

CEO Daddy 671

Chapter 671 Patrick Is Buying

Gwendolyn pondered momentarily and answered, "I never really noticed since I'm not at the Surrington residence much."

I didn't really care about much in the past three months and mostly lived in a daze. I suppose all my focus was on work.

Lucy hugged her and said, "Let's go! It's almost time. Otherwise, Mr. Gomez will criticize me again if he waits too long."

Actually, his criticism isn't severe, but I'll suffer from his extended lovemaking at night. He has a robust body in the first place, so if I make him mad, he'll make sure I can't get out of bed for three days to make a point.

She shivered slightly at the thought.

That was my first time experiencing his sexual prowess from disobedience. Now, I'm docile like a winter catfish.

Gwendolyn smoothed her hair and said, "Okay!"

Lucy handed over her gold card for registration while Gwendolyn scrolled on her phone.

"Gwen, do they not know that you're the owner of Solstice Group?"

If I hadn't taken out my card earlier, these store assistants would most likely have complied with Felicia's demands and instructed Gwen to remove her clothing and, in turn, sell it to the person who could afford it.

Gwendolyn lifted her head after replying to an email.

“No, they don't. Even Zayden also assumed that I'm a low-rank employee at Solstice Group, let alone these employees.”

It was rare for the lower-rank employees to meet the CEO. Besides that, she didn't like flaunting her face and title to every worker.

Therefore, it was expected that they couldn't recognize her.

Disappointment filled Lucy. “You should organize a staff meeting so that everyone can recognize you. That way, you'll receive VIP treatment whenever you shop at your own mall. There'll be no repeat of today's incident, and you won't be bullied.”

Felicia was really daring. It's ironic for her to bully a female millionaire.

Once the card was swiped, the store assistant returned it to Lucy politely.

Lucy and Gwendolyn left the store in brand-new clothing. Gwendolyn's head was still buried in her phone as they walked.

Worried about her safety, Lucy had no choice but to keep an arm around Gwendolyn's shoulders. “I'm talking to you. Are you even listening?”

Gwendolyn finally finished with whatever she was working on her phone and slid it into her purse.

“I never thought about it because I don't want to be famous. I just want to live a peaceful life.”

I don't care about how others see me, nor do I want to be a poser. I only wish to live a simple life like this and raise my three children safely. It seems the way I think has reverted to how it used to be. I

don't wish for romance or bliss anymore. After getting hit in the face with reality, romance feels beyond my reach, and blissfulness is a pipe dream.

At that moment, Lucy's phone rang, so she picked up the call.

“Have you arrived, Lucy?”

Initially, he thought to wait for her at home, but she said she would head over directly. It was already dinner time, but she still hadn't arrived.

The dinner was to celebrate Patrick's recovery. Thus, she shouldn't arrive later than the host.

“Soon. We'll be there in half an hour.”

It would take ten minutes to reach the restaurant, and she had to include the time she would be stuck in traffic.

Lucy urgently hung up her phone. “Let's hurry. He keeps urging me.”

Gwendolyn couldn't contain her laughter at Lucy's urgency.

“You've become more and more obedient.”

Lucy's steps slowed at those words as though to prove Gwendolyn wrong.

Gwendolyn thought Lucy had become cuter. Stepping closer toward her, Gwendolyn reached for Lucy's hand and tugged her as she quickened her pace.

“I know you're in a hurry, so let's go. We have to be quick.”

Looking at Gwendolyn's side profile as she ran, Lucy burst into laughter. Her joy was contagious as Gwendolyn also started laughing.

It had been a long time since they had run without care like that. Undoubtedly, they would enjoy the dinner that night.

The minute Lucas ended the call, he couldn't stop his gaze from darting to the outside.

Kevin entered with his arm wrapped around Estelle. When he saw the man standing by the door, he halted in his steps.

“Is Pat buying us dinner or you, Mr. Gomez?”

Why else is he standing here to greet the guests?

Chapter 672 Their Gathering

Lucas shot an impassive glance at Kevin and noticed Estelle in the latter's embrace. Only then did he realize Estelle was dressed in a high school uniform, looking like a young, fresh student.

He keeps bringing her everywhere. It looks like he's fallen for her for real this time.

Ignoring Kevin, he said, “Ms. Blenheim, I heard you did well in the university entrance exam. Once the semester starts, you'll be a university student, right?”

Estelle plastered a fake smile and chuckled. “You're right.”

She knew Lucas mocked Kevin frequently, ridiculing Kevin for robbing the cradle by dating a high school student.

Now that she had become a university student, she wanted to see what else Lucas had to say.

“Ow!” Kevin yelped when he felt the pinch on his hand. However, Estella still didn't release him despite his pain.

“Are we going to stand here all day? I'm getting thirsty.”

She didn't want to stand there and chat, especially with Lucas, for she felt like a child speaking to an elder.

