

CEO Daddy 631

Chapter 631 Guilty

Meanwhile, Sophia and Willow entered Gwendolyn's room. Lucy was astonished when she saw Willow and couldn't stop tugging at Gwendolyn.

“Gwen, you're acquainted with her? Why didn't you introduce me to her earlier?”

Lucy was beyond excited. Still, any woman would've reacted in that manner when they met Willow.

After all, her designs were the pinnacle of the fashion world, and any items from her brand, DK, whether clothes, accessories, or bags, were highly sought after.

Sometimes, even having money wasn't enough; connections were what mattered most.

“If I had known her earlier, I might've made it big by now.”

Lucy fantasized about knowing Tiffany and establishing connections with the latter. In that case, she could acquire all the new DK bags, clothes, and accessories and make a fortune by selling them to wealthy ladies. By then, I won't have to sell alcohol at Night City anymore.

Gwendolyn patted Lucy's hand. “Calm down. She's my mentor.”

Mentor? Lucy almost passed out from the shock. “Are you aspiring to be a designer too?”

That was indeed Gwendolyn's plan because, as far as she could remember, her mother was a designer, so she wished to follow in her footsteps. “That's the plan.”

Lucy pondered. Once Gwen becomes a famous designer, I'll be able to make even more money.

Willow approached Gwendolyn with a smile. “Gwen, look who's here!”

As soon as they entered the room, Gwendolyn noticed Sophia. She hitched up her skirt and walked over. “Ms. Sanders.”

Gwendolyn spread her arms and embraced Sophia. That hug gave Gwendolyn a warm feeling, causing all her unease and unhappiness to dissipate.

Sophia held her daughter with complex emotions in her eyes.

She could not acknowledge her relationship with Gwendolyn due to her current identity and could only attend the ceremony as a godmother. Not to mention, she wasn't able to announce to the public she was Gwendolyn's godmother either, which saddened her greatly.

Nevertheless, Sophia was contented to see her daughter happy.

When Sophia released Gwendolyn, her eyes lingered on the latter's petite face as she chirped, “You've grown up, and you're getting prettier.”

Her countenance was almost identical to Sophia's.

Gwendolyn smiled. At that moment, her heart was brimming with delight. “Let's sit down and talk, Ms. Sanders.”

Willow led Lucy out of the room, as Sophia would be staying there that night.

Lucy was more than happy to follow Willow. Getting acquainted with Tiffany would secure her path to financial freedom.

She had been looking for a job but hadn't found a suitable one. It seemed that she could now start her own business.

Overjoyed, Lucy trailed after Willow.

Inside the room, Gwendolyn poured and served Sophia a glass of water. “Ms. Sanders, have some water.”

Sophia removed her veil, revealing a distinct scar on her face, which marred her original beauty.

She sipped her water and then held the glass with both hands. “Gwen, you must be happy in the future!”

A trace of guilt flashed across her eyes as she gazed at Gwendolyn. Sophia had been helpless years ago and unable to take Gwendolyn with her when she left, leaving the latter to suffer under the Ashton family's care.

Even now, she couldn't be reunited with her daughter.

Having overheard the family of three's conversation in the elevator earlier, Sophia felt her heart aching even further for Gwendolyn. This is under the premise that Zachary doesn't know Gwendolyn isn't his biological daughter. If he had known that, I dare not imagine if Gwendolyn would've survived to this

age. Fortunately, not many people know this secret.

Gwendolyn spaced out. Happy? Perhaps I'm not fated to be happy and will never find joy for the rest of my life, either.

At that moment, someone knocked on the door. Sophia put on her veil and went to answer the door.

Zachary stood at the doorway. When he swept his gaze across Sophia's face and noticed her eyes, he was instantly taken aback. Her eyes are so similar to Isabella's. Very similar indeed!

Sophia turned around and was about to leave, but Zachary called after her. “What's your relationship with the Myers family?”

Chapter 632 Lie

Sophia replied coldly, “I'm not related to the Myers family.”

From the day she changed her name to Sophia Sanders, she no longer had any ties with the Myers family. Everything she did had nothing to do with the Myers family too.

With that, she retraced her steps into the room.

Gwendolyn asked, "Who's there?"

She thought the newcomer was Zayden, but a few moments later, Zachary came into view.

Sophie uttered, "Gwen, I won't disturb you further since you have something to attend to. I'll see you later."

She gave her daughter a meaningful look. The incidents from the past resurfaced in her mind. If it weren't for this man...

Sophia closed her eyes, unwilling to dwell on those thoughts. I've never sought vengeance against Zachary and Candace all these years only because they raised my daughter.

She spun on her heels and strode out of the room.

Gwendolyn looked at Zachary. "What do you want?"

