

CEO Daddy 651

Chapter 651 What A Coincidence

A look of shock spread across Julian's handsome face. "Are you saying we could be his kids?"

Julian had never thought that would be possible. If he's our father, why wasn't he present in our lives in the past? Besides, he and Mommy don't seem to have crossed paths before.

Justin arched a brow. "I was just guessing! We don't know much about the adults' histories. But we can confirm if that's the case."

The two nodded and came to an understanding about what was to follow.

The triplets arrived home at around noon that day.

Gwendolyn was on the phone in her room. She hadn't been attending to work matters recently, and Connor hadn't been talking to her about work matters because of her wedding.

On that day, he finally called.

The two chatted about work. Although Gwendolyn had trouble understanding what was going on, Connor had assigned her some tasks.

If she were to handle the company in the future, Connor would undoubtedly be her best assistant.

"Okay, Mr. Wable. I'll do as you say and read all the books."

"Congratulations on your marriage, Ms. Ashton!" Connor said before ending the call. He sounded genuinely happy for Gwendolyn.

"Thank you!"

After the call ended, Gwendolyn searched for bookstores on the internet.

She had wanted to buy the books online, but she thought visiting the bookstores would be more convenient. Besides, she looked forward to reading books in the bookstores.

While she was scrolling through her phone, her sleeve slid down, revealing the ghastly injury on her arm.

She froze momentarily when she saw that. Zayden seemed to have transformed into a different person when he hit me last night.

She recalled the words Zayden had said to her.

“Gwendolyn, this is all your fault. Am I not nice to you? Why did you have to fall for Patrick? You even wanted to marry him. Well, you should forget about it. I will never let it happen.”

Gwendolyn lowered her gaze. I don't know what's going to happen in the future, but I'll never let him abuse me again.

Right then, someone knocked on the door.

“Mommy, we're coming in!”

Upon hearing Julian's voice, Gwendolyn composed herself and pulled her sleeve down. I can't let the kids see my injury.

The door was pushed open, and the two boys entered the room.

Justin placed a bag of medication on her desk while Julian smiled and said, “Juliette's interest was piqued when we passed by a vending machine. We fooled around with it for a while, and these tubes of ointment fell out. Take a look and see if we can keep them.”

Gwendolyn took the bag of medication and looked at it. These help reduce bruises and promote blood circulation. That's exactly what I need! What a coincidence!

“Give them to me. I'll keep whatever that can be used in the first aid kit later.”

At that moment, Juliette entered the bedroom and climbed onto the enormous bed.

“I'm so sleepy! Let me take a nap. When I wake up, we'll go outside and play with you, Gwen.” Juliette let out a yawn. Whenever she got tired, she would fall asleep rather easily.

Gwendolyn tucked her in and asked, “Don't you want to have lunch?”

Gwendolyn didn't get a response because Juliette had already fallen asleep.

“Mommy, we're going downstairs for a glass of water. Join us for lunch, okay?” Justin said.

With that, the boys left the bedroom together and closed the door behind them.

After the boys left, Gwendolyn glanced at Juliette, who was fast asleep. She must be exhausted! She can have lunch when she wakes up later.

Gwendolyn grabbed the bag of medication and went into the bathroom. There, she applied the medication to her injury. The last time, I didn't apply any medication, so it took a long time to heal. Now, the kids have somehow brought me what I needed. How fortunate! I hope I can heal faster this time. It's so hot these days, and I can't keep wearing clothes with long sleeves.

Right when Justin and Julian arrived at the staircase, they bumped into Zayden.

“Where's your mommy? It's time for lunch.”

“Have your eyes recovered completely, Mr. Zayden?” Julian asked suspiciously.

Chapter 652 The Sight Of Him Scared Her

Due to how well they knew Zayden, they couldn't help but notice that his eyes seemed to have recovered completely.

If that's the case, it's great news!

Zayden glanced warily in the direction of Gwendolyn's room and squeezed out a smile. "Although it's blurry, I can see things close up. I still can't see things that are a distance away."

The boys understood what he meant.

"It's all right, Mr. Zayden. Since you've recovered your eyesight, that means your eyes will heal completely in the future."

Suddenly, Zayden felt a sense of familiarity.

Thinking that he had been around ever since the boys were born, he felt a warm, fuzzy feeling in his heart.

He caressed their heads and said, "Mm-hmm. Go get your mommy for lunch."