“Take your time and wait for your woman here, Luke. We'll head inside first,” was all Kevin could respond with.

As Kevin and Estelle entered the building, Estelle said, "I want to drink iced Coke."

Kevin disagreed, "No, you shouldn't drink Coke, much less with ice. Remember how you writhed in pain the last time you had your period and couldn't stop crying? Have you forgotten?"

"I don't care! I want to drink it, or I won't take another sip of water. I'll let myself die from dehydration."

Their bickering began to soften as they headed deeper into the building.

Lucas had his hands tucked in his pockets and suddenly thought of Lucy, hoping she could arrive soon.

With her there, he wouldn't have to watch the other couples be all lovey-dovey with each other.

In the past, he and Kevin would have to watch Patrick be excessively affectionate with Gwendolyn. Yet, the tables had turned. They had finally gotten their revenge.

He swore to be as excessively affectionate with Lucy as possible.

After waiting for a while longer but still not seeing Lucy, he returned to the private room first.

A car stopped at the entrance of Platinum Plate. Before long, Lucy and Gwendolyn entered the building arm in arm.

The hostesses standing by the front door bowed as they approached. "Welcome!"

One of the hostesses asked, "May I know if you have any reservations?"

Lucy answered, "The Purple Bamboo."

"This way, please."

Lucas had texted Lucy the name of the private room and had her enter by herself.

The sight of Platinum Plate reminded Gwendolyn of many memories. All of them were related to Patrick.

He used to frequent here, regardless if it was a small or huge event. How many times have I accompanied him here?

An odd feeling rose within her when she stepped into the place once again. The restaurant felt familiar yet strange, as though every event that had taken place there had transpired in her past life.

Seeing Gwendolyn spacing out, Lucy called for her attention. A moment later, Gwendolyn finally muttered, "Hmm?"

"What are you thinking?"

Gwendolyn sighed. "Nothing."

This place feels special to me as I'll instinctively think about him when I step inside here.

"Quit zoning out. Don't be stiff when you enter the room. Just focus on eating and drinking, okay?"

Every dinner with Lucas was the same anyway. She would be bored out of her mind as the men talked over drinks.

Finally, she had company and wouldn't care how long Lucas stayed.

Gwendolyn nodded, not finding anything strange about those words.

The Purple Bamboo was the innermost room within Platinum Plate, so they had to pass through a garden to the bamboo house amid the bamboo forest.

When they reached the room, the hostess opened the door and announced, "Your guests have arrived."

The people gathered around the table turned their attention to the newly arrived guests. Lucas stood up, ready to greet his woman.

Yet, when he saw the two women, his eyes widened.

What is Gwendolyn doing here?

Kevin's eyes were wide open too. His gaze flitted to the man sitting at the head of the table.

Jocelyn was seated beside Patrick as the two calmly glanced at the newly arrived guests.

When Gwendolyn saw the familiar faces, she tugged Lucy's arm.

“How come it's their gathering?”

Chapter 673 Poor Gwen

Lucy was caught by surprise, and she uttered apologetically, “Gwen, I didn't know they would be here. I'm so sorry.”

“It's all right. After all, he has forgotten all about me.” Gwendolyn flashed a smile.

With that, she stepped forward, glanced at the dishes on the table, and smiled. “We've known each other for a long time, haven't we? Do you guys mind my presence? If you do, I'll treat you guys to a meal next time.”

As expected of a CEO. Although she was stuck in an awkward situation, she could still react gracefully.

If they were not to welcome her presence, they would look petty.

Right then, Kevin rose to his feet and pointed at an empty seat across the table. “We're honored to have you join us, Ms. Ashton! Please, have a seat!”

With that, Kevin cast an indifferent glance at Patrick. Let's see if Pat has really forgotten about Gwen. If he has, there's hope for Jocelyn! Also, it would be a situation worth celebrating!

Meanwhile, Lucas looked utterly innocent when he saw Lucy glaring at him. What did I do wrong? I invited her, but she was the one who brought Gwendolyn along.

In truth, it wasn't a big deal because they could still have a meal together as friends.

However, putting Gwendolyn and Patrick together in a room was a recipe for disaster, considering their relationship now.

Lucy sat next to Gwendolyn and turned toward the latter. "Gwen, if you don't want to go through this, let's just leave together. We can have dinner ourselves."

"It's okay. I like it here." Gwendolyn flashed a sweet smile. I'm no longer the center of his attention, but at least I can see him. Unlike before, he's cold and expressionless. He hasn't even spared me a glance ever since I arrived.

Patrick poured himself a glass of wine and uttered, "I'm glad to see everyone here. Thank you for everything you guys did over the past few months."

With that, he clinked glasses with everyone.

Gwendolyn took a sip of the wine and furrowed her brows. Woah... This wine is too strong.