That was the first time he had seriously gazed at his daughter. In the past, he didn't dare to look at her as her appearance was too similar to Isabella's, which reminded him of Isabella and made him feel horrible.

That day, Zachary suddenly realized that Gwendolyn was also his daughter, and it was time he started treating her well.

"Gwen, I've wronged you in the past. From now on, let's get along. I'll do my best to make it up to you."

It was already too late for him to say that. Gwendolyn had never felt any paternal love from Zachary. She had yearned for it before, but after much disappointment, she no longer harbored such thoughts.

“That won't be necessary. I don't need it,” she uttered frostily and looked out of the window, showing no intention of continuing the conversation with him.

At five o'clock, the wedding ceremony began. Tears welled up in Sophia's eyes as she watched her daughter put on the ring and become someone else's wife.

She genuinely wished for her daughter's happiness.

Subsequently, she got up and left. Willow followed her out. “Sophia, are you leaving already?” Is she going to leave in haste after witnessing the happiest moment of her daughter's life?

“Sophia, I-I have something to do. Please help me give this to Gwen.”

She handed a delicate jewelry box to Willow. The latter opened the box and glanced at the content.

It was the set of emerald jewelry left by their grandmother, the Myers family's heirloom.

Sophia went to the hospital and entered Michael's ward.

When Michael saw her, a hint of surprise flitted across his eyes. “Isabella, is that you?”

Sophia nodded. “It's me. Old Mr. Ashton, I heard you're sick, so I came to visit and thank you for taking care of Gwen all these years.”

She could no longer bring herself to address him as “Dad.”

Michael was somewhat emotional. “Isabella, this is all my fault. I said I'd give you a home, so I introduced you to my son, hoping he'd protect you and your child. I didn't expect that b*stard to wrong you and make you suffer.”

Isabella once saved Michael, so at her most difficult time, he lent her a helping hand.

She lowered her gaze. “I don't blame him. We deceived him first.”

Even at that point, Zachary didn't know Gwendolyn wasn't his child.

Michael sighed. "He's a man without good fortune, letting a wonderful woman like you slip through his fingers."

Michael was fond of Isabella's character, not to mention she was exceptionally beautiful and coveted by

many men.

If Zachary had stayed with her, they would eventually have children of their own and lead a blissful life together.

Unfortunately, he messed up by having an affair and drove Isabella away.

Michael felt his good deed had resulted in a bad outcome, so he had always doted on Gwendolyn.

"Old Mr. Ashton, let's not talk about the past. It's all water under the bridge."

"Isabella, how have you been? Did you remarry?"

Isabella shook her head. "I'm still single and living quite well. As Gwendolyn's mother, I should at least attend her wedding now that she's getting married. However, don't tell her about my identity. I haven't fulfilled my responsibilities as her mother over the years, and I don't want to disappoint her."

Michael sighed, not knowing what to say. That b*stard, Zachary, told Gwen her mother died after Isabella left. If we tell Gwen her mother is back, wouldn't that be a slap in Zachary's face?

Chapter 633 He Won

After the wedding ended, Gwendolyn and Zayden headed to the hospital to visit Michael.

Michael broke into a smile upon seeing their arrival.

“Have a seat! I'm sure it has been a tiring day for you two.”

Gwendolyn helped Zayden to settle down on the couch. It seems like Grandpa is feeling much better today. Hopefully, he'll continue to get better.

“Not at all,” answered Gwendolyn thoughtfully.

She followed by asking what he had eaten for the day.

Michael answered her question in detail. He knew Gwendolyn was a kind woman who cared a lot about him.

“Zay, I'll leave Gwen to you from now on. I hope you'll cherish the relationship and be good to her.”

Michael had entrusted Gwendolyn's mother to Zachary, expecting him to treat her well. Sadly, things did not go as planned.

I hope I made the right choice this time. That way, I'll be at ease. After all, it's partially my fault Gwen didn't have her parents by her side when she was younger. If I hadn't introduced Isabella to my son because of my selfish motives, perhaps Isabella and Gwen would've led a good life.

That was why he wanted to help Gwendolyn find a good man who could make her happy for the rest of her life. Only then could he die with no regrets.

“Grandpa, don't worry. I'll definitely be good to Gwen,” replied Zayden.

The two stayed at the ward to keep Michael company for about an hour before the latter urged them to leave.

He did not want them to waste time there since it was their wedding night.

With that, the two left the ward and returned to Dragonhill Mansion.

Zayden had no plans to return to the life of ordinary people as they had just gotten married. He wanted to spend more alone time with Gwendolyn right now.

The car came to a stop outside Dragonhill Mansion's yard. Suzanne hopped off the car first and hurried over to open the door for Zayden.

Just as she was about to help him get out, the man shot her a look. She widened her eyes, then backed away quickly.

Mr. Surrington probably wants Gwen to help him. I have to get used to this from now on. Besides, he's not really blind anyway.

