

CEO Daddy 621

Chapter 621 She Resembles Someone

Candace broke into a grin. “Why do you care?”

She stole a glance at her husband, who was sitting across from her. He was sitting ramrod straight and looked a little nervous.

He looks so nervous when it's his daughter getting married. One could easily mistake him for the groom if they didn't know any better.

She lowered her voice, “That doesn't matter. As long as she gets married, Patrick will be yours. No matter who they are, everyone will have to respectfully address you as 'Mrs. Lowen' in the future.”

It was clear what she meant.

As long as Felicia married Patrick, they wouldn't have to fear anyone.

Felicia's lips curved into a smile. “You're right.”

Gwendolyn and I won't be in each other's way anymore. However, when I'm in a bad mood, I can still vent my frustrations on her. After all, I've bullied her my entire life.

Felicia could never change that habit and saw no reason to do so either.

Camille brought Willow to the guest room. When she saw Gwendolyn all dressed up, she chuckled and commented, “What a gorgeous bride!”

Gwendolyn's lips curved a little when she heard that, but she didn't seem too happy.

“Tiffany, you're here.”

Willow went over to her to adjust her veil and train.

The makeup artist and stylist grew excited as they whispered among themselves. "It's Tiffany! She's personally adjusting the wedding dress for the bride!"

"Ah! She's my idol!"

Everyone in the room grew excited before lining up to get Tiffany's autograph.

However, she rejected them, claiming she was here as the bride's elder.

Despite their disappointment, they couldn't help but envy Gwendolyn.

With Tiffany around, Gwendolyn's wedding dress would be taken care of, regardless of how many times she chose to get married.

Meanwhile, Lucy had changed into her white strapless bridesmaid dress, which gracefully embraced her curves, enhancing her figure with elegance and style.

The makeup artist and stylist soon left, leaving the three of them in the guest room.

Willow reached out to caress her cheek. "Sophia will be here to attend your wedding. She'll arrive at noon, so it's almost time for me to head over to the airport to pick her up. We'll meet you at the banquet hall."

She had intentionally sought out Gwendolyn to deliver the news to her. After all, Sophia was Gwendolyn's mother, even though their relationship couldn't be openly acknowledged.

Nevertheless, she would never miss her daughter's wedding day.

Sophia would be at ease to see her daughter marrying the love of her life and leading a blissful life.

Gwendolyn's eyes widened in surprise. "Really? Is Ms. Sanders going to be there? That's great!"

Her heart overflowed with joy upon discovering that Sophia would be present at her wedding. Sophia had always treated her with love and care, even entrusting her with the leadership of Solstice Group.

To Gwendolyn, Sophia was akin to her mother and an elder figure.

“Why would she miss your wedding? Silly girl, she considers you as her daughter.”

Gwendolyn's smile broadened when she heard those words. “Yes, I consider her my mom as well.”

Delight flashed across Willow's eyes. If Sophia gets to hear that, she'll be elated.

As Willow descended the stairs, Felicia finally had the opportunity to get a proper look at her. She did a quick search on Twitter and found a photo of Tiffany. To her surprise, the woman standing right in front of her was none other than Tiffany herself.

Felicia had the urge to introduce herself to Tiffany and ask for the latter's help to design her wedding dress in the future.

However, she decided to give up the idea since Tiffany was Gwendolyn's friend.

Zachary was waiting on the couch. A hint of surprise appeared in his gaze when he spotted Tiffany.

Gripping his trousers, he watched intently as she made her way to the door.

Seeing that, Candace heaved with anger and joined him on the couch.

“Did she captivate you?” she demanded coldly.

Regaining his composure, Zachary glanced at her and replied calmly, “You've gotten it wrong. That woman resembles someone I know.”

She looks exactly like Isabella Myers, Gwendolyn's mother.

Candace folded her arms in displeasure.

“Who does she resemble?”

Chapter 622 Patrick Is Back

Zachary shot her a look. “Just an old friend of mine.”

With that, he got to his feet and called out, “Ms. Ziegler.”

Camille was in the kitchen when she heard someone calling for her. Coming out of the kitchen, she responded, “Yes?”

She didn't know Zachary that well. All she knew was that he was Gwendolyn's father.

However, Gwendolyn wasn't on good terms with him, which was obvious since the two had never had any interactions previously.

Hence, Camille didn't bother being nice to them. After all, their attendance at the wedding was a mere formality.

Michael had arranged for that, and they only bothered coming because they didn't want to embarrass the Ashton family.

“Bring us some coffee.”

Zachary felt thirsty as no one bothered to serve them coffee after they arrived.

Camille glanced at the women on the couch. She remembered the older of them had come to pick a fight when they were still living in Snowy Lane.

Thus, she had a bad impression of the lady.

I was polite enough to allow them entry. How dare they demand me to serve them? Dream on.

