

CEO Daddy 681

Chapter 681 Waiting For Him To Come Home

Camille had been living with them all the while, but she hadn't noticed anything off before. Camille had been living with them all the while, but she hadn't noticed anything off before.

Suzanne was a nice person and was close to Gwendolyn.

Hence, Camille never expected that Suzanne would have an inappropriate relationship with Zayden.

Camille's heart sank as she realized that Gwendolyn's bad mood recently might have been caused by that indecent relationship.

Sighing out loud, she walked past them and went upstairs.

Zayden shot Camille a look before prying Suzanne's hand away.

“You're not allowed to do this again, understand?”

He had previously reminded her to keep a distance from him when in public.

Earlier, he thought there was no one downstairs as he had forgotten all about Camille.

Suzanne pursed her lips. “Fine!”

She then ran upstairs swiftly.

Zayden's expression gradually shifted, the warmth vanishing to be replaced by an icy look. He directed

his gaze upstairs, clenching his hands into fists.

In Gwendolyn's bedroom, her sons gently assisted her to the bed. One of them helped her take off her shoes while the other fetched a wet towel from the bathroom to wipe her face clean.

Gwendolyn reached out and came into contact with a small face. A smile graced her lips at the realization that even though she couldn't see them, they were taking care of her with love and care.

“Thank you, my darlings!”

Julian, who was busy wiping her face clean, replied, “Mommy, we hope you will stay away from any alcohol in the future.”

They could sense Zayden's displeasure earlier, and Lucy's words hinted that something serious might be going on.

They could sense Zayden's displeasure earlier, and Lucy's words hinted that something serious might be going on.

She had warned them that if Zayden hadn't brought Gwendolyn back, it could indicate she was in trouble, so they would have to inform Lucy about the situation.

Justin was tucking her in when he spotted the smile playing on her lips. There was also a different light in her eyes.

Indeed, she'll be delighted whenever she sees Patrick!

He sighed out loud. “Julian, stop nagging her. She seems to be in a good mood today.”

It had been some time since they saw her this happy. They reasoned that maybe drinking a little alcohol was a good thing for adults.

Although her drunken appearance wasn't flattering, and she couldn't walk without stumbling, they were more than willing to take care of her. They decided she could drink all she liked as long as it made her happy.

At the same time, a Bentley was parked outside the mansion, concealed in the darkness. Patrick held a cigarette, his eyes locked onto the window of the second floor.

As the lights flickered on, he took a deep puff of the cigarette, flicking the ashes away with his arm extended out of the window.

His gaze was intense as his expression was shrouded in darkness, giving him an enigmatic aura.

Right then, his phone rang. Patrick picked it up and realized it was Alice. He answered it and brought the phone to his ear. "Grandma."

They could sense Zaydan's displeasure earlier, and Lucy's words hinted that something serious might be going on.

She had warned them that if Zaydan hadn't brought Gwendolyn back, it could indicate she was in trouble, so they would have to inform Lucy about the situation.

Justin was tucking her in when he spotted the smile playing on her lips. There was also a different light in her eyes.

Indeed, she'll be delighted whenever she sees Patrick!

He sighed out loud. "Julian, stop nagging her. She seems to be in a good mood today."

It had been some time since they saw her this happy. They reasoned that maybe drinking a little alcohol was a good thing for adults.

Although her drunken appearance wasn't flattering, and she couldn't walk without stumbling, they were more than willing to take care of her. They decided she could drink all she liked as long as it made her happy.

At the same time, a Bentley was parked outside the mansion, concealed in the darkness. Patrick held a cigarette, his eyes locked onto the window of the second floor.

As the lights flickered on, he took a deep puff of the cigarette, flicking the ashes away with his arm extended out of the window.

His gaze was intense as his expression was shrouded in darkness, giving him an enigmatic aura.

Right then, his phone rang. Patrick picked it up and realized it was Alice. He answered it and brought the phone to his ear. "Grandma."

"Pat, it's late. Why are you not back home yet?"

"Pat, it's late. Why are you not back home yet?"

Patrick had moved back to the Lowen residence under Hector's order as the elderly couple hoped to see their grandson every day. They were eager to avoid the weeks of separation they had endured before.

Recent events had instilled fear in their hearts, compelling them to desire to see him anytime and spend quality time with him.

"Grandma, I was having dinner with Kev and the rest. We're done here, so I'll head back now."

Alice told him gently, "Okay, we'll wait for you at home. Drive slowly."

After the call ended, Alice directed a stern glare at Hector.

"I called him, and he told me he was on his way home. He's already an adult and no longer a child. Are you seriously going to set a curfew for him?" she chided.

She wants a great-grandchild, doesn't she? If she doesn't give Pat more time, especially time at night, her wish won't come true soon. Hector glanced at Felicia, who was seated beside him. He let out a snort and replied, "Can't I tell him to come home early? Fel prepared dinner for him, but he didn't show up. Imagine how upset Fel must be."

Hearing that, Felicia raised her head with an obedient expression.

“Old Mr. Lowen, it's fine. Pat is busy, right? I can cook for him another time. We have all the time in the world, after all.”

Chapter 682 Preparing Supper For Patrick

It was getting late, so Felicia knew she shouldn't stay here and wait for Patrick to come home. It was getting late, so Felicia knew she shouldn't stay here and wait for Patrick to come home.

Alice harbored a persistent dislike for Felicia ever since she saw through Felicia's facade when Patrick fell ill.

Felicia's indifference toward Patrick was evident as she solely devoted her efforts to flattering Hector.

Alice was not oblivious as she keenly observed everything. Moreover, she couldn't overlook Felicia's audacity in accepting money from Hector despite neglecting her responsibilities toward Patrick.

Shaking her head, Alice said, “You can wait for him. I'm going to bed.”

When she rose to her feet, the housekeeper came over to help her up the stairs.