After getting out of the car, Gwendolyn hurried over to support Zayden. However, he said, "Let me carry you into the house."

Gwendolyn widened her eyes. "No need. I'll help you into the house instead."

She did not see the need to stick to those wedding etiquettes since Zayden could not see anything.

Anyway, this wedding is just a show for the others to see. Since the ceremony is over, there's no need to be so serious about it.

Nonetheless, Zayden insisted on doing so. "That's the rule. I'll carry you inside."

As those words fell, he bent forward, picked her up in a bridal carry, and strode into the house.

His steps are so calm and unruffled. It... it's almost as if he isn't blind.

Gwendolyn fixed her gaze intently on the man's eyes. She badly wanted to know if he had regained his vision.

She raised her hand and waved it before his eyes.

Yet, there was no response. I guess he must've secretly practiced before, and that's why he can walk so steadily.

Realizing that was most likely the case, Gwendolyn closed her eyes, shutting out any further thoughts.

She knew all too well the kind of person Zayden was. After all, it had been six years.

He was kind, optimistic, and warm. It was no doubt he was a friend to keep.

That's right, Gwendolyn. It's the kindness you have to repay. You have to take good care of him and help him recover.

The interior of the house had been carefully decorated. The floor was lined with rose petals, and it was apparent that Zayden had put in a lot of effort to make Gwendolyn feel special.

Suzanne exclaimed in shock, "Wow! A path paved with flower petals all around! Mr. Surrington, who did this?"

The house didn't look anything like this when we left.

Zayden coldly uttered, "Go back to your room. Do not come out tonight."

After saying that, he carried Gwendolyn and headed upstairs into their bedroom with long strides. The decor in the room, too, had been changed to look more romantic and celebratory. The bedding was all changed to a white color scheme, and so was the bed canopy.

There was also wedding decor pasted on the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Upon putting Gwendolyn onto the bed, Zayden propped himself up with his hands on the sides of the bed. A faint smirk spread across his face. The satisfaction he was feeling was not only apparent on his face but also in his voice.

"Gwen, you're finally my wife."

Chapter 634 Wedding Night

Gwendolyn pursed her lips. Seeing how happy Zayden was, she did not want to be a wet blanket.

Yet, she could not bring herself to smile. There was even a trace of bitterness on her face.

“Mm-hmm!” she softly mumbled a reply.

Unexpectedly, Zayden caught sight of the expression on her face clearly.

Are you still thinking of Patrick at this point? Hah! You're now mine. There's no more chance for you.

Following that, he inched closer and closer toward Gwendolyn to the point his lips were almost touching hers.

Startled, she backed away quickly. “Zayden, I'll run a bath for you to clean up.”

With that said, she briskly scurried away and entered the bathroom.

While filling the bathtub with water, she walked up to the sink and rinsed her face.

Propping her hands on the sink, she gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

Earlier at the hotel, she had changed into casual clothes and was now in a light blue dress, with her long hair draped on her shoulders. She had no makeup on, but she looked so pretty it was almost as if she had applied makeup.

In fact, it had always been that way for her since she was little. The teachers at school would always ask her to remove her makeup even when she did not put on any.

Her lips twitched, and she felt somewhat helpless.

As the water in the bathtub reached a suitable level, she exited the bathroom.

Zayden was lying on the bed with his eyes shut, seemingly exhausted.

Gwendolyn walked over to the bedside, bent forward slightly, and called for him, "Zayden..."

Her voice was very soft. She had decided not to wake him up if he had fallen asleep.

Zayden, however, opened his eyes. "Let's take a bath together."

He sat up, took off his suit jacket, and threw it aside, then unbuttoned his white shirt with one hand. Every one of his moves was absolutely charming.

His other half would be wholly entranced had they been deeply in love with each other.

Besides, it was a special night. Any newlyweds would find it especially exciting and passionate.

Nevertheless, it was quite a shock for Gwendolyn, so much so that she clenched her hands into fists.

"You go first. I'll shower later."

At that point, Zayden had already removed his shirt and was about to unzip his pants.

Gwendolyn hastily turned her back to him. As much as she knew there were some things she would have to face after marriage, she always thought she could accept them readily when the day came.

It was only at that instant she realized that she would not be able to get intimate with a man she had no love for. She could not even bring herself to do something as trivial as looking at his naked body.

Extreme anxiety struck her, and she gripped her dress tightly.

At that point, the man behind her had taken off his clothes. He stared at her back, then hastened into the bathroom, his expression terrifyingly gloomy.

Not hearing Zayden call her after some time, Gwendolyn turned around to see if he had already removed his clothes, only to realize that other than a pile of clothing, the man was nowhere to be seen.

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Gwendolyn heaved a sigh of relief.

