

## **CEO Daddy 641**

### Chapter 641 Inherit

Felicia bit her fingernails, fearing for her future. This was my last-ditch effort! I thought victory was at hand and that I was about to become the most powerful woman in Avenport after marrying Patrick. Yet, this happened. Right after Gwendolyn had gotten married, Patrick ended up in a coma he may not wake up from. What should I do?

“Pat, he...” Hector had always been a tough man. Therefore, It was rare for him to weep.

He sobbed and closed his eyes, collecting himself. I know I mustn't fall apart right now. Otherwise, my family will crumble. Without anyone supporting the Lowen family, those who have their eyes set on toppling us will make their move.

Kevin reassured, “No need to be so heartbroken, Old Mr. Lowen. Right now, Mr. Lowen's still just sleeping. He should've woken up this morning, but he didn't, which was why we called you and your wife. If you talk with him every day, perhaps he'll wake up after listening to your voices.”

That was the crisis they were facing at that moment. The operation was successful, yes, and Patrick had survived the most dangerous period.

However, they didn't expect him to fall into a coma.

Therefore, John, Liam, and Kevin panicked. After a discussion, they decided to ask Patrick's family members to visit and talk to him, hoping that would wake him up.

Hector nodded. “We will. I believe Pat won't abandon us.” The Lowen family needs him, and he knows

his responsibilities.

After listening to their conversation, Felicia slipped out of the room and hid in the stairwell to call Candace.

Soon, the call connected, and Candace asked, “Did Old Mr. Lowen ask for you to discuss your marriage with Patrick, Fel?”

Candace knew Felicia had Hector firmly on her side.

After all, Felicia asked her classmate's father to perform the life-saving acupuncture procedure on Hector.

To repay her favor, Hector agreed to let her marry Patrick.

Candace knew Hector was likely the person who bought Gwendolyn back then and that Gwendolyn's children might belong to Patrick. However, she would carry that secret to her grave because she wished to prevent Gwendolyn from being associated with the Lowen family.

Therefore, Candace was giddy now that Gwendolyn had married a blind man because she believed the younger woman was doomed forever.

Just as Candace was feeling smug, Felicia informed through a sob, “Patrick has fallen into a coma, Mom! He might not wake up again!”

The more she spoke, the harder she sobbed, as though her situation was worse than Gwendolyn's. If I stay with Patrick, I'll have to serve a vegetable! Gwendolyn may have married a blind man, but at least

that man is still active!

Candace widened her eyes. “What? How did he become a vegetable?”

“I don't know. They said something grew inside his brain, so he had to undergo surgery for it,” answered Felicia.

Abruptly, Candace stood before pacing back and forth in the house anxiously.

After some deliberation, she replied, “Don't panic, Fel. Maybe he'll wake up. Isn't Kevin a skilled doctor? Stay calm and see how things go first. Maybe Patrick will suddenly wake up one day, and when he learns you've been tending to him, he'll develop feelings for you!”

“Mom, doesn't that mean I'm in a more miserable situation than Gwendolyn?” Felicia was enraged upon thinking that. I thought I would finally win against Gwendolyn for once, yet this happened.

“Silly girl. You're in a much better situation than Gwendolyn! Once Patrick wakes up, you'll be able to enjoy a comfortable life! If he doesn't, Old Mr. Lowen will still likely let you marry Patrick after witnessing how considerate you are. Once that happens, the Lowen family's fortune will be yours.”

## Chapter 642 Hostility

Felicia widened her eyes. “Really?”

There has been an internal conflict in the Ashton family over the meager family fortune recently. However, all that is incomparable to the Lowen family's fortune! When her train of thought ended there, she felt much better. “All right, Mom. I understand.” Now, I need to be on my best behavior around Old Mr. Lowen and take good care of Patrick. It'll be great if he wakes up because I certainly won't mind having a rich and handsome husband. However, if he kicks the bucket, I'll inherit the Lowen family fortune and become an affluent woman that everyone in Avenport admires! Oh, just thinking about it makes my heart soar! When that time comes, I can pick any man I want!

Meanwhile, Zayden and Gwendolyn met up with the doctor. The doctor conducted another examination of Zayden's eyes before informing with a smile, “He can see a little. While it's unknown what caused his blindness, his eyeballs are doing fine. In fact, they're recovering, so they'll get much better in the future.”

After that, the doctor prescribed Zayden some medicine, including some eyedrops.

As Gwendolyn held those medicine in her hand, her mood was lifted. Zayden can see again. Maybe his eyesight will return to normal soon. I'm happy that he's going to be okay.

“Thank you, doctor.” She rose and helped Zayden out.

While they were waiting for the elevator, Zayden shot her a cold glance.

The happier she seemed, the more irritated he felt.

It was then his phone rang, so he answered the call.

Gwendolyn was certain that Zayden would lead a normal life again soon, but she wasn't sure how far away that future was.

“Hello?”

