pained her, but it was not her destiny to be with him.

Exiting the bathroom, Gwendolyn then had her breakfast before chatting with Michael for a brief while before preparing to depart.

“Grandpa, I'm leaving. I won't have time to come tomorrow, but Zayden and I will come to see you tomorrow night.”

Michael smiled. “No need. You and Zayden take care of yourselves. Remember what I said, all right?”

Stay away from Patrick.”

After that, Gwendolyn left the ward, feeling gloomy and lost.

It felt as if her grandfather was telling her his last words, and yet, he was warning her to keep her distance from Patrick. She could not fathom why.

Gwendolyn made her way toward the elevator. When the doors opened, Lucy appeared.

Lucy was dressed in a black crop top dress. She looked wondrous—tall, fair, and stunning.

In fact, Gwendolyn could not recognize her at the start. It was only when Lucy called out to her did she realize it was Lucy who was stepping out of the elevator.

“Gwen.”

Gwendolyn's eyes widened.

“Luce, is that you?”

Wow, she's so pretty now. She looks like an entirely different person. It seems like she has recovered once Melanie's cured of her illness and was discharged from the hospital.

Lucy nodded. “I went to your place, but they said you were here, so I came over instead. How's your grandpa?”

Gwendolyn shook her head. “He's not doing well.”

At first, Lucy contemplated visiting Michael. However, when she realized that Michael did not recognize her, she opted not to.

Linking arms with Gwendolyn, they then left the hospital together.

Lucy drove. When the sun shone through the window, it made her curls seem lighter. It enhanced her attractiveness.

Every now and then, she would glance at Gwendolyn. She asked, “What's going on, Gwen? Are you really going to marry Zayden?”

Gwendolyn used to have no boyfriend as she was too preoccupied with earning a living.

However, she now had two wonderful men to pick from. The truth was, selecting either one of them as her husband would promise a lifetime of happiness.

Still, as Gwendolyn's best friend, she wished that Gwendolyn would marry out of love.

Hearing that, Gwendolyn rested her chin on her hand, a hint of sorrow on her sweet face.

“I'm getting married soon, so what's the point of talking about this?”

It felt as if she never had the power to choose, and now, she had even lesser right to do so.

Her grandfather was sick, and Zayden was blind. She could not neglect either of them; she could not prioritize her own happiness.

Lucy sighed. “I know you're not ungrateful, but if the one you love is Patrick, then be braver. I don't wish to see you regret your decision. Marriage is a lifelong commitment.”

Gwendolyn lowered her gaze, feeling overwhelmed.

However, Patrick had made his stance clear by blocking her.

With a scoff, she said, “What about you, Lucy? Will you choose Lucas or Einar?”

In the next second, the sounds of brakes screeching traveled into Gwendolyn's ears. If not for her seatbelt, Gwendolyn was sure that her head would have hit the windshield.

Then, Lucy continued driving as she let out a sigh.

“You're right, Gwen. My own life is a chaotic mess, and here I am, attempting to give you advice. It's quite comical, isn't it?”

At that moment, she could put herself in Gwendolyn's shoes. If she had a choice, she would not have ended up in this way either.

Shaking her head, Lucy then said, “All right, I guess I won't try to change your mind anymore. Let's just enjoy our day today. Sounds good?”

Gwendolyn agreed, “Yes, let's just be girls today—not a woman nor a mother.”

#### Chapter 608 Men Are All Like This

The two women then headed to the mall first to shop.

They bought things that they liked without looking at the prices, and they never thought about the children back at home. For that day, they were going to prioritize themselves.

When the two of them re-emerged out of the mall, they had bags in their hands. Resting her head on Lucy's shoulders, Gwendolyn said, “Luce, I'm hungry.”

After spending the entire morning shopping, Gwendolyn was starving.

They then placed their things in the car before heading to an upscale restaurant for a good meal.

When Lucy was ordering, she said, “Bring me a bottle of Lafite. I want the most expensive one.”

Gwendolyn glanced at the price. When she saw that it cost two hundred and eighty thousand, she widened her eyes.

“Luce, you're footing the bill. Are you sure about this? This is too expensive!!”

Once Lucy was done ordering, she smiled and said, “It's not a problem. I have a credit card.”

A certain man had given her a black card, but she had yet to put it to use. Now she was going to use it.

After all, it was a card she had earned from working hard for so many nights.

By then, Gwendolyn was done ordering as well, and she passed the menu back to the server.

Resting her head in her hands, she asked, "Lucas is rather generous to be giving you a mansion, a car, and even a black card."

Lucy lifted her glass to take a sip of her water.

"That's all he can give me."

The Gomez family was a family who had contributed greatly to the government. They were a prestigious family, and they were not going to accept her. She had worked in a nightclub before, so, to them, she was an indecent woman.

Moreover, she was a woman with a child who was once married to another man.

Lucy knew that no one would want their son to marry a woman like her.

Listening to her words wrought Gwendolyn's heart. The two had met at Night City, and both knew how helpless they were in this world because they were single mothers.

