

CEO Daddy 691

Chapter 691 What Does He Want

When she arrived at the underground second floor, she noticed a black car not far from the elevator. She hurriedly walked over, opened the door, and got into the car.

Sitting in the driver's seat was a slender, tall man. He was dressed entirely in black, wearing a cap with the brim pushed down so low that only his sharp jawline was visible.

His name was Kane, and he was her latest bodyguard.

She had used some special means to find a skilled fighter like him on the black market.

She sought bodyguards because she feared something might happen to her children. She had only found one skilled fighter for the time being. The other bodyguards had only average skills. However, with Kane's intensive training, those bodyguards were expected to be elevated to a higher level.

In one week, when the training was over, they would secretly protect the three children.

She had just initiated this matter and didn't anticipate that Zayden would make his move so quickly. She was genuinely surprised by his swift action.

“Boss,” Kane called her in a hushed voice.

Gwendolyn replied in a hurry, “Hurry over to the location I sent you.”

Fortunately, Justin and Julian had put a tracker on Juliette. Otherwise, she really wouldn't have known where to find her.

As Kane withdrew his gaze, the car suddenly accelerated and rushed out at an extremely fast speed.

Gwendolyn accidentally bumped her head against the front seat. She raised her hand and rubbed her forehead, feeling a slight pain.

Nevertheless, Kane's driving skills were excellent, and speed was exactly what she needed at that moment.

She quickly fastened her seatbelt, held her phone, and kept her eyes fixed on Juliette's real-time location.

Originally, the journey was supposed to take an hour and a half, but Kane managed to shorten it to just half an hour. The moment the car stopped, Gwendolyn finally felt relieved.

When she saw that they were at an abandoned mental hospital, Gwendolyn's mood turned sour.

She clenched her hands tightly into fists. What on earth does Zayden want?

Juliette was timid, but she was very familiar with Zayden. It was she who taught them since childhood to treat Zayden well because he was their savior.

Juliette's dropping her guard around him was the scariest thing at the moment.

If Zayden wanted to harm her children, Gwendolyn would have no means to stop him.

Before she got out of the car, she said to Kane, "If you accelerate the training, I can double the payment. Within three days, those people must be ready for work."

Kane followed her out of the car and smoothly pulled out a gun. His movements were fluid and well- practiced.

"Understood, boss. As long as there's enough money, I'll speed up the training," Kane replied.

His voice was deep and cold.

Kane used to be an agent, but he had left the organization and now worked as a bodyguard.

As Gwendolyn walked toward the mental hospital, her expression grew more serious as she observed the dilapidated walls and the surrounding garbage.

Her pace was brisk, and Kane followed closely, his narrow eyes fixated on her.

“Boss, why don't you stay behind me?”

His sense of smell was incredibly keen, and he could tell that there were quite a lot of people inside, no fewer than ten.

Gwendolyn stopped and pondered for a moment.

“Okay, you can walk in front, but you must protect my daughter, and under no circumstances should you harm Zayden.”

Kane walked forward with a swift pace, leaving behind only his cold back for Gwendolyn to follow.

“Understood, boss.”

Upon entering inside, Gwendolyn saw dozens of people taking pictures of Juliette. She was wearing a black princess dress with sickly makeup.

Juliette looked very happy doing various poses.

Originally behind Kane, Gwendolyn quickly ran over when she saw this scene.

The moment she hugged Juliette into her arms, tears welled up in her eyes.

Juliette was initially very happy, but she was taken aback by Gwendolyn's hug.

“Mommy, why are you here?”

At this moment, Gwendolyn looked coldly at the man standing beside Juliette, who had his arms crossed and was looking at her with a half-smile.

“Juliette, why are you not in school but here? You're not allowed to skip classes in the future.”

She could only advise her daughter in this manner, hoping that Juliette would remember her words.

She handed Juliette to Kane and said, “Take her and wait for me in the car.”

After that, she walked toward Zayden.

Chapter 692 Do Not See Patrick Again

At first, Juliette didn't want to leave as she enjoyed taking pictures in the gothic style like this.

She was truly happy that Zayden fulfilled her wish today.

However, she was taken aback by Gwendolyn's expression and wondered why her mother seemed unhappy.

Kane took her little hand. “Let's go! We can wait for her in the car.”

Only then did Juliette look at this cool man beside her. Her eyes lit up immediately, thinking that he was incredibly handsome.

She nodded. “Okay!”

She obediently followed Kane out, sneaking glances at him from time to time as she walked.

Zayden remained where he was, gazing at the woman walking toward him with a half-smile.

Gwendolyn was unable to keep calm as she pushed Zayden back a few steps and grabbed his tie firmly.

“Zayden, what do you want?”

Her eyes were filled with fear, and tears welled up in her eyes.

Zayden raised his hand to caress her face, wearing a cold and wicked smile. “Gwen, the little princess said she wanted to take some photos in a gothic style, and I just arranged a photo session for her. What's wrong?”

