

CEO Daddy 701

Chapter 701 Another Paternity Test

The harder Suzanne cried, the more broken-hearted she became. "I don't want to leave, Mr. Surrington."

"You have to. It's not up for discussion."

With that, Zayden got up and headed upstairs.

At that moment, Camille returned with the three children and could hear someone crying inside.

Juliette's eyes widened as she exclaimed, "Someone's crying. Is it Mommy?"

When the group began looking around, they found Suzanne crying her eyes out in the dining room.

Juliette ran up to her and asked, "Ms. Drache, why are you crying? Did you not get to eat the drumstick just now? I'll get Ms. Ziegler to make it for you. From now on, I won't fight you for it, so don't cry anymore, all right?"

The words caused Camille's heart to tighten.

She could see how well the children treated Suzanne but also recognized that all wasn't what it seemed with the latter.

She endeavors to become the lady of the house. What will happen to Gwendolyn, then?

Hence, she gave Justin and Julian a tug. "Take your sister upstairs."

Sensing the reason for Camille's apprehension, Justin and Julian came forward and did as they were told.

Camille proceeded to clear the table and remarked, "Suzanne, there are certain actions that are just plain wrong. As a person, one has to have some principles. Gwen treats you like her sister, yet you attempt to steal her husband."

Suzanne's eyes lit up as soon as she heard Camille's words.

"Steal her husband?" Since when am I stealing Gwendolyn's husband?

Does she not know what I mean?

While walking into the kitchen, Camille added, "What you're doing with Mr. Surrington is wrong. He can only do something like that with his wife, Gwen. By doing the same thing, it shows that you want to marry him."

The girl seems clueless about the gravity of the situation.

Suzanne blinked as she stood behind Camille.

"What I'm doing with Mr. Surrington can only be done between him and his wife?"

As if she had begun to understand, Suzanne pursed her lips and stopped crying.

Meanwhile, Camille put the dishes into the sink and continued, "That's right. Your actions are tantamount to stealing someone else's husband. Doing so is against the law."

Suzanne took a deep breath before replying, "I won't do it anymore." She then turned and left the kitchen.

Watching her dejected silhouette, Camille figured that Suzanne's ignorance stemmed from the fact that she didn't have a mother to teach her.

I sure hope she knows what's right and what's wrong going forward.

The next afternoon, Patrick arrived at Zayden's mansion and parked his car at the entrance.

When he gave Justin a call, the latter answered right away.

“Mr. Lowen.”

“I'm right outside. You can come out now.”

Within a short while, Justin emerged with his younger siblings. The driver subsequently opened the door for them.

Patrick had ordered his driver to take the MPV that day.

Upon entering the vehicle, the children greeted, “Mr. Lowen.”

Juliette took the seat beside him. She wore a white princess dress and looked adorable with two ponytails tied by the side of her ears.

“It's been a long time since we saw you, Mr. Lowen.”

She gave his arm a hug and nuzzled her face against it like a puppy.

The icy look on Patrick's face was seemingly melted by the warmth her gesture brought him.

Just thinking that they were his children intensified the wonderful sensation he felt.

He gently gave her hair a tousle. “We'll be seeing each other every day going forward.”

Juliette responded with a sweet smile.

Meanwhile, Justin and Julian, who were seated at the back, exchanged glances. The underlying meaning of Patrick's words wasn't lost upon them.

Julian asked, “Mr. Lowen, where are you taking us today?”

Gwendolyn and Camille had no idea they were going out with Patrick, as they had told her that they were going over to a classmate's house to play.

Given Patrick and Gwendolyn's current relationship, their mother would definitely forbid them from going if she knew. Camille, in particular, would be even more vehement in her protests.

She would always remind them to greet Zayden as “Daddy” and treat him like their own father.

Nonetheless, the children were well aware that Patrick was their real father.

Chapter 702 No One Can Touch His Woman And Children

Cognizant of how smart the boys were, Patrick knew they could immediately guess what he was up to the moment he mentioned the hospital.

Hence, he simply broke into a smile. “I'm taking you to the hospital for a paternity test. However, you can't tell your mommy, all right? This is a secret between the four of us.”

Juliette pondered upon his words. “Not tell Mommy? That doesn't seem right.”

She was an obedient girl and was incapable of hiding anything from her mother.

As Patrick held her chubby face, he noticed how good it felt in his hands.

“I'll build a castle for you if you agree. You'll then be able to live the life of a princess. How about that?”