"She'll be down shortly. We'll wait for her in the dining room," Julian answered.

Zayden nodded and walked down the stairs.

Justin and Julian walked down the stairs alongside each other, and they were happy with Zayden's recovery.

Yet, they knew his affection for their mother wasn't genuine. Otherwise, he wouldn't have fooled around with Suzanne.

Although the boys were angry, they also knew Gwendolyn wasn't into Zayden. Instead, she wanted to marry Patrick.

Is this how things are in the world of adults? They don't like each other, but they still have to live together. Don't they ever feel exhausted? We're getting tired of this!

The boys were frustrated because they had to feign ignorance when they knew precisely what was going on.

When Gwendolyn arrived downstairs, she instinctively cast Zayden a glance. The sight of him scared her a little. His expression was gloomy last night. When he hit me, I caught him smiling faintly!

Zayden stood up and pulled a chair for her. "Let's eat."

He sounded the same, and he was even exuding a warm aura.

Gwendolyn glanced at him indifferently and took her seat at the dining table.

She didn't have much appetite that day, so she only ate a little for lunch.

Zayden served her more food and urged, "You should eat more."

Gwendolyn looked at the food and felt even worse. She rose to her feet and came up with an excuse to leave the dining table. "You guys carry on. I'll get Juliette to come down for lunch. She should be awake by now."

Zayden noticed her cold expression and sensed the loneliness in her retreating figure.

He knitted his brows as he felt oddly upset.

"Mr. Surrington, you should eat more of these. These are good for you!" Suzanne filled up Zayden's plate with food.

Zayden's expression changed slightly when he saw some vegetables, a few slices of beef, and a bowl of soup before him.

"Who told you to make these dishes?" he asked sternly.

Startled by the stern look on his face, Suzanne teared up a little and looked extremely aggrieved. “I... I asked Ms. Ziegler, and she told me these dishes are nutritious for men.” She lowered her head and added, “I won't repeat my mistake again.”

Zayden said nothing more when he saw how submissive she was.

As a matter of fact, he even finished all the food she had served him. Suzanne snickered when she saw that.

She kept her gaze on Zayden, unwilling to look away even for a split second.

The boys witnessed the interaction between the two and didn't quite understand the chemistry the two had. However, they could tell Zayden cared about her a lot.

He said she's a maid, but he pampers her so much. Everything she uses is of premium quality.

“We're done,” Julian piped up.

Camille, too, finished lunch shortly after the boys left the dining room and returned to the kitchen.

When the boys were playing with Lego pieces in the living room, Julian asked, “Justin, if Mr. Zayden fancies Ms. Drache, doesn't that mean Mommy is allowed to be with Mr. Lowen?”

The boys knew their mother loved Patrick.

Justin gave it some thought and answered, “That can only happen if Mr. Zayden and Mommy get a divorce and Mr. Lowen wakes up.”

Chapter 653 Wake Up And Save Her

Three months later, the weather began to turn cool with the arrival of autumn.

Patrick remained unconscious on his hospital bed, his hair now noticeably longer.

Jocelyn held his medical records, flipping through them.

Kevin, looking worried, asked, "It's been three months. Why isn't he awake? Did you accidentally mess things up during the surgery?"

"I've already explained before, and I don't want to repeat myself," Jocelyn said placidly after glancing at him. "What else can I do since he's not ready to wake up?"

At that moment, Justin and Julian entered the ward as they faithfully did every day.

Kevin watched them as they devotedly read to Patrick even though he had no idea what they were reading.

Their sincere dedication stood in stark contrast to Felicia, who would only come to visit Patrick once in a while.

During each visit, she would invariably pick a fight with him, demanding to know when Patrick would regain consciousness.

She must have grown impatient and wished to find herself another sugar daddy.

Soon, Rosalie arrived with a thermos flask as well. Each time she came, she would bring Patrick hot soup, hoping he could take a sip of the comforting warmth when he came around. "Kevin, how's Pat today?"

Everyone looked at the man lying on the bed, their hearts longing for his swift recovery.

The medical equipment on Patrick's body had long been removed, and his wounds had healed. He was now dressed in blue and white striped hospital clothing, lying quietly on the hospital bed.

In addition to having a thinner face, his chin and facial features were now more pronounced.

Kevin replied, "He's doing okay generally, but somehow, he's still in a coma."

Rosalie sat on the chair by the bed, holding Patrick's hand. "Pat, it's been three months. Why are you still not awake?"