After speaking, he let out a cold laugh, and Gwendolyn's tears almost flowed down from her eyes.

“Zayden, as I said before, if you have any grievances against me, come to me directly. Don't involve my children,” she said sternly.

He knew how important the three children were to her.

Zayden removed her hand, and the smile on his face disappeared.

“Since you're so nervous, be more obedient to me in the future. Don't see Patrick again. If you dare to see him again, you'll be doing so at your own risk,” Zayden warned coldly.

Gwendolyn finally understood that he was still upset about what had happened the previous night.

No wonder he dared to be intimate with Suzanne in front of Camille last night, revealing their relationship to her. It turns out that he was upset.

If he was unhappy, he would make her life worse.

Gwendolyn suddenly chuckled, saying, “Haha! So it's because of this. I understand now.”

After she finished speaking, she walked away, talking as she went. “Zayden, I also know about you and

Suzanne. She's a good girl. I hope you can cherish her.”

Zayden's expression changed instantly when he heard this, and he quickly chased after her.

“Gwendolyn, don't think that just because I slept with Suzanne, you can be with Patrick with peace of mind. Women should abide by moral codes. Otherwise, you'll be the one who will be ashamed when the news gets out. For men, it's a different story.”

Hearing such words, Gwendolyn felt truly uncomfortable.

Society was indeed harsh on women. For instance, she was scolded for being indiscreet just because she was pregnant and gave birth to three children.

No one paid attention to the truth, and no one blamed the man who impregnated her.

Now, Zayden cheated on her in their marriage without any remorse, as he felt that it was the norm for men to cheat. However, he held a different opinion if she cheated. He deemed she would be morally condemned and scolded by the world.

She gave him a cold look then strode away.

Zayden was taken aback by the look in her eyes. He frowned slightly, feeling a headache coming on. He raised his hand to stroke his forehead and closed his eyes.

When he opened his eyes again, his gaze was different from before.

At this moment, Zayden's eyes were soft, completely different from the coldness he had shown earlier.

He turned his head and looked around, observing the dilapidated surroundings, and called out, “Jason.”

Jason was his assistant. He was talking to the photographer at the time. When he heard Zayden call him, he ran over.

“Mr. Surrington.”

“Why are we here?”

Jason was stunned, and he looked at Zayden strangely.

The latter sensed the gaze that fell on him, and he let out a sigh.

“Forget it. Let's go back!”

After speaking, he strode out, took out his phone, and called his psychiatrist while walking. “I... He seems to have appeared again. Lately, I feel like I'm no match for him. The duration of his appearance has become longer.”

After speaking, he let out a long sigh and asked a question. “If this personality defeats me, will I disappear forever?”

Chapter 693 What A Coincidence

Zayden enlisted the help of Kiefer Zobek, one of the best psychiatrists in the country and an expert on split personality disorders.

Needless to say, he did it so he could treat his condition.

Previously, Zayden had never once thought he might be sick, but the more his alter identity appeared, the more he realized something was amiss. Therefore, after poring over tons of research, he finally concluded that he was living with a dissociative identity disorder.

“That's right. If your alter-identity becomes too powerful, it'd completely replace your core identity. As such, you must be stronger and keep it under control,” Kiefer replied.

Upon hearing that, Zayden fell silent.

“However, your core identity is pretty weak now, Mr. Surrington. To rectify that, you need to give yourself hope and find a reason to live,” Kiefer added.

“I got it.”

After ending the call, Zayden glanced at his cars and promptly hopped into the sky-blue sports car.

Ha. So that guy loves flashy colors, huh? No wonder I found several new floral shirts in my closet. He's the one who likes them...

Meanwhile, Jason had dealt with the photographers and paid them their fees. Now, he just had to wait for them to edit the photos and create the album.

“Mr. Surrington, the photographers said we can only collect the photo album after fifteen days.”

Zayden finally snapped out of his daze and turned to his assistant. “Wait. Who came here to take photos?”

I don't recall my company having such a project, and even if there were, why would they need the CEO to make an appearance? What on earth is that guy doing?

Jason had to admit he found Zayden's behavior somewhat odd, but of course, he knew better than to question his boss.

“Well, Ms. Juliette wanted a gothic-style photo shoot, so you got her a photographer. However, Ms. Gwendolyn didn't seem too happy when she came by earlier. The two of you ended up quarreling.”

Zayden let out a heavy sigh. It seems like I argued with Gwen again. I guess I'll have to coax her tonight...

In the meantime, Gwendolyn was busy removing Juliette's makeup with cleansing wipes, causing the latter to pout in annoyance.

“Can we not remove it? I like this makeup,” the girl grumbled.