“Where did you two go, Mr. Surrington?” Suzanne had just woken up from her hunger.

It was very quiet inside the mansion despite it being noon.

In the past, she enjoyed living in solitude.

However, she had become accustomed to other people inhabiting the same building. As such, she was uncomfortable with the silence.

“We're at the hospital right now. We'll head back after lunch,” answered Zayden.

“Okay!” Suzanne was slightly disappointed.

Before the call ended, she whispered, “I want you to call me Babe in the future more often, Mr. Surrington. I like hearing it!”

When Zayden called her that, he sounded so gentle, making her feel a warm sensation she'd never experienced before. She loved it and was utterly entranced by his scent and the sound of his panting.

Upon hearing that, Zayden scowled. “Shut up! Don't bring it up again.”

Without delay, he hung up. To him, Suzanne was just a warm body to vent his sexual frustration.

If he weren't under the influence of alcohol last night, he wouldn't have slept with her.

“Is it Suzanne?” asked Gwendolyn because she was worried. “Does she know how to cook?”

“She won't die of hunger,” Zayden replied plainly.

As he spoke, the elevator door opened. He gripped Gwendolyn's hand and pulled her inside. “Let's grab lunch.”

When the elevator arrived on the first floor, they met Liam again. The latter was holding a few food containers.

I guess Old Mrs. Lowen and the others are still in the hospital. Staring at Liam, Gwendolyn inquired, “Old Mrs. Lowen and the others haven't left yet?”

Liam was stunned for a moment when he spotted Gwendolyn. When he thought about how she was the cause of Patrick's coma, he shot her a cold glare before ignoring her.

Rage swirled in his eyes while he stepped past her.

Gwendolyn spun around, her gaze following him as he left.

The edges of Patrick's lips curved upward slightly. “You're married to me already, Gwen. From now on, you should cut ties with Patrick and his people. You may think it's fine, but they seem to be treating you with hostility already.”

When the word “hostility” wormed into Gwendolyn's ears, something clicked in her mind. Indeed, Liam was reacting to me with animosity earlier.

Zayden beamed upon noticing the disappointment on Gwendolyn's countenance.

Chapter 643 She Looks At Him Differently

After the duo had lunch, they returned to Dragonhill Mansion.

When they arrived, Suzanne welcomed them with a grin. “Gwen, Ms. Ashton, you're back.”

It was pretty obvious Suzanne was focused on Zayden, which he noticed. After what transpired last night, Suzanne started looking at him differently.

Expression cold, Zayden marched into the building.

Gazing at his attractive figure, Suzanne couldn't help but mutter, “Mr. Surrington looks good when he isn't wearing clothes too.”

“What are you saying, Suzanne?” asked Gwendolyn upon approaching Suzanne.

Suzanne swiftly clamped her mouth shut. Mr. Surrington told me not to let anyone know what happened!

Shaking her head, she said, “It's nothing. Can Mr. Surrington see now? He didn't need your help to enter the building.”

Gwendolyn nodded. “He can, though his vision wanes and improves at random. Still, the doctor said the chances of a full recovery are increasing.”

Pursing her lips, Suzanne grumbled in her mind, Mr. Surrington has always been able to see. It's just that he's been lying to you.

As they sauntered into the building, Gwendolyn asked, “Have you had lunch yet, Suzanne?”

Suzanne thought and answered, “I guess so!”

Her meals were always prepared by Zayden because she didn't know how to cook.

As such, she only ate some snacks and fruits earlier.

Although, she thought that was enough because she wouldn't die of hunger that quickly even if she didn't eat.

Touching Suzanne's face, Gwendolyn remarked, "I see you're more energetic now."

Suzanne hugged Gwendolyn and rubbed her cheek on the latter. I like Gwen and Mr. Surrington a lot. I'll be happy if I can keep staying with them like this.

Dinner was prepared by Gwen. It was okay.

At the dining table, Zayden sat across from Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn glanced at Suzanne. "You should eat with us, Suzanne!"

She saw Suzanne more as a little sister than a housekeeper.

Swiftly, Suzanne peeked at Zayden. Seeing that he didn't object, she sat beside Gwendolyn.

"Thank you, Gwen, Mr. Surrington." She was starving because she had only eaten some fruit for lunch.

After settling down on her seat, she dug in.

Gwendolyn placed a chicken drumstick on Suzanne's plate. In response, Suzanne beamed at her.

Then, Suzanne placed a drumstick on Zayden's plate. "You should eat this, too!" I bet Mr. Surrington's exhausted as well since I was last night.

Zayden pinned his slightly displeased gaze on her, which frightened her and had her hurriedly shifting her focus back to her meal.

Gwendolyn's appetite wasn't as well as it typically was. After all, she was still upset about yesterday's conversation with Patrick.

Upon inhaling deeply, she redirected her attention back to her food, trying not to wallow in such painful memories.

After dinner, Zayden went to his study.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn and Suzanne washed the dishes and cleaned both the kitchen and the dining room.