Justin and Julian, who stood by the bed, were also just as anxious.

Realizing Patrick was not waking up anytime soon, Justin had an idea in mind.

He inched closer and whispered into Julian's ear, "We should tell him Mommy is being abused."

During these three months, whenever Gwendolyn was beaten by Zayden, she would keep it to herself and hide her injuries well.

That was why Julian and Justin did not notice the injuries on her body. Today, they wanted to provoke

Patrick by telling him that.

They hoped he would come around when he heard that Gwendolyn was being abused.

Julian nodded, and the two boys remained still by the bed. Once everyone left, Julian climbed up to the bed and whispered, "Patrick, Gwendolyn is being abused. Her hands and body are marked from being whipped. Wake up and save her. She needs your help."

Justin stood aside, giving the man an icy stare.

After waiting for quite some time and not seeing any sign of him waking up, Julian, as usual, began recounting what Gwendolyn had done that day.

The two brothers left after they were done.

Back at home, they saw Gwendolyn descending the stairs with Zayden. She was wearing a light blue gown.

Juliette asked, "Mommy, are you going to a banquet tonight?"

Today was Hans' birthday, and they were planning to attend the celebration, but Gwendolyn could not bring the three children along.

As she looked at them, her eyes were filled with guilt. "Yes. Today is Old Mr. Surrington's birthday, so we're going to celebrate with him."

Juliette pouted. "Oh. Can't you bring us along?"

While Gwendolyn hesitated for a moment, Zayden spoke up. "You three can come too!"

Juliette was overjoyed. "Can we?"

Gwendolyn looked at him from the side, her eyes no longer as radiant as before. "Aren't you afraid that your grandparents will be angry if they find out about the kids?"

Zayden wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "We're already married, and your children are also part of the Surrington family. I'm sure they'll acknowledge them."

Gwendolyn slipped out of his embrace, maintaining a distance from him.

She murmured to herself, "Just make sure you don't get mad at me when we come home in the evening."

Chapter 654 The Truth

"What did you say?" Zayden asked.

Gwendolyn held Juliette's hand and walked to the door. "Did I say anything?"

Juliette pouted. "I want to put on a princess gown."

Gwendolyn glanced at her and responded, "You look great in this dress. Come on, let's go!"

Juliette was already looking sweet in her Princess Elsa dress.

Her two sons, on the other hand, were dressed more casually, but it did not matter since they were just children.

Watching the family of four get into one car, Zayden had no choice but to get into the vehicle behind. Suzanne followed suit and got into the car as well. As soon as she got in, she held his hand and rested her head against his shoulder. “Mr. Surrington, how do I look?”

Zayden gave her a cold glance, his gaze lingering on the spot where she held his arm.

Suzanne reluctantly let go of his arm, remembering his earlier words that they could only get intimate when he initiated it. Otherwise, she had to keep her distance from him.

She pursed her lips in annoyance, finding him more adorable when he was single. Back then, he had treated her so well that he even called her Darling. But now he was harsh to her most of the time.

Noticing that Suzanne had distanced herself from him, Zayden warned her indifferently, “Remember your identity. I’ll send you away if you do that again.”

Fear flickered in Suzanne's eyes as she pleaded, “Mr. Surrington, I promise to behave. Please don't send me away.”

Despite leaving Dragonhill Mansion, she felt safe staying in Zayden's residence.

If he were to kick her out of the house, she would have no way to survive on her own and would likely starve to death as she had no survival skills.

She had to obey him if she wanted to stay by his and Gwendolyn's side.

Zayden glanced at her grimly. Suddenly, he reached out and held her hand in his palm. “Remember what I said. Don't tell anyone about us. Understood?”

“I won't.”

Suzanne's face lit up as she looked at him holding her small hand.

In another car, Gwendolyn picked up her phone and go through her messages with Patrick. Why haven't I heard from him?

She had not seen him ever since she got married.

In the last three months, she had kept herself occupied with learning the ropes of managing a company. Her hectic schedule had helped her resist the urge to see Patrick after she had decided to end things with him.

It was only today that she had some time to scroll through his Instagram and WhatsApp.

Nevertheless, he hardly ever posted anything on Instagram. Even most of his posts were work-related.

Upon arriving at the Surrington residence, they got out of the cars and headed toward the main building.

As they entered, Angeline immediately noticed the three children. She quickened her pace and approached Zayden.