An affectionate glint flashed across his eyes, for Juliette was always his favorite.

Now that he knew she was his own daughter, the affection he felt toward her increased manifold.

It was every little girl's dream to become a princess, especially those who grew up playing with Barbie dolls and watching fairytale cartoons.

Juliette was no exception. Having her own castle was a temptation too great to resist.

Hence, she nodded repeatedly. "Okay! Okay! I won't tell her, but you must build a castle for me."

"Pinkie promise."

Patrick locked pinkies with her to seal the deal.

Meanwhile, Liam, who was seated in the front passenger seat, couldn't help but hold his forehead. Since when did Mr. Lowen become so childish?

The current developments weren't lost upon Justin and Julian, for they were smarter than their mother.

He probably knows our identity already. Are we going to have a daddy soon? The thought triggered vibrant smiles on both their faces.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Kevin was already waiting for Patrick in his office.

His eyes widened when he saw the latter stride in with Juliette in his arm.

He has brought a live specimen this time. Unable to contain his laughter, Kevin pointed at Patrick.

"Why do you just refuse to give up?"

Patrick took a seat and placed Juliette on his lap. She looked extremely cute while eating a lollipop.

Watching her brought a smile to his face. Only then did he reply, "Let's just get the test done first."

After pressing a button on his desk, a nurse in uniform walked into the office. Given how young and pretty she was, one could immediately tell that she was Kevin's assistant.

"Mr. Chavez."

She nodded at Kevin and awaited his instructions.

“Draw blood from one of them.”

The young children must be terrified at the prospect of giving blood. Let's see how Pat deals with this.

Just as he was waiting for a drama to unfold, Justin stood up abruptly.

“Take mine.”

He was calm and showed no fear at all. He clearly didn't look like he would burst into tears anytime soon.

When Kevin took a closer look at Justin, the latter's unmistakable resemblance to Patrick utterly struck him.

The similarity didn't just stop at physical appearances but extended to their characters too.

All of sudden, he had no doubt that Patrick's suspicions were spot on, and something must have gone wrong the last time.

Thereafter, Justin sat on the armchair and allowed the nurse to take his blood.

He didn't cry or make a fuss. Instead, he was so calm that there was nary a reaction on his face.

In the meantime, Julian simply looked on. In truth, they had received the DNA report a long time ago. Back then, they had hired someone to conduct the test in the hospital.

To him, Justin was doing it just to reassure Patrick.

However, their suppositions were wrong. The real reason Patrick was doing it was so that he could use the report to change his grandparents' minds and also that of Gwendolyn and Zayden.

He wasn't going to let anyone care for his woman and children.

Once the blood was taken, Patrick pressed on the swab personally before Kevin left the office with the nurse. He had wanted to supervise the entire process to ensure that there were no mistakes this time.

Meanwhile, Juliette slipped down from Patrick's lap and ran up to Justin's side with her lips puckered.

“Justin, does it hurt? Let me blow it for you.”

The sight of the three siblings filled Patrick with a sense of warmth and brought a fatherly look to his face.

Chapter 703 Intentional

Suddenly, Justin's smartwatch rang.

Upon accepting the call, he heard Gwendolyn's voice. “Where are you, Justin?”

Justin glanced at Patrick. “I'm at a classmate's house with Julian and Juliette.”

“I see. I'm heading off work now. Give me the address, and I'll come pick you up.”

Justin's expression shifted slightly. There's no way I can tell her that! “Our classmate lives in the same residential area, Mommy. We'll return home now. You don't need to pick us up.”

“Sure! I'll pick you three up at home, and bring you to Melanie's place.”

After hanging up the call, Justin rose to his feet. “We're heading home now, Mr. Lowen.”

Then, he grabbed Juliette's hand and turned to Julian. “Come, let's go home.”

It doesn't seem like he wants me to send them back. Patrick stared at Justin. He's quite aloof, acting as though he can handle anything by himself. I quite like this brat's personality.

He rose and gazed at the children. "I'll send you back home."

In response, Julian asked, "What about the report?" Doesn't he want it? Once he reads it, he'll know we're his children, and we'll finally have a daddy, which is great!

Every child had a heroic image of their father in their mind, and Patrick lived up to the kids' expectations. Hence, they would be delighted if he became their parent.

Patrick grinned. "Kev will send me the information. No need to worry."

They seem to be panicking about it. The edges of his lips curved upward. Good.

Justin glanced at Julian as though reprimanding his brother for failing to keep calm and allowing Patrick to sense something was amiss.