That was her first time drinking white wine because Patrick had always stopped her from drinking that in the past.

Now, however, no one would stop her from doing anything anymore.

Lucy noticed the frustration in Gwendolyn's eyes, but she couldn't deny that it was an awkward encounter. That's especially the case for Gwen. The man she loves the most has forgotten about her. Heck, he doesn't even notice her presence anymore. It's as though they're complete strangers to each other.

“Gwen, don't drink so much of the wine. Eat more food instead,” Lucy urged. After all, all the dishes Platinum Plate serves are delicious. Besides, commoners usually can't get a reservation. The members here are prioritized, and only those with status are eligible. Since we're already here, we should at least have a nice dinner.

Lucy went on to pile food onto Gwendolyn's plate, even when it was already close to overflowing.

As Lucy did that, Lucas stared at her fixedly with his brows furrowed. What's with this woman? Is she trying to finish all the food to compensate for the awkward atmosphere? Having said that, she's so adorable!

His gaze was becoming increasingly heated by the second. The moment Lucy noticed his intense gaze, she retracted her hand and stopped what she was doing.

After that, she glared at him and silently challenged his intention. What on earth is he staring at? Has he not seen a pretty girl before? Could it be that he's trying to stop us from eating?

When Gwendolyn looked down and saw the amount of food before her eyes, she held her forehead and asked in bafflement, “Luce, what made you think I could finish all this?”

That was a question she had asked Patrick in the past, and as soon as those words fell, he cast a glance in her direction before averting his gaze in the next second. He served Jocelyn some food and said, “Jocelyn, you ought to eat more. You're too skinny.”

Jocelyn was shocked because she didn't expect him to serve her food.

Letting out a chuckle, she uttered, “Oh, okay. You should also eat more. You've just recovered, so you need your nutrients. Also, you shouldn't drink so much wine.”

As she spoke, she took his glass of wine and said to the others at the dining table, “I'll drink his wine for him.”

Upon hearing that, Patrick met her gaze with a hint of a smile in his eyes.

Kevin couldn't help holding his forehead when he saw that. I feel so bad for Gwen!

Chapter 674 Sorrow

A glimmer of surprise flittered across Estelle's eyes, and she gave Kevin a kick.

“What's going on? Aren't Mr. Lowen and Ms. Ashton a couple?” she whispered.

According to online articles, Patrick had a lot of rumored girlfriends, but Estelle was never convinced.

That was because she had witnessed how affectionate he was toward Gwendolyn. In fact, that was the type of man she adored and idolized.

At that time, she was impressed by his loyalty and commitment toward Gwendolyn.

That night, however, she sensed something was amiss when she saw Patrick treating the woman beside him nicely.

At the same time, Gwendolyn and Patrick were sitting far away from each other. Despite the distance, Gwendolyn was constantly peeking at him. On the contrary, he hadn't bothered to spare her a glance.

Did he dump Gwendolyn because he's gotten bored of her? The more Estelle thought about it, the angrier she got. Hence, she decided to ask Kevin about it.

Kevin heaved a sigh and served her some food. “Not bad. You noticed it, huh?” he murmured back.

Kevin had always thought she was an oblivious girl. After all, she had always been his precious treasure. It seems like she's grown more perceptive now that she's about to attend university.

“Well, I'm not a fool.”

“You were abroad prior to this, so I guess you didn't know what had happened here. Gwendolyn married the eldest son of the Surrington family. Pat went through an operation previously and fell into a coma. He has just regained consciousness, but he lost his memories. In other words, he has forgotten all about Gwendolyn.”

Estelle was stunned. “What? C-Can things get any more cringe?”

“I know, right?” Kevin let out a sigh.

No one else knew the intricacies of the situation more than Kevin.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn was livid when she saw the way Patrick treated Jocelyn and how Jocelyn even wanted to drink on his behalf.

However, no matter how angry or jealous she was, there was nothing she could say or do about it.

As she seethed inwardly, she started refilling her wine glass on her own.

Seeing that Gwendolyn was becoming unaware of her surroundings, Lucy quickly grabbed her hand and said, “Seriously? I brought you out to drink, but I'm not expecting you to get drunk!”

If Patrick and Jocelyn weren't there, Lucy wouldn't mind letting Gwendolyn get drunk.

However, that wasn't the case, and Lucy didn't want Gwendolyn to embarrass herself.

Gwendolyn snatched back the bottle of wine and retorted, “Leave me alone! After all, I'm not even drinking that much. Get off my back and keep Lucas company, will you? He's been glancing in my direction throughout the night. I bet he's cursing at me inwardly because I've been a gigantic third wheel.”

Back then, Gwendolyn would still advise Lucy to keep a distance from Lucas.

At that moment, however, her life was a total mess, and she felt she had lost the right to meddle in others' personal affairs.