Camille replied calmly, "I'm sorry, but we've run out of coffee beans."

Zachary's expression changed. "Then get me a glass of water."

Camille gave him a smile. "The water filter isn't functioning. Are you used to drinking tap water?"

Zachary held back the urge to vent his anger at her as it was Gwendolyn's wedding.

Turning around angrily, he tugged on his tie and returned to the couch.

Perhaps he had eaten something too salty this morning, for he felt parched.

Thus, he was a bit annoyed as he didn't get to drink any water.

Felicia had overheard their argument and joined her father on the couch.

"Dad, I've already asked our driver to buy us some coffee, and he'll be back soon. Please don't be angry."

Candace was already furious to begin with. Upon hearing Camille's response, she began criticizing Gwendolyn.

"Darling, why are you angry? Gwendolyn's housekeeper is just as arrogant as her. They will never let us drink any water in her house. On the other hand, Fel is thoughtful enough to order coffee for you."

Zachary's anger heightened after she said that.

However, he had to admit that she was right as Felicia was indeed thoughtful.

Right then, Patrick strode into the house followed by a team of male bodyguards.

Both Candace and Felicia leaped to their feet, attempting to stop him from entering the house, but his bodyguards blocked their path.

“Everyone, please remain where you are and don't try anything stupid. You might get hurt if you refuse to heed my order,” John warned icily.

He glanced at his boss, who was already going up the stairs.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn was sitting on the bed as Lucy arranged her train.

“Gwen, Zayden will only be here at one. Are you going to sit here until then?”

What? That's quite late. Why did I have to wake up at half past five to put on makeup then? Isn't this unnecessarily troublesome for the bride?

Gwendolyn was exhausted and wanted to take a nap.

Without hesitation, she allowed herself to collapse on the bed. Lucy quickly tugged her back.

“Hey, don't lie down! Your hair will get messy. Don't you want to be—”

Before she could finish her sentence by saying “a pretty bride,” someone dragged her out of Gwendolyn's room and slammed the door shut.

Lucy quickly shielded her chest. This guy in black isn't gentlemanly at all. I'm all dressed up today. How could he treat me so roughly? I could have easily flashed someone with how rough he was!

Furrowing her brows, she chided, “Can't you be more gentle? You can't find a wife this way. You deserve to be single forever!”

The bodyguard's expression changed, but he said nothing. Two of them stood guard at the door so no one could enter without their permission.

Lucy belatedly realized something. Wait, that was Patrick. He's back. Isn't he supposed to be on a business trip at Corleon and wouldn't be back anytime soon? Oh no. Is he going to whisk the bride away?

Chapter 623 Make Patrick Give Up

In the room, Gwendolyn discovered that Lucy had disappeared in the blink of an eye before the door was shut behind her.

Her gaze fell upon a man seated on the red couch near the window. He sat with crossed legs, his icy expression fixed upon her.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips. She knew that a woman looked her best on her wedding day, and she was no exception.

She used to secretly envision Patrick's reaction upon seeing her in a wedding dress on their special day, but the reality before her was far from her imagined scenario.

Patrick's lips were tightly pressed together, lending him an aura of intimidation and disapproval. It felt as though he was on the verge of rushing over, ready to tear apart her wedding dress and remove her veil forcefully.

He lit a cigarette and began smoking silently. Soon, the room was filled with pungent smoke.

Both of them remained silent. Gwendolyn hung her head while Patrick fixed his gaze on her.

After finishing his cigarette, he put it out and rose to his feet, approaching the bed slowly.

Leaning forward, he lifted her chin.

"You look gorgeous today," he commented in an icy tone.

Gwendolyn noticed the bloodshot condition of his eyes. Dark circles nestled beneath his eyes, a clear sign that he had not experienced restful sleep.

“Patrick, I'm going to get married. Are you here to congratulate me?”

Gwendolyn didn't know what she should say but decided to convince him to give up.

She couldn't give him any hope, so it was time to make them both give up.

Patrick's expression turned dark and icy as the temperature in the room dropped.

Gwendolyn couldn't help but shudder.

Patrick's grip on her chin tightened, causing a sharp surge of pain to radiate through her jaw.

Nevertheless, she endured the pain and said nothing.

Patrick sneered, “Gwendolyn, I won't allow you to marry him. I forbid you.”

His voice, filled with venom and malice, struck Gwendolyn's ears like the words of the devil himself, sending a piercing pang of pain straight to her heart.

Gwendolyn took a deep breath as she tried to breathe through the pain deep in her heart.

The sight of the man she longed for stirred up a tumult of emotions within her. Gwendolyn felt a profound sense of sadness and yearning, an overwhelming desire to reach out and embrace him. She wanted to convey the depth of her longing and the emptiness she felt without him.

Alas, she could never do that. If she were to say that, he would only grow more determined to be with her. He would be willing to go against the entire world just to marry her.