“Do you need my help, Zayden?” she asked while standing in front of the bathroom door.

Soaking inside the warm bath, Zayden grew grim and snorted coldly after hearing those words. This girl seriously doesn't speak what she thinks. Wasn't she so terrified just now? Why is she asking if I need help now?

As he did not respond, Gwendolyn then added, “Call me if you need help. I've placed the bathrobe on the rack beside the bathtub. It's on your left, well within your reach.”

Finishing her words, she went to the walk-in closet. She did not intend to shower again since she had done so while at the hotel earlier.

After changing into casual attire, she stood at the bathroom door, waiting for Zayden to call for her.

Like an elementary school student being punished, she stood straight without moving an inch. Only her eyes were shifting around, observing every corner of the room.

She continued doing so until she heard footsteps approaching. At once, she stepped forward and queried, “Are you done, Zayden?”

The bathroom door was pulled open. Zayden walked out, wrapped in a bathrobe. The bathrobe belt was loosely tied, revealing his muscular chest that had beads of water on it.

Reaching his hand out, he pulled Gwendolyn into his embrace.

Chapter 635 You Leave Me With No Choice

He was so close that Gwendolyn could feel his warm breaths. That scared her, and she began to push him away.

“Zayden, Zayden...”

The man's breathing grew heavier. “Honey, let's not waste such a beautiful night, shall we?”

With that, he picked her up and threw her onto the huge, soft bed.

“Zayden!”

Her voice was filled with panic, but Zayden could not care less as he wanted her so badly.

She was his wife at last. He had finally defeated Patrick!

She tried to get away by moving toward the headboard.

Zayden reached out to grab her leg and yanked her over. The very next moment, Gwendolyn was under his body.

“Gwen, from tonight onward, you're mine.”

He sounded so cold when he said that, like he saw himself as the victor.

Just as he was about to kiss Gwendolyn, she moved her face.

Zayden's face darkened when he saw her resisting.

Grabbing her hands, he pinned them down above her head.

“Stop thinking about him. It's over between the both of you. You should know how I feel about you for the past six years. I love you so much.”

In the past, Zayden would observe Gwendolyn when he said things like that.

If she was averse to his advances, he would stop whatever he was doing. Since she claimed they were only friends, he stayed by her side as her friend.

All the while, he thought he would become her boyfriend before becoming her husband.

Patrick's appearance disrupted their chemistry and his plan, throwing everything into chaos.

With that thought in mind, Zayden exuded a menacing aura.

He tore her clothes off without another word. Gwendolyn could not help but start to struggle with all her might.

In the end, she sent Zayden flying off the bed with a kick.

She quickly slipped off the bed and stood at the other end. Her eyes were filled with tears, and she was trying to cover her body with her torn clothing.

“Zayden, please don't do this... We...”

She controlled herself and did not finish the rest of the sentence.

As far as she was concerned, they had been friends all the while. That was why she felt that they should not be doing this.

Zayden rubbed his throbbing butt and legs before getting up with a cold look in his eyes.

“Gwendolyn, we're already married. Are you still thinking of Patrick?” With a roar, he flung the objects around him onto the floor, smashing them into bits and pieces.

Tears flowed down Gwendolyn's face when she saw what he did.

“Zayden, I'm sorry! I can't.”

She shook her head and cried in a heart-wrenching manner. Her sadness was practically palpable.

After Zayden vented his frustration, he strode out of the room. In the process, he bumped into the door, causing him to let out a soft grunt.

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Gwendolyn rushed forward and asked, “Are you all right?”

The moment she touched his hand, Zayden pushed her away. She fell and hit the corner of the bed.

Gwendolyn groaned in pain. It hurt so badly that her brows furrowed tightly.

Even so, Zayden opened the door and left.

Seeing that, Gwendolyn got up slowly and let out a sigh of relief.

Upon arriving downstairs, Zayden grabbed some wine and started drinking.

Meanwhile, Suzanne had heard the commotion, but she dared not go upstairs. She only sneaked out of her bedroom to steal a glance.

However, she was greeted by the sight of Zayden drinking wine in the living room alone. She ran over.

“Mr. Surrington, why aren't you asleep?”

She glanced at the empty bottles and him before realizing that he might be drunk.

Suzanne walked up to him and tugged at the sleeve of his bathrobe.

“Mr. Surrington, it's late. Gwen is about to go to bed.”

She wanted to send him to his room, but Zayden opened his eyes all of a sudden and squinted at her.

Abruptly, he gave a wicked laugh. “Gwendolyn, you better not come begging me in the future.”

With that, he pulled Suzanne onto his lap and cupped her face with his hands. He then kissed her urgently on her lips.

“Mr...”

Chapter 636 A Game

Suzanne smacked him with both hands, but Zayden showed no sign of releasing her.