Lucy glanced at Lucas when she heard those words. Upon seeing the look in his eyes, she instantly knew what he had on his mind.

Therefore, she lowered her gaze to peer at her dress. I knew it! I shouldn't have worn such a low-cut dress! That guy is having dirty thoughts in his mind, isn't he? If the others weren't around, I'm sure he wouldn't hesitate to pounce on me!

At that thought, Lucy grabbed another bottle of wine and filled up her own glass. "Gwen, I'll drink with you."

Lucy didn't mind getting drunk because she knew the men at the scene wouldn't take advantage of them. If we get drunk, they'll just send us home.

"Let's go!" Gwendolyn's eyes lit up.

Just like that, the two began toasting each other.

After some time, they even started playing drinking games. Estelle's interest was piqued, so she sat beside Gwendolyn and asked, "Would you guys teach me?"

Gwendolyn and Lucy were good at drinking games, and that was especially the case for Lucy because of her profession. That was a skill set she had to have.

Gwendolyn turned to look at Estelle. As she was quite fond of the latter, she replied, "Sure!"

Thus, Estelle joined them, and the trio was having a good time.

Eventually, Gwendolyn was slightly tipsy, and she almost lost her balance when she stood up. "I need to go to the restroom."

Chapter 675 Putting Up A Front

With that, Gwendolyn staggered out of the room. Estelle wanted to tell Gwendolyn there was a restroom in the private room, but she had left before she could say a single word.

Hence, Estelle had no choice but to let Gwendolyn be.

As Kevin and Lucy were chatting, they would glance at their girlfriends from time to time.

Kevin and Lucas were childhood friends, so they couldn't stop talking to each other.

Suddenly, Petrick stood up and left the private room. Jocelyn followed suit.

No one in the room noticed they had left because they were all busy talking and having fun.

Along her walk toward the public restroom, there were a few instances where Gwendolyn almost fell to the ground.

Petrick was just a few steps behind, and he would reach out his hands every time that happened.

When she finally steadied herself, she lowered her head and grumbled, "Believe yourselves, high heels! If you keep swaying around, I won't be able to walk straight!"

She was drunk and had blurry vision. Furthermore, she had never been a fan of heels, so it was hard for her to walk.

Petrick's lips curved slightly when he heard her grumbling.

Upon arriving at the entrance of the restrooms, Gwendolyn didn't bother looking up and almost walked into the male restroom.

Seeing that, Petrick strode forward and gave her a shove. "This is the male restroom. The female restroom is on the other side," he uttered coldly.

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Gwendolyn squinted to get a look at the person's face but couldn't see clearly. That voice sounds familiar! Besides, it's so magnetic and attractive. I bet he's a handsome man!

"Thanks!" Gwendolyn giggled drunkenly and entered the female restroom.

Instead of entering the male restroom, Patrick stood outside as though he were waiting for Gwendolyn.

Just then, Jocelyn approached him.

Patrick was unperturbed. In fact, he even whipped out a cigarette and acted as if he had gone there just to smoke.

Jocelyn didn't enter the restroom, either. Instead, she stood alongside him. "Give me a cigarette."

Only then did Patrick sweep an indifferent glance at her. "Are you a smoker?"

"Well, I feel like smoking now." Jocelyn smiled.

Patrick gave her a cigarette and lit it for her.

Taking in a drag, Jocelyn began coughing incessantly.

"You're not a smoker, are you?" Patrick smiled faintly at her.

Yet, Jocelyn didn't give in. "I'll be all right after a few more puffs."

The two stood at the entrance in silence. There was only one private room there, and the restrooms were in the bamboo forest. Therefore, the scenery was amazing.

All of a sudden, Jocelyn uttered firmly, "You didn't lose your memories, Patrick."

Jocelyn had followed Patrick out of the private room because she wanted to see if he had really forgotten about Gwendolyn.

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Jocelyn had followed Patrick out of the private room because she wanted to see if he had really forgotten about Gwendolyn.

When she arrived at Avenport, she found out that the woman Patrick was into was married, and she was called Gwendolyn.

At that time, Jocelyn thought she had a chance to date Patrick. When he woke up and seemed to have forgotten about Gwendolyn, Jocelyn thought she had received a gift from God.

At the same time, she also thought she had finally found true love right before turning thirty.

Furthermore, Jocelyn could tell that her relationship with Patrick had improved tremendously.

Having said that, she also sensed Patrick was only friendly toward her because she had saved his life by operating on him.

He had treated her particularly well that night, so she had thought he had finally come around after seeing all his friends with girlfriends.

Unexpectedly, he was only putting on a performance for Gwendolyn.

Instead of answering her, Patrick just kept smoking. After a long while, he said, "That's right, but I don't want anyone else to know about it."

True enough, there was no way he could ever forget about Gwendolyn.

Jocelyn then suddenly leaned toward him and savored the pleasant minty scent he emitted.