Gwendolyn understood the importance of considering others' lives and not being selfish in her pursuit of love.

Memories of her grandfather's unwavering care and support flooded her mind, as did the image of Zayden's kindness and assistance during her most vulnerable moments.

She recognized that her actions could potentially jeopardize Patrick's well-being once again, and she couldn't bear to see him face further trouble.

Patrick was a genuinely good person who deserved happiness in his life.

If they were to be together, she knew that it would only invite conflict and confrontation from Hector, who couldn't tolerate his grandson's rebellious nature.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt that they couldn't make it past the countless gaps between them.

Gwendolyn drew her jaw out of his hand and gathered her thoughts.

Her expression turned icy as she shot Patrick a determined look.

“Patrick, I've been using you all this time to get back at Felicia as she took away my father and my rightful place as the eldest daughter of the family. That was my motive and nothing more.”

She instinctively rubbed her chin, which still throbbed with pain from his earlier pinch.

Despite the ache that lingered from his touch, Gwendolyn found herself yearning for the warmth and comfort his fingers once provided.

Taking a deep breath, she continued, “Patrick, it's time to let go. Zayden and I have been in each other's lives for six years, and he is the father of my children. For their sake, I will never marry you.”

Chapter 624 Wedding Gift

Darkness settled in Patrick's eyes, casting a gloomy shadow across his face. His fists clenched tightly.

“Gwendolyn, I'll give you one last chance. Tell me. Do you want to be with me?”

He actually wanted to say, “Gwendolyn, be with me.”

Alas, he was too proud to say that aloud and ended up warning her.

Gwendolyn adjusted her train and pointed at the door.

“Patrick, it's time for you to leave. Know your place. You were merely a tool to me, and now you serve no purpose. You are of no use to me anymore.”

“A tool?” Patrick sneered, “Do you need to sleep with a tool? You were really horny that night.”

Gwendolyn felt goosebumps all over her body as she recalled the night he was referring to.

Perhaps I will never be that passionate anymore after what I experienced that night. I can't believe he still remembers it. It should also be an unforgettable night for him, right? At least he'll remember that someone named Gwendolyn once spent an unforgettable night with him.

Biting her lip, she continued with her hurtful words. “Patrick, you're well aware of your own attractiveness. I have won your heart, so I went on to conquer your body. Our relationship is over. Today, I am marrying the man I truly love. Don't ruin this day for me.”

Patrick stiffened upon hearing her words.

A wave of excruciating pain coursed through his head, causing Patrick's senses to become overwhelmed. His mouth filled with the metallic taste of blood while tears welled up in his eyes. Even his nose began to tingle.

He shook his head, attempting to regain his sanity.

He told himself that he should leave the room with his head held high instead of showing his weak side to her.

Patrick turned away from Gwendolyn, his steps faltering as he fought to maintain his balance. Leaning against the nearest wall, he steadied himself, taking a few deep breaths to gather his composure. It took him a while, but he pushed forward, making his way to the door.

Pulling the door open, he strode out.

As Lucy caught sight of Patrick, her initial intention to inquire about his plans abruptly shifted as she observed his bloodshot eyes and the grimness etched across his face.

Her eyes went wide. Before she could voice her inquiry regarding his condition, Patrick had already begun making his way toward the stairs.

The two bodyguards at the door went after him. Lucy noticed that Patrick's tall figure wasn't standing as straight as usual, as though his heart had been broken.

His footsteps thudded resoundingly against the ground.

Lucy exhaled sharply. Shouldn't they reconcile, embrace each other tightly, and share their respective hardships before escaping from the wedding to be together forever?

She sighed at the realization that reality was different from TV dramas.

We often overthink things in reality and hold ourselves back. I had hoped that Gwendolyn would find happiness and be spared from marrying Zayden, especially since Patrick showed up. She has faced so many hardships, and finding the man she loves was no easy task. But alas, they cannot be together. It seems that fate has toyed with her once again!

Lucy hurried into the bedroom to hear Gwendolyn's pitiful sobs.

Her heart clenched as she hurried over to embrace Gwendolyn.

“Silly girl, why didn't you tell him what you really think?”

Gwendolyn embraced Lucy tightly. “Lucy, it's so painful. It feels like there's a fire raging in my heart, and I can hardly breathe.”

She began sobbing again.

I wanted to tell him everything, but I couldn't. The only way for Patrick to move on and forget about me was to break his heart. At least one of us can be happy. I'll pray that he finds peace and happiness in his life.

Meanwhile, Patrick barely managed to make his way back to his mansion. He retrieved a file from his safety deposit box.

Inside was the deed to the land in the eastern district, where a successful shopping mall and high-end hotel had been built. Both establishments were up and running smoothly, with thriving business operations.

“Give this to Gwendolyn. Tell her it's my dowry to her.”