“Why did you bring them here?”

The Surringtons would never acknowledge the three children as their family. Previously, Angeline had accepted Gwendolyn as her daughter-in-law, but now that Zayden had recovered, she felt her son deserved someone better.

She had forgotten all the pleas she had made to Gwendolyn.

Zayden held Juliette's hand and said, “They're also your grandchildren since Gwen and I are married.”

Angeline's expression changed slightly. "Don't talk to your grandparents like that later. It'll ruin the birthday celebration."

Gwendolyn glanced at the three children, knowing that the Surringtons would not acknowledge them. "Zayden, I'll take them back first. You can stay and continue celebrating Grandpa's birthday." She then turned to the children. "Wait for me in the car."

Juliette did not want to leave, but her two brothers talked her into walking back to the parking lot.

Once the children left, Zayden grasped Gwendolyn's hand. "Grandpa will overthink if you don't come with me."

Gwendolyn shot daggers at him. "Zayden, does it matter if we're there or not?"

Zayden's expression turned slightly cold. "Gwendolyn, don't even think about divorcing me. You and your three children are stuck with me for the rest of your lives."

Gwendolyn's gaze darkened, and she let out a snort. "You tricked me into marrying you just so you can torture me, right?"

One fateful evening, intoxicated by alcohol, Zayden had blurted out the truth he had long kept concealed. He had feigned blindness to defeat Patrick.

Chapter 655 Torment Each Other To Death

Zayden's face contorted when he heard those words. He pulled Gwendolyn to the side, then abruptly shoved her away, causing her to stagger a few steps forward.

After steadying herself, she glanced down at her feet.

Thankfully, the heels she wore were not too high; otherwise, she might have twisted her ankles.

She tightened her grip on her handbag and stared icily at the man before her.

Zayden had become someone she was unfamiliar with anymore. It was as if he had become a totally different person.

The Zayden she knew in the past would not behave like this. Right now, he was no different from a monster.

“Gwen, you better behave and come with me to greet Grandpa. Or else...” He paused, his gaze shifting toward the children in the car.

His reaction caused panic to well up within Gwendolyn. “Don't you dare touch the kids! This is between you and me. Do not drag the children in.”

Zayden inched closer, embracing her neck as his eyes bore into hers.

“Gwen, you owe me. So, we can only continue tormenting each other for the rest of our lives. Don't ever think you can escape my grasp. It'll never happen,” he declared, his eyes filled with hatred as well.

His intense gaze felt so alien to Gwendolyn that she pushed him away. “I know I owe you. Fine. Let's torment each other to death!”

After speaking, she walked with determined strides, making her way toward the parking lot.

Zayden's lips curled into a cold, sinister smile as he raised his hand to touch his chest. He could still feel the warmth from her fingers where she had pushed him moments ago.

His smile grew even darker as he straightened his clothes and strode toward the main building.

When Gwendolyn returned to the car, Juliette asked, “Mommy, are we going back now?”

Seeing the disappointment on her daughter's face, Gwendolyn reached out to touch her face. “I'm sorry, Sweetheart. It's Mommy's fault.”

Her two sons were well aware of the situation. The fact that they were excluded from both the wedding and today's birthday celebration made it evident that the Surringtons refused to acknowledge them.

Nonetheless, they were not upset about it because they did not accept the Surringtons as their family either.

Juliette pondered for a moment, noticing that Gwendolyn seemed unhappy lately.

“Where are we going now?” she asked, her tiny hand gently caressing Gwendolyn's back, seemingly trying to console her.

Juliette's gesture instantly warmed Gwendolyn's heart. Despite her earlier anger and frustration, having the three children by her side made everything worthwhile. “Let's go and visit Great-grandpa.”

Although Zayden had deceived her into marrying him, Gwendolyn found solace in knowing that she was able to bring comfort to Michael.

They had thought he would not make it, but three months had passed, and he was still alive and well.

As they reached the hospital, Gwendolyn held Juliette's tiny hand firmly and led her toward the inpatient building.

Julian and Justin, who were walking a few steps behind, overheard the nurse next to them talking. “The patient in Room 1401 has finally regained consciousness. Dr. Wantark asked me to inform the director.”

“He's awake? You better hurry, then,” another nurse replied.

After a brief exchange, the two nurses went their separate ways.

Justin and Julian exchanged glances when they heard the room number—the ward where Patrick was in. They had been visiting him regularly, so they knew it well.