His kiss became more passionate, and his tongue was moving against hers.

Suzanne had no idea what was going on. A while ago, she was a little frightened. However, she did not do anything since he was her boss.

He tasted unique to her. There was a hint of alcohol mixed with a bit of peppermint.

Anyway, she liked the way he tasted, so she stuck her tongue out as well.

Suddenly, Zayden let go of her and laughed coldly.

“You want it?”

His voice was deep and sexy.

Suzanne did not know what was going on, but she liked the taste of him, so she nodded.

“Yes, I want it!”

Zayden's heart trembled when he heard that short reply.

Gwendolyn, you aren't the only woman in this world.

When Zayden kissed Suzanne again, she wrapped her hands around his neck. She loved whatever they were doing as it was quite fun.

He placed his large hands on the soft mounds of her chest, surprised at how nice they felt. He did not expect her to have such a great figure.

When Suzanne saw him touching her, she reached out to touch his chest too.

The moment she felt his chest, she widened her eyes in shock. This feels so good!

She then dug her fingernails into his flesh. Zayden moaned before carrying her into her room.

It was dark in the room as they did not bother turning on the lights. Zayden pinned Suzanne against the door and began to strip her naked.

Blinking innocently, she asked, "Mr. Surrington, won't we catch a cold without clothes?"

She seemed to be only interested in kissing him as she kept trying to catch his lips.

Zayden grinned devilishly and began to coax her, "Be good. We'll have more fun later on. But this is a secret game that can only be known between the two of us. Understand?"

Suzanne nodded. "Okay. I like playing games with you, Mr. Surrington."

In the meantime, Gwendolyn was tidying the bedroom. Once she swept up all the broken pieces, she looked around to ensure she did not miss any fragments before leaving the room.

She went to the study, but there was no sign of Zayden.

Gwendolyn then went downstairs. When she saw the bottles in the living room, she knew he had been drinking.

But, where is he?

Just then, she heard Suzanne crying.

Gwendolyn glanced in the direction of her bedroom and walked over in confusion.

“Suzanne...” she called out, thinking that Suzanne was having a nightmare.

In truth, she had cried out in pain because of Zayden thrusting into her.

Zayden covered her mouth and licked her ear with a wicked smile on his face.

“Babe, don't make any sound. Gwen is just outside. Bear with it and don't cry.”

All of a sudden, Suzanne did not like this game anymore. She was in pain. It hurt too much.

However, Zayden had no intention of stopping. The bed creaked loudly with each jerk of his hips.

Once again, Gwendolyn asked, “Suzanne, are you awake?”

When Zayden heard her voice, he became even more excited and moved harder.

Both of Suzanne's hands were gripping the bedsheet tightly while she bit her lip in a bid to keep silent. In the end, she could not take it anymore and let out a yell.

“Ah...”

She felt a strange tingling sensation all over her body. It felt as if she was floating in the clouds.

When Gwendolyn heard the shout, she called out again, “Suzanne, are you awake?”

She was sure that Suzanne was having a nightmare.

Zayden felt great after getting his release. He collapsed next to Suzanne and brushed her hair aside. Taking in the satisfied look on her tiny face, he smiled.

“Tell her that you were having a nightmare and not to worry.”

It was only then Suzanne returned to her senses and asked, “Shall we ask Gwen to join us in our game?”

To her, it was fun. Even though it was painful in the beginning, she loved the ending! Besides, Zayden was being nicer to her. He even called her “Babe.”

Hehehe...

Chapter 637 Feed Her The Medicine Personally

Zayden said coldly, “No, ask her to leave.”

One time was definitely insufficient to satiate his desire. Suzanne wouldn't be able to rest tonight.

Suzanne nodded. “Gwen, don't worry. I just had a nightmare. I'm fine. You should get some rest!”

Gwendolyn breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that Suzanne had woken up.

“Do you need me to keep you company?”

The way Suzanne had been crying so heartbrokenly and her shouts had been quite scary.

Due to Suzanne's young age, Gwendolyn had long since considered her a younger sister.

“It's okay. I'm going to sleep now.”

After that, Suzanne turned her head to look at Zayden as if inquiring if he was satisfied with her response.

The light in Zayden's eyes was somewhat chilly as he gently caressed her face with one hand.

“Let's continue.”

Having already experienced the excitement, Suzanne turned around joyfully to press herself against his body and proactively kissed his lips.

Gwendolyn cleaned up the empty wine bottles before returning to the room.

She was aware that Zayden was angry, so she assumed that he would likely spend the night in the guest room.

Despite feeling exhausted, she couldn't manage to fall asleep as she lay there on the bed.

Zayden's behavior was not like this in the past. His current emotional instability concerned her, and she felt the need to suggest that he seek regular sessions with a psychiatrist.