In response, Julian lowered his head and pursed his lips.

After Patrick sent the children back to Zayden's mansion, he watched them enter the building.

Then, he called Lucas, who answered the phone speedily. "What's the matter, Pat?"

Expressionlessly, Patrick stared out the car window and spoke in a magnetic voice. "I'm free today."

Lucas couldn't help but laugh. "Do you want to meet up and have a drink with me?"

Leaning into his seat, Patrick replied, "I want to eat some home-cooked food. Do you have any restaurant recommendations?"

At that moment, Lucas was working hard at Lucy's house, tilling the soil without his shirt. It was because she commanded him to plant vegetables in her garden. "Lucy's pretty good at cooking. I guarantee you'll leave here satisfied."

“All right, then.”

Then, Lucas tossed his phone to Lucy, who was watching him from the side with an umbrella. He wiped the sweat from his forehead away before glancing at the sun.

As sweltering as the weather was, he was a soldier. Hence, he could withstand the heat.

Holding the phone, Lucy asked, “Who's coming?”

“Pat,” answered Lucas while continuing to dig. “He says he wants to eat home-cooked food, so I invited him here.”

A dark look flashed past Lucy's eyes. What a coincidence. Earlier, Gwen called me, telling me that she'll be leaving work early and bringing her children here to let them play with Melanie. She also said there's something she wants to talk to me about.

Lucy and Gwendolyn were best friends, so whenever they had free time, they would spend it chatting together.

Since Lucas invited Patrick without asking me about it beforehand, dinner's going to be awkward when Gwen meets Patrick here.

Frowning, Lucy glared at Lucas. “Preparing dinner is tiring as is, yet you invited more guests to join us. I'm worried the quality of my dishes will be subpar, and Mr. Lowen won't be able to stomach it.”

The man smiled upon hearing that. “He won't. He's not that kind of person.” If he doesn't like the food, he'll merely refrain from eating it. He won't say he dislikes it. That much I'm confident about.

Furious, Lucy didn't want to keep him company anymore and returned to the house.

Seeing that, Lucas tossed his hoe aside.

Lucy reappeared on the second floor. “Continue the tilling. I want my vegetables planted today.”

Chapter 704 Banter

When Lucas raised his head, she had already gone back into the building.

Smiling, he replied, "Okay!"

He wouldn't break his promise to her.

After a while, Patrick drove to Lucy's courtyard and parked his car at the dedicated parking space.

Suddenly, his phone vibrated. It was because Kevin had sent him a picture.

Patrick tapped on the picture, revealing the test result. Then, he received an audio message from Kevin.

After learning the result, he listened to Kevin's audio message. "Pat, the kids are yours. You were right. Someone must've tampered with the previous test."

The edges of Patrick's lips curved upward.

It was then Gwendolyn's car arrived next to his.

He left his vehicle and saw Gwendolyn wearing a pair of jeans and a white tank top.

It was his first time seeing her wear that, yet she exuded a feminine vibe. Her clothes, though simple, could not conceal her mature figure.

The boys left the automobile before Justin helped his sister out.

When Juliette leaped out of the car, she exclaimed, "Melanie..."

A moment later, she spotted Patrick and darted toward him. "Are you here to play at Ms. Lucy's place, too? What a coincidence!"

She didn't expect to meet him again so soon after their encounter at noon.

The reason she liked him was that he was handsome, and her classmates thought he was her father.

Staring at her innocent and adorable countenance, Patrick grinned warmly. To think I have three children, and that all of them had grown up.

He couldn't help but peer at Gwendolyn with a profound look. Despite her petite body, she gave birth to three children for me.

The woman detected his gaze. I didn't expect he'd show up here.

Meanwhile, the boys glanced at their father and were certain he had learned everything he needed to know.

Although, they wouldn't point it out proactively.

Then, Melanie and Lucy welcomed their guests. The girl was wearing a white dress, which was beautiful and cute.

She approached the triplets while wearing a bright smile on her face. "You're finally here, Justin, Julian, Juliette! I missed you three so much!"

Despite Melanie still being thin after her recovery, she appeared to be in better spirits, like a child should be.

Lucy hugged Gwendolyn and whispered, "Lucas invited him, not me. How annoying."

Gwendolyn didn't share the same sentiment as her friend. In fact, she thought she was lucky to encounter Patrick there.

After all, it was typically challenging for her to meet him, so she was happy to be able to see him.