Chapter 625 Ruin Her Reputation

It was supposed to be one of the wedding gifts, but since she was not marrying him anymore, it ended up becoming a dowry for her.

John accepted it, his face looking gloomy. Why does he have to give her the gift since she's marrying someone else?

Not long after, Patrick collapsed to the ground, blood flowing from his mouth and nose. Even his eyes were oozing blood.

Terrified, John exclaimed, “Mr. Lowen!”

Meanwhile, Lucy continued to console Gwendolyn, but she had run out of words. If I were in her shoes, I wouldn't know how I would react either.

After Gwendolyn had sobbed for nearly half an hour, Lucy had no choice but to intervene and stop her from crying. “Stop crying, Gwen. You're the bride today. Do you want to meet the guests with swollen eyes? What will Zayden think?”

Gwendolyn still could not stop crying. She finally understood why Juliette was a crybaby who would go on crying for an extended period. It seemed to run in the family.

She tried to hold back, but the overwhelming sadness made it impossible for her to stop shedding tears.

When Patrick was leaving, she felt particularly upset and wished to hold him back, stopping him from

walking away.

She knew this time he would leave for good and never come back.

I finally pushed him away.

Lucy frowned while wiping off Gwendolyn's tears. "Your makeup is all messed up. I'll call the makeup artist over for touch-ups. You better stop crying."

Today, the makeup artist and wardrobe stylist would be with them throughout the ceremony, so Lucy went to find the former immediately.

As Gwendolyn wiped her tears with a tissue, she gazed out of the window at the sunny sky.

Seeing the sky displaying beautiful, sheer white clouds drifting like veils, she took a deep breath. Gwendolyn Ashton, now that you've made your decision, what's the point of being upset about your fate?

At that moment, the makeup artist entered the room. Lucy glanced at Gwendolyn and realized she had stopped crying.

Seeing how Gwendolyn was lost in thought and staring out of the window made Lucy sympathize with her.

Moreover, the fact that Gwendolyn's three children were spending time with Melanie in her house also weighed heavily on her mind. The triplets could not make an appearance at the wedding, as

Gwendolyn could not risk the two elderly members of the Ashton family discovering their existence.

Lucy could sense that this marriage would not lead to happiness.

Gwendolyn cared deeply for the three children and was willing to do anything for their sake.

However, this time, she seemed to let others manipulate her as they wished. This also clearly indicated that the marriage did not hold much significance to her. Sigh. Why did all this happen in the first place?

The makeup artist, who had just touched up Gwendolyn's makeup, reminded her, "Ms. Ashton, you need to stop crying, or else your eyes will swell even more. You won't look nice if that happens."

Gwendolyn nodded and hummed in response.

After the makeup artist left, Lucy poured Gwendolyn a glass of water. "Here. Drink some water."

Gwendolyn took a sip and asked, "Does Lucas know how to look after children?"

Despite having her two sons there, Gwendolyn could not help but feel slightly uneasy. She would only feel more relieved if she knew Lucas was capable of taking care of the children.

Lucy thought about it before replying, "He's quite good with kids. Being a military man, he knows how to handle them. Maybe when you see the three little ones tomorrow, they might start acting like soldiers!"

Melanie was still in the recovery phase and needed some exercise anyway.

Lucas was the one helping her with all the exercises, and he appeared to be quite fond of the little girl, showering her with affection.

Gwendolyn nodded in acknowledgment, feeling somewhat relieved.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the living room, Felicia handed the coffee and pastries brought by the driver to Zachary. “Dad, here's your coffee.”

Zachary took a sip and cleared his throat. “What's the situation between you and Patrick?”

It seemed Patrick came prepared when he was there earlier. The entire family had been worried that he had come to snatch the bride away.

The Ashtons were all initially on edge, not knowing what to do, but after seeing how he stormed downstairs and left with the security guards, they all heaved a sigh of relief.

Felicia pressed her lips together and said, “As long as Gwen stays out of our way, there won't be any issues in our relationship.”

Chapter 626 Lead A Happy And Contented Life

Felicia was lying through her teeth. With Hector on her side and Gwendolyn marrying someone else, she felt like she had won the game. I'll become Mrs. Lowen for sure.

Zachary's expression changed. She's just like her mother.

After responding with a hum, he said, “All right. As long as your relationship with him goes well, you don't have to worry about your sister now that she's married.”

Whenever he thought of Gwendolyn, annoyance crept in. Not only does she look exactly like her mother, but they also have a similar personality—always trying to seduce men.

Felicia had not caused any trouble as she was in a good mood today. She just hoped Gwendolyn would get married quickly so the latter would no longer stand between her and Patrick. “Finish your coffee, Dad. It's your favorite hand-brewed coffee.”

Zachary was pleased to see how considerate Felicia was. At least one of my daughters is always attentive to my needs and cares about me.

The most anxious person of them all was actually Candace. The thought of the possibility that Patrick was the father to Gwendolyn's three children made her feel restless.