Hector had been feeling like Alice was acting weirdly in recent days. For example, she refused to eat anything Felicia cooked earlier.

She didn't seem willing when he told her to make the call either.

Is she displeased with Fel?

Felicia got to her feet and grabbed her bag. “Old Mr. Lowen, it's getting late, so I should be going home.”

She didn't forget to remind him, “Remember to take your medicine before going to bed.”

Hector might have recovered, but he still needed to take his medicine on time every day. In addition to that, he also had to incorporate the traditional medicine obtained from her friend's father as a supplement to his treatment.

Hector bobbed his head. "Thank you. I take my medicine on time every day, so there's no need to worry."

He knew he was able to recover thanks to her efforts.

As his fondness for her grew, he couldn't help but wish she was his granddaughter-in-law.

"I'll take my leave now, Old Mr. Lowen. I'll be back tomorrow."

"I'll take my leave now, Old Mr. Lowen. I'll be back tomorrow."

Felicia didn't have a job. She initially wanted to work at Ashton Corporation but had no idea what she could do there.

As she was focused on marrying into the Lowen family, she devoted her time to buttering up Hector.

Glancing at the time, Hector suggested, "Fel, why don't you spend the night here? There are plenty of rooms in this house, so feel free to choose one."

He had the intention of giving the youngsters more time together, hoping that it would foster deeper feelings between them.

Felicia widened her eyes in surprise as she quickly responded, "Okay, Old Mr. Lowen."

It was her dream to marry into the Lowen family, so she was pleased to get to spend the night here before achieving that goal.

Hector went up the stairs to keep Alice company.

“Prepare supper for Pat. He should be hungry when he comes home,” he told Felicia.

Felicia turned to the stairs and responded, “Sure, Old Mr. Lowen.”

After ending the call with Alice, Patrick glanced at the second floor yet again. The lights are switched off, so she should be asleep by now. Lucy informed the boys beforehand, so they should be capable of protecting their mommy.

Patrick was certain of that. Thus, he told his driver to drive him home.

An hour later, Patrick's car drove into the Lowen residence.

When the car rolled to a stop at the parking lot, the butler and a few servants came out to greet him.

“I'll taka my laava now, Old Mr. Lowan. I'll ba back tomorrow.”

Falicia didn't hava a job. Sha initially wantad to work at Ashton Corporation but had no idaa what sha could do thara.

As sha was focusad on marrying into tha Lowan family, sha davotad har tima to buttaring up Hactor.

Glancing at tha tima, Hactor suggastad, “Fal, why don't you spand tha night hara? Thara ara planty of rooms in this housa, so faal fraa to choosa ona.”

Ha had tha intantion of giving tha youngstars mora tima togathar, hoping that it would fostar daapar faalings batwaan tham.

Falicia widanad har ayas in surprisa as sha quickly raspondad, “Okay, Old Mr. Lowan.”

It was har draam to marry into tha Lowan family, so sha was plaasad to gat to spand tha night hara bafora achiaving that goal.

Hactor want up tha stairs to kaap Alica company.

“Prapara supper for Pat. Ha should ba hungry whan ha comas homa,” ha told Falicia.

Falicia turnad to tha stairs and raspondad, “Sura, Old Mr. Lowan.”

Aftar anding tha call with Alica, Patrick glancad at tha sacond floor yat again. Tha lights ara switchad off, so sha should ba aslaap by now. Lucy informad tha boys baforahand, so thay should ba capabla of protacting thair mommy.

Patrick was cartain of that. Thus, ha told his drivar to driva him homa.

An hour latar, Patrick's car drova into tha Lowan rasidanca.

Whan tha car rollad to a stop at tha parking lot, tha butlar and a faw sarvants cama out to graat him.

The driver opened the door, and Patrick stepped out, heading to the main building.

The driver opened the door, and Patrick stepped out, heading to the main building.

The butler took his briefcase from him and greeted, “Mr. Lowen!”

As the servants greeted him in unison, Patrick nodded curtly and asked, “Are my grandparents asleep?”

Seeing that it was already half past ten, Patrick surmised that they were probably asleep, considering that elderly individuals tended to retire early.

The butler replied, “They are asleep, but Ms. Ashton prepared supper for you.”

After they stepped into the house, the butler pointed at the dining room.

“Do you want to eat supper, Mr. Lowen? Ms. Ashton prepared beef stroganoff.”

The dish looked appetizing and should be delicious.

Patrick didn't even bother looking at it as he headed upstairs with his suit jacket draped over his arm.

The butler sighed out loud. Ms. Ashton might be disappointed.

He went into the dining room, where Felicia was waiting at the table for Patrick to return. Hearing the footsteps, she glanced at the door eagerly. "You're back, Patrick?"

After saying that, she realized it was the butler instead of Patrick. Disappointment crossed her face as she asked, "Where is he?"

Her best dish was beef stroganoff, which she recently learned from her mother, who excelled at preparing it.

"Ms. Ashton, Mr. Lowen has gone upstairs."

Felicia abruptly rose to her feet, deciding to win his heart tonight. She planned to climb into his bed naked and was certain he wouldn't reject her advances.

Chapter 683 Climbing Into His Bed

A smirk flitted across Felicia's lips as that idea occurred to her. A smirk flitted across Felicia's lips as that idea occurred to her.

Men are all the same. I am certain Patrick won't be able to resist my advances. My mom recently showed me many books on seduction skills. One method is to take a shower before offering one's body to men and pretending to be pitiful. Okay, that is what I will do.

Rising to her feet, she told the butler, "Clear up the table. I'll go to bed now."

The entire household staff was well aware of Hector's desire for Felicia to become his granddaughter-in-law, which led them to treat her with utmost deference and caution, fearing any potential offense.

Additionally, knowing that she was destined to be Patrick's future wife, they treated her with great respect.

“Okay, Ms. Ashton!”