For a moment, Gwendolyn was speechless. Oh, my goodness... I honestly don't understand the trends that youngsters like these days. What's so good about looking pale and sickly like a ghost? How is that

pretty? Worst of all, they even conducted the photo shoot at an old, abandoned mental hospital. That's creepy as h*ll! I bet Zayden did it on purpose to scare Juliette! Oh, the more I think about it, the angrier I get... Why has he become a different person?

“No. You'll scare others with this look,” Gwendolyn replied, sighing as she continued removing her daughter's makeup. “Juliette, can you stay with your brothers from now on? If there's anywhere they don't want to go, it'd be best to follow suit.”

What happened today nearly scared me to death, and I don't need a repeat of it...

“Does that mean I can't hang out with Zay too?” Juliette asked. “Isn't he our benefactor? You've told us since we were young to treat him nicely.”

How is rejecting Zay being nice to him? He'd be so upset!

After seeing the girl's serious expression, Gwendolyn couldn't help but chuckle.

“That's right. You can't hang out with Zay. I want you to be with Justin and Julian. Even if there's a place Zay wants to take you to, you're only allowed to go if your brothers tag along,” she ordered.

Juliette nodded. “All right!”

Hmm... I like spending time with Justin and Julian anyway. Coming out alone today has made me miss them quite a lot.

Thanks to the back-and-forth trips, it was well past six o'clock when everyone finally returned to the city. Since Gwendolyn had an important client meeting at seven, she instructed Kane to send Juliette home

to Camille.

With that settled, Gwendolyn quickly took a taxi to the restaurant Connor had texted her. After reaching the destination at seven on the dot, she stepped out of the vehicle and made a beeline for the restaurant's entrance.

Alas, she had just entered the restaurant when she bumped into a man.

“I'm so sorry!” Gwendolyn exclaimed, still a little unsteady as she tried to run for the elevator.

Patrick offered a helping hand and spoke up.

“Slow down, Ms. Ashton.”

Upon hearing that familiar voice, Gwendolyn lifted her gaze and froze.

She was staring straight into Patrick's devilishly handsome face, and the man had looped an arm around her waist.

Chapter 694 It Is Him

Gwendolyn widened her eyes. Wow... I can't believe I'd run into him here.

When Patrick finally loosened his grip on her, she regained her balance and muttered, “Thank you.”

The two of them had become strangers, and it was undeniably heart-wrenching.

Alas, Patrick said nothing and strode off, leaving Gwendolyn to stare at his retreating figure with a darkened gaze.

So that's how it is, huh? If two people who were once in love fail to cherish each other, they'd eventually become strangers. Patrick and I are a prime example of that, aren't we? The fact that he seems to have forgotten me hurts a lot... He probably didn't have fond memories of me, so he saw no reason to hold on to them.

Gwendolyn sighed and gradually recomposed herself.

Her life might be an utter mess now, but she knew she had to soldier on.

She even had an important client waiting for her, so there was no time for her to wallow in her misery. With that thought in mind, she quickly tidied up her hair and clothes and marched toward the elevator.

After taking the elevator to the sixth floor, she looked for Room 608 and stepped inside with a smile.

Upon seeing her, Connor stood up and looked at the man beside him.

“Ms. Ashton is here, Mr. Lowen.”

It was only then that Gwendolyn realized the client she was meeting was none other than Patrick Lowen.

On the contrary, Patrick was incredibly calm and showed no signs of surprise as he gave a polite nod.

“Hello, Ms. Ashton. So, you're the CEO of Solstice Group.”

Well, well, well. I must admit I never knew Solstice Group belonged to Gwendolyn. I've never looked into the company, nor do we have many business relations with them. This is the first collaboration with Solstice Group, but I still don't understand how Gwendolyn became its CEO... Does this mean she has even more secrets now?

Gwendolyn sat beside Patrick in dazed silence, but thankfully, it didn't take long for her to regain her composure and confidence.

“Mr. Lowen, the purpose of today's meeting is to talk about bringing shopping malls into the new urban area. That land belongs to Lowen Group, and our company would like to build a mall there,” she said before pulling out a file. “Here's our proposal. Please have a look.”

Connor glanced at Gwendolyn and frowned.

What's wrong with Ms. Ashton today? It's not her style to hand over proposals within seconds of the first meeting! Wouldn't that make her intentions a little too desperate and obvious?

Gwendolyn, however, didn't seem to mind one bit, nor did she care that Connor was throwing her looks.

“One word from you, and we can be done with this, Mr. Lowen,” she added.

A faint smile tugged at Patrick's lips.

“Is this your first time conducting a business meeting, Ms. Ashton?”

Connor rubbed his forehead in exasperation. D*mn it. Patrick Lowen is notorious for being ruthless and a pain to deal with. Not even the craftiest and most seasoned players in the business world are a match for him! I came into this meeting with little confidence, and now that I've seen how Ms. Ashton's handling it, I think we may as well give up.

To his surprise, Gwendolyn broke into a smile. “No, but it's my first time talking business with you, Mr. Lowen. I'm very interested in this partnership, and I'm sure you know my company's more than capable of taking this on,” she said while pouring wine from the bottle. “Of course, I'll also be happy to drink with you tonight.”