"Patrick, if you want to get back at Gwendolyn, let me help you by pretending to be your girlfriend."

Chapter 676 Lunatic

Jocelyn liked Patrick a lot. Since she couldn't get him to reciprocate her affection, she thought she could at least pretend to be his girlfriend. Well, perhaps he could let me love him. Who knows? Maybe we can even become a real couple after some time. After all, Gwendolyn is a married woman. No matter how much he loves her, he shouldn't cross the line.

Patrick flicked his cigarette end and replied, "No, thanks."

With that, he straightened his body and glanced at the woman who had just exited the restroom. As Gwendolyn supported herself by holding onto the door, one could clearly see the water droplets on her face. It seems like she has just washed her face. She threw up, didn't she? She never could hold

her liquor. Judging by the amount she drank, there's no way she isn't drunk. However, no one's there to tell her what she can and can't do anymore.

After exiting the restroom, Gwendolyn straightened her body and stumbled back toward the private room without noticing the two people smoking at the restroom entrance.

Patrick noticed her exposed back, and although he found her shoulder blades irresistible, he wasn't happy with her choice of attire.

Thus, he stubbed out the cigarette, threw it into the trash can, and strode toward her. When he was walking past her, he took off his suit jacket and draped it over her.

"Women must learn to love themselves. It's better not to wear such revealing outfits," he advised before continuing his way forward.

Prior to that, Gwendolyn was feeling extremely dizzy.

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All of a sudden, she felt warmth on her shoulders, so she lowered her gaze to look at the suit jacket before shifting her gaze toward the man. All she could see was a cold and aloof retreating figure.

Needless to say, she couldn't tell who the man was.

Yet, she gritted her teeth angrily. “Who are you to tell me what to wear? What makes you think you can control me?”

At that precise moment, Jocelyn went up to her and greeted, “Ms. Ashton.”

Gwendolyn lifted her head and sized Jocelyn up. It took a long time for the former to focus, but when she finally realized who the person before her was, she pointed at Jocelyn and exclaimed, “Oh! I remember you! You're Dr. Dunn, Patrick's surgeon! Nice to meet you!”

Gwendolyn was heartbroken when she recalled Patrick's attitude toward Jocelyn earlier.

Despite that, Gwendolyn was still very grateful to Jocelyn because of her incredible medical skills that saved Patrick's life. Jocelyn is even more impressive than Kevin. I heard that the thing in Patrick's brain was life-threatening. Kevin tracked down countless surgeons, but none could operate on Patrick. In the end, Jocelyn actually saved Patrick, and I'm thankful for that.

Before that, Jocelyn thought Gwendolyn had nothing to offer other than her good looks.

The moment Gwendolyn greeted her, she finally understood why two of the most impressive men in Avenport were all over Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn makes others feel comfortable and warm. I guess the more impressive a man is, the more he needs this sense of warmth.

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The two then continued walking back toward the private room. Gwendolyn was walking very slowly, so Jocelyn reached out her arm to help her. Just like that, they entered the room and became the center of everyone's attention.

Surprised, Lucy sprang to her feet and asked, "Are you okay, Gwen?"

Lucy knew Jocelyn was most probably Patrick's current girlfriend. Even if that wasn't the case, Jocelyn's interest in Patrick was there for everyone to see. Why is that woman holding Gwen like that? Is she scheming against Gwen?

Lucy grew wary on the spot because she had encountered her fair share of deceit and schemes. Besides, she was also aware of how evil one could be. That was how she became as sharp-witted as she was.

As Gwendolyn's close friend, she didn't want to see anyone taking advantage of Gwendolyn.

In response, Gwendolyn waved her hand dismissively. "I'm all right. Dr. Dunn was kind enough to help me get back here. Otherwise, I wouldn't have made it back so quickly. To be frank, I'm a little drunk."

Estelle had also come forward to offer Gwendolyn some help, and that was when the former saw the suit jacket. "Whose jacket is this?"

As soon as those words fell, Gwendolyn recalled something and glanced at the jacket draped over her shoulders. "Ha! I bumped into a lunatic just now. According to him, I shouldn't wear revealing outfits. That was why he draped his stinky suit over me."

Chapter 677 She Is Drunk

The men seated at the head of the table scowled when she called him a lunatic and said that his clothing reeked.

Jocelyn spat out her drink at those words. She hastily grabbed some tissue and dabbed her lips.

Then, she shot a surreptitious glance at Petrick and was amused to notice that his expression had finally changed.

Gwendolyn is the only person in the world who could upset Petrick to such a degree that he shows it. He didn't even flinch at the prospect of death.

The sight she witnessed that night was one that she would never forget.

Lucy, too, was stunned. "Where have I seen this suit jacket before?"

She reached out and touched it. It was made of fine material, which could not have been cheap.