Smiling, Gwendolyn asked, "Where's Mr. Gomez?"

Lucy pointed at a spot not far from them. "He's planting vegetables for me over there. Until he finishes his task, he's not getting any food."

Holding the hoe with bare arms, Lucas grinned. "Over here, Pat."

He waved at Patrick. In response, Patrick lifted his eyebrow and approached him with a calm expression.

After the children went into the building, Gwendolyn couldn't resist the urge to look at Patrick.

Lucy, upon discerning her friend's intention, said, "Let's see if Lucas has finished his work."

And so, the three adults sauntered toward the garden.

"Why did you turn the beautiful flower garden into a vegetable garden? What a waste," Gwendolyn teased.

In response, Lucy lifted her eyebrow. "Beauty is useless. If I grow my own vegetables, I can eat healthier. Besides, I can make Lucas suffer a little by doing this." Maybe the thought of doing more labor work for me will dissuade him from visiting me often.

It was then Patrick smiled. "Lucas, I also have a plot of empty land. How about helping me with some farming there?"

Chapter 705 Taking Care Of Patrick

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn burst into laughter and leaned on Lucy's shoulder, nearly toppling over. I didn't realize Patrick was this humorous before. Even though Lucas is exhausted from tilling the soil, he's not spared from being humiliated by his friend.

Lucy cackled, too.

The men at the side gazed deeply at the woman they loved.

Bathed in sunlight, the women looked stunning as they laughed together, creating a dazzling sight.

Meanwhile, Justin and Julian observed the scene from the second-floor balcony.

“Do you think he knows we're his children, Justin?” the latter questioned. It's been a few hours. He should know by now.

Justin narrowed his eyes at their father. “He definitely knows. Why else would he have shown up here? I bet he overheard our phone call with Mommy.”

“Will he acknowledge us as his children?” Julian asked, his voice tinged with uncertainty.

Even Justin found his usual confidence waning. “I don't know.”

Their father had been absent from their lives since birth, and Patrick was a tough guy to figure out. Hence, they couldn't guess what he was thinking.

Once Gwendolyn married Zayden, the children could perceive from the expressions in the adults' eyes that a romantic relationship with Patrick was out of the question.

As a result, Justin remained unsure if Patrick would acknowledge them as his children.

Sighing, Julian remarked, “I quite like him.”

It was then Melanie and Juliette approached them.

Upon hearing Julian's words, Juliette giggled. “I like him, too.”

Melanie pointed at Lucas. “I like him. He's handsome, and he buys me lollipops.”

After the women's laughter subsided downstairs, Lucas finished planting the vegetables.

He then approached Lucy, his aura carrying a masculine charm. "I've completed the mission, Honey."

When he attempted to kiss her, however, she quickly shrank away.

"You stink. Go take a shower."

Lucas pulled her close, preventing her from running away as he uttered, "Join me in the shower. Otherwise, I'll be stinky for the whole day."

Unable to deal with him, Lucy slapped his hand away. "Stop messing around. I have to keep our guests company."

Patrick chimed in at the right moment, saying, "No worries. I'll keep Ms. Ashton company."

Lucy had feared Gwendolyn's meeting with Patrick would be a disaster, but it seemed that she was merely overthinking. Since Mr. Lowen has spoken, I suppose I should give them space.

Despite being sweaty, Lucas hugged Lucy, causing her to glower at him with disdain.

"I'll count on you to tend to Mr. Lowen, Gwen. You're familiar with my house, anyway. I'll be back soon," Lucy said, as Lucas pulled her into the building.

Gwendolyn looked at Patrick and suggested, "Considering the heat outside, Mr. Lowen, why don't we go indoors?"

Patrick stood up from the chair beneath the parasol and approached her with a cold expression. "Mm."

Then, he sauntered into the building without saying another word.

A sigh escaped Gwendolyn's lips when she saw this. While I've been forcing myself to accept the reality of things, it still hurts whenever I face him, especially when he treats me coldly. It pains me so, so much.

Pursing her lips, she followed him.

Patrick plopped down on the couch in the living room just as Gwendolyn arrived beside him. “What would you like to drink, Mr. Lowen?” she asked politely.

“What are my options?” Patrick inquired, feeling a craving for a cold beverage due to the heat outside.

Gwendolyn had no idea. “I’ll go and check.”

“I’d prefer something cold.”

After scanning the fridge, she poured kiwi juice into two nice-looking cups and cut some fruits to accompany the refreshing drink.