She glanced at her wristwatch and asked, "Why aren't they here yet?"

Even though they were being neglected here, she was quite calm. Given her temper in the past, she would have caused a scene.

Zachary responded calmly, "It's still early. They should arrive around one in the afternoon."

Candace sighed. "I guess we came too early."

At that moment, John walked in, casting a sidelong glance at the people around the couch. Instead of lingering, he headed upstairs with long strides.

Upon noticing a visitor going upstairs, Camille caught up with him. "Excuse me, sir. Who are you?"

Camille had not seen John before because Liam was always the one who accompanied Patrick. Earlier, when Patrick was present, John was also right there, but due to the large crowd, Camille did not notice him.

By the time Camille reached upstairs, she noticed John waiting for her in the corridor. "I'm Mr. Lowen's assistant. He sent me here to deliver something to Ms. Ashton."

Upon hearing he was Patrick's assistant, Camille, who was sizing him up, nodded in acknowledgment. "Oh, okay."

She could not help but feel down when the image of Patrick popped into her mind. Wouldn't it have been great if Gwen had married Mr. Lowen instead?

Unfortunately, reality did not turn out as she had desired. "All right. She's in the second bedroom over there."

Since their relationship was not meant to be, Camille wished to end it with some dignity and respect for both of them. Well, I suppose I'll let him deliver whatever gift Mr. Lowen has for Gwen.

John inclined his head to express his gratitude before walking to Gwendolyn's room.

He knocked on the door, and Lucy came to answer it. Upon seeing John, she instantly remembered he was among the group of bodyguards earlier. "How can I help you?"

Lucy was worried that he might cause another commotion. It took us a while to calm Gwen down. He better not upset her and make her cry again!

John peeped into the room and said, "I'm looking for Ms. Ashton. Mr. Lowen sent me."

When Gwendolyn heard that, she uttered, "Let him in."

Lucy had no choice but to open the door and allow him to enter the room.

John walked over to the bed where Gwendolyn was sitting, appearing calm. Her wedding dress was impeccably neat, resembling a bride-to-be one might see in online pictures.

His expression turned cold as he thought about Patrick's situation. Mr. Lowen's life is at risk now, yet this woman is eagerly awaiting her wedding.

The more he thought about it, the more frustrated and furious he became.

Clutching the folder tightly in his hand, he had an intense urge to throw it into her face and call her a b*tch.

However, he did not dare to vent his frustration like that. I can't believe Mr. Lowen still cares so much about her, even though he's severely injured.

If he dared to scold her and throw the folder at her, Patrick would probably exile him to Alendor for such audacity if he ever discovered his actions.

Gwendolyn looked at him, her hands gripping the hem of her skirt tightly.

Seeing Patrick's assistant standing before her made her feel uneasy, as she remembered how Patrick had acted when he was there earlier.

The way he ordered her not to marry Zayden also caused a pang in her heart.

“Ms. Ashton, Mr. Lowen wanted me to deliver this to you. He mentioned that it was originally intended as a wedding gift, but now, he can only offer it to you as a dowry as he hopes you'll lead a happy and contented life!” John added the last sentence just to provoke her, as Patrick could never bring himself to actually utter such blessings.

Chapter 627 Bled Out

When Gwendolyn heard Patrick's blessings upon her marriage, utter dejection swamped her, and her mood plummeted to rock bottom.

Despite wishing he would forget her and live his life happily, she could not muster an ounce of happiness when he had given her his blessings then.

Lucy was also startled to hear that and mused inwardly.

Sure enough, men are exceedingly vengeful creatures. Earlier, Gwen disappointed him. And now, he did the same to her. Does that mean they're considered even?

John placed the folder on the table before he spun on his heel and stalked away.

Having composed herself, Gwendolyn stood up and walked over to the floor-to-ceiling windows. She opened the sliding door and stepped onto the balcony.

The white wedding gown's long train was stunningly beautiful, but her figure from the back gave off a sense of desolation and sorrow.

Lucy picked up the folder and fished out the contract inside to take a look at it. On the heels of that, she shrieked at the top of her lungs.

“Gwen!”

With the contract in hand, she hurried over to Gwendolyn.

“He's really good to you.”

Whoa! The deed to the land in the eastern district, the hotel, and the mall are all in her name. She's now a wealthy lady. If her life at the Surrington residence isn't to her liking in the future, she's totally capable of supporting herself. Gah! Why didn't God bestow me a man like Patrick? If I were so lucky, my life wouldn't have been so pathetic following my divorce back then.

Agitated beyond measure, she showed Gwendolyn the contract.

However, Gwendolyn merely chuckled self-derisively. “What use is all this to me?”

In the past, I was a money-grubber because I was poor and afraid that I couldn't support the kids. Now, I'm no longer strapped for cash, but everyone is giving me money.

Chortling, Lucy pointed at her.