Then, she shot a glance at Patrick. Wasn't he wearing the suit jacket earlier? Why is he suddenly clad in only a black shirt?

A second later, she understood. She quickly petted Gwendolyn.

"Enough, Gwen. Come, let's take a seat."

Gwendolyn gave a start. "Yes. Let's sit."

Why am I feeling even dizzy after washing my face? My vision seems to have worsened too.

"Where are you, Luce?"

Reaching out, she groped around but did not find her friend. Lucy rubbed her head exasperatedly. It barely takes anything to get her drunk.

"I'm over here."

The man seated at the head of the table scowled when she called him a lunatic and said that his clothing reeked.

Jocelyn spat out her drink at those words. She hastily grabbed some tissue and dabbed her lips.

Then, she shot a surreptitious glance at Patrick and was amused to notice that his expression had finally changed.

Gwendolyn is the only person in the world who could upset Patrick to such a degree that he shows it. He didn't even flinch at the prospect of death.

The sight she witnessed that night was one that she would never forget.

Lucy, too, was stunned. "Where have I seen this suit jacket before?"

She reached out and touched it. It was made of fine material, which could not have been cheap.

Then, she shot a glance at Patrick. Wasn't he wearing a suit jacket earlier? Why is he suddenly clad in only a black shirt?

A second later, she understood. She quickly patted Gwendolyn.

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Reaching out, she groped around but did not find her friend. Lucy rubbed her head exasperatedly. It barely takes anything to get her drunk.

"I'm over here."

Pulling Gwendolyn close, Lucy helped her back to her seat.

Gwendolyn rested her cheeks in her hands after taking her seat and heaved a long sigh.

Then, she looked over. Though she could not have been sure, she thought Patrick was in that general direction.

"Patrick. Patrick..." she crooned his name, instantly attracting the attention of everybody at the table.

Slumped in Kevin's arms, Estelle, too, appeared drunk.

It was her first time drinking while attending a gathering with Kevin; he had never allowed her to before.

Now that she was a university student and of age, he deemed her old enough to drink.

Having been losing at her drinking game with Gwendolyn and Lucy earlier, she had had quite a few glasses of wine.

She grinned at Kevin, her cheeks a little flushed.

“Gwen is trying to get Patrick's attention. This is going to be good.”

Her anticipation of an impending drama was adorable.

Kevin could not resist planting a kiss on her cheek. Then, he smiled faintly.

“Since when have you become so nosy, Estelle? Not everybody is privy to a show like this.”

Despite what he said, Kevin was also looking forward to it.

After all, it was Gwen who cost Pat a life, which nearly cost him his life. However, Pat has forgotten her. There is nothing to be done to restore his memory since it's physiological.

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After all, it was Gwen who cast Pat aside, which nearly cost him his life. However, Pat has forgotten her. There is nothing to be done to restore his memory since it's physiological.

Thus, he was curious to see what Gwendolyn was going to say. She's in for a disappointment that will end in tears. Just as well. It would serve to avenge Pat.

Lucy, on the other hand, was trying to stop Gwendolyn from talking as the latter was severely drunk.

She would not dare speak to Patrick like that otherwise. Besides, he doesn't remember her anymore. No amount of shouting or kicking up a fuss will change anything.

The events of that night made it plain that Patrick was more interested in the doctor beside him.

That doctor, too, was plainly fond of him. She even drank on his behalf.

They're going to end up together, and Gwen, as a married woman, is trying to intervene. Not only does she have no chance of succeeding, but it will also look bad on her.

Gwendolyn wrenched herself free. "Let go of me. I want to say something. I want to speak to Patrick."

Patrick glanced at her impassively, as if he was looking at a stranger.

"Here I am."

Kevin could not resist laughing. He even responded! There's a show, indeed. Pat took over smoothly.

Lucas came over. He pulled Lucy toward him and pressed a finger to his lips.

"Let go, Lucas! I need to stop Gwen."

Chapter 678 Pour Her Heart Out To Patrick

I was the one who brought Gwen here. I put her in the spot.

Feeling responsible, she could not stand by and watch Gwendolyn embarrass herself.

Lucas refused to let go. "Enough. Let Gwendolyn speak her mind. She and Pat should have closure, after all."

Lucas' words swayed Lucy. She realized that Gwendolyn would only dare speak to Patrick like this when she was drunk.

She would never be this uncouth if she were sober, nor would she speak her mind so bluntly.

Besides, she would not think she had the right to interrogate him or even approach him.

Just as well. Since she's drunk, she might not even remember what happens when she wakes up tomorrow. Venting would be cathartic, after all. Look at how thin she's become over the past few months!

Having quietly pulled Camille aside earlier that day, Lucy found that Gwendolyn had grown so thin because she had no appetite of late and barely ate.

I'm worried that Gwen will become anorexic if this goes on. Even worse, I fear she would become depressed.