Initially, the newlywed couple was meant to greet the elders of Zayden's family the next morning, and in the afternoon, it would be the Ashton family's turn.

Nevertheless, due to Zayden's condition, they were excused from following those traditional etiquettes.

Gwendolyn was unaware of the time she fell asleep, but when she woke up in the morning, it was already past nine o'clock. She had been awakened by the sound of her phone ringing.

Answering the call, she greeted, “Hello?”

Her eyes were still closed as she felt incredibly drowsy.

“Gwen, we weren't able to witness you becoming a bride. It's truly saddening.”

When she heard her daughter's voice, Gwendolyn suddenly opened her eyes.

“Juliette, are you guys having fun at Melanie's house?”

Lucy had already gone back to help take care of the three children for now.

“Gwendolyn, we're deeply upset that you're getting married, yet we can't be by your side.” While speaking, Juliette began crying once more.

Then Justin's voice came through the phone, saying, “Mommy, it's okay, don't worry. Julian and I will comfort Juliette.”

Gwendolyn's nose suddenly tingled. She felt a slight pang of sadness, knowing that the three children had been hurt in this situation.

“Justin, I'm sorry. I'm facing some challenges. I apologize!”

Justin responded, “It's okay; we don't mind. Our only concern is for your happiness.”

As Gwendolyn listened to her son's words, she felt even more unsettled. They were incredibly mature and understanding. Therefore, they wouldn't openly express their emotions. If it weren't for Juliette's outward expression of her feelings, Gwendolyn would have assumed that everything was fine with them.

“Justin, please help me comfort Juliette along with Julian. We will be living with Mr. Zayden from now on, and our family will remain together.”

She knew why Juliette was upset.

Not only was the little girl unable to witness Gwendolyn as a bride in a wedding dress, but she also feared that her mother might not want them anymore.

Even though Juliette was just a child, she was remarkably thoughtful and comprehended everything.

“No problem, Mommy! We'll hang up now,” Justin assured her.

For the following seven days, Gwendolyn and Zayden had to reside in the mountain villa. As newlyweds, it was customary not to visit other people's homes during this time, as doing so was believed to bring bad luck.

Before their return, Angeline provided them with numerous instructions, and Gwendolyn diligently took note of each one.

Furthermore, considering Zayden's current condition, it was inconvenient for him to venture outside.

Gwendolyn rose to wash up and went downstairs. She saw Zayden holding a glass of water and passing Suzanne a pill.

Gwendolyn looked at Suzanne. “Is Suzanne sick?”

Suzanne appeared noticeably low on energy today as she yawned repeatedly.

Suzanne glanced at the medicine in her hand, then shifted her gaze toward Zayden.

“Can I not eat it?”

Zayden said coldly, “No. Eat it now.”

Suzanne could only obediently place the pill in her mouth and take a sip of water from the glass in his hand.

“Gwen, I'm fine. I'm just a little tired.”

She felt exhausted from the activities last night, and Zayden only allowed her to sleep when dawn was approaching.

Chapter 638 Going To The Hospital

Gwendolyn touched Suzanne's forehead. "You don't seem to have a fever. If you're tired, go and rest. Don't worry. I'll take good care of Zayden while you're resting."

Gwendolyn appeared remarkably enthusiastic today, causing Zayden to narrow his eyes slightly in observation.

It seemed that she had slept well without him last night.

Suzanne looked at Zayden and asked, "Mr. Surrington, can I go rest?"

Her legs were so sore that they trembled slightly.

Remembering the redness on the bedsheet, he realized that he had taken her virginity. He understood that she must be tired, so he nodded in agreement.

"Go ahead."

Suzanne was overjoyed and embraced Gwendolyn tightly before rushing to Zayden's side and hugging him as well.

Zayden's expression changed, and he said coldly, "Let go of me. Where are your manners?"

Suzanne enjoyed Zayden's scent, but upon hearing his words, she took a few steps back, looking quite unhappy.

She gazed at him with wide, blinking eyes, feeling hurt.

They had been so intimate last night, not only hugging but also sharing kisses.

However, he appeared quite annoyed when she embraced him now. It was as if Zayden had transformed into a different person after the night.

Suzanne turned and walked to her bedroom.

Gwendolyn walked to Zayden's side. "Did you sleep in the guest room last night?"

Zayden replied, "Yes."

He gracefully settled onto the couch, crossing his legs and leaning back against it.

Gwendolyn sensed that he was still upset, but she couldn't bring herself to take that next step.

"I will make us breakfast."

After speaking, she turned around and made her way to the kitchen. Zayden coldly curled his lips in response.

Gwendolyn, I can tell you're still preoccupied with Patrick. From now on, I won't lay a finger on you anymore. In this lifetime, you'll be left alone to guard an empty room every night. Haha!