Patrick's gaze suddenly darkened. She's pouring white wine... Is this what her life has become? Is meeting clients and drinking with them all she does?

“I'm not touching alcohol tonight,” he replied, causing Gwendolyn to flinch ever so slightly.

The next second, he took the wine from the woman and turned to a waiter beside him.

“Clear all the wine away.”

The waiter did as instructed and hurriedly removed every bottle and glass of wine from the table.

Now that there was no alcohol in sight, Connor began to realize how differently Patrick treated Gwendolyn. At the very least, the man did regard the latter as a woman and respected her.

Without further ado, Connor got to his feet. “Let's drink some fruit juice, then!”

Chapter 695 What A Woman Wants

For the rest of the dinner, everyone enjoyed the meal in silence, and Gwendolyn would occasionally help fill Patrick's plate with food.

“This is your favorite,” she uttered as she scooped him some pot roast.

Ha. This reminds me of the past. I remember how Patrick used to make me cook for him every day. Even if my food tasted terrible, he'd still polish off every morsel. I might not have been aware of it then, but that was his way of blatantly loving me, huh?

Upon hearing that, the others turned toward Gwendolyn.

Liam, however, kept his head down, not daring to look around or talk to Gwendolyn.

When he had tried to be helpful the last time, it almost cost Patrick his life.

Therefore, he continued working tirelessly for his boss, determined to do everything he could to atone for his sins.

“Mr. Lowen, Ms. Ashton, have you two known each other before?” Connor asked.

“Not at all,” Patrick replied flatly, making sure not to eat the pot roast Gwendolyn had scooped for him.

Of course, the latter was taken aback. What? Not only did we know each other, but we also dated. He even proposed to me! Alas, I returned the engagement ring to him on the day I left... Argh! I need to

stop getting him food and watch what I say. After all, what right do I have to care for him now? This is strictly business, and I can't drag my personal feelings into it.

Just like that, the group finished the dinner amid a tense atmosphere. There was no more business discussion, nor was there any friendly chit-chat.

Even Connor, a shark in the business world, couldn't figure out what was happening.

As much as I want to salvage this business meeting, I can't seem to find my confidence with Patrick around. His authoritative aura is too strong, and anyone who wants to talk business with him would need nerves of steel. That said, Ms. Ashton seems exceedingly calm today, which is weird because meetings usually make her anxious. The more I think about it, the more I'm sure they know each other...

After dinner, Gwendolyn looked at Patrick.

“Mr. Lowen, what do you think about our partnership?”

Patrick lazily lit a cigarette and took a puff, a glint in his cold, dark eyes.

“Well, Solstice Group isn't alone in this. Many other companies want to build malls in the new area. You guys can participate in the tender three days from now and showcase your capabilities.”

“Tender?” Gwendolyn muttered before glancing at Connor.

The latter nodded firmly.

After all, the tender process was a necessary step toward clinching any projects. Previously, they could rely on connections to finalize the contract first, and no matter what happened after, they'd be guaranteed to win the tender.

Now, however, Patrick wanted the competing companies to prove their mettle.

In other words, it was more crucial than ever for them to submit the perfect tender proposal.

“Sure, Mr. Lowen,” Gwendolyn said politely.

Patrick glanced at the time before turning to the woman.

“Thank you for the hospitality, Ms. Ashton. I shall take my leave first.”

Just then, his phone rang, and he promptly answered it.

“Rosalie.”

Upon hearing the name, Gwendolyn hastily followed behind Patrick, her eyes lighting up.

Connor, too, got up and followed the others out of the private room.

“All right. I'll make my way there right now. Don't be scared,” Patrick coaxed.

Naturally, that sent Gwendolyn down a negative thought spiral. Rosalie Chavez, huh? She and Patrick were said to be childhood sweethearts, and their grandmothers are bosom friends too. On top of that,

her brother, Kevin, is also one of his best buddies. With so much in Rosalie's favor, there's a good chance of them becoming a couple. After all, Patrick has already forgotten about me and is now single and carefree. So long as Rosalie puts in a little effort, she'd win Patrick's affection in no time.

Gwendolyn gritted her teeth and quickened her pace till she caught up to Patrick.

“Mr. Lowen, what's the matter with Ms. Chavez?”

“What has that got to do with you?” Patrick snapped as he shot her a look, a hint of mockery in his voice.

As it turned out, that was the last straw for Gwendolyn, and she no longer cared about the man's thoughts or gaze.

“I'm friends with Ms. Chavez, so I'm concerned about her. Let me go with you!” she lied.

Didn't he say he was going to look for Rosalie? The best way to ensure they aren't alone is to tag along!

Chapter 696 Sabotage

Patrick scoffed. Ha! Friends? When did Gwendolyn become friends with Rosalie? Besides, I was only planning on sending Liam to Rosalie's house, but now, I shall make the trip since Gwendolyn insists on coming along.