Back then, we were both in dire straits. When we had no money, we helped each other out. But her words now inexplicably sound like mockery to me.

“Ultimately, this is Mr. Lowen's sincere gift, so just accept it. It'll do you good. Got it?”

She patted Gwendolyn on the shoulder before continuing, “It's almost time. Zayden and his party will probably be here soon. I'll put this in your safe deposit box in your wardrobe. Keep it just in case.”

At noon, the groom and his party arrived. The sound of firecrackers going off rang out downstairs.

Lucy dragged Gwendolyn back into the bedroom from the balcony and seated her. Then, she had a few colleagues from Night City barricade the door to make things difficult for the groom.

When the few girls were going to toss out questions and ask for monetary gifts, Gwendolyn suddenly murmured, “Open the door.”

There was nothing Lucy could do about that. She has really given up all hope, not even wanting an opportunity to make things difficult for Zayden and test his love for her.

As the door swung open, Suzanne helped Zayden, who was wearing a white suit, into the room. Behind them followed a few men in suits, likely the groomsmen.

Suzanne's smile was as sweet as ever. "Mr. Surrington is here to pick you up, Gwen!"

Dropping her hold on Zayden, she ran over to Gwendolyn. She also wore a white dress that day, its poofy design rendering her incredibly adorable.

They had a game segment whereby the groomsmen were asked to find the bride's high heels before the bridal couple went downstairs to seek Zachary and Candace's blessings.

It was for that exact moment that Zachary and Candace came over to Gwendolyn's place—to show sufficient respect for the Surrington family.

Otherwise, they would never have bothered to care about Gwendolyn.

Supporting Zayden, Gwendolyn bowed to the couple.

She was actually supposed to kneel, but she found it unnecessary since Zachary had never regarded her as his daughter, while Candace was her stepmother and had done many heinous things to her.

That aside, everyone was merely putting on a show for the wedding, so that tradition was dispensable.

Zachary and Candace took out two stacks of property deeds.

The latter declared, "This is our dowry to you. Respect your in-laws and live a good life with Zayden."

After the ceremony, everyone got into the car in all liveliness. The wedding car then drove out of the mansion area with great pomp and fanfare.

Meanwhile, in the adjacent mansion, the helpers were cleaning up the blood in the house.

As they did so, they lamented, “Why is there so much blood? Those who are clueless might even mistake this place for a murder scene. What exactly happened here? Considering the trail of blood, the person might have bled out, huh?”

Chapter 628 The Mother Of Gwendolyn Arrives

As soon as Liam stepped into the house, he caught sight of the bucket the help was using to clean the blood up. In a flash, his face blanched in fright.

“What's wrong? What happened here?”

Could it be that Mr. Lowen killed Zayden? But that's impossible! He wouldn't do such a stupid thing. Well, I don't think he would.

The help turned to him. “We have no idea either. We were only notified to come over and clean the place.”

Liam swiftly took out his phone and made a call to John. In no time, the person on the other end picked up.

“Have you and Mr. Lowen come back, John?”

Ms. Ashton is getting married today, so Mr. Lowen will undoubtedly return after learning about it. But what exactly happened that there's so much blood here at the mansion?

Right then, John was at the hospital with the others. He had arrived sometime later since he had to run an errand for Patrick.

He stood before the doors of the operating theater at that moment, in the dark about the latter's condition.

“This is all thanks to you, Liam. You're dead if anything happens to Mr. Lowen,” he uttered in a chilly voice.

Hearing that, Liam was wholly bewildered. “The blood... The blood in the mansion belonged to Mr. Lowen?”

While saying that, he had already started striding out of the house. At such a time, Patrick took precedence over everything else.

“Yes. Because of your big mouth, Mr. Lowen might... might die.”

John was reminded about the situation at that time.

If I hadn't informed Mr. Chavez about things before boarding the plane, and we hadn't made a trip back right after Mr. Lowen, I really don't know whether Mr. Lowen would've died in the mansion today.

“I'll come over right away and donate my blood to him!”

After saying that, Liam hung up.

John, on the other hand, cursed, “D*mn it! Who wants your blood?”

Meanwhile, Zayden and Gwendolyn went to the hotel. The wedding would be held that night in the banquet hall on the first floor.

It was scheduled for five o'clock, and it was only a little over three by the time they arrived. As such,

they could rest for a while.

Upon entering the lounge, Gwendolyn helped Zayden to the couch for a seat.

“Are you tired, Zayden? Would you like some water?”

She acted like a maid instead of a bride.

Staring at her expression and eyes, Zayden could tell that she had most certainly cried.

Is it such a grievous tragedy to marry me?

He grasped her hands, his eyes narrowing imperceptibly.

“It's cumbersome for you to move around since you're wearing a wedding gown. Sit down and have a rest.”

Slightly taken aback, Gwendolyn glanced back over her shoulder at her long train.