Felicia hurried upstairs and returned to her room. Fortunately, the housekeeper had delivered a set of pajamas to her room.

The pajamas might be Alice's preference, but they still looked fashionable.

She changed out of her clothes into the red pajamas. Then, she proceeded to remove her outerwear, leaving her dressed in a nightgown.

The red nightgown had a plunging neckline and was short, barely reaching her thighs.

After that, she went to the mirror and twirled around, finding her outfit sexy as her body was partly visible through the thin material.

Suddenly, she recalled that she should put on some perfume. Alas, she didn't bring any along. It would be better if she got to spray some perfume.

Suddenly, she recalled that she should put on some perfume. Alas, she didn't bring any along. It would be better if she got to spray some perfume.

Putting on the outerwear, she left her room and hurried toward Patrick's room.

He was nowhere to be seen, but Felicia could hear running water in the bathroom. Her lips curved into a grin.

Good. He's taking a bath. She glanced at the black bed in the room and took in his scent.

I'm going to be his tonight. Oh, how exciting! I added some aphrodisiac to the dish, but too bad he didn't eat it. If he had eaten it, my plan would have definitely gone well.

Felicia proceeded to lock the door and switch off the lights before climbing into his bed. She then removed her outerwear and tossed it aside.

His blanket smelled of him. She took a deep breath and wondered what it would be like to sleep here every night by his side.

As Felicia was lost in her thoughts, the bathroom door was pushed open. Patrick immediately halted in his tracks.

He remembered leaving the lights in his room switched on. It seemed that someone had entered his room when he was taking a shower and switched the lights off.

Carefully, he glanced around his room and pulled out a gun from his bedside cabinet.

Noticing the bump in his bed, he warily made his way there as he kept observing his surroundings.

Suddenly, she recalled that she should put on some perfume. Alas, she didn't bring any along. It would be better if she got to spray some perfume.

Putting on her outerwear, she left her room and hurried toward Patrick's room.

She was nowhere to be seen, but Felicia could hear running water in the bathroom. Her lips curved into a grin.

Good. He's taking a bath. She glanced at the black bag in the room and took in his scent.

I'm going to be his tonight. Oh, how exciting! I added some aphrodisiac to the dish, but too bad he didn't eat it. If he had eaten it, my plan would have definitely gone well.

Felicia proceeded to lock the door and switch off the lights before climbing into his bed. She then removed her outerwear and tossed it aside.

His blanket smothered him. She took a deep breath and wondered what it would be like to sleep here every night by his side.

As Felicia was lost in her thoughts, the bathroom door was pushed open. Patrick immediately halted in his tracks.

He remembered leaving the lights in his room switched on. It seemed that someone had entered his room when he was taking a shower and switched the lights off.

Cautiously, he glanced around his room and pulled out a gun from his bedside cabinet.

Noticing the bump in his bed, he warily made his way there as he kept observing his surroundings.

Perhaps it's a diversion tactic. The bump is pretty obvious, so they might try to attack me from behind.

Perhaps it's a diversion tactic. The bump is pretty obvious, so they might try to attack me from behind.

Yanking the blanket away, he pressed the cold muzzle of his gun against Felicia's temple.

Felicia immediately screamed, "Patrick, it's me, Felicia! Don't shoot me!"

Even a fool would realize that it was a gun.

Felicia was scared out of her wits. She initially assumed that her plan would work, and they would kiss after she showed up in his bed, naked, before proceeding to have sex.

She had even imagined what sort of noises she would let out to make him more interested in her.

Patrick switched on the lights to see a woman lying in his bed. Her nightgown was disheveled, exposing most of her breasts.

The moment the lights came on, she even deliberately bit on her lower lip to look sexy.

To be honest, Felicia was dying to pull her nightgown lower.

Patrick pocketed his gun and averted his gaze.

In a low voice, he demanded, "Why are you here?"

It was pretty obvious what she was attempting to do, but he asked that question out loud to humiliate her.

Felicia gazed at his handsome face and replied shyly, "Patrick, Old Mr. Lowen wants us to make a baby soon. Tonight, I'd like to... Well..."

Perhaps it's a diversion tactic. The bump is pretty obvious, so they might try to attack me from behind.

Yanking the blanket away, he pressed the cold muzzle of his gun against Felicia's temple.

Felicia immediately screamed, "Patrick, it's me, Felicia! Don't shoot me!"

Even a fool would realize that it was a gun.

Felicia was scared out of her wits. She initially assumed that her plan would work, and they would kiss after she showed up in his bed, naked, before proceeding to have sex.

She had even imagined what sort of noises she would let out to make him more interested in her.

Patrick switched on the lights to see a woman lying in his bed. Her nightgown was disheveled, exposing most of her breasts.

The moment the lights came on, she even deliberately bit on her lower lip to look sexy.

To be honest, Felicia was dying to pull her nightgown lower.

Patrick pockatad his gun and avartad his gaza.

In a low voica, ha damandad, “Why ara you hara?”

It was pratty obvious what sha was attampting to do, but ha askad that quastion out loud to humiliata har.

Falicia gazad at his handsoma faca and rapliad shyly, “Patrick, Old Mr. Lowan wants us to maka a baby soon. Tonight, I'd lika to... Wall...”

Chapter 684 Something Is Wrong

Patrick let out an icy snort. “You? Who do you think you are?”

He refrained from taking any action against her, considering she was a woman and also because Hector had taken a liking to her. He hoped that she would understand her position without him having to teach her a lesson.

Felicia's countenance instantly became crestfallen as disappointment and sadness etched themselves across her face.

Gradually, she sat up and uttered, “Patrick, I love you. I've been by your side for the past few months, and after everything that happened, I realized I was most afraid of losing you.”

While speaking, she extended her arms to embrace Patrick.

Patrick walked away as he didn't want her to touch him. He even shot a disgusted look at the spot where she lay earlier.