“Okay,” he finally replied before stepping into the elevator.

With that, Gwendolyn turned to Connor. “You can head home now! I'll be going to a friend's house with Mr. Lowen.”

Connor smiled and nodded as he watched his boss enter the elevator.

Liam, too, knew better than to follow the duo. What would be the point in being around them, anyway?

Moreover, he was afraid that he might talk to Gwendolyn and admonish her. Worst of all, he might even accidentally reveal Patrick's close brush with death.

Argh! Me and my big mouth... The more I say, the likelier I am to make mistakes. It's better to leave both Mr. Lowen and Ms. Ashton be and follow behind with the bodyguards. Yes. That'd be for the best.

Patrick and Gwendolyn were the only ones left in the elevator when the latter's phone suddenly vibrated.

Gwendolyn promptly checked the WhatsApp notification, only to realize Zayden had texted her: Gwen, what time are you knocking off tonight?

As it turned out, Zayden had prepared a candlelit dinner at home and even instructed Camille to take the three children out for a movie. All he wanted was to placate Gwendolyn and turn her frown upside down!

Alas, Gwendolyn ignored the message. Hmph! I've long gotten used to Zayden's erratic behavior. Whenever he hits me, he tries to appease me after. This has happened so many times that I'm sick of it. I don't even want to think of him anymore.

With that thought in mind, she put her phone on silent mode, not wanting Zayden to disturb her further.

After all, she had more important things to do that night. She needed to cling to Patrick and keep him from being alone with Rosalie.

Patrick's driver had already parked the car outside the restaurant, so when the duo got to the ground floor, the driver quickly opened the passenger door for Patrick.

As soon as the latter entered the car, Gwendolyn ran to the opposite side and hopped into the other passenger seat.

Patrick shot a glance at her. "Ms. Ashton, who knew you were so warm-hearted?"

Oh, for goodness' sake... She doesn't even know what happened to Rosalie, yet she insists on tagging along. Furthermore, I don't think she knows Rosalie well. Why lie about being friends, then? In any case, let's see how she covers up her lie later.

Gwendolyn smoothed her hair and chuckled. "Oh, I've always been this nice toward my friends."

Thank goodness Patrick doesn't remember me. Otherwise, he'd be laughing at these lies right now.

Soon, the car pulled away from the restaurant, and Patrick whipped out a tablet to work.

Gwendolyn couldn't help but steal a glance at the man. Ah, he has lost quite a lot of weight after his bout of illness. How heart-wrenching... Must he work in the car, though? Isn't that taking things too far?

The next second, she nudged Patrick with her arm and pointed at his tablet. "Mr. Lowen, I'd like to remind you that using your tablet or phone in the car isn't good for your eyes."

It was clear that Gwendolyn was hinting at Patrick to take a rest, but unfortunately, he didn't even bother looking up at her.

“That lie may work for kids, but I'm an adult. My vision has already stabilized, so there's little chance of it worsening,” he said flatly.

For a moment, Gwendolyn was rendered speechless.

Gosh. He sounds exactly like Justin and Julian... In fact, the boys are beginning to resemble him more and more.

A look of surprise immediately flashed across the woman's face.

Wait a minute... Could they be starting to look like him because they've spent a lot of time together?

Unfortunately, Gwendolyn never toyed with the idea that Patrick might be the children's father. After all, that whole scenario seemed rather farfetched.

Silence quickly befell the car, and neither person spoke again for the rest of the journey.

When they finally arrived at Rosalie's residence, Gwendolyn was pleasantly surprised to realize it was Maple Bell Condominium, a famous apartment building in Avenport that housed the rich and famous.

Since it was her first time there, she was understandably excited. Oh, my. I wonder if I'd be lucky enough to run into some celebrities!

Rosalie lived on the twenty-fourth floor, and as soon as the elevator door opened, Gwendolyn darted out in front of Patrick.

“Which unit does she live in?”

Patrick pointed at Unit 2401, and Gwendolyn wasted no time pressing the doorbell. It didn't take long before the door opened, and Rosalie bolted out in a nightgown. Alas, just as she was about to throw herself into Patrick's arms, Gwendolyn intercepted her.

“What's the matter, Ms. Chavez?”

Chapter 697 The Reappearance Of The Ring

Rosalie did not think it was nice to show attitude after seeing how Gwendolyn was so full of smiles.

She glanced at Patrick behind her. “Pat, you should know I have a huge fear of cockroaches. I don't even dare get down now.”

In fact, she could have informed the property management or asked her housekeeper to settle a trivial matter like this.

Yet, the first person she called was Patrick. No matter how dumb Gwendolyn was, she could figure out what was going through Rosalie's mind.

Of course, Patrick understood as well.

He looked inside and said, “Don't worry. I'll handle it.”