Just as they returned to the living room at around nine to watch the television, Zayden approached the second-floor ledge. "Help me apply my eyedrops, Gwen."

He was wearing his black bathrobe, looking as though he had just taken a bath.

Gwendolyn and Suzanne snapped their sights toward him before the former rapidly stood. "Okay, I'm coming."

Then, Suzanne watched Gwendolyn ascend the stairs and enter Zayden's room with him.

She pouted furiously while feeling a little lonely and disappointed. Are Mr. Surrington and Gwen going to play the game from last night? I want to join, too. It's so boring sleeping by myself. I wish I had the courage to go upstairs, but Mr. Surrington is so scary when he scolds me.

Inside the bedroom, Zayden half leaned on his pillow while Gwendolyn administered his eyedrops.

Without warning, he grabbed her waist and pulled her toward him.

## Chapter 644 Life After Marriage

Gwendolyn glanced downward and furrowed her eyebrows.

Expediently, she finished administering his eyedrop and escaped his embrace. Then, she went to the side, looking busy.



After depositing the eyedrop bottle back into the medical kit, she grabbed another medicine for him with a glass of water. "It's time for your medicine, Zayden."

Zayden's expression turned grim because he didn't want to do it.

One of the medicines was intended to treat psychological ailments.

Every time, Zayden would toss the medicine into the trashcan instead of consuming it.

Smiling, Gwendolyn uttered, "Come on. Eat your medicine."

Zayden's countenance darkened further as he took in the expectant look on her face. Why does she want me to recover so badly? Is it because she can brazenly abandon me once my eyes return to normal?

Enraged, Zayden gritted his teeth and spat, "No."

A sigh slipped from Gwendolyn's lips. "You're afflicted, Zayden. You must eat your medicine. Now that your eyes have recovered slightly, if you continue taking your medicine, you'll return to normal in no time."

Zayden slapped the medicine in her hand away, which also caused the water to spill onto the floor.

Just as she bent down to pick up the glass, he seized her wrist and threw her on the bed.

"I said I'm not taking them!" roared Zayden coldly with a terrifying look.

Gwendolyn attempted to sit up, but Zayden pushed her down.

"I said I'm not going to eat them," he repeated with the same horrid glare.

Instead of moving, Gwendolyn remained still on the bed. "If you don't want to eat them, it's fine, Zayden. Don't get too worked up."

Her hands trembled as she coaxed, “Why don't you sit down first and take a deep breath? I won't make you take the medicine anymore.”

Upon hearing her gentle voice, Zayden narrowed his eyes, stood, and stared down at her.

Then, he stepped into the walk-in closet before emerging with a tie and whip in his hands.

Gwendolyn poured another glass of water for him and grabbed his medicine again, preparing to coax him to consume them. Once he ingests these, he won't get as agitated and angry anymore.

Zayden strode toward her and pushed her back to the bed, causing the water to splash on her face. The medicine was still in her hand, though she clutched onto them even tighter.

Suddenly, her hands were tied together by Zayden.

As Gwendolyn struggled, she questioned, “What are you doing, Zayden?”

Standing beside the bed, Zayden gazed at her resentfully.

Holding the whip, he barked, “You refuse to let me touch you, but he could! How can you treat me like this, Gwendolyn? I've known you for six years! When did I ever mistreat you during that time?”

The more he spoke, the more agitated he sounded. He clutched the whip so forcefully that veins were bulging on the back of his hand.

“You changed after meeting Patrick. I don't know who you are anymore,” spat Zayden as he whipped Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn groaned, “Ah! Zayden...”

It was as though he couldn't hear her pleas as he continued to whip her.

Gwendolyn's countenance scrunched up from the pain.

Each stroke of the whip tormented her because he swung it with great force. It wasn't until his hand was tired that light returned to his eyes.

As he stared at the woman on the bed, he blinked and tossed his whip away.

Then, he strode downstairs, heading for Suzanne's room.

Suzanne was rolling around on the bed, unable to sleep because she couldn't stop thinking about Zayden.

Therefore, when she heard the door being kicked open, she leaped from her bed in joy and pounced at him. "Mr. Surrington!"

As Zayden hugged Suzanne, she smooched his lips.

Narrowing his eyes, he sneered, "Did you see that, Gwendolyn? Except for you, no other woman can resist my charm."

Chapter 645 Make A Wish

Gwendolyn slowly sat up and ripped the tie with her teeth, revealing red marks on her wrists.

Then she lowered her gaze to stare at her chest and unbuttoned her shirt.

While the dozen or so lashes didn't split her skin, she was bruised.

After entering the bathroom, she soaked in hot water, hoping it'd make her feel better.

That night, she slept in agony.

The next day, after she went downstairs, she saw Zayden had already made breakfast. When he spotted her, he acted as though he hadn't abused her last night. "Time for breakfast, Gwen."

“Gwen,” greeted Suzanne with a delighted grin while serving breakfast.