Gwendolyn smiled sweetly after saying his name.

Then, she began to weep, punctuated by occasional sniffles.

Patrick grimaced. "Speak your mind, Ms. Ashton. Your smiling and crying like that is deeply unsettling."

The occupants of the table laughed. "Speak up, Gwen! We support you," Kevin chimed in.

Estelle raised her hand. "Good luck, Gwen!"

Hearing their voices, Gwen wiped her tears.

"There are too many people here. I would like to speak to him in private. May I, please?"

Though drunk, she was cognizant enough to know that some words were meant for her and Patrick alone, which would be inappropriate to be heard by the others.

Lucy stood up. "Let's go. We'll wait for them outside."

Then, she pulled Lucas to his feet. "Come on! Don't eavesdrop on other people's private affairs."

Kevin wrapped his arm around Estelle, looking rather crestfallen. "Come on, Estelle. Let me console your broken, meddling heart."

Estelle stood up and scoffed at him.

"I'm not in the habit of listening in on other couples' private talks."

Then, she flung Kevin's hand aside and strode out. He gave chase.

Only Jocelyn, Patrick, and Gwendolyn remained in the private room.

Patrick cast a sideways glance beside him. "Leave us, Jocelyn."

She knew that he wanted to hear what Gwendolyn had to say to him and that he did not want her there to kill the mood.

Rising to her feet, she heaved a sigh.

"You know, I think you shouldn't lie to her if you still love her."

Women dislike being lied to more than anything. He won't be able to take it back when it backfires.

Patrick ignored her. He waited for her to leave the room before speaking.

"What is it you want to say, Ms. Ashton? Only the two of us are left in here."

Gwendolyn scanned her surroundings. The other figures seemed to have disappeared.

Then, she addressed the seat beside him in a dull voice.

“I know you hate me, Patrick. I regret it. I thought I could repay my debt of gratitude to someone by marrying them, but I have learned my lesson. Though I'm married to Zayden, I don't love him, and I cannot accept him. I can't even bear having him come near me, let alone sleep with him. When it comes to sex, I don't think I can accept anybody else except you.”

Indeed, such intimate words were inappropriate for anybody else to hear.

Patrick's eyes lit up. “Have you not slept with him after your wedding?” he asked quietly.

Gwendolyn shook her head. “No. I can't do it. That is why Zayden hates me and blames me. I deserve it.”

She hung her head as she spoke, feeling like she deserved the beatings Zayden delivered.

Sometimes, she even relished the beatings in lieu of sleeping with him.

I am a horrible, horrible person.

Chapter 679 Snatched

“Don't hate me, Patrick, please? I don't care who else does, but I care if you do.”

It was a ludicrous sight; though Patrick was seated across from her, she was addressing the seat to his left. Occasionally, she would dissolve into a fresh bout of tears. It was disconcerting, to say the least.

Patrick pressed his hands together and rested them on the table. There was a vague smile on the corners of his lips.

“So, you're saying you only want to do it with me?”

With a wicked smile, he uttered those explicit words.

He knew that she was so drunk that she would not remember any of it when she awoke the following morning, so he thought it safe to tease her.

Gwendolyn nodded. "Yes. Only with you."

He smiled, looking very pleased.

Being propositioned by a married woman who had remained chaste for him was a very pleasant surprise.

As he had not yet let go, she remained his.

I don't care who she's married to, she's still mine.

Whether or not they broke up remained his call to make.

Just then, the door to the private room flung open. Zayden strode in, looking livid.

Then, the door slammed shut, barring the curious faces outside from peeping in.

Gwendolyn sensed an urgent gust of wind whip past her, then felt a vice grip clamping down so tightly on her shoulder that it hurt her.

"Ouch! That hurts."

Despite her cry, the man remained unmoved. Instead, he yelled at her, "What are you doing here, Gwendolyn? Alone with him in a private room, no less! Don't forget who you currently are, Mrs. Surrington."

Gwendolyn froze at the sound of her title. She had never really paid attention to what it meant, and hearing it at that moment brought her whole world crashing down.

The flicker of hope that had arisen only a moment before was stamped out once again.

Patrick's expression also shifted. It was plain that the salutation displeased him immensely.

This fellow snatched Gwen away when I wasn't around. What a dirty, underhanded tactic. One of these days, we will go head-to-head, fair and square.

Just when Zayden was about to drag Gwendolyn away, he shot a glare at the man seated across from them. Upon noticing the jacket draped over Gwendolyn's shoulders, he did a double-take.

Patrick was only wearing a black shirt. Immediately, Zayden knew that the jacket belonged to him.

Zayden tore the jacket off her, flung it to the ground, and stomped on it.

“Gwendolyn is my wife, Mr. Lowen. Please watch yourself. Never ask her out to dinner again without my permission.”

After his vehement speech, he gave Patrick the finger and mouthed the word, “Loser.”