That was why they decided to help each other and become friends instead.

Fate was unfair. Both she and Lucy were beautiful women who had not done anything wrong, but life was harsh on them.

Right then, the wine came. The server asked them to taste it before he opened the bottle and poured the wine into a decanter.

The appetizers were served, and Gwendolyn quietly ate. The words she had just said seemed to have agitated Lucy.

At that, she cursed at herself, Shut up, Gwendolyn! You're in no place to comment about Lucy's situation when you ended up like this! Moreover, she's doing fine now. As long as Melanie recovers, she'll be able to live her life again.

As Lucy poured the wine into their glasses, she called out to Gwendolyn.

“Gwen, drink up. Let's toast to our future happy lives.”

Gwendolyn raised her stemmed glass and clinked it with Lucy's.

“To our happy lives.”

When they finished their meal, they finished the bottle of wine as well. The amount was nothing to Lucy.

She was a bottle girl in the past, so she could hold her liquor well.

Gwendolyn was fine too—she was only a little tipsy.

However, she suddenly sprawled onto the table and started crying.

“Luce, I'm actually really sad. I don't want to marry Zayden. I don't love him. I've always seen him as a friend. But he's blind now and has post-traumatic stress disorder. If he doesn't cooperate in his treatment, his condition will worsen, and he'll be disabled for life. If his condition worsens, he might even commit suicide. He saved me and my children. He's my savior. How can I leave him in his time of need? I can't do that, so I have to let go of Patrick.”

Lucy never realized that Gwendolyn's situation was that serious.

Reaching out to hold Gwendolyn's hands, she consoled, “Gwen, I understand what you feel. Everything will be all right. Once Zayden's condition improves, you still have the option of getting a divorce. Zayden is a good man. If it weren't for his illness, he wouldn't have pressured you.”

After saying that, Lucy quietly sighed. She did not know if Patrick would wait for Gwendolyn or not.

A man like him had more women waiting for him than she could imagine.

He was rich and handsome. If Gwendolyn had hurt him, why would he stay? He would cut off all ties with Gwendolyn and find someone else who would love him more.

Aren't men all the same?

Chapter 609 Be Bridesmaids For Each Other

Lucy thought things were really difficult for Gwendolyn, and it made the former worry.

Just as Lucy was about to give Gwendolyn a hug, her phone rang.

Realizing it was a call from Lucas, Lucy sank back into her seat and answered it.

“What's up?”

Lucas was at home taking care of Melanie at that moment. It actually did not matter if he was around since there was a housekeeper at home.

“I'm taking care of Melanie at home. Where are you?”

He sounded like a patriarch questioning the matriarch, which made Lucy burst out laughing.

“You don't need to take care of Melanie. There's a housekeeper to do the job. If that's all, I'll hang up now.”

Lucas eyed the cute little girl in his arms, who was holding a storybook about Snow White and waiting for him to read it to her. It was almost time for her afternoon nap.

Patting the girl's head affectionately, he said, "Go ahead and wait for me. I'll read it to you when I'm done talking to your mommy."

Lucas was a dense man who spent most of his time running around in the forest and avoiding bullets.

Thus, Lucy found it unbelievable when she heard him speak so gently.

Even so, she had to admit Lucas treated Melanie really well.

Nodding obediently, Melanie said, "All right. Be quick, okay?"

Relief washed over Lucas when the housekeeper carried the little girl upstairs. Since he was the only one left in the living room, he could say anything he wanted. That was more satisfying for him.

"I have nothing to do today, so I thought of doing something with you. Well, you know what I'm talking about, so come home quickly."

Lucy had some alcohol, so it was easy for her face to flush red with a tinge of youthfulness after listening to his words.

"D\*mn it, Lucas. Don't spout nonsense in my house."

"Why are you panicking when I didn't say I'm going to restrain you? Come home quickly. I can't wait already."

He's never serious when he's talking to me. This is too much!

Lucy had the urge to hang up. She snapped, "I'm busy and won't be going home today. Go out to have fun if you've taken your medicines. Don't bother me."

After hanging up, she switched off her phone to feel more relieved.

The mere thought of Lucas made her blush uncontrollably.

That man is like a dog in heat whenever he sees me. He's always asking for sex. Where on earth did he get his energy from? I've lost so much weight already. Tsk. I used to want to lose weight all the time, and now, I've lost weight naturally without needing to exercise.

Gwendolyn was done crying, and she took a piece of tissue to wipe her tears.

“Was that Lucas? Does he bully you all the time?” she asked.

Judging by how beautiful and attractive Lucy looked, Gwendolyn guessed the former had been having a good time.

Gwendolyn was a straightforward person, especially when she was hanging out with Lucy. Blowing her nose, the former asked, “Does he want to sleep with you again? It's still daytime, though.”

Lucy shifted in her seat awkwardly, her face turning as red as a tomato.

“Ugh. Let's not talk about him. He gives me a headache. By the way, you're getting married tomorrow. Am I the bridesmaid? I'm a divorcee. I don't think it'll be a good idea.”