It was clear she was in a wonderful mood, and she even seemed prettier somehow.

She gazed affectionately at Zayden, but he didn't reciprocate it.

Instead, he pulled a chair back for Gwendolyn. “I prepared your favorite oatmeal porridge.”

Then, he pushed the oatmeal porridge toward her.

In response, Gwendolyn peered at him. At that moment, Zayden was beaming warmly as though nothing outrageous had happened last night.

The look in Gwendolyn's eyes darkened slightly. He was like a different person last night. It was frightening. How he's acting right now aligns more with the Zayden I know.

“Give it a try. See if you like it,” encouraged Zayden.

Sitting across from Gwendolyn, Suzanne drank a mouthful of milk, leaving white stains around her lips. “Mr. Surrington woke up very early to prepare the porridge for you, Gwen! Eat it!”

Gwendolyn lowered her head and ate the oatmeal porridge in silence. The pain in my body seemed to have intensified. So this is what my marriage life is like.

After breakfast, Suzanne cleaned the dishes.

Meanwhile, Zayden went on a stroll around the mansion area with Gwendolyn.

Dragonhill Mansion was built in a forest. Thus, once they stepped out of its premise, they could hear insects and birds chirping everywhere.

Gwendolyn walked with her head lowered, the pain still torturing her.

Out of the blue, Zayden ceased his steps. “There's a wishing well ahead. I heard it works quite well.”

In the past, Gwendolyn loved making wishes. No matter where she went, as long as a place was claimed to be able to grant wishes, she would make a wish.

Of course, the wishes she made were related to her wealth and the health of her family.

Gwendolyn nodded.

When she walked a little closer to him, he tried to hold her hand, but she backed away.

Then, she increased her pace to go ahead of him.

Zayden caught up to Gwendolyn, blocked her path, and peered at her. “I'm sorry for failing to keep my emotions in check last night, Gwen.”

At that moment, Zayden was wearing a white t-shirt and a pair of black slacks. His bangs covered his eyebrows, adding a youthful flair to him.

Fear was still present in Gwendolyn's eyes when she recalled how he behaved last night.

Pursing her lips, she asked, “Can you promise me you'll eat your medicine on time, Zayden?” I know what mental issue he's suffering from. It is post-traumatic stress disorder. The severity of his condition surprises me, honestly. In the past, I thought it would, at most, cause him to overthink things. To my shock, it turned him more violent, too. At this moment, I can't possibly be angry at him. After all, he's sick. I chose to marry him because I wanted him to get better.

Gwendolyn lowered her head and ate the oatmeal porridge in silence. The pain in my body seemed to have intensified. So this is what my marriage life is like.

After breakfast, Suzonne cleaned the dishes.

Meanwhile, Zayden went on a stroll around the mansion with Gwendolyn.

Drogonhill Mansion was built in a forest. Thus, once they stepped out of its premise, they could hear insects and birds chirping everywhere.

Gwendolyn walked with her head lowered, the pain still torturing her.

Out of the blue, Zoyden ceased his steps. "There's a wishing well ahead. I heard it works quite well."

In the past, Gwendolyn loved making wishes. No matter where she went, as long as a place was claimed to be able to grant wishes, she would make a wish.

Of course, the wishes she made were related to her wealth and the health of her family.

Gwendolyn nodded.

When she walked a little closer to him, he tried to hold her hand, but she backed away.

Then, she increased her pace to go ahead of him.

Zoyden caught up to Gwendolyn, blocked her path, and peered at her. "I'm sorry for failing to keep my emotions in check last night, Gwen."

At that moment, Zoyden was wearing a white t-shirt and a pair of black slacks. His bangs covered his eyebrows, adding a youthful flair to him.

Fear was still present in Gwendolyn's eyes when she recalled how he behaved last night.

Pursing her lips, she asked, "Can you promise me you'll eat your medicine on time, Zoyden?" I know what mental issue he's suffering from. It is post-traumatic stress disorder. The severity of his condition surprises me, honestly. In the past, I thought it would, at most, cause him to overthink things. To my shock, it turned him more violent, too. At this moment, I can't possibly be angry at him. After all, he's sick. I chose to marry him because I wanted him to get better.

Gwendolyn lowered her head and ate the oatmeal porridge in silence. The pain in my body seemed to have intensified. So this is what my marriage life is like.

Grinning, he said, "As long as you're willing to forgive me and not be angry, I'll eat my medicine on time every day."

Seeing that Zayden had seemingly returned to normal, Gwendolyn sighed in relief. "Okay, I'll forgive you!" This pain isn't anything that serious. It'll fade away in a few days.

They then headed to the wishing well. It used to be a spring, but the water was undrinkable. Hence, when the area was being developed, people turned that spot into a wishing well.

Upon approaching the well, Gwendolyn noticed many wishes hanging on the trees around it. It seems this is quite a popular spot. This must mean this place is effective! Why else would numerous people visit this place?