Gwendolyn promptly interrupted, “I'll do it instead!”

With that said, she strode into the house. A grin spread across Patrick's face. Isn't she usually very timid? It seems like she mustered enough courage today, huh?

Rosalie directed her gaze inside. It was clear she was somewhat unhappy about Gwendolyn's presence.

Nonetheless, there was nothing she could do about it. Left with no choice, she could only throw daggers at the latter.

She whipped her head back and flashed a smile at Patrick. “Pat, it looks like Ms. Ashton is pretty courageous.”

Something seemingly crossed her mind, and she added, “Let's head in and have a seat! I've sobered up; we can have a drink.”

Gwendolyn was pacing around the house with a slipper in her hand when the two entered.

Seeing their appearance, she furrowed her brows and remarked, "I didn't see any."

In truth, Gwendolyn had spotted the candlelight dinner on the dining table the moment she stepped in, and she immediately understood Rosalie's intention.

Well, I'm sure Patrick is too full from all the food he had tonight. There's no way he can eat anymore, not even the tastiest candlelight dinner.

At that thought, Gwendolyn was delighted.

Luckily I piled up his plate and even gave him extra portions of pasta just now. He's now all filled up.

She turned to face the two of them. "Ms. Chavez, I've checked. I didn't spot any cockroaches around."

This place is such a high-end residential area. Besides, it's obvious her room gets clean on time every day. There's no way there are cockroaches in here.

Her hand holding onto the slipper was lifted high. Rosalie and Patrick were all gaping at the slipper in her grip.

Sensing their intense gazes, Gwendolyn quickly put down her hand and threw the slipper aside. She then shifted her gaze toward the dining table.

"Have you not eaten yet? We've already eaten and are stuffed. Am I right, Mr. Lowen?"

Patrick quirked an eyebrow. "Yeah, very stuffed indeed."

Someone fed me like how she'd feed a pig. I wouldn't have space to eat more food even if I wanted to.

Rosalie pursed her lips. What a pity. I cooked a table of Ferropenian cuisine today.

“Take a seat and get some rest, then. I'll make you guys some coffee,” she said, slightly displeased.

Just then, Gwendolyn spotted the ring hanging on Rosalie's neck. She reached out and held it in her hand to get a better look.

Immense shock and surprise filled her eyes.

Rosalie had deliberately worn it as she wanted to show it to Patrick. She did not expect Gwendolyn to seize it so tightly. She was thinking of snatching it back, but Gwendolyn refused to let go.

“Ms. Chavez, this ring is mine.”

Rosalie grew increasingly nervous. She furtively snuck a glance at Patrick. She knew the ring was very important to him.

His change in attitude toward her was all because of that ring.

She even ran an investigation and learned that Patrick had gifted a woman whom he spent a few nights with a ring six years ago. That ring was the exact one she was holding onto right then.

Gwendolyn is now insisting that this ring belongs to her. Don't tell me she knows Pat is looking for that woman too?

“How is that possible? It's mine.”

With that said, she snatched the ring back and covered it with her hand.

Gwendolyn was confident that the ring in Rosalie's possession was the same one that was stolen. She had even made a police report back then.

“Ms. Chavez, that's really mine. A thief snatched it from me at a shopping mall in Gerton about half a year ago. I even called the police. Can you please return it to me? I can pay you double the amount that you paid for it.”

With this ring, I'll be able to find the kids' biological father. Even though I can't give them a complete home, the least I can do is let them know who their father is.

Chapter 698 Someone Is In A Good Mood

Rosalie grew furious as she listened to Gwendolyn's explanation. "As I said, the ring belongs to me. It's a gift from my boyfriend. You can only blame yourself for losing your ring. Don't take what's mine as yours."

Gwendolyn was acting strangely that night. She would never have behaved in such a manner if she was her usual self.

However, she could not control herself that particular night. She did not want to see Patrick alone with Rosalie. That was why she would barge into the house so shamelessly and was not even afraid of catching cockroaches.

Little did she imagine that she would actually find her missing ring there.

Indeed, she was brusque and put others off with her lack of manners.

However, she could not control herself from acting that way.

Standing a short distance away, Patrick had been quietly watching the situation. When Gwendolyn claimed the ring belonged to her, he was secretly overjoyed.

It was because he already felt a sense of familiarity when he met her for the first time.

And now, he could finally be sure that Gwendolyn was the woman he met back then.

Gwendolyn's gaze remained fixed on Rosalie's neck. She wanted that ring back.

Anger rushed through Rosalie. "Mrs. Surrington, please ask your husband to get a similar ring for you if you like it this much. Don't snatch mine, okay?"

She then pointed at the door. "Please get out. We don't welcome you here."

Gwendolyn sighed. It's only natural that she's unhappy after what I did. After all, I ruined her plan. And now, I even want her ring. There's no way she's not angry.