The man's aura grew exceedingly cold, and his chuckle carried an eerie undertone.

Half an hour later, Gwendolyn had prepared a simple breakfast and assisted Zayden to the dining table.

As Zayden held her arm, Gwendolyn let out a soft whimper.

"Ouch!"

Zayden frowned slightly. "Did you get hurt last night?"

He recalled how when he pushed her away last night, she had fallen heavily at the foot of the bed.

Gwendolyn hadn't thought much of that fall. If he hadn't pinched her, she might not have even noticed her injury.

"It's okay. It doesn't hurt very much."

Zayden furrowed his brows and said, "I'll ask Suzanne to apply some medicine for you."

He turned his head and wanted to call Suzanne, but Gwendolyn hastily intervened, "She just took the medicine. Let her rest."

A faint smile appeared on Zayden's face as he secretly thought to himself, You truly are considerate. She was taking a contraceptive pill.

At the dining table, as Gwendolyn was about to feed him breakfast, Zayden uttered, "No need. I have regained some of my sight. I can eat on my own."

Gwendolyn's eyes lit up as she asked, "Really? Can you see now?"

She cupped her face in her hands, gazing at him in astonishment as if his ability to see would bring her liberation.

Zayden's lips curled into a cold smirk. You are now married, and there is no hope for you and Patrick, understand?

Zayden elegantly picked up the knife and fork and began to eat his breakfast. Seeing that he was able to take care of himself, Gwendolyn was in a good mood.

She suddenly remembered something and exclaimed, "By the way, let's go to the hospital after breakfast! Since you can see a little now, let's have them examine you. Maybe your vision will fully recover soon."

At first, Zayden had intended to keep up the pretense for a little longer, but he felt deeply disappointed with Gwendolyn, especially regarding their wedding night.

At that moment, he harbored nothing but a profound and intense hatred for her.

Therefore, he was determined to regain his sight and resume a normal life.

However, he vowed not to let her go in this lifetime.

It would be impossible for her to be with Patrick as he would never agree to it.

After Gwendolyn made an appointment with the doctor, she picked up her knife and fork and started eating her breakfast.

“I've already made an appointment with the doctor, so we'll be going to the hospital later.”

Observing her excitement, Zayden chose not to say anything further.

Chapter 639 Done For

Gwendolyn originally wanted Suzanne to join them at the hospital for a checkup as well, but Zayden stopped her.

It was because he knew why Suzanne seemed lethargic.

Hence, he said to let Suzanne rest at home while he headed to the hospital with Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn drove while Zayden sat at the back. None of them spoke a word to each other because she was focused on driving, and he wasn't in the mood for a chat.

Though Zayden felt like he was the winner, he hadn't obtained her heart.

Also, his night with Suzanne yesterday delighted him greatly.

Suddenly, he experienced the thrill of revenge.

Since she doesn't want me to touch her, then I'll ensure no men will ever touch her again.

The edges of his lips curved upward into a cold smile. "Did you invite Patrick to attend our wedding? I didn't see him last night."

I sent an invitation to the Lowen family, but none of them seemed to be present, not even Patrick. Honestly, I'm disappointed! I wanted to see how lonely and wretched he looked as I married Gwendolyn.

Upon hearing Patrick's name, Gwendolyn felt her heart wrench.

The car screeched for a moment when she accidentally slammed on the brakes, which pulled her back to her senses, prompting her to stabilize the vehicle again. "I didn't think it was necessary." Zayden knows the man I love is Patrick, yet he's asking me that question. There's no way I could've done it. I didn't want Patrick to watch me marry another man...

Zayden grinned. "Is it unnecessary? I think our marriage will be most meaningful if we receive his blessing. We should invite him to our home for a meal when there's time. If it's inconvenient for you to do so, I'll invite him instead."

Biting her lip, Gwendolyn remained silent. I know what Zayden is doing. He wants Patrick to witness his happy marriage. What a cruel man. Is this revenge for me rejecting him last night?

They didn't speak again until they arrived at the hospital. After parking the car, Gwendolyn helped him exit the vehicle.

Soon, they entered the elevator, intending to reach the sixth floor.

When the elevator arrived on the first floor, however, the door opened. Alice and Hector promptly stepped in with a few housekeepers and Liam.

Liam's eyes widened in shock. What terrible luck this is! I can't believe I stumbled upon Gwendolyn and Zayden here.

Gwendolyn faced the old couple. “Old Mrs. Lowen, Old Mr. Lowen, are you two here for a checkup?”

Old Mr. Lowen seems to be in good shape and high spirits.

In response, the old man scoffed, “It's none of your business.”

His attitude was cold, as though he didn't want to interact with her.

Meanwhile, Alice nodded at her. “Congratulations, Gwen!”

Then, she eyed Zayden. To outsiders, he was still a blind man.