Zayden delivered her a coin with a warm smile. "Make your wish."

Usually, Gwendolyn would utter, "I wish to become rich!"

That day, however, she closed her eyes and thought, I wish Patrick will be happy! I wish Zayden's eyes will recover and his mental illness will be treated! Lastly, I wish Grandpa will live a long, healthy life!

Chapter 646 Care About Her The Most

A week later, they moved back to Zayden's mansion in the city.

Gwendolyn's children and Camille moved in with them.

That night, Camille prepared a feast with Suzanne's aid.

After Juliette moved to her new home, she was given a brand-new Barbie doll. She was pretty happy to receive it and was playing with it.

Justin and Julian also received gifts. Theirs were Lego racing cars.

They were planning how to complete constructing both toys over the weekend.

Gwendolyn glanced at the snacks and fruits on the coffee table before calling for her children. "Juliette, Justin, Julian, come eat!"

In response, Juliette approached the table and started eating the strawberry cake with a fork. "This cake is so tasty!"

Gwendolyn had specifically gone to buy it after returning to the city because it was the children's favorite.

It was her attempt to make things up to them after aggrieving them.

Justin and Julian ate grapefruits because they enjoyed sour fruits.

Smiling, Gwendolyn inquired, "We'll be staying here from now on. What do you all think?"

Juliette giggled. "I'll stay here if Zay buys me a gift every day!"

Then, she snuck a glance upstairs. Thank goodness he didn't hear me. Otherwise, that would be terribly embarrassing!

A waak later, they movad back to Zaydan's mansion in tha city.

Gwandolyn's childran and Camilla movad in with tham.

That night, Camilla preparad a faast with Suzanna's aid.

Aftar Juliatta movad to har naw homa, sha was givan a brand-naw Barbia doll. Sha was pratty happy to racaiva it and was playing with it.



Justin and Julian also received gifts. Theirs were Lego racing cars.

They were planning how to complete constructing both toys over the weekend.

Gwendolyn glanced at the snacks and fruits on the coffee table before calling for her children.  
“Julietta, Justin, Julian, come eat!”

In response, Juliatta approached the table and started eating the strawberry cake with a fork. “This cake is so tasty!”

Gwendolyn had specifically gone to buy it after returning to the city because it was the children's favorite.

It was her attempt to make things up to them after aggravating them.

Justin and Julian ate grapefruits because they enjoyed sour fruits.

Smiling, Gwendolyn inquired, “We’ll be staying here from now on. What do you all think?”

Julietta giggled. “I’ll stay here if Zay buys me a gift every day!”

Then, she snuck a glance upstairs. Thank goodness she didn't hear her. Otherwise, that would be terribly embarrassing!

Staring at her daughter, Gwendolyn thought, She definitely takes after me with how much of a money-grubber she is. Still, I think it's cute. “That's not right, Juliette.”

Juliette nodded. “I know. We'll stay wherever you're staying, Gwen.”

In response, Gwendolyn turned to her sons. “What about you two? Do you like it here?” I understand the kids share the same sentiment, but if they dislike it here, they can move back home. It's not that far from here.

Julian grinned. “Juliette speaks for us three.”

Then, he asked, “Are you really going to spend your whole life with Mr. Zayden, Mommy?”

That was what the brothers cared about the most. They knew she liked Patrick, even though they thought he was unreliable. However, after they heard their mother crying the other day, they decided that nothing was more important than her happiness.

When Gwendolyn heard that, the light in her eyes dimmed before being replaced by a melancholy look. “Mhm.” Who can say for sure about that? I don't want to talk about this in front of the children because I don't want them to have a negative view of love. I want them to believe in love, to imagine and fantasize about it.

Justin asked, “Patrick didn't meet with you?” I don't think he's the type of man who gives up easily. If he wanted to, he'd do anything to stop Mommy from getting married. Yet, nothing happened this time. It's weird.

Gwendolyn didn't have the nerve to think about what happened that day or what Patrick's future would be like because she couldn't accept the mere idea of other women being around him.

It was then Zayden descended from the stairs.

He scanned the people in the living room and asked, “Is the meal ready?”

He had overheard what Justin said and believed it was a dormant threat to his relationship with Gwendolyn.

Hence, his expression was grim when he spoke, and his tone was cold.

While taking a bite of cake, Juliette replied, “Not yet. Zay, do you want some cake? It's delicious.”

Warmth surged through Zayden when he heard her cute voice, as though the mere sound of it soothed his irritation.

He sat beside Juliette before peering at the boys icily. “I signed you two up for boxing. In the future, the driver will send you both to the boxing lessons after school.”

## Chapter 647 The Truth

Gwendolyn's expression took a slight turn when she heard that.

“It's okay, Zayden. We used to do kickboxing together, so there's no need for them to learn this stuff anymore.”

The boys were still young, and she didn't feel comfortable letting them take so many classes on fighting.