Whipping out his phone, he dialed a number.

“Send someone to my room to change my bed.”

Felicia's eyes became as wide as saucers. Do I disgust him that much? Is he seriously changing his bed just because I lay on it for a while?

“Patrick, why are you doing this to me? I'm an Ashton and also the daughter of the Ashton family. Is there any difference between me and Gwendolyn?”

To the Ashton family, she held a far more significant place than Gwendolyn, which made it hard for her to comprehend why he would choose Gwendolyn over her.

Patrick sat on the couch and pointed at the door coldly. “Ms. Ashton, please leave my room. Otherwise, I'll get my bodyguard to kick you out.”

So what if she's Grandpa's guest? If she upsets me, I'll kick her out. I don't mind getting beaten up by Grandpa.

Felicia pressed her lips together and forced herself not to cry as she climbed out of bed.

After giving Patrick one last look, she ran out of the room.

Before long, the servants arrived with fresh sheets to change for him. He instructed, “Have them change the bed too.”

The servants belatedly understood what he wanted. “All right, Mr. Lowen.”

Luckily, they had spare furniture stored in the storeroom, so there was no need to panic.

Otherwise, they would have had to rush to the shopping mall to buy a new bed. If that were the case, there was no telling how long it would take for him to get a new bed.

There were actually many rooms in the Lowen residence, but Patrick had slept in this room since young. It held great sentimental value to him, prompting him to prioritize getting the bed changed swiftly.

As the servants got to work on replacing his bed, Patrick proceeded to the balcony.

He lit up a cigarette and glanced at the night sky.

The hour was still early, and the night breeze felt pleasantly soothing.

September had arrived, signaling the approach of autumn.

Right then, Jocelyn's phone call arrived. A servant handed him his phone. "Mr. Lowen, your phone is ringing."

Patrick bit on his cigarette as he accepted the phone. He narrowed his gaze at the caller ID, which showed the name "Dr. Dunn."

Frowning, he answered the call. "Dr. Dunn."

The woman on the other end of the line stiffened.

He called me "Jocelyn" at dinner today, but now I'm just "Dr. Dunn" to him. It's obvious he was merely using me.

"Patrick, I will be leaving tomorrow."

He was the reason she came to Avenport. Initially, she assumed she would stay here forever for his sake.

Alas, after tonight's events, she realized she was no match for Gwendolyn.

Furthermore, she had come to realize just how unique and captivating Gwendolyn truly was. Gwendolyn's charm was something that most men would find unforgettable. She couldn't deny that Gwendolyn was absolutely adorable.

In fact, she adored Gwendolyn and secretly wished to witness Patrick learning a lesson from her.

Patrick had broken her heart, and she felt that no one else could defeat him.

After tonight's events, however, she thought that Gwendolyn was his weak spot.

If Patrick were to end up with Gwendolyn, it would fulfill the wishes of many people who yearned to see him face some challenges and difficulties.

“Okay. I'll get Liam to drop you off at the airport tomorrow. What time is your flight?”

Patrick had already prepared a check for her. She operated on him and saved his life, so money was the best reward.

Right then, a housekeeper ran over to him. “Mr. Lowen, something is happening to Old Mr. Lowen. He keeps bothering Old Mrs. Lowen, and she's asking for help!”

Chapter 685 Too Awkward

“I don't get what you mean.” Patrick knitted his brows. Grandpa is not in good health, yet he's bothering Grandma so much she's crying for help?

The housekeeper's face turned red, and she lowered her head to explain, “Old Mr. Lowen was sleeping, and all of a sudden, he tried to get intimate with Old Mrs. Lowen.”

Patrick's expression turned uneasy when he heard that. Do they still have such needs, even though they're already in their seventies?

With a perplexed look on his face, he asked, “Has this happened before?”

The housekeeper shook her head. “Nope. There's something strange about him tonight. That's why I came to look for you, Mr. Lowen. Could you please go and check on them?”

They were hesitant to enter the room, but Alice's miserable screams filled them with fear that something might be seriously wrong.

Patrick, whose face grew darker, did not want to handle such matters personally. In a cold voice, he ordered, “Tell the butler to go in and see what's going on.”

After speaking, he picked up his phone and called Kevin.

Kevin answered the call in seconds.

“Pat, why are you still awake at this hour?” He sounded tired, accompanied by a yawn.

“Kev, do you think my grandparents can still engage in physical intimacy at their age?” Patrick asked.

He was cautious about his choice of words because he had no idea how to phrase them appropriately. After all, he did not know much about the elderly folks.

He lived outside most of the time, so he had never encountered such a situation before.

Given their deep bond, he surmised that it was not uncommon for his grandparents to become intimate with each other. Besides, he believed elders in their seventies were capable of engaging in physical intimacy because he was confident he could still perform well at their age.

Kevin widened his eyes. “Why are you asking about this? Technically, they still can. But your grandfather isn't in great health, so I think it's better not to. You should advise him to take care of his health.”

At that moment, the housekeeper came rushing over again, her face filled with worry. “Mr. Lowen, please go and take a look! Old Mr. Lowen is not looking good!”

Without hesitation, Patrick headed toward the door, speaking as he walked. “Come over to the Lowen residence right now.”

“Is Old Mr. Lowen not feeling well? All right, I'll be there in a moment,” Kevin responded.

Patrick had already stepped out of his bedroom and gone upstairs by the time he ended the call.

Upon entering their room, he was greeted by a flurry of housekeepers bustling about.

Alice, draped in a coat, sat in an armchair with a troubled expression, seemingly startled by the situation.

Hector was half-leaning against the headboard, his face flushed and his clothes slightly loosened. He appeared overheated and was struggling to catch his breath. "It's so hot. I feel so hot."

The housekeepers were diligently wiping his body with towels dipped in cold water, but it seemed to offer little relief as he still appeared distressed.