“How do you know that?”

It was a slip of the tongue on Zayden's part. Nonetheless, he remained calm and unruffled.

“Suzanne had already told me about the style of your wedding gown. Besides, I can imagine how beautiful you are in it!”

At that exact moment, Suzanne walked in with some fruit juice and snacks for them.

Lucy came in as well, bearing fruits.

“Eat something, Gwen. The two of you will be extremely busy later.”

Having the relevant experience, she knew that the bride had no time to eat during the ceremony and would be starved.

Plopping down beside Gwendolyn, she took a piece of cake for the latter and whispered into her ear, “Eat something sweet. It'll generate more dopamine, and you'll be in a better mood.”

After saying that, she cast a look at Zayden with a smile. “You seem to have grown more handsome recently, Zayden.”

He has lost weight. Consequently, his face has grown sharper and his features more pronounced. Perhaps it's because he has lost his vision, and that affected his mood. When one is down in the dumps, becoming thinner is only natural.

Zayden's lips turned up. “Thank you for the compliment.”

Subsequently, Gwendolyn queried, “Do you want to eat something? I'll feed you.”

Seeing that, Lucy could already imagine that Gwendolyn's life would be dedicated to serving the man and being his eyes however long he remained blind.

She sighed softly.

And here I thought Gwen would have a good life henceforth. In truth, she'll be no different from a caretaker in the future, without any happiness to speak of. It's okay if she loves Zayden, but if otherwise, all that's left is duty.

At the entrance of the hotel, five cars came to a stop in a row. Bodyguards in black suits alighted in concert and opened the car door of the vehicle in the middle.

A woman in a light blue evening gown climbed out of the car. A veil obscured her face, only baring a pair of alluring eyes. She cast her gaze at the hotel.

Willow got out of the car from the other side and walked toward her.

“Gwen has already arrived at the hotel. You can see her when you go upstairs. She's stunningly beautiful today, as pretty as a picture!”

Chapter 629 Bumping Into Each Other

Sophia dipped her head a fraction before she entered the hotel with Willow under the accompaniment of a few bodyguards.

When they stepped into the elevator, Zachary, Candace, and Felicia were also there.

It so happened that Felicia remarked, "Gwendolyn's dowry is too pathetic with just two shops and two condominiums. Would she go to Grandpa and kick up a fuss?"

As Sophia and Willow entered the elevator, worry inundated the latter.

Sophia would inevitably be reminded of the past upon seeing this sc*mbag. Why did they have to bump into each other?

She pursed her lips. Meanwhile, Candace was still talking to Felicia, oblivious to the identity of the two women who had just joined them.

On the contrary, Zachary recognized Willow the instant he laid eyes on her once more.

She's Isabella's sister. No wonder I found her familiar back at Star Mansion. Why is she here?

Apprehension flooded him. When Isabella left back then, he told everyone she had passed away. Even Gwendolyn did not know the truth.

For that reason, he was rather anxious at Willow's sudden appearance. Could it be that Isabella is back?

At that thought, restlessness inexplicably gripped him.

He lifted a hand and yanked at his tie, failing to notice the woman with a veil.

When Candace saw him doing that, she reached out and helped him to straighten his tie.

"What are you doing, Darling? You're the father of the bride today, so you can't be disheveled."

Hearing the woman's coquettish voice, Willow was downright sickened.

Sophia swept a placid gaze over Candace. The latter was the one who put her through such suffering back then that she ended up leaving her own daughter.

Yet, she was unusually calm to see the woman then.

Sensing her gaze, Candace mistakenly assumed that Sophia found her beautiful. Thus, she lifted a hand and straightened her hair before flashing the latter a proud smile.

Finally snapping, Willow questioned frostily, “Do you still remember me, Zachary? Your daughter is getting married, but such is your attitude? Oh well, a man like you is probably heartless anyway.”

Zachary had been preoccupied with his thoughts earlier and paid no mind to his wife and daughter's conversation.

After hearing her words then, he was certain that she was indeed there to attend Gwendolyn's wedding.

Well, that makes sense since she's Gwen's aunt.

His gaze darkened a shade. He had been trying to forget the past all these years, acting beyond indifferent and callous toward Gwendolyn for no other reason than to forget Isabella.

However, the sight of the latter's sister at that moment rendered everything he did in the past futile.

“You should indeed be present for Gwen's wedding, Willow. If she were to learn that her aunt—”

“Shut up. Today is her big day, so don't mention the past.”

Following Willow's snarl, Zachary stopped short. His gaze dimmed, and bitterness brewed within him.

Candace heard the woman bellowing at her husband and shot her a glare.

“Who are you? What right do you have to poke your nose into our family's affairs?”

Both Willow and Sophia cut their eyes at her, the look in them icy. Candace tilted her head back, having no choice but to do so to meet their gazes as she was shorter than the two women.