Zayden's gaze turned icy. “They're boys. This is what they should be learning. It's so that they can keep the girls in their lives safe. How else will they protect their mother and sister?”

Justin and Julian exchanged glances.

“Okay, we'll go,” Julian said calmly.

Truthfully, they were keen on such activities; they simply never expressed their interests in the past because they were worried their mother couldn't afford their classes.

They didn't want to burden Gwendolyn too much.

However, now that Zayden was presenting them such an offer, they didn't want to say no.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips and said nothing more.

At that moment, Suzanne emerged from the kitchen, her doe eyes sparkling as she grinned.

“Food's ready, Mr. Surrington! Camille cooked up a feast!”

She then came over and took Juliette by the hand. “Let's eat, Juliette!”

Given her childlike personality, it was only natural that she got along well with kids.

The few of them headed into the dining room and ate together.

Suzanne constantly glanced at Zayden while chewing on a chicken drumstick.

Gwandolyn's expression took a slight turn when she heard that.

"It's okay, Zayden. We used to do kickboxing together, so there's no need for them to learn this stuff anymore."

The boys were still young, and she didn't feel comfortable letting them take so many classes on fighting.

Zayden's gaze turned icy. "They're boys. This is what they should be learning. It's so that they can keep the girls in their lives safe. How else will they protect their mother and sister?"

Justin and Julian exchanged glances.

"Okay, we'll go," Julian said calmly.

Truthfully, they were keen on such activities; they simply never expressed their interests in the past because they were worried their mother couldn't afford their classes.

They didn't want to burden Gwandolyn too much.

However, now that Zayden was presenting them such an offer, they didn't want to say no.

Gwandolyn pursed her lips and said nothing more.

At that moment, Suzanne emerged from the kitchen, her dress sparkling as she grinned.

"Food's ready, Mr. Surrington! Camilla cooked up a feast!"

Sha than came over and took Juliatta by the hand. "Let's eat, Juliatta!"

Given her childlike personality, it was only natural that she got along well with kids.

The four of them headed into the dining room and ate together.

Suzanna constantly glanced at Zaydan while chewing on a chicken drumstick.

It had been a while since the man stopped by her room at night. She wasn't used to that and was aching to know why.

Yet, she dared not ask and could only steal glances at him.

Noticing that, Zayden helped Gwendolyn fill her plate.

"Have some more."

Gwendolyn returned the gesture. "You should eat more too."

Zayden smiled blissfully in response.

The piece of chicken in Suzanne's hand suddenly didn't taste as good anymore.

Upon taking another bite and finding it unappetizing, she put it down, refusing to eat it further.

After dinner, Gwendolyn took the three children out for a walk. When they returned, she brought Juliette away for a shower.

Meanwhile, Suzanne washed the dishes and cleaned up the dining room with Camille.

The two later came out and saw Zayden sitting on the couch watching some financial news.

Camille was secretly pleased. Now that Mr. Surrington's eyes have gotten better, Gwen wouldn't have to tend to him anymore.

“You don't have to follow me anymore, Suzanne. I'm going to wash the kids' clothes. You can rest now.”

She looks pretty young, and it seems as if she doesn't know much about anything. Ever since she came over today, she's been following me around and helping me with the housework. She's awfully hardworking! She's also so cheerful and doesn't seem to have any worries—just like a child.

Suzanne nodded. “Okay.”

After Camille had gone upstairs, Suzanne dashed toward Zayden, sat on his lap, and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Why haven't you gone to my room the past few nights, Mr. Surrington? I've been wanting to play with you.”

She took in his scent while speaking. I love how he smells.

Zayden glared at her. “Get off me,” he warned frostily.

Suzanne shook her head. “No. I want to stay this way with you, Mr. Surrington. I like doing this!” she replied coyly, not intending to let go of him.

Zayden scanned their surroundings. Thankfully, no one else was around.

“Get down. I'll drop by your room tonight. We'll talk then.”

Then, he pushed her onto the seat next to him before motioning at the table.

“Have some fruit.”

At this point, Suzanne wasn't interested in food. You taste the best, Mr. Surrington. Her eyes fell on his exquisite lips, and she was instantly captivated.

She gulped before beaming at him.

“Mr. Surrington, can I taste your...”

As she pointed at his lips, the man's gaze darkened. This young woman sure knew how to whet his desires.

Chapter 648 Medicine

“They don't look like master and servant to me,” Julian remarked.

Justin's pitch-black eyes gleamed. “Mommy's such an idiot.”

With that, the two boys headed into their room.

The next morning, Gwendolyn got out of bed, walked into the bathroom, and stared at herself in the mirror. Her face looked ashen; Zayden had lost it again last night.

He had lashed her with a whip, causing her to lift her arms in defense. Hence, there were raised marks all over them now.

She lifted her sleeves carefully, and upon seeing all the bruises and welts on her arm, she quickly looked away and let go of her clothing.