When Gwendolyn heard the word “congratulations,” she felt awful, and her smile became a tad strained.

Still, she replied, “Thank you, Old Mrs. Lowen!”

Alice was rather upset that Gwendolyn didn't end up with Patrick. It's a shame she wasn't meant to be with Pat. I quite like her, and I know he does, too.

When the elevator arrived on the sixth floor, Gwendolyn nodded at the old couple before helping Zayden out.

After the doors shut, Hector cursed, “She's responsible for Pat's current state! You three may be hiding the truth from me, but I can still figure it out myself! How can I not when Pat became like that right after she got married? “

Liam didn't have the nerve to speak. Indeed, this matter is related to Ms. Ashton, but Mr. Lowen took a bullet for her on his own accord, so it's wrong to blame her. It's just that...

Alice wiped her tears away. “Tell me the truth, Liam. Will Pat wake up?” When Pat had his operation last night, none of them told us anything. It wasn't until this morning that Kev called and told us Pat fell into a coma after a particularly serious operation. He hopes we'll keep Pat company

and talk to him, which is basically asking us to help wake him up. If Pat doesn't wake up, it'll be the end of the Lowen family.

Chapter 640 How Did This Happen

Hector sighed. "I won't let him die."

In response, Liam comforted, "Mr. Lowen is a lucky man. He'll be fine." The fact that he survived last night's surgery is enough of an indication of that. I'm still frightened whenever I recall the situation from last night. John was right to punch me. If I hadn't been a busybody and summoned Mr. Lowen back, he wouldn't have ended up like that.

He touched his cheek, which was still swollen. Besides that, his eye was bruised.

It was then Alice noticed his injury. "What happened to your face, Liam?"

Liam was too embarrassed to admit the truth, so he lied, "I tripped last night by accident."

Alice nodded. "You need to be careful, young man. You should visit a doctor later to get a checkup, just in case."

Then, she thought about Patrick and sighed.

When the group arrived at Patrick's ward, he was still in a coma.

The good news was that he had been transferred from the ICU to an ordinary ward, meaning he had survived the critical period. All that was left was for him to wake up, which was still uncertain.

Hector glanced at his grandson from afar and almost fell.

Meanwhile, Alice straight up passed out. Liam hurriedly grabbed her before she dropped to the ground while John steadied Hector.

“You must stay strong, Old Mr. Lowen. Mr. Lowen needs his family's encouragement,” said John as he settled Hector in a chair.

Hector was getting emotional but calmed down after he reminded himself that if he collapsed too, the Lowen family would truly be done for.

Concurrently, Alice was carried to the neighboring ward to rest. She even received an IV drip.

Initially, the old couple was fine when they learned of Patrick's fate.

However, when they actually saw their grandson being stabbed full of tubes and surrounded by medical equipment, they lost their cool.

As their hearts ached terribly, their bodies failed them.

When Kevin witnessed that scene, he couldn't help but glance at Patrick again. If we hadn't followed him that day, all Old Mr. and Mrs. Lowen would see right now is a corpse.

Suddenly, Felicia arrived in a hurry. Upon spotting the unconscious Patrick, she strode toward him. “What happened to him?”

Kevin didn't expect she would come.

After wiping her tear away, she arrived at Old Mr. Lowen's side. “What happened to Patrick, Old Mr. Lowen?” He seems to be in a terrible condition. His head is wrapped in gauze, and his body is connected to a bunch of tubes as well as equipment.

Hector was the one who summoned her there. Initially, the old couple was going to attend Gwendolyn's wedding yesterday. After all, the Lowen family would eventually become in-laws with the Ashton family.

Therefore, they had to attend the wedding of the Ashton family's daughter.

However, Alice felt ill, so she didn't want to go. Hector was worried about her and kept her company at home.

Sighing, Hector replied, “We don't know the details. I think something was growing inside his brain, but he didn't let any of us know.”

No one dared to inform the old couple that Patrick had taken a bullet to the head because it was related to Gwendolyn.

If Patrick were to sustain permanent damage or die, the old couple would blame Gwendolyn for it.

Everything was truly a chaotic mess. Gwendolyn had gotten married, while Patrick's fate remained unknown.

Kevin scanned through the reports before speaking to the doctor and nurse. Then, he approached the rest. “No need to worry about Old Mrs. Lowen, Old Mr. Lowen. She was only overwhelmed by her sorrow, resulting in her blood pressure rising a bit too high. The doctor has already injected a nutrient solution and medicine that'll lower her blood pressure into her IV drip. She'll be fine once she wakes

up.”

Felicia silently sobbed. Patrick must wake up! If he dies, then I'll lose to Gwendolyn! If the Lowen family goes down, the Surrington family will reign supreme. When that time comes, my status in the Ashton family will be even lower than Gwendolyn's!