“Did you hear that, Justin? He's come around,” Julian said.

The two boys had already confirmed that Patrick was their biological father, so they felt a unique connection to him.

Justin nodded in response. “Let's sneak over to check on him later.”

Julian's face lit up with joy. “Do you think he woke up because he heard the things we told him earlier?”

They walked while talking, obviously in a good mood.

The four of them soon arrived at Michael's ward, where Zachary and Candace were also present. Candace got up and said with a sarcastic tone, “Gwen, did you come here to check if your grandpa is dead?”

Candace believed Gwendolyn was still trying to get a share of the Ashton family's assets. She could not stand how Gwendolyn continued to visit Michael even after getting married. Candace had attempted to stop her visits, but Zachary had forbidden her from doing so.

Zachary stood up and said, “Gwen, you're here.”

His attitude was clearly different from before as if some newfound understanding had enlightened him.

Chapter 656 They Do Not Look Like Zayden

Gwendolyn glanced at Michael, who was lying on the bed. Luckily, he's hard of hearing, so he probably didn't hear what Candace said. Otherwise, he'll definitely be sad. He's old and not in good health, but his descendants are all looking forward to his death. It must be a terrible feeling.

Gwendolyn said in a cold voice, “Tell your wife to be more careful in what she says in the future. She should know what she should and shouldn't say.” With that, she walked up to the bed.

Candace let out a cold snort.

“Look, that is how she treats you. You'll only be given a cold shoulder even if you try to be nice to her.”

Zachary's expression changed. “Didn't you say you were going to leave? Let's go.”

He glanced at the three children, who did not address him. Suddenly, he wanted to hear them call him Grandpa.

However, the relationship between them prevented him from saying those things to them.

He let out a long sigh and walked out of the ward.

Candace turned around to glance at the old man on the bed. Old Mr. Ashton is actually smiling now that Gwendolyn is here. He's so biased!

She then gave the three children the side-eye. These three are time bombs that are necessary to be gotten rid of. Otherwise, there is still a certain risk for Fel to inherit the assets of the Lowen family even if Patrick never wakes up or dies.

Juliette glared at Candace. It was not until the latter had left that she looked away.

“Great-grandpa, I'm here.”

Juliette rushed to the bedside, making Michael very happy.

Justin and Julian turned around and left the ward to head to the fourteenth floor. As soon as they got out of the elevator, they saw a group of doctors and nurses entering a ward.

The two kids quickly ran over and followed them into the ward.

The man on the hospital bed was already awake with his eyes open.

After examining him, one of the doctors said to Kevin, “Mr. Chavez, his vital signs are normal.”

Kevin nodded slightly. “Okay. All of you may leave.”

The doctors and nurses walked out of the ward, leaving Kevin and Jocelyn inside.

“Patrick, how many fingers you can see?” Jocelyn raised two fingers at him.

“Two.”

His response made Jocelyn smile.

“See. I told you my operation was a success. He didn't become stupid.”

Kevin said excitedly, “Pat, you finally woke up. If you don't wake up, we will...”

As he spoke, he began to choke.

Although he was used to seeing people die, he could not stay calm when it came to his friend.

If Pat never wakes up, I'll never be able to feel at ease for the rest of my life. It's great that he's finally awake now.

Patrick wanted to sit up, but he didn't have the strength to do so.

Kevin stopped him. “Take it easy. You've been unconscious for three months. You need to take it slow.”

After confirming that Patrick was awake, Justin and Julian were glad. They followed the doctors and nurses out of the ward and returned to Michael's ward.

Gwendolyn asked, “Where have you been? I thought you were lost.”

Fortunately, the two of them were different from ordinary children; otherwise, she would have called the police.

Julian gave her a faint smile. "Justin and I went to the restroom."

There was a restroom in the ward, yet the boys had said that. Nevertheless, Gwendolyn did not suspect anything.

"Come spend some time with your great-grandpa. We're about to go back."

The two kids walked to the bed and greeted him in unison, "Great-grandpa."

Michael smiled in response. "Where did you go? Your mommy was worried sick. Come, let me see if you've grown taller and more handsome."

Michael sized them up for a while before commenting, "They don't look like Zayden to me. They look more like..."

Chapter 657 Worse Than A Child

Michael did not finish his sentence. He took a careful look at the two boys and muttered to himself, "They're so alike."