One of the housekeepers suggested, "Should we soak Old Mr. Lowen in a tub of cold water?"

Undoubtedly, immersing him in a tub of cold water would be more effective than using cold towels to wipe his body.

Patrick glanced at the time and inquired, "Where are the family doctors? Have them hurry over here."

Hector's doctors were always by his side, and they typically lodged in the building next door, a mere five-minute walk from the main residence.

The butler wiped the sweat off his forehead and replied, "I've already informed them. They should be arriving soon."

Patrick hummed in response before walking to Hector. "Grandpa, how are you feeling?"

Hector opened his eyes and gazed at Patrick. With just one glance at his bloodshot eyes, Patrick instantly knew what he was thinking.

In a grim tone, Patrick asked, "What kind of medicine did Old Mr. Lowen take today? Did he take any aphrodisiac?"

The housekeeper responsible for Hector's medications quickly stepped forward and replied, "Old Mr. Lowen only took his usual medication today, Mr. Lowen. He didn't take those pills."

The young housekeeper became so anxious that she was on the verge of tears. She had only been working at the Lowen residence for three months and was about to become a permanent employee. Hence, she hoped tonight's incident would not affect her chances or cause her to lose her job.

Suddenly, the butler recalled something that had happened earlier. "Mr. Lowen, after you returned, Old Mr. Lowen came downstairs and asked if you had eaten supper. When he saw you hadn't, he said he was feeling hungry and ate the beef stroganoff Ms. Ashton prepared. Could there have been something wrong with her cooking?"

Chapter 686 She Is Asking For It

Upon hearing those words, Patrick was certain that Felicia had done something to the dish. She must have prepared that for me, hoping to make me sleep with her after she climbed into my bed.

If he had consumed it, he might have fallen victim to whatever scheme she had planned. How dare she pull such a trick on me!

In an icy tone, he commanded, "Ask Felicia to come and see me."

The housekeeper responded, "Yes, Mr. Lowen."

Meanwhile, the doctors arrived and immediately started examining and administering emergency treatment to Hector.

Sitting beside Alice, Patrick reached out and embraced her. "Grandma, everything will be all right. The doctors are here, and Kev will arrive soon too. Don't worry."

Alice, who had been in a daze, suddenly looked up. "Pat, do you think your grandfather took some sort of aphrodisiac? He's old, and it's been a long time since we... I'm shocked by his almost crazed actions tonight."

She could not help but let out a sigh. "He must have been worried about the future of the Lowens, especially considering you are the only son in the family. Not to mention how you remained unconscious for nearly three months. He must have felt the pressure to have another heir. But at this age, I can't bear him any more children!"

Alice still did not understand why Hector behaved that way. As a daughter-in-law of the Lowen family, she was also just as anxious about the family's future.

She could not wait for Patrick to get married and have children to continue the family line.

Patrick nodded in response. "I know what you mean, Grandma. It's my fault."

Now, he seemed to understand why his grandparents were so eager to push him to go on blind dates and meet women. They just wanted me to get married as soon as possible and have children.

He even started suspecting that Hector orchestrated the incident six years ago, but many doubts remained unanswered in his mind.

To make matters worse, Hector had lost his memories of that incident. Even if Patrick were to ask him directly, Hector would no longer be able to answer.

One of the doctors hurriedly approached. "Old Mr. Lowen was under the influence of an aphrodisiac, Mr. Lowen. Don't worry, we can handle it, but..."

"But what?" Patrick asked, thinking something might be wrong with Hector's health.

The doctor continued, "Next time, please advise Old Mr. Lowen not to take such substances. His current physical condition cannot handle the excessive excitement of physical intimacy."

Embarrassment flushed Alice's face.

All the housekeepers and doctors must have thought they were still engaging in intimate activities when in reality, they had not been intimate for a long time, given Hector's health issues and their lack of desire.

Patrick responded in an aloof manner, "It was all an accident. It won't happen again. Make sure to treat him promptly."

Just then, Felicia entered the room, quickly approaching Hector's bed. "Old Mr. Lowen, what happened?"

The butler said to her, “Ms. Ashton, Mr. Lowen is looking for you.”

Felicia approached Patrick with worry written all over her face. “Patrick, did Old Mr. Lowen fall ill again? Is he all right?”

Patrick's face darkened, and he cast a grim gaze at Felicia, who appeared strangely composed despite the situation.

As someone accustomed to being shameless, Felicia continued to act nonchalant, even after what happened earlier in Patrick's room.

“Look what you've done. What have you added to the beef stroganoff?” Patrick asked.

Felicia widened her eyes as she did not expect him to ask that. Didn't I tell the butler to get rid of that dish? Who betrayed me?

She was confounded as she knew she had been extremely cautious while preparing that dish, and there were no housekeepers around her at that time.

If Patrick had consumed the dish, she would have had the chance to spend the night with him. Even if he got angry in the morning, it would have been too late to undo what had already transpired, and he could not blame her for it. But he didn't eat it at all!

Not only did she fail to gain anything from her plan, but she also ended up being exposed.

The butler could no longer hold back. “Ms. Ashton, tell us the truth! Old Mr. Lowen ate the beef stroganoff. Are you going to take responsibility if anything untoward happens to him?”

Chapter 686 She Is Asking For It

Upon hearing those words, Patrick was certain that Felicia had done something to the dish. She must have prepared that for me, hoping to make me sleep with her after she climbed into my bed.

If he had consumed it, he might have fallen victim to whatever scheme she had planned. How dare she pull such a trick on me!

In an icy tone, he commanded, "Ask Felicia to come and see me."

The housekeeper responded, "Yes, Mr. Lowen."

Meanwhile, the doctors arrived and immediately started examining and administering emergency treatment to Hector.

Sitting beside Alice, Patrick reached out and embraced her. "Grandma, everything will be all right. The doctors are here, and Kev will arrive soon too. Don't worry."