A knock came on the door at that moment, and Gwendolyn hastily adjusted her clothes so as to prevent her injuries from showing.

Then, she walked out of the bathroom and opened the door to her bedroom.

Her three children stood outside. Juliette had a white crop top and a pair of black sweatpants on, whereas the boys wore black and white tracksuits, respectively, with baseball caps over their heads.

“We're about to go for our classes, Gwen. Can you take me out to play this afternoon?” Juliette asked merrily, her eyes sparkling.

It was Saturday, so the little girl had dance class today while Justin and Julian were going to learn coding.

Gwendolyn nodded. “Sure!”

As she raised her hands to tie Juliette's hair, the sleeves on her nightgown rolled down slightly, revealing the whip marks.

Justin and Julian caught sight of that and exchanged glances.

“Let's head down for breakfast, Juliette,” Julian proposed, holding his sister's hand.

As the two left, Justin walked into Gwendolyn's room, signaling her to follow him.

Aware that he had something to discuss, the woman did as requested.

“What is it you want to talk about?” she asked with a smile.

The three siblings had always been close since they were young, and everything they did was planned in advance.

Seeing nothing unusual about her expression, Justin reached for her sleeve.

Gwendolyn took a step back immediately, not realizing that the boy had already caught a glimpse of her injuries while she was tying Juliette's hair earlier.

From her response, Justin knew she was trying to hide those marks from them.

“Mommy, we just want to let you know that no matter what happens, you can always tell us about it. We'll always be on your side.”



Hearing that, the woman gave him a hug. “Thank you, Sweetheart. I know that.”

As Justin left the room and headed downstairs, Camille rushed out of the kitchen.

“You're going to be late! Here, I made you sandwiches. Eat them inside the car.”

Suzanne followed them. “Be sure to eat your breakfast!”

Juliette grinned at her. “I will, Ms. Drache! Ms. Ziegler said you made them too!”

Being in a good mood since Zayden had gone to her room last night, Suzanne was all smiles.

“You're right! I made them too. It was my first time, but I did pretty well!”

After dropping Camille and Juliette off at dance school, the Surrington family's driver headed in the direction of Justin's and Julian's coding school.

“We want to go to the hospital before that, mister. Please take us to Fourton Hospital,” Justin remarked coldly.

Mommy's definitely hurt, and those looked like whip marks. She needs some medicine.

The driver did as instructed, taking the boys to Fourton Hospital.

“Wait for us here. We're going to get our mommy some medicine,” Julian said to him upon arriving at the parking lot.

“I'll come with you,” the driver offered, worried.

These boys are only five. Can they really get by on their own inside such a busy place? What if something happens to them?

“It's okay, mister. You can just wait here. We won't get lost.”

With that, the boys headed into the hospital building.

“Which department are we going to, Justin?”

“Internal Medicine.”

As Justin booked an appointment on his phone, Julian leaned over to look as well.

“Justin! Julian!”

Alice spotted them the moment she walked into the hospital and called out to them.

Chapter 649 Let Me Take Care Of Patrick

Justin and Julian turned around and saw Alice dressed in a blue dress and standing not far away.

There were two housekeepers next to her. One of them ran toward the kids and said, “Old Mrs. Lowen is calling for you!”

Justin and Julian walked up to Alice and greeted her in unison, “Old Mrs. Lowen.”

Alice was saddened when she heard the way they addressed her. They used to call me Great-grandma. These two are little, but they seem to know everything. Well, since Pat and Gwen are no longer together, it's only right for the kids to change the way they address me.

“Are you boys here to see your great-grandpa?” she asked them.

Alice knew Michael had been hospitalized. She and Hector had even gone to visit him a few days ago.

“We are. How about you? Are you feeling unwell?” Justin asked.

The triplets were very fond of Hector and Alice because the couple were nice to the kids.

When Alice heard those words, her expression changed slightly. She heaved a sigh and replied, "I'm here to see Patrick. He's sick, and things aren't looking good for him."

She lifted her hand to wipe her tears dry. It's been so long, and Pat is still unconscious. What if he doesn't wake up again?

Justin and Julian suddenly realized why Patrick didn't stop their mother from getting married. He's sick and Mommy doesn't seem to know about it.

"Old Mrs. Lowen, let's visit Mr. Lowen together," Justin suggested.

"Sure. Let's go." Alice nodded. These two boys resemble Pat when he was young. Their facial features are so similar to his! They were supposed to be a family, but it's too late now.

Alice let out a long sigh. The thought of Hector made her angry. What on earth has gotten into him? It's as though Felicia has bewitched him!

Alice had been worried sick because Felicia had been looking after Patrick these days.

When they entered Patrick's ward, they saw Felicia eating fruits on the couch and ordering a few housekeepers around.

"That's right. Wipe his face, neck, and legs. Make sure he's cleaned thoroughly. Otherwise, he'll stink."

The moment Felicia saw Alice and the others, she rose to her feet hastily and put her fruit platter aside.