Gwendolyn glanced at her two sons. They are not Zayden's sons, so of course, they don't look like him. It's just that Grandpa has been deceived by Zayden, just like I have.

The thought of it upset her.

"Grandpa, they're still kids. They'll look more like him when they grow up."

Michael nodded.

"You're right. Maybe they'll look like him when they grow up."

Naturally, the two kids understood what Michael meant. Of course we look like Patrick. We're his sons. But why doesn't he and Mommy know about this?

As children, they did not understand the world of adults.

After having dinner with Michael, the four of them left and went back to Zayden's mansion.

Camille greeted them as soon as they entered the house.

“Didn't you go to the banquet? Why are you back so early?”

Juliette pouted. “We didn't. We visited Great-grandpa in the hospital instead. We had fun too!”

Then, she glanced at Gwendolyn. I won't be so willful anymore in the future. It seems that going to Zay's house makes things difficult for her.

Camille looked at Gwendolyn, who did not seem to be very happy. She also noticed that the latter did not like to smile anymore ever since she married Zayden.

Camille sighed. Sure enough, a woman still has to marry the person she likes. Otherwise, it's impossible for her to be happy.

“Juliette, I'll take you upstairs to take a shower. It's almost time for bed.”

Juliette nodded. “Okay. We're in the class for older kids now, so we can't be late.”

Her sweet voice echoed around the house.

Camille chuckled. “You're right, Juliette.”

Justin and Julian were in a good mood that day. They knew that Patrick was the only person who could make Gwendolyn happy again.

Now that they even knew that Patrick was their biological father, they hoped that they could be together.

Justin poured a glass of water, went to the living room, and put the glass in front of his mother.

He sat down on the couch and watched her drink the glass of water.

Gwendolyn turned to glance at him. "Thanks for the water."

"Mommy, I actually asked Great-grandpa, and he wants you to be happy!"

When Gwendolyn heard that, mixed feelings swirled in her heart.

She bit her lip and said, "I know."

"So, Mommy, you actually don't have to force yourself to do something you don't like for any of us. Just be yourself and strive for the happiness you want! We will always be there for you," Julian said as he stuck out his head from behind the couch.

Gwendolyn smiled for the first time in forever, making both her sons breathe a sigh of relief.

She planted a kiss on their cheeks. "Thank you, boys. I know what you mean. I'll do my best. Now go to bed."

Justin got up and walked up the stairs with Julian.

"Mommy, you should go to bed early too."

"Women should go to bed early!"

Her sons' words filled her heart with warmth. Suddenly, she realized that the cloud of gloom in her had disappeared.

She felt a lot better. I'm worse than a child sometimes. They are more clever than I am and understand the meaning of our existence better than me.

Gwendolyn sat in silence for a while. When she checked the time, it was already half past ten at night.

Zayden had not come home. She went back to her room, took a shower, and applied a facial mask before going to bed.

In the middle of the night, the bedroom door was kicked open, causing her to sit up in fright.

She saw Zayden entering the room and loosening his tie. She could smell the strong stench of alcohol on him.

Gwendolyn wrapped the quilt tightly around her and asked, "Are you drunk?"

Chapter 658 Rehabilitation

Zayden narrowed his eyes. "A little, but I'm still sober."

His voice was low and deep, and it seemed to sound more hoarse than usual.

Gwendolyn got out of bed. "I'll run a bath for you."

Zayden suddenly smiled. "Gwen, you're always nice to me, but why won't you sleep with me?" He approached her. "Are you still thinking about Patrick?"

Gwendolyn averted her eyes and remained silent.

Zayden sneered, "Do you think I want to sleep with you? I won't ever let you go, but you'll only live like a widow here."

He took a step back, turned around, and left the bedroom.

Only then did Gwendolyn relax. He had not spent the night in her room since they got married.

Both of them were at fault.

She thought that being married meant that she could be there to take care of him.

But in a real marriage, there must be love, sex, and intimacy.

She had never thought about those things before. She did not know that she had to face them until after she got married. Hence, she refused to get intimate with Zayden, and that was why Zayden became like that.

The two of them went from being good friends to being hostile now.

Everything was wrong.

Gwendolyn had slowly accepted the reality. Although her sons had reminded her before going to bed that she could live for herself and chase after her happiness without worrying about anything, she wondered if she still had the right to do so.

She let out a sigh. She would not cry anymore. She used to love to cry when she encountered troubles.