Patrick merely gazed at him indifferently. He looks so pleased with himself, but what kind of marriage is he having? Gwendolyn already told me everything just now.

He sneered so coldly that it looked unnerving.

Zayden's heart gave a lurch. This man is as frightening as they say, but I'm not afraid.

Lucy hurried over when Zayden reappeared, dragging Gwendolyn out of the private room.

“I was the one who asked Gwen to come, Zayden. Don't take it out on her. Blame me instead.”

Zayden sneered. “Don't ever meddle in our lives again, okay?”

His tone rang with warning.

A hint of shock flashed across Lucy's eyes. Zayden had changed. The soft-spoken gentleman she once knew was gone.

She bit her lip. "Please treat Gwen well, Zayden."

Or else, please let her go.

Naturally, she did not say the latter part out loud as she feared that Gwendolyn would suffer if she did.

Lucas came over and wrapped his arm around Lucy's waist before shooting Zayden a glare.

"Luce and Gwendolyn are best friends, Mr. Surrington. Perhaps you should consult Gwendolyn before you try to stop them from seeing each other."

Chapter 680 Ruthless

Not one to be trifled with, Lucas was merciless in his retort.

Zayden's scowl turned uglier. Without another word, he left with Gwendolyn.

When Patrick emerged from the room, his jacket was hanging from the crook of his elbow.

Those present that night were well aware of what happened. They just did not say it aloud.

Patrick told Lucy, "Zayden did not seem quite right when he came in. He might have misunderstood things. Call Gwendolyn's family and tell them to keep an eye out. See if Zayden sent her home safely."

Then, he strode outside. Jocelyn followed him.

Lucy sobered up in a flash as she reached into her purse for her phone.

“Yes, I’ll call Justin and let them know to watch out in case Zayden mistreats Gwen.”

Given the situation had been misleading, Zayden may assume the worst.

Even we were speculating when we were outside, let alone him stumbling right into the scene!

Noticing how anxious she looked, Lucas patted her hand.

“Relax. Take it easy.”

Heaving a sigh after ending the call, she slumped into his embrace, panting slightly.

“Tonight has been exhausting. It felt as if I’d taken a rollercoaster ride.”

Then, she straightened and glared at him.

“This is all your fault! State exactly who’s going when you suggest having dinner next time, or I won’t be coming.”

Then, she shot him one last glare and strode out in her heels without looking back.

Lucas gave chase. “Be careful,” he cautioned her. “Your heels are too high.”

Lucy was very comfortable in heels as she had the grace of a queen. She had bought her first pair when she was seventeen and wore them at home to practice in secret.

I’m used to it by now. I’m not going to fall.

As soon as Patrick entered the car, he ordered the driver, “Follow that Mercedes-Benz in front.”

“Yes, Mr. Lowen,” the driver replied.

In that manner, Patrick followed Zayden back to his house until the gates closed behind the latter.

“Should we head back, Mr. Lowen?” the driver asked.

Patrick drummed the armrest softly with his fingers and gazed up at the house.

He knew exactly which floor her bedroom was on.

“We'll stay a little longer.”

Once in the mansion, Zayden got out of his car and helped Gwendolyn into the house.

Having received Lucy's call earlier, the two boys were already waiting in the living room. They rose when they saw Zayden helping Gwendolyn indoors.

“Mommy!” cried the two boys in unison. Camille, too, emerged from the kitchen.

“How much did Gwen drink?”

Noticing how her entire family was waiting for her, Zayden privately thought how lucky she was.

As for me, how many of them are actually pleased to see me when I come back?

Suzanne emerged from her bedroom, rubbing her eyes. She looked adorable in her cartoon pajamas.

“Have you just come home, Mr. Surrington? I was fast asleep.”

She came over and wrapped her arms around Zayden's. Justin and Julian frequently saw them together, kissing as though they were alone in the room.

Justin and Julian knew that they were a couple. Thus, the boys grabbed Gwendolyn's hands.

“Let us do it, Mr. Zayden!”

Gwendolyn's sons took her. Though they were far smaller than she was, they were strong boys. Slowly, they helped her over to the elevator.

Zayden glanced at the woman beside him, who had eyes for nobody else but him.

A faint smile appeared on his lips. He touched the tip of her nose playfully.

“Wait for me in the room, little one. I'll be right over.”

As she alone occupied the third floor, Zayden slept in her room every night.

Suzanne nodded, smiling from ear to ear.

As if realizing it just then, she asked, “Has Gwen been drinking?”

Zayden was irritated by the mention of Gwendolyn's name.

“Yes, she did. You're not allowed to, do you understand?” he said coldly.

Suzanne nodded. “Mmm. I'll do as you say.”

Emerging at that moment with a hangover remedy, Camille caught sight of the couple's intimacy. Her eyes widened.