Chapter 706 Threaten Him

Staring at the cup and fruit, Patrick could tell she deliberately made them look appetizing.

Once the juice was served to him, he took a sip, finding the cold, refreshing beverage to quench his thirst.

Gwendolyn sipped her juice with a straw, her eyes blinking blankly.

At that moment, her mind was a blank canvas.

Like a little girl, she drank the juice without a care or thought in her mind.

Patrick grinned as he observed her dazed expression. “You’re remarkable, Ms. Ashton. Despite your age, you’re already the CEO of Solstice Group,” he commented.

I’ve had people investigate the founder of Solstice Group before, but they didn’t find anything. Could it be that she’s the founder? Considering what I know about her, it seems unlikely. Yet, she has been keeping secrets from me, like the fact that she was the eldest daughter of the Ashton family. When his train of thought ended there, he scowled with rage.

Still lost in her daze, Gwendolyn replied lazily, “Compared to you, Mr. Lowen, I'm nothing.”

In reality, Gwendolyn didn't view herself as remarkable. Solstice Group was gifted to her by Sophia, while the land, hotel, and mall in the eastern district were given to her by Patrick.

Sighing, she thought, I doubt he remembers or cares about it now, though. It seems that everything I have is bestowed on me by someone else. Without aid, I would've had a difficult time raising the children.

Patrick narrowed his eyes at her. She's gotten smart. I can't get anything out of her. Nevertheless, I think I should stop here instead of asking more questions.

He reclined on the couch and pretended to rest with his eyes closed, though he was actually sneaking glances at her.

For some reason, a fuzzy feeling swims in my heart whenever I see her or hear her name. Perhaps it's because we had sex before and have three children together.

“I bet your marriage with Mr. Surrington has been lovely,” Patrick commented, fully aware that Gwendolyn hadn't slept with Zayden and still had feelings for him. Despite knowing this, he couldn't help but feel livid about her marrying Zayden. If she wants to overcome this emotional hurdle of mine, she needs to do better.

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn was jolted back to her senses, and she peered at him. Patrick detected a look of sorrow in her eyes.

“We're fine,” Gwendolyn replied before averting her gaze. “I think I forgot to put the fruit knife back,” she said, trying to change the subject.

She then fled to the kitchen as Patrick watched her depart with amusement.

From their hiding spot behind the railings on the second floor, the children started to speak.

Melanie, holding a yellow dog doll, wondered, “Why are we peeking at them from here? I want fruits too.”

Juliette placed a finger on her friend's lips, whispering, “We want to see if he'll be our daddy, Melanie. Stay quiet. Let's not disturb them and let them continue talking.”

Confused, Melanie blinked. “Don't you already have a daddy?” she asked, referring to Zayden.

Julian patted her head. “Juliette likes him more.”

In truth, the triplets favored their biological father, and while they appreciated Zayden's kindness, they secretly wished for their parents to reconcile.

Melanie simply nodded upon hearing that.

With a gentle touch, Justin removed Juliette's hand from Melanie's mouth. “You two wait for me in the room. We'll bring you some fruits.”

Melanie and Juliette nodded before scampering toward Melanie's room.

Justin exchanged a knowing glance with Julian, who immediately understood what his brother meant.

They took the elevator downstairs and went to Patrick's side.

The boys stared at him with cold eyes, and Julian questioned, “You already know we're your children, don't you? If you want to acknowledge us as your children, you must marry Mommy.”

Chapter 707 Principles

The edges of Patrick's lips curved upward. As expected, the boys couldn't wait. Still, I like chatting with smart people.

He picked up a slice of apple with a fork and ate it. “She's a married woman, though.”

It was as though he was blaming them for disapproving of his marriage with Gwendolyn in the past, as if it was too late to discuss it now.

Justin gazed at his father with icy and fearless eyes. “So what? She can still divorce him.”

Besides, Mommy doesn't even like Mr. Zayden. She stopped smiling ever since she married him.

That was what Patrick had been waiting for. “You're right, but will you two help me?” he asked, knowing he would need their assistance if he wanted to win Gwendolyn back.

“Of course,” said Julian.

With a smile, Patrick affectionately patted his sons' cheeks and asked, “Can you assure me that you'll support and cooperate with me, no matter the decisions I make in the future?”

The boys were unable to discern Patrick's thoughts.

Nevertheless, Julian nodded right away. “Okay!”

“But if Mommy's not happy, then we won't cooperate with you,” said Justin after giving it some thought.