She rushed toward the bed and grumbled, "You guys are so clumsy! I'll do it myself."

A hint of disappointment appeared in Alice's eyes when she saw what had just happened before her eyes. I always thought Felicia loved Pat dearly because she said so herself. As it turns out, she never

meant it. Pat is in a coma, and instead of looking after him personally, she tells a bunch of housekeepers to do so.

Alice shook her head and said, "Ms. Ashton, please leave and bring your housekeepers along! From now on, I'll look after Pat myself."

When Felicia heard that, she had a hot towel in her hand, and she was just about to wipe Patrick down.

In a panic, Felicia replied, "Old Mrs. Lowen, let me take care of Patrick! This is what I'm supposed to do."

"No. I'll take care of my grandson. Please leave," Alice demanded coldly.

Felicia glanced around and noticed that Hector wasn't there. She wasn't keen on looking after a patient in a vegetative state. She merely wanted to get on Hector's good side because all she wanted was the Lowen family's fortune. If Patrick were healthy and fit, she would love him to the moon and back. But a man who couldn't move or speak like this was not a man she wanted to be with for the rest of her life.

"All right, then. I'll visit him again tomorrow." Felicia stared at Justin and Julian for a couple of seconds when she was walking past them. What are these two boys doing here? Is Gwendolyn here too?

She turned to look at Alice. That old lady is still missing Gwendolyn, isn't she? Ha! She can't change the fact that Gwendolyn has already married into the Surrington family.

## Chapter 650 We Look Like Him

The ward instantly fell into silence after Felicia and her housekeepers left.

The air in the room seemed to have become fresher as well. Felicia liked to use strong perfumes, and the ward would be filled with the smell of her perfume when she was there.

Alice approached the bed and started wiping Patrick down.

A housekeeper quickly went up to her and offered, “Old Mrs. Lowen, let us do it.”

“It's all right. Pat wouldn't want random people to do this for him. I'll do it myself.”

Justin and Julian watched Alice wipe down Patrick's entire body. She then sat on a chair beside the bed to hold Patrick's hand.

“Pat, Justin and Julian are here to see you. Wake up and look at them.” Alice's sorrowful tone was saddening.

“Justin, he doesn't look so good. Do you think we should tell Mommy about this?” Julian asked Justin softly.

Justin was also thinking about this. If Mommy finds out about this, she'll surely pay him a visit. Perhaps she might even want to look after him. If that happens, Mr. Zayden is going to be so mad. Will he and Mommy have a fight after that? Mr. Zayden was so intimate with that maid last night. He betrayed Mommy. How did Mommy hurt her hand today? Was it that maid?

The kids didn't associate it with Zayden at all because he had known them for many years and they knew he was a good man and wouldn't hurt their mother.

“We'll talk about it later.”

The boys knew they had to tread carefully.

Shortly after, they approached Alice, and Julian helped her to the couch.

Justin stood beside the bed and sized Patrick up. The latter's hair had been shaved off, and his head was wrapped in gauze.

His eyes were closed, and he had the chiseled features of a male model. Despite the situation he was in, he still looked dashing.

Justin leaned in and whispered in Patrick's ear, "Mr. Lowen, I know you can hear me. You must wake up. Gwendolyn is living in hell and waiting for you to save her."

With that, Justin straightened up and walked toward the couch.

Patrick was still in deep slumber, showing no signs of waking up.

"Old Mrs. Lowen, is it okay if Julian and I come over to read for Mr. Lowen every day?" Justin asked.

There and then, Justin came up with an idea and figured they could tell Patrick about Gwendolyn's everyday life. If he loves Mommy, he'll wake up.

Alice nodded vigorously when she heard that. "Sure! Sure!"

They're eager to help Pat. What a pair of thoughtful boys!

Alice was gratified.

"Are you boys adapting well at the Surrington residence?" she asked. If Gwen and Pat were married, the kids would make the Lowen residence so lively. And perhaps Pat wouldn't be in this situation now...

Alice loved the kids because they gave her a sense of affinity.

"It's not too bad. We only moved in yesterday. We aren't staying at the Surrington residence, though. We're staying at Mr. Zayden's mansion," Julian answered.

In truth, the boys knew that since they couldn't attend the wedding, there was no way they could stay at the Surrington residence.

That was because the Surrington family didn't want to accept and acknowledge them.

“No matter what trouble you guys run into in the future, feel free to look for me. I’ll offer my help,” Alice said.

Right then, Justin looked at the time and said, “Old Mrs. Lowen, we’ve got to go. We need to attend our classes.”

Alice sent them to the elevator, and Justin and Julian waved her goodbye.

The moment the elevator doors closed, Julian sighed and uttered, “Justin, I wonder what happened to him.”

That man was so capable back then. How did he turn out like this? Julian felt sad and horrible.

Justin felt just as devastated. “Julian, do you think we look like him?”

It was very apparent that day because Patrick was lying emotionlessly in bed.