But now, the sadder she was, the harder it was for her to cry.

It was mainly because she did not have the right to and she had lost hope. She was too embarrassed to cry and could only suffer in silence.

The next day, Gwendolyn got up and went to work as usual.

When she went downstairs, the three children, who were leaving, waved at her at the door.

“Bye, Mommy!”

Gwendolyn replied, "Be good at school!"

She went to the dining room and saw that Zayden had not left. He was sitting at the head of the table, having breakfast.

He looked up at Gwendolyn as she walked in.

"What happened last night? Didn't you mean to take the three of them to celebrate Grandpa's birthday? Why didn't you go in the end?"

He seemed to have lost his memory, but Gwendolyn was already used to it.

He had always been like that. He would forget everything he had said and done, but it would still occur repeatedly, such as hitting her.

After hitting her, he would ask how she got hurt when he saw the injuries on her body.

Gwendolyn was speechless at the time and did not say anything.

But after a few days, he would beat her again.

She could no longer tell Zayden's true colors anymore.

After sitting down, she ate her breakfast quietly.

Zayden instructed, "Ms. Ziegler, pour Gwen a glass of milk."

There was coffee in front of Gwendolyn. She had the habit of drinking coffee every morning.

She glanced at him and said, "It's okay. I've got coffee."

"It's better to drink milk in the morning."

Gwendolyn said nothing anymore as she lowered her head and continue eating her breakfast.

After breakfast, the two of them left the house in their own cars. Gwendolyn glanced at the thermos on the passenger seat and smiled to herself.

She wanted to visit Michael before going to work. It was something she had to do every day.

When she arrived at the hospital, she went into the elevator with the thermos. The door of the elevator opened on the sixth floor, and someone walked out of the elevator.

Gwendolyn glanced outside casually and widened her eyes slightly in shock as she seemed to have seen Patrick in a wheelchair.

When the elevator door was about to close, she quickly reached out and pressed the open button. She walked out and found herself on the floor for rehabilitation.

She looked around.

Did I see it wrongly just now? It's impossible for Patrick to be in a wheelchair, let alone undergo rehabilitation here.

Chapter 659 Why Did You Not Tell Me

The thought brought a self-deprecating smile to Gwendolyn's face. She was about to go back into the elevator and go to see Michael when she decided not to give up.

She wandered around on this floor. There were patients in hospital gowns doing some sort of training in every room.

However, she could not find Patrick. She took a few steps forward and arrived at a quiet room at the end of the corridor.

There were no family members waiting at the door, so she thought that there was probably no one inside the room.

She craned her neck over the window and took a look inside. With just one look, she was certain that the man practicing walking was Patrick.

What happened to him? What is he doing here?

She was dumbfounded. Although all she could see was just his back, she could tell if that man was Patrick.

Gwendolyn did not realize it herself. It was an intuition one had toward someone they liked that allowed them to find them among the crowd at a glance.

She opened the door and walked in and heard the physiatrist say, “Yes, take your time. Don't push yourself too hard. Take one step at a time.”

Gwendolyn walked over to stand directly opposite Patrick. When she looked at his haggard face, she was slightly taken aback.

Why is he so skinny?

However, his facial features had become more well-defined and chiseled.

He gave her a blank look devoid of any emotions.

The two stared at each other for nearly five seconds before Gwendolyn broke the silence.

“Patrick, what happened to you? Why are you in such a state?”

She touched one of his arms that was holding the parallel bars with her eyes full of worry.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and he asked indifferently, “Who are you?”

Gwendolyn took a step back, then shook her head.

“Y-You don't remember me?”

Her heart ached so much that she was unable to breathe.

The doctor walked over. “Miss, this is the VIP training room, and outsiders are not allowed to enter. Please wait outside. The patient needs to do the exercise in a quiet environment.”

Gwendolyn looked at Patrick, who was continuing to do the exercise emotionlessly.

Seeing that she did not leave after a while, the doctor asked a nurse to come in and persuade her to wait at the door.

Only then did Gwendolyn come back to her senses and leave the room.

She stood at the door, looked in through the window, and watched him practice repeatedly. After a while, she turned away from the window.

No wonder I haven't heard from him or met him in the past three months.

She had thought he was avoiding her on purpose. Even though they lived in the same city, they might never see each other again for the rest of their life if they did not approach each other deliberately.

Something happened to him.

Did he get into a car accident that injured his leg and made him unable to walk anymore?