Without a choice, she turned and walked toward the door. Before she left, she called out, "Mr. Lowen, I came together with you. Do you mind sending me back?"

Rosalie hastily clung to Patrick's arm. "Pat has to keep me company. Go back on your own. You can hail a cab or call your husband to fetch you home."

As she spoke, she held her head high and stared daggers at Gwendolyn. She'd better know her place! She's a married woman. How can she still try to seduce Pat?

Gwendolyn's mind was in a mess. She had lost the confidence she had earlier when she first arrived, and neither could she be bothered about Patrick anymore. All she wanted was to get the ring back.

As such, she stepped forward and strutted out. Patrick could only frigidly watch her leave.

Upon seeing Gwendolyn finally gone, Rosalie briskly walked over to close the door. As the door slammed shut, she let out a sigh of relief.

She's finally gone. What an annoying woman!

"Pat, have a seat! I've sobered up right on time. Let's have a drink."

Patrick was in a great mood at that moment as he could finally be sure that the woman from six years ago was Gwendolyn. So, those three kids are mine, yes? I've fulfilled the task Grandpa and Grandma assigned me tonight, and what's more, it's three grandchildren. I'm sure the two of them will be over the moon.

"Sure. Pour me a glass."

At the dining table, he took the glass of wine Rosalie handed him, gave it a light swirl, and took a sip.

A faint smile appeared on his handsome face. "Good wine."

In any case, he would think it tasted good, even if he was drinking vinegar.

After all, he was in a good mood.

Rosalie was delighted to hear that. "Have a few more glasses if that's the case!"

Right then, Patrick shifted his attention to the ring on her neck. "Any intention to sell this ring?" he queried.

To him, that ring was something worth commemorating.

Gwen says it was stolen. No wonder I didn't see it previously.

Rosalie shook her head repeatedly. "If you want, Pat, I can give it to you."

Patrick took another sip of the wine, looking nonchalant.

With a hand on his phone, he sent Justin a text message.

Are you and Julian free tomorrow? I'd like to meet you guys.

He decided not to play tricks like stealing hair or whatsoever again. This time, he wanted to bring the two boys to the hospital for a blood test.

Where exactly did things go wrong the other time? Until now, Patrick could not wrap his head around that.

It must be related to Kev. Something must've happened on his side.

Chapter 699 Another Candlelight Dinner

At that moment, Justin was enjoying ice cream together with his brother and sister in a shop selling cold drinks. Juliette dug in with her spoon before putting some into her mouth.

She narrowed her eyes immediately after. "Oh my, it's really cold!"

Camille reminded her, "Don't eat too much. Your mother would blame me if you fell sick."

Gwendolyn would usually forbid them from having anything cold. That evening, Zayden had gotten Camille to take the three kids out to watch the latest action movie.

After having a blast in the cinema, the children spotted the shop, causing Juliette to whine about getting ice cream.

Camille, who always doted on the children, brought them into the shop and ordered a strawberry sundae that was filled with frozen fruits and jelly.

After all, children loved that sort of thing.

When Justin felt a vibration from his smartwatch, he tapped on it and saw that it was a message from Patrick.

Wrinkling his brows slightly, he then spoke into his smartwatch.

"Tomorrow's Saturday. We don't have to go to school."

Patrick subsequently told them that he would pick them up the next afternoon.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn had stood outside Rosalie's condominium for a while. When Patrick didn't seem like he was coming out, she let out a sigh.

Despite planning to cause trouble initially, she resigned herself to defeat in the end.

Checking the time on her phone, she realized there were a ton of missed calls, all of them from Zayden.

Her lips pursed in response. It seems Zayden is getting impatient.

She then gritted her teeth and gave Rosalie's home another glance. Even though she still felt like waiting, she didn't want to embarrass herself any further.

She decided to send Patrick a message in the end: Mr. Lowen, I'm going off first. Message me when you're home so that I know you have arrived safely.

Despite sending the message, she wasn't expecting a reply from him.

Being cold and nonchalant was very much part of his character.

The only reason he was attentive to her in the past was due to his feelings for her.

But now, she bore the full brunt of his uncaring demeanor where no amount of passion from her could melt his heart.

Just as Gwendolyn was leaving the condominium, Patrick's driver called out to her.

“Ms. Ashton, Mr. Lowen asked me to send you home.”

The words caused Gwendolyn to stop in her tracks before canceling the taxi she had booked.

After the driver opened the door for her, she asked before getting in, “What about him?”

If his driver sends me home, does it mean that he's staying here?

The displeasure Gwendolyn felt was written all over her face.

Briefly stunned, the driver answered, “Mr. Lowen didn't say.”

As a driver, his job was to carry out his boss' instructions and not to question them.

Gwendolyn got into the car, knowing that she had no authority over Patrick now.

Upon returning to Zayden's mansion, she saw him sitting on the couch with his head hung low.

The sound at the door caused him to gradually look up and break into a smile.

“You're back, Gwen.”