The older boy was too smart to be tricked.

“Nevertheless, there are times when she needs to reflect on things. Otherwise, it will be challenging for this to work. Do you understand?” Patrick replied.

A shadowy expression briefly crossed Justin's eyes, but he took his father's words seriously and contemplated them deeply.

In the end, he questioned, “Fine. Do you love her, then?”

That was the only thing the boys wished to confirm.

Patrick nodded. "Of course. Otherwise, you three wouldn't have been born."

Due to the effects of the drug, Patrick wasn't fully conscious at that time, but he could vividly remember being infatuated with Gwendolyn. When they crossed paths again years later, he had developed a profound affection for her.

The boys shared meaningful glances, and then Julian lifted the fruit platter, saying, "Do your best!"

Subsequently, they carried the fruit platter, which Gwendolyn had prepared for Patrick, away with them.

As Patrick desired to eat the fruits, he furrowed his brow. When did those two realize I was their father? I feel like they despise me. Why else would they not bring that up or change the way they address me?

Those two ruthless brats remind me of myself, he thought introspectively.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn continued to pretend to be busy in the kitchen, but her mind was elsewhere.

She couldn't find anything to do, and absentmindedly, she kept placing the fruit knife back into the knife rack, only to pull it out again repeatedly.

After repeating this series of motions several times, she finally snapped back to her senses. What are you doing, Gwendolyn? Patrick was only asking you about your relationship with Zayden. What are you so afraid of?

With gritted teeth, she left the kitchen, clutching a few ice cubes in her hand.

"The drink will taste better with some ice," she said with a warm smile.

As she finished her sentence, she dropped some ice cubes into Patrick's cup, and then she did the same for herself. Abruptly, Patrick gripped the back of her hand.

Gwendolyn's heart tightened, and she began quivering uncontrollably.

“Women should consume less ice,” he answered plainly.

During her periods, Gwendolyn would often experience stomach aches. Occasionally, the pain was so intense that she would become pale, yet she would repeatedly forget her lesson. Her fondness for cold food and drinks was something she couldn't resist, even though they seemed to worsen her discomfort.

Gwendolyn's eyes widened, and her cheeks turned slightly red as she stared at him. What's going on with me? Why am I blushing like a little girl when he touches me? And there's this special feeling that only happens when I'm with him.

Patrick withdrew his hand, observing her bashful countenance. However, his expression darkened as it reminded him of how she acted in bed.

Aware of her marital status, Patrick refrained from acting impulsively, not wanting to cause any offense or discomfort. He exercised self-control and decided to keep his distance until she divorced Zayden.

Chapter 708 Help Me

Gwendolyn felt a twinge of disappointment when Patrick withdrew his warm hand from hers. However, in the next moment, she quickly reminded herself that she mustn't engage in intimate behavior with him, considering her current marital situation.

Then, she forced a smile. “I won't add any ice to my drink then.”

After placing the ice cube and tongs back into the glass bowl, she took a sip of her juice, trying to suppress her desires.

She knew she had to control herself; otherwise, she might act impulsively and pounce on him.

Suddenly, her eyes widened. “Where are the fruits?”

Patrick answered plainly, “You son took it away.”

As he said that, he grinned faintly, feeling a sense of connection with them. She's the mommy, and I'm the daddy, he mused, solidifying his role in their lives.

Gwendolyn glanced upstairs before suggesting, "I'll cut some more fruits for you."

"No need. Just have a seat and rest," said Patrick.

Gwendolyn nodded, and the two of them sat silently in the living room. She sipped her juice while he gazed at her with a profound expression on his face.

Meanwhile, Lucas led Lucy into the bathroom in the master bedroom on the second floor.

He pressed her against the frigid wall, kissing her and tearing her clothes away under the shower.

Lucy's legs were weakening as she struggled to breathe, and she pushed him away. "Stop, Lucas. Stop it now," she pleaded.

Gazing at her with reddened eyes, Lucas pressed his palm on the wall. His member was hurting so much that he didn't want to stop.

As a result, he kissed her once more. Her shirt was soaked, and her wet hair clung to her cheeks in a captivating manner.

I don't understand how she's still so stunning, even as a mother of one. She's the epitome of sexy. Every time I see her, I can't control myself and have this urge to be intimate with her.

Lucy hurriedly pulled her shirt up. If she didn't, she likely wouldn't be able to escape the man. He'll truly pounce at every opportunity to have sex!