Many questions ran through her head. Did he injure his head too? His hair seems to be shorter. Did he lose his memories and forget about me?

Gwendolyn bit her lip. She wanted to know everything that had happened to him.

She took out her phone, found Kevin's phone number in a panic, and dialed it.

It took a while before the call was picked up.

“Hello.”

“Kevin, what happened to Patrick? Did he get into a car accident? Did he hurt his head? Why doesn't he remember me? Why does he look like he can't walk too?”

She bombarded Kevin, who was in a meeting, with questions.

He knitted his brows slightly and stood up. “I have to take this call.”

After leaving the conference room, he replied, “There was something in his brain, which was taken out, so he was in a coma for more than three months.”

Did he lose his memories? I have no idea. He recognized us when he woke up. Did he only forget about Gwen?

“Why didn't you tell me?”

As Gwendolyn spoke, tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Chapter 660 Lucky To Be Alive

Kevin fell silent at her words. He had wanted to tell her, but Patrick didn't let him, and she ended up marrying someone else.

Pat has forgotten about her? No wonder he didn't ask about her after he woke up.

“You're already married now, Ms. Ashton. You cheated on him. Do you think you're in a position to question us? Whether Pat lives or dies in the future, it has nothing to do with you.”

Kevin was enraged too. He thought it was good that Patrick had forgotten about her. He hung up his phone after that.

Gwendolyn was stunned. He's right. What right do I have to meddle in Patrick's affairs?

She bit her lip as a sudden wave of helplessness flooded her.

She had thought that getting married and forgetting someone was easy. Yet, it was not easy to do either of those things now.

She stood frozen in the doorway for a while until someone showed up.

She looked over and met Jocelyn's gaze. Jocelyn nodded in greeting, then entered the room.

That day, Jocelyn wasn't visiting as a doctor but as a friend of Patrick's. She looked lovely in a black dress, her brown curls hanging down her shoulder.

Every click of her heels was a stomp on Gwendolyn's heart. She watched Jocelyn enter the room and chat with Patrick casually.

“How are you feeling today?”

“Pretty good,” Patrick answered, wiping the sweat from his forehead. The apathy in his gaze didn't betray even a hint of his feelings.

“I heard from Kev that you lost some memories.”

Patrick stopped what he was doing when he heard those words. “Yeah.”

Jocelyn wasn't the least bit surprised. “It's much better than we expected. It's impossible for you to get back those lost memories. After all, they might've been removed. Do you regret it?”

Patrick's grip on the towel tightened. His gaze turned icy and dark.

“I don't know.”

Jocelyn nodded. "You're lucky to be alive. You can think about other stuff in the future. I'll help you back to your room."

She had paid special attention to her makeup and attire that day and even sprayed some perfume, hoping it could leave Patrick with a good impression.

Patrick didn't refuse her offer, so Jocelyn informed the doctor, "I'll be helping him back, then, Dr.

Robinson."

Gwendolyn watched as Jocelyn pushed Patrick out of the training room. When they brushed past her, she couldn't help the tears from streaming down her face.

Coincidentally, Liam and the others were there to pick Patrick up. They simply ignored her when they saw her.

"Mr. Lowen, I think today's session went well," Liam said with a smile, trying his best not to look at Gwendolyn.

He led the group to the elevator.

They're still the same people, but they no longer treat me the same way. Even though Gwendolyn was upset, the reality was something she could accept.

After all, she was already Mrs. Surrington and no longer Patrick's girlfriend.

From that day onward, she never showed up in front of Patrick ever again, nor did she ask about him from his friends.

Although I still love him, things have turned out this way. Since we're not meant to be, all I can do is accept reality.

She stood by the window quietly and watched as he underwent physiotherapy again and again until he could finally walk with ease.

Sharing his happiness, she nearly shouted with joy.

Having already familiarized with his training plan, she would peek from the doorway and never interrupt him during his sessions. When the sessions ended, she would leave a few minutes earlier to avoid running into his subordinates or friends who had come to pick him up.

That day was his last day of training. He could already walk and use every part of his body freely.

Once he leaves the hospital tomorrow, it'll be difficult for me to see him again.

Nevertheless, the sad thought didn't bring her mood down, for he had fully recovered. The great news had her humming a song as she walked.

Right then, she received a call from Zayden.

When she looked at the caller ID, she hesitated briefly but still took the call in the end.

“Hello?”