Alice, who had been in a daze, suddenly looked up. "Pat, do you think your grandfather took some sort of aphrodisiac? He's old, and it's been a long time since we... I'm shocked by his almost crazed actions tonight."

She could not help but let out a sigh. "He must have been worried about the future of the Lowens, especially considering you are the only son in the family. Not to mention how you remained unconscious for nearly three months. He must have felt the pressure to have another heir. But at this age, I can't bear him any more children!"

Alice still did not understand why Hector behaved that way. As a daughter-in-law of the Lowen family, she was also just as anxious about the family's future.

She could not wait for Patrick to get married and have children to continue the family line.

Patrick nodded in response. "I know what you mean, Grandma. It's my fault."

Now, he seemed to understand why his grandparents were so eager to push him to go on blind dates and meet women. They just wanted me to get married as soon as possible and have children.

He even started suspecting that Hector orchestrated the incident six years ago, but many doubts remained unanswered in his mind.

To make matters worse, Hector had lost his memories of that incident. Even if Patrick were to ask him directly, Hector would no longer be able to answer.

One of the doctors hurriedly approached. "Old Mr. Lowen was under the influence of an aphrodisiac, Mr. Lowen. Don't worry, we can handle it, but..."

"But what?" Patrick asked, thinking something might be wrong with Hector's health.

The doctor continued, "Next time, please advise Old Mr. Lowen not to take such substances. His current physical condition cannot handle the excessive excitement of physical intimacy."

Embarrassment flushed Alice's face.

All the housekeepers and doctors must have thought they were still engaging in intimate activities when in reality, they had not been intimate for a long time, given Hector's health issues and their lack of desire.

Patrick responded in an aloof manner, "It was all an accident. It won't happen again. Make sure to treat him promptly."

Just then, Felicia entered the room, quickly approaching Hector's bed. "Old Mr. Lowen, what happened?"

The butler said to her, "Ms. Ashton, Mr. Lowen is looking for you."

Felicia approached Patrick with worry written all over her face. "Patrick, did Old Mr. Lowen fall ill again? Is he all right?"

Patrick's face darkened, and he cast a grim gaze at Felicia, who appeared strangely composed despite the situation.

As someone accustomed to being shameless, Felicia continued to act nonchalant, even after what happened earlier in Patrick's room.

"Look what you've done. What have you added to the beef stroganoff?" Patrick asked.

Felicia widened her eyes as she did not expect him to ask that. Didn't I tell the butler to get rid of that dish? Who betrayed me?

She was confounded as she knew she had been extremely cautious while preparing that dish, and there were no housekeepers around her at that time.

If Patrick had consumed the dish, she would have had the chance to spend the night with him. Even if he got angry in the morning, it would have been too late to undo what had already transpired, and he could not blame her for it. But he didn't eat it at all!

Not only did she fail to gain anything from her plan, but she also ended up being exposed.

The butler could no longer hold back. "Ms. Ashton, tell us the truth! Old Mr. Lowen ate the beef stroganoff. Are you going to take responsibility if anything untoward happens to him?"

Chapter 687 He Really Wants A Child

Terrified upon hearing that, Felicia turned around and glanced toward the bed.

"I'm so sorry! I wasn't trying to give it to Old Mr. Lowen. I just..."

She didn't dare to continue her sentence, so Patrick did it for her.

"It was for me, right? Are you looking down on me, Ms. Ashton? Do you think that I'm incapable?"

Felicia shook her head vigorously. "T-That's not what I mean."

"What, then?"

Felicia struggled to find the right words to explain herself.

"If anything happens to my grandfather, you and the Ashton family will be held responsible. You better get lost now and pray that he's fine."

Felicia took a step back, tears welling up in her eyes.

“Patrick, I tried to drug you because I love you. It was also to fulfill Old Mr. Lowen's wish. He wants a great-grandchild!” yelled Felicia.

Patrick had already called for the bodyguards, who promptly grabbed Felicia's arms and escorted her away.

She sounded so indignant, as if everything she had done was for the sake of the Lowen family.

Patrick stated coldly, “You aren't worthy to have my child.”

He recalled all those things that she had done to Gwendolyn in the past. Even the bullet in his head was because of her. Besides that, he also held her responsible for his near-death experience.

Hence, there was no way she could ever marry into the Lowen family. He would never agree.

After Felicia was dragged away, the room fell silent.

Alice, who had finally regained her composure, held Patrick's hand.

“Pat, Fel isn't a good person. When you were unconscious, she didn't even take care of you sincerely. She summoned a bunch of housekeepers and ordered them around. She's so two-faced that even your grandpa has been fooled by her.”

Patrick smirked. “Grandma, I'll deal with her.”

Alicia knew how capable he was. There was no way that he couldn't deal with Felicia.

She glanced at the bed. Seeing that Hector had calmed down, she rose to her feet.

“Pat, your grandpa is fine now, so you should go and rest. It's getting late. You still have to wake up early tomorrow for work.”

Her heart ached for her grandson.

He had just been discharged from the hospital, yet before he could fully recover, he had to plunge himself into work.

Alice was well aware of the current situation, where various companies were trying to undermine Lowen Group. In addition to that, Patrick had to resolve the numerous crises that Lowen Group was facing.

He was already exhausted, yet Hector was still creating more trouble for him.

Alice decided that she would reprimand Hector tomorrow and stop him from creating more trouble. Furthermore, she would not let Felicia enter the house again.

Patrick talked to the doctors and confirmed that Hector had stabilized. He then instructed the medical team to sleep in the guest rooms beside Hector's bedroom so that they could be on standby for any emergencies.

After that, he left.

As he headed toward the stairs, Kevin rushed up hurriedly. The two almost collided.

“Pat, is Old Mr. Lowen all right?”

Kevin had driven as fast as he could, fearing he might arrive too late.

Patrick glanced at him calmly. “He's fine now. Come, let's have a drink.”