Beaming impishly, Lucas playfully licked her face. "What's the matter? Do I look like I can control myself right now?"

Lucy pushed her hair behind her ear and then forcefully shoved him backward by a few steps. By that point, both of them were completely soaked.

As stunning as he was without his shirt, Lucy was a levelheaded woman.

She remained unflappable, though her gaze slowly shifted downward.

“I know you can't hold back, but we have guests over.”

Upon ending her sentence, Lucy turned on her heel, about to leave. However, the man enveloped her in a hug from behind and bit her neck.

Lucy widened her eyes and growled, “Lucas.”

What a jerk! I can feel his thing pressing against me, and he's even leaving a hickey on me! Does he have to suck on it so hard?

When Lucas released her, he chuckled. “Help me, Honey! Otherwise, I'll be in a lot of agony.”

Lucy lowered her gaze. “You... No, not right now. Tonight.” I hope that'll get him off of me.

Unfortunately for her, Lucas raised his hands and groped her breasts.

Then, he whispered, “I can't hold back anymore, Babe. Help me...”

A second later, he grabbed Lucy's hand and moved it toward his crotch.

He panted in a deep, hoarse voice, exhaling his hot breath on her ear.

Livid, Lucy squeezed, hoping to shake him off with pain.

Sadly, it only made him more excited. With a starry look in his eyes, he kissed her passionately. It's like this woman has magic. Whenever I'm close to her, I don't want to leave her.

Lucy was out of breath. Her legs turned to jelly before she slowly slid downward.

Chapter 709 Take The Initiative

With a mischievous grin, Lucas caressed her lips.

Half an hour later, Lucy emerged from the bathroom. She touched the edge of her lips, feeling a slight pain in the area. I think he caused a slight tear. He's too big!

Immediately, she blushed and wrapped her bathrobe tightly around her, ensuring her modesty, before proceeding to change inside the walk-in closet.

Because of the hickeys, she had to wear a shirt with higher collars to conceal the marks on her neck.

As she checked herself out in the mirror, she noticed that her complexion had become rosier and more attractive. It's strange. I'm looking better and getting plumper since I started dating Lucas six months ago.

Taking a deep breath, she interrupted her train of thought and made her way downstairs.

Halfway down the stairs, Lucy noticed the cold, silent atmosphere in the living room.

She touched her cheek, ensuring it was no longer flushed, before continuing her journey.

“Would you like to watch some television, Gwen, Mr. Lowen?” she offered, trying to break the tense silence in the room.

Why are they just sitting there? Aren't they bored? Lucy turned on the television, and coincidentally, it was playing a kissing scene. Gwendolyn's eyes widened slightly at the sight before she lowered her head. She felt a twinge of guilt because she secretly desired to share such moments with Patrick.

On the other hand, Patrick was thoroughly enjoying the show, occasionally glancing at Gwendolyn with a smile.

Lucy tried to switch the channel, but the remote control wasn't working properly. She had to hold down the button for an extended duration before the channel eventually changed.

“This reality show is pretty entertaining,” she commented stiffly.

She, too, had a faint blush on her face.

Suddenly, Gwendolyn got to her feet. "Let's go check on the kids, Luce."

Without any delay, she quickly grabbed her friend's hand and left the living room. By the time Patrick looked in their direction, they had disappeared upstairs.

At the same time, Lucas stood at the top of the staircase, exuding a joyful demeanor and dressed casually.

He observed the women ascending the stairs and then directed his intense gaze toward Lucy.

Upon seeing his grin, Lucy was reminded of what happened in the bathroom, causing her to avert her gaze.

"Gwen!" Lucas greeted with a smile.

Gwendolyn shot a brief glance at him and said, "Go and keep your friend company, Mr. Gomez."

She was not fond of Lucas, as he frequently bullied Lucy. As a result, Gwendolyn had always maintained a cold and indifferent attitude toward him.

Lucas grinned, but Lucy shot him a stern look, indicating that he should refrain from speaking out of turn.

The women then proceeded to the greenhouse on the third floor, while Lucas made his way to Patrick.

Patrick was seated on the couch, maintaining a posture as straight as a soldier.

The men had the reality show on, but they weren't paying much attention to it.

Without warning, Lucas remarked, "Gwendolyn looks quite refreshing in her outfit today."

Patrick's expression shifted slightly as he narrowed his eyes at Lucas. "Wasn't earlier enough for you?"

He knew what the couple did after they went upstairs, and the satisfied look on Lucas' face said as much.