Gwendolyn grunted in acknowledgment as she changed her shoes.

“Mmm-hmm.”

Meanwhile, Suzanne was standing behind the couch obediently. She threw Gwendolyn a glance upon her return but didn't dare make a sound.

Both of them look like they're quarreling.

In no mood to get involved, Gwendolyn began to walk upstairs when Zayden got up to stop her.

“I made dinner and was waiting for you to come home, Gwen.”

Gwendolyn glanced at her watch. “It's already nine. I've had my dinner.”

When she continued ascending the staircase, Zayden called out to her again, “Gwen, you don't have to eat, but can you at least listen to what I have to say?”

Gwendolyn was aware that he wouldn't rest until she gave him the opportunity to say his piece.

Thus, she walked toward the dining table, where she was greeted by the sight of flickering candles.

Another candlelight dinner? What's up with candlelight dinners today? When do I keep running into them?

Zayden pulled out her chair in a chivalric manner.

After Gwendolyn sat down, he took his seat opposite her and poured some wine.

When Gwendolyn turned around and didn't see Suzanne, she suggested, "Why don't you get Suzanne to join us?"

Chapter 700 Kicking Her Out

I can't believe how magnanimous I am. Faced with my husband and his mistress, I can actually get myself to share a candlelight dinner with them.

When the thought flashed across her mind, Gwendolyn couldn't help but snigger at herself.

Truth be told, she wasn't being magnanimous. Having no feelings for him was the real reason.

One would never find happiness on a marriage built on a lie.

Zayden looked outside and said, "There's no such need. A servant shouldn't be eating at the table."

From Zayden's perspective, the employer and the help should never be treated equally. As someone who grew up in a wealthy family, he was particularly strict when it came to such matters.

Gwendolyn could only smile in response. "All right, then."

It's evident both of them are arguing. She let out a sigh while hoping that Suzanne would work harder.

After pouring the glass of wine, Zayden pushed it toward her.

"Its alcohol content isn't high. Probably around what you get for sweet wine. I ordered someone to brew it just for you."

Sensing the warmth Zayden had displayed, Gwendolyn couldn't help but stare at him before commenting, "Zayden, don't you think you're being you sometimes but another person at other times?"

Feeling confused after she spoke, Gwendolyn let out a sigh at her inability to describe the situation accurately.

"Do you have a twin?"

Zayden's grip on the wineglass tightened. He was well aware that he was sick. If he failed to defeat his other self, his current self would disappear for eternity.

However, he wasn't prepared to share the fact with anyone.

"No. Sometimes my temper just gets the better of me. I hope you'll forgive me for it."

He then raised his glass. "I might have lost my composure due to what happened with my eyes previously. Gwen, I would like to apologize to you for all the hurt that I've caused you. I'm sorry!"

Gwendolyn placed the glass on her lips. I have lost count of the times he has apologized. Before I knew it, he would revert to his old ways again. Should I really forgive him?

Unable to let the matter slide, Gwendolyn simply raised the glass and took a sip.

"Zayden, I'm tired. I want to go upstairs and rest now."

As she got up and left, Zayden could only watch her silhouette with a dejected look in his eyes.

That guy must have done something to utterly disappoint her. Otherwise, the Gwendolyn of old would always be soft-hearted enough to forgive me at my request.

At that moment, Suzanne walked into the dining hall. "Mr. Surrington."

She stared blankly at him with her lips pursed.

The look on her face caused Zayden's expression to darken.

“What is it?”

“Mr. Surrington, I don't know what I did wrong. Can you not give me the cold shoulder, please?”

The moment she finished, she ran up to him from behind and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Please don't ignore me, all right?” she repeated in between her sobs.

This time, Zayden could sense, without a single doubt, that she and his other self had been together, causing her to fall deeply in love with him.

This is crazy. He pried her hands away.

“Suzanne, can you not do this going forward? I'm married, for goodness sake. What both of you are doing is wrong.”

Suzanne's tears gushed out uncontrollably. “Mr. Surrington, I have no idea what you're talking about. All I know is that I like you coming into my room and doing all those things to me. I like how you smile at me and call me 'Babe'!”

The more Zayden heard about it, the worse it felt to him. The realization triggered a darkening of his face.

“Stop saying that. This is wrong. You will leave here tomorrow!”

The words caused Suzanne to burst into tears.

“Mr. Surrington, please don't ask me to leave. I don't know how I'll survive if I'm forced to go.”

Zayden let out a sigh. He knew that it was just a matter of time before the matter blew up if she were to continue staying there.

I can't believe how brazen that guy is. Once Gwen finds out, she'll hate me for life.

Zayden knew that he couldn't win Gwendolyn's heart now. Hence, he was biding his time for the time being.

If that guy messes up my plan, I'll never be able to get Gwendolyn to have a change of heart.

“I'll arrange for you to stay in a condominium. With your accommodation secured, all you need is to get a job.”