Kevin tightened his grip on the first-aid kit.

“He's all right? That's great.”

Initially, Estelle was staying overnight at his place after drinking too much. He was tempted, for she had finally come of age after so long waiting. Finally, he could make a move.

Just as the atmosphere was just right, his phone rang. Hence, he had no choice but to leave her and rush over right away.

Kevin followed Patrick to the wine room on the third floor, where an array of various wines were displayed. Each bottle was part of the latter's prized collection, all hailing from famous brands.

In the past, getting a taste of these exquisite wines was nearly impossible. However, he had the honor of visiting the room that night. In fact, Patrick even opened a bottle of fine wine.

Pouring the wine into a glass, Patrick swirled it gently.

“My grandparents are pressuring me to have a child. I really wish that a child could have been born from those nights six years ago.”

Chapter 688 A Changed Man

Kevin raised his glass and took a sip, a gleam of excitement shining in his eyes. Indeed, these top-quality wines tasted so pure.

He then furrowed his brow slightly. “Didn't you think that the woman was Gwendolyn? The ages of her three kids seem to match. It's just a pity that they're not your children. Otherwise, your grandparents would be overjoyed to suddenly have three great-grandchildren in one go.”

Patrick had once entertained the thought. If those three children were really his, he would be able to appease his grandfather.

However, the truth turned out to be disappointing – they weren't his biological children.

At that point, Patrick asked, “Did you personally conduct the paternity test?”

Kevin was enjoying the wine. When he heard that, he paused and said solemnly, “Don't you trust me? Of course, I did it personally. There couldn't have been any mistakes.”

Patrick had harbored doubts about whether Kevin did it personally. Perhaps, there might have been a mistake during the process. However, it now seemed that his speculation was unfounded.

The paternity test was accurate, which meant Juliette wasn't his daughter.

Patrick tossed his head back and drank all the wine. "Take your time with the wine. I'm tired."

He walked toward the door, leaving Kevin standing there. Kevin had thought that Patrick invited him for drinks because he was in a good mood, but it seemed Patrick just wanted to ask about the paternity test.

It looks like Pat has not given up on Gwendolyn yet.

Wait, something's not right! Hasn't he lost his memories? He shouldn't have any recollection of Gwendolyn and everything related to her, so how could he still remember this? Could it be that he hasn't lost his memory after all?

Quickly finishing his glass of wine, Kevin decided to take the opened bottle back to savor.

Then, he caught up with Patrick. "Pat, you didn't lose your memory! You scared me!"

However, Patrick remained silent. He pushed open the door to his bedroom and closed it with a slam.

Standing at the door, Kevin sensed that Patrick was in a bad mood that night.

What on earth happened? I must find out.

When Gwendolyn woke up the next day, she had a terrible headache.

As she sat up, she found herself in a familiar room. However, she couldn't recall anything from the previous night.

Slapping her forehead, she chided herself, “Gwendolyn, you know drinking too much will leave you feeling terrible. Why did you drink so much last night?”

Despite feeling uneasy, she dragged herself into the bathroom and took a refreshing shower. After putting on some subtle makeup, she looked much more energetic.

She headed downstairs after changing her clothes.

Camille had been waiting for her. Otherwise, she would have gone out to buy groceries by this time.

“You're awake, Gwen.”

Gwendolyn nodded slightly. “Camille, was it Luce who brought me back last night?”

The mention of Lucy suddenly triggered her memory of last night's dinner with Patrick and the rest. She had become upset when she saw Patrick acting affectionately toward Jocelyn, which prompted her to drink so heavily.

Camille shook her head. “It was Mr. Surrington who brought you back. He seemed a bit displeased. But, Gwendolyn, there's something I need to talk to you about.”

She guided Gwendolyn into the dining room. Suzanne was still asleep, probably so exhausted from the previous night that she still hadn't woken up. Camille knew this because when she had snuck a peek last night, she saw Zayden sleeping in Suzanne's room.

“What's the matter?”

When Gwendolyn sat down, Camille served her breakfast.

“Gwen, haven't you noticed that Zayden has been acting strangely lately?”

Gwendolyn had just taken a sip of coffee. When she heard that, she glanced at Camille. A solemn glint flashed across her eyes.

Did Camille notice it too? She also thought that Zayden had turned into a completely different person from his past self. Such a transformation was extremely strange.

In fact, she thought that Zayden was now a different person—the only similarity to his past self was his appearance.

“What do you mean?”

Camille whispered, “Zayden and Suzanne are getting really close. He even slept in Suzanne's room last night! There's something fishy going on between them.”

Chapter 689 Do Your Best

A flicker of surprise crossed Gwendolyn's eyes when she heard that. She had never noticed any of it.

Strangely enough, she didn't feel upset.

Previously, she had thought that Zayden and Suzanne were a good match for each other. It was normal for them to get together.

Gwendolyn continued to enjoy her breakfast, but Camille grew increasingly anxious.

“Gwen, he's having an affair! Aren't you worried at all?”

Most women would be anxious and furious in this situation. Why is Gwen so composed about it?

Gwendolyn glanced at her. “Camille, just pretend you don't know anything.”

“Gwen, are you willing to endure this? Now that you and Zayden are married, you'll have to spend your whole life together with him. You must confront him and make him cut off ties with Suzanne!”

Even though Camille knew that Zayden was not the man Gwendolyn truly loved, they were nevertheless married.

After finishing her breakfast, Gwendolyn wiped her mouth with a napkin.

“Camille, just listen to me.”

Until she could completely figure out Zayden, she dared not take any drastic actions as she was scared that he might harm her children.

Camille was reluctant, but she couldn't meddle any further now that Gwendolyn said that.

“I'll go and buy the groceries.”

When Camille was heading out, Suzanne came downstairs. Upon seeing her languid appearance, Camille immediately understood what had happened last night—the latter had just experienced a passionate night.