Lucy had a glimpse of the gown already as it was delivered to her house. It was a high-end gown from DK. It looked good on her, and she liked it.

“Of course, it's you. We promised to be each other's bridesmaids, even if one of us was already married. So what if you were divorced? I don't mind it.”

Gwendolyn did not care about details like that.

Her friend's assurance put a smile on Lucy's face. “Okay, okay. I'll be your bridesmaid tomorrow. Where are we going later? You'd better rest tonight. You're going to be a bride tomorrow, remember? You won't look good if you show up with puffy eyes and face.”

Gwendolyn was feeling much better after crying.

For some reason, she seemed to be crying often recently, and it annoyed her.

“Let's go to Night City. I want to get a few hotties to drink with us. I can't let my last day of being single go to waste.”

The two women were the ones serving the people there in the past. Today, however, she wanted to enjoy herself as a customer.

She wanted to get drunk so badly. Maybe I'll forget everything after getting drunk. Don't people say alcohol can drown sorrows?

Chapter 610 It Is Not Him

Lucy had no problem with the plan since she needed to give her friend a bachelorette party.

“All right. I'll make a reservation for us.”

Night City was open for business during the day, too, so it did not take long for Lucy to make the reservation.

When they saw their bill cost almost three hundred thousand, they felt a pain shoot through their heart.

Pulling out a card, Lucy said, “I'll pay by card.”

Gwendolyn instantly let out a sigh of relief. It's okay. It's Lucas who's paying. It's fine as long as I'm not the one paying.

This is what it means to be a cheapskate who takes advantage of others' treatment. Well, well, the old me has become a money grubber and a cheapskate ever since I got hammered by the harsh realities of society. Yes. Life turned me into this person.

After swiping the card, Lucy comforted herself, "Money's meant to be used, anyway. Just think of all the nights you had to endure. It was worth it."

With that, the two women took a cab to Night City. As they entered the building, the ex-coworkers at the door hurried over to greet them.

"Lucy, you've changed. You're looking prettier."

"And Gwen's looking sweeter."

The two women were close to the employees there. Their positive character allowed them to have fun with anyone.

Smiling, Gwendolyn beckoned to the ex-coworkers. "We'll be in room number 888. All of you can come over to have fun with us when you're done with work. Lucy's treating today."

Although it was Gwendolyn's bachelorette party, Lucy had Lucas' black card. Gwendolyn figured she should burn a little hole in Lucas' pocket since he always bullied Lucy. That way, he'll learn to treat her better.

Coincidentally, Lucy shared Gwendolyn's sentiment. Why shouldn't I spend the money I earned? He gave it to me, anyway. If I don't spend it, he'll just think of me as a fool. Besides, there's no limit. I can spend as much as I like.

Upon entering the private room, the two women ordered many bottles of alcohol and several hotties, specifically strong and energetic ones.

Gwendolyn let out a sigh as she leaned against the couch and admired the huge luxurious room.

"Lucy, believe it or not, you're the only friend I have."

For the past few years, Gwendolyn had been busy making a living and taking care of her child. Naturally, she had no time to make friends.

Meanwhile, Lucy poured the alcohol mindlessly. Her occupational habit had kicked into gear as soon as she entered the building.

Letting out a long sigh, she commented, “Tsk. I just can't get rid of my old habits. Look at me. I'm behaving like a bottle girl again.”

Gwendolyn laughed. “Let's drink till we drop.”

Just then, a group of men—ranging from muscular, tall and slender, and tough—entered the private room. Some were even the young and clingy type.

Harriet introduced the various types of men with a smile.

“Which one do you like? Feel free to pick anyone. They're Night City's most good-looking and hardworking men.”

Gwendolyn stared at the men lined up in front of her, but none of them caught her attention.

In fact, she recalled the time when she was a customer who enjoyed someone else's service. At that moment, she felt no one was better looking than Patrick. She did not want anyone other than Patrick.

Lucy, too, could not take it anymore. She was used to seeing all kinds of sensual scenes there, but things were different when she was a customer. She could not get used to it.

“It's okay. We'll just drink by ourselves.” Gwendolyn waved her hand dismissively.

Harriet smiled. “Okay. Enjoy yourselves.”

Soon, the private room quietened again. The two women put a ballad on play and just drank away without singing any karaoke.

Meanwhile, at Corleon, Patrick's test results were out.

He was having a video conference in the study of a hotel. Silently, Kevin, who was standing by the door, gave Patrick a quick glance before looking at the time.

“I'm going to the hospital now. The results are out,” Kevin informed John.

Peering into the study, John said, “Mr. Lowen's having a meeting. Why don't we wait for him?”

A smile formed on Kevin's lips. “It's okay. You can take him out to have fun when he's done with work. He's come to Corleon, after all. He should take a good look around the country and treat it as a holiday trip. Leave the hospital stuff to us, doctors.”

With that, Kevin headed out while making a call.

“Yanick, how are the results? Can Jocelyn do the surgery?”