Felicia hastily tugged at her. “Mom, Mom, stop it.”

At that, Candace was entirely confounded. Why must I compromise? Are these two women big shots, and I can't afford to offend them?

“Why must I back down? They're picking on your father. Never mind that you aren't helping, but you're

even stopping me from reasoning with them! Do you even have a conscience?”

Felicia frantically gave her pointed looks, but her mother remained oblivious and acted like a shrew.

Lifting a hand, she propped it against her forehead.

This is the most renowned designer at present. With Mom having offended her such, it'd be nigh impossible to obtain DK's clothes and handbag in the future. It's already hard to buy them, and I even have plans to implore her to design my wedding gown. After this row, I likely won't have the opportunity to wear DK's wedding gown.

“All right, that's enough,” Zachary interjected coldly.

Candace was utterly stumped. Even he is ordering me to zip my mouth? But I'm helping him!

Chapter 630 Divorce

“What's the meaning of this, Zachary? I'm helping you!”

Verily, Candace was aggrieved to the core. Felicia hurriedly hugged her.

“Just keep silent for a while, Mom. Put up with it for a short time. It'll only be a moment.”

After saying that, she turned to Willow and smiled brightly. “Nice to meet you, Tiffany. Both my mom and I love DK's products. You're even more beautiful in real life than on TV!”

Upon hearing that, Candace frowned slightly. I seem to have heard that name before.

She then looked at Willow again, but still, she had no recollection of the latter.

In response, Willow smiled placidly. “I'm afraid that I'd have to disappoint you both. Considering your characters, you'd be blacklisted by DK forever.”

Felicia's eyes widened imperceptibly. Sure enough, she's offended. There's no hope for my wedding gown anymore!

She bit her lip, feeling rather disappointed.

That was doubly true when she recalled that everyone in her circle of friends and socialites were all fanatic fans of DK.

No matter who was getting married, if the person managed to have DK's designer design her wedding

gown, she would definitely flaunt it within the circle.

Unfortunately, that had Candace losing her temper once more. “So be it. What's so great about DK? Are there no other brands besides DK? Hmph!”

Just then, the elevator doors opened. Willow and Sophia promptly stepped out.

Only then did Zachary notice the woman in the light blue evening gown. With her stellar figure, she was a devastating beauty, judging from her back.

All of a sudden, Isabella came to mind. Therefore, he quickly chased after them.

“Who's this, Willow?”

He stared at Sophia hopefully. Willow turned her head back to look at him, a smirk playing on her lips.

“This is Ms. Sanders, Gwen's godmother. Why, do you know her?”

At that question, Zachary pursed his lips briefly.

“N-No.”

I've never heard of Gwen's godmother.

Candace followed behind him, her eyes razor-sharp.

“You're acting somewhat strange today, Zachary. Why are you following them? Have you taken a fancy to them?”

It went without saying that she was very much distrustful of the man. Back then, she went to great lengths to have him marry her.

After all, a man's nature was such that he would get bored after being with a woman for a long time and instead find other women out there far better than his own wife.

The corners of Sophia's mouth curved up coldly. She continued forward and knocked on Gwendolyn's door with Willow.

Zachary stood there watching. He looked on as they went into the room, but he still did not want to leave.

A strange feeling lingered within him, and it was as though a sense of familiarity had resurfaced.

Nonetheless, he could not be sure about the reason. Hmm, perhaps it's the sight of Willow that triggered such a feeling in me.

Candace's breathing grew increasingly heavier. In the end, she snapped and shoved him.

“What exactly are you doing, Zachary? Have you taken an interest in her and would like to have a divorce with me?”

Hah! If he wants a divorce, so be it. I'm not scared now. Fel is my daughter, and she'll soon marry into the Lowen family. At that time, I'll be Patrick Lowen's mother-in-law. A great life is awaiting me!

Withdrawing his gaze, Zachary whirled around and headed toward his own room, sighing as he walked.

As scenes from the past flashed across his mind, he found it all too difficult to ignore them.

Felicia stood waiting for them a near distance away. When she saw her father approaching with an expression of great melancholy, she called out to him.

“Can you please not quarrel with Mom, Dad?”

She had never seen her parents at odds. That was the first time, and it made her feel a touch fearful.

Right then, Zachary lifted his head and cast her a glance.

“I'm going back to my room. Keep your mother company. She loves to overthink things, so go and counsel her for a bit.”

“Okay.”

Subsequently, Candace stormed over in a fit of pique, wearing a long face.

“Don't be angry anymore, Mom.”

Linking her arm with her mother's, Felicia continued, "That woman is an exceedingly famous person, and it's really unwise to offend her. I even have plans to have her design my wedding gown in the future! Dad is probably acting in such a way because of that as well. Don't overthink things."

"Your father is simply besotted, tempted because she's beautiful! Argh! I'm just so mad! I want to divorce him!"