The little girl from before now seemed more like a woman.

Camille felt upset on Gwendolyn's behalf.

Hence, she left quickly instead of talking to Suzanne. When Suzanne saw Camille departing, she called out to the latter.

“Camille, are you going grocery shopping? Let me go with you!” Suzanne joyfully skipped down the stairs and approached Camille with an innocent smile on her face.

Camille had to stop in her tracks before shooting an awkward glance at Suzanne. She could no longer make herself like the younger woman.

While she used to like Suzanne before, she now found herself hating the latter a little.

Although Suzanne had such an innocent demeanor, she ended up snatching someone else's husband. She was a hypocritical woman who just knew how to act pure.

“It's fine. I have to take care of some personal affairs. You can stay at home and tidy up the house,” Camille replied and left briskly.

Suzanne pouted, thinking that something was amiss.

However, she couldn't quite put her finger on it. It seemed like Camille didn't like her as much as before. Sighing, she decided to see if there was anything to eat in the kitchen.

She was hungry. When she recalled what happened between her and Zayden the previous night, she burst out laughing.

Her mood improved as she hurried to the kitchen. When she passed by the dining room, she saw Gwendolyn clearing the dishes.

She called out to Gwendolyn, “Gwen, you haven't left yet?”

Gwendolyn smiled gently. “Yeah! I had a bit too much to drink last night, so I woke up late. You haven't had breakfast yet, right?”

She stacked the plates and cups and headed for the kitchen.

Suzanne hurried over and took them from her hands.

“Gwen, I'll do it! You are going to be late for work, right? Go ahead and leave this to me.”

Gwendolyn was filled with affection as she gazed at Suzanne.

Although she had heard what Camille told her about Suzanne and Zayden, she remained unaffected because she knew to whom her heart belonged.

Hence, she did not care who Zayden ended up with.

Zayden used to be her best friend. Even though he had changed drastically, she still remembered all that he had done for her.

Naturally, she wished that he would find his happiness too. Suzanne was a good lady—kind and simple.

They matched each other well. Gwendolyn hoped that Zayden would one day realize his true feelings and let go of her.

She hugged Suzanne and blurted out of the blue, “Do your best, Suzanne!”

“Huh?” Suzanne stared at her in confusion, not knowing what she meant.

Gwendolyn chuckled. “Suzanne, remember to grab onto what you want, okay? You must do your best!”

You must do your best to make Zayden fall in love with you and realize his true feelings!

Chapter 690 Protect The Children

After the ordeal last night, Hector woke up at the Lowen residence with a dark expression. When he saw Alice, he snorted coldly and turned his face away, unwilling to look at her.

Alice approached him. “What's wrong?”

Hector glanced around before replying coldly, “Why did you have to make such a fuss about what happened last night? I still need to keep my dignity.”

So what if I'm old? I can still satisfy her! But she didn't want it.

Alice blushed upon being reminded of the incident. She slapped him lightly. “Your body's in such a state. How can you still do it?”

Hector harrumphed again. “See! You're underestimating me.”

With that, he trudged down the stairs with his hands behind his back.

Alice couldn't help but gripe, "That stubborn old man! He's already seventy-three years old yet still refuses to accept his age."

At that moment, Patrick came down the stairs. Dressed in a sleek black shirt and trousers, he exuded a cool and composed aura.

"Morning, Grandma!" he greeted, casually adjusting his cufflinks.

Alice thought that such a morning was simply too perfect. After all, she could lay her eyes on her handsome grandson. Even though Hector's strange behavior made her mad, Patrick managed to ease her lingering irritation.

Walking together arm in arm, Alice couldn't resist asking, "Patrick, have you truly forgotten about Gwendolyn?"

Patrick's hand froze for a moment when he heard that, but he swiftly fastened the cufflink with a confident snap.

He looked up and smiled faintly. "Who are you talking about?"

Alice shook her head. "If you've forgotten her, so be it!"

Since Gwendolyn has already married, it doesn't matter even if Pat remembers her. He can't possibly ruin her marriage.

Gwendolyn went to the office and spent her morning in meetings. She was now quite familiar with her work.

When she walked out of the meeting room, Connor followed behind her.

"Ms. Ashton, there's a meeting tonight that requires your presence."

Gwendolyn knew that another Solstice Mall would be built in Avenport, around the new district. It was in the midst of construction. Although the place was not bustling now, it would become the most lively

location in a few years.

Many shopping malls were vying to establish themselves there, and Solstice Group was no exception.

Gwendolyn nodded. "Okay. Let me know when it's time."

She then returned to her office, which was predominantly adorned in white tones. It was wide and bright, with her favorite dolls giving the place a touch of warmth.

Gwendolyn placed her laptop and documents on the desk before collapsing on the white couch.

She massaged her legs, which had become slightly swollen after those long hours of sitting.

At that moment, her phone rang. Gwendolyn whipped out her phone and answered the call.

"Hey, Justin."

Her sons should be preparing for their afternoon nap at that time. It was strange that they were calling her.

"Mommy, Mr. Zayden came and picked Juliette up! He only brought her away."

Both boys were supposed to accompany their little sister. However, Zayden said that he was only going to bring Juliette away. When some people asked them if Zayden was their uncle, they even nodded affirmatively.

To their surprise, Zayden only took Juliette away.

Gwendolyn jumped up in terror. "What? Where did he bring her to?"

Justin sent Juliette's location to Gwendolyn. "Juliette's probably still in the car now. However, it's driving to the suburbs."

Fear crashed over Gwendolyn. “All right. Stay at school obediently. I'll find her, so don't worry.”

She was scared to the core when she heard that Zayden had taken Juliette away.

Swiftly grabbing her car keys, she rushed outside. As she stepped into the elevator, she dialed her bodyguard's number.

“Follow me to a place.”

The man replied in a deep voice, “Okay!”