Lucas chuckled while holding his chin. "Relax, I wasn't ogling at Gwendolyn. I wouldn't dare to."

In response, Patrick turned away, took out two cigarettes, and tossed one to his friend. As he smoked, he couldn't help but feel grumpy about his predicament. I can't believe I'm envious of him. He can kiss and f*ck his woman whenever he wants to, but I don't have that privilege.

The look in his eyes grew darker.

Perplexed, Lucas commented, "I heard you lost your memory and forgot who Gwendolyn is, but that doesn't seem to be the case."

"You'll break her heart like this, you know," he reminded, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

Patrick flicked his cigarette into the ashtray with a dismissive gesture. "Hmph! Break her heart, you say. Are you implying that she doesn't deserve it?"

Lucas smiled. "You're such a naughty boy, Pat. You want her to take the initiative?"

Chapter 710 Important

Gwendolyn and Lucy made their way to the rooftop, where they found a white couch on the balcony. They both sat down and gazed up at the sky.

It was a beautiful sunny day, and the clouds looked magnificent.

"What a wonderful sight." Lucy sighed. I wish I was a bird flying freely in the air.

A dazed look dominated Gwendolyn's eyes.

Observing this, Lucy leaned on Gwendolyn's shoulder and asked, "Don't you have something you want to talk to me about, Gwen?"

At that moment, Lucy appeared more feminine, a contrast to her usual tomboy demeanor.

Gwendolyn was brought back to her senses. Meeting her friend's eyes, she let out a sigh and confided, "I'm in a pickle, Luce. What do you think I should do?"

Back then, even when I was in the pit of despair, I still knew what my next step was. I wanted to live, to bring my children into the world, and to raise them. Now, it feels like I'm in a fog, clueless about where my next path lies.

As Lucy held onto Gwendolyn's waist, she could feel her friend's skinnier frame. However, she noticed that Patrick was even thinner due to being in a coma for over three months.

These two... I no longer know how to describe them.

"I think you should either divorce Zayden or cut ties with Patrick. Since he doesn't remember you, it's best to let go of him. Otherwise, you'll be cheating, which isn't good because you'll also be breaking the

law," Lucy advised.

Having been cheated on in her previous marriage, she understood how awful that felt.

Gwendolyn was well aware of that, which was why she had been keeping her distance from Patrick and only had the nerve to peek at him from afar.

She nodded wordlessly and then gazed at the sky once more, lost in her thoughts.

A few moments later, she turned to her friend. "What about you, Luce? Do you have any plans, or do you intend to continue staying with Lucas like this?"

It seemed that Lucas was her sugar daddy. He owned the house, hired the housekeepers, and covered Lucy and her daughter's daily expenses.

Lucy fell into deep thought. I can't keep relying on Lucas like this, but I can't ditch him either. He promised to leave me once our contract expires, but it's been expired for a long time. I can't believe I gave him a bl*wjob inside the bathroom earlier...

Slowly, her cheeks reddened. We've done too many intimate things that I can't face this issue properly.

“Our relationship's on the verge of ending. No need to worry about me. I know a divorced woman like me could never marry into the Gomez family, so I didn't let myself fall for him. There's no way I'm going to let myself be hurt again.” Lucy smiled and changed the subject.

“Let's talk about something else, something happier,” she suggested.

The housekeepers delivered them red wine, snacks, and a fruit platter.

Upon spotting the housekeepers, Gwendolyn subtly widened her eyes. “There are housekeepers during the day as well?” she asked in surprise. I thought there weren't any when I was dealing with

Patrick earlier. Now I feel like it was unnecessary for me to tend to him.

Lucy poured wine into two glasses. “Since the men are here, they can help look after our children. Let's have a drink,” she proposed.

After Lucy pushed a glass toward her, Gwendolyn picked it up, approached the railing, and gazed into the distance.

The mansion was an independent, old building, making it quite costly.

The surrounding structures had an antique style since the area used to be Avenport's Old District. The city council decided against renovating the area to preserve its original charm.

Suddenly, Gwendolyn felt as though she had traveled back in time by a century.

Sipping her wine, she inquired, "Did Lucas buy this house for you?"

Lucy shook her head as she approached her friend. "He inherited it from his grandmother. This place means a lot to him, so there's no way he'd gift it to me," she explained.

Gwendolyn narrowed her eyes and asked, "Since he allows you two to stay here, doesn't that mean you two are rather important to him?"