

## **CEO Daddy 711**

### Chapter 711 Why So Happy

Gwendolyn's question caught Lucy off guard, and she fell into deep thought, as it was something she had never considered before.

Seconds later, she denied it. "Impossible. He knows the gap between our statuses. There's no future for us together," Lucy asserted.

Gwendolyn hugged her. Our fates are so similar! Why are our lives such a struggle?

Lucy couldn't help laughing. It was as if they were huddling together for warmth.

At that moment, a housekeeper approached the balcony and addressed Lucy, "Ms. Baker, Mr. Gomez has requested that you start preparing dinner."

"All right. I'll be downstairs soon."

"Understood, Ms. Baker." The housekeeper promptly left.

Lucy touched Gwendolyn's face gently. "I need to prepare dinner for the men," she said, before releasing her. "You can stay here for a little longer if you want. It's quite comfortable."

Gwendolyn set the wineglass aside. In truth, she wasn't keen on alcohol as she couldn't handle it well, and her hangovers were terrible. "I'll help you," she said.

Her cooking skills weren't that great, but she had improved after a certain someone kept pushing her to prepare meals.

Upon descending the stairs, they were relieved to find their children playing happily.

Inside the living room, the men were sipping on coffee. Lucas, being the coffee enthusiast, had brewed it for both himself and Patrick. "The coffee's not bad, right?" he asked, seeking Patrick's opinion.

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From afar, when Gwendolyn heard Lucas' words, she couldn't help but grin and exclaimed, "I didn't expect Mr. Gomez to have this sort of hobby!"

Lucy glanced at him, observing his choice of clothing. He wore an army green shirt and pants, likely because it was his favorite color.

“Yeah. Even though he seems young, he relishes in activities older folks enjoy, like chess, brewing coffee, and calligraphy,” Lucy remarked. She couldn't help but find his hobbies contrasting with his handsome, fun-loving womanizer persona.

Patrick attentively savored the coffee and responded, “It's all right.”

Lucas was visibly disappointed by his friend's comment. “I'll prepare another brew for you to try.”

It seemed Lucas was determined to keep trying until Patrick praised his coffee, much to Gwendolyn's amusement. She knew Patrick disliked coffee, but his grandfather enjoyed it.

Patrick's preference for chocolate drinks made it clear that Lucas would never succeed in his mission to win him over with coffee.

When the men heard the women's voices, they turned toward them.

Lucas extended an invitation. “Why don't you two give my coffee a try?”

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Holding Gwendolyn's hand, Lucy settled down on the couch with her. Then, Lucy glanced at the coffee before turning to Patrick. "You don't like coffee, do you, Mr. Lowen?"

She could tell he didn't share the same enthusiasm for the beverage as Lucas.

Patrick took another sip. "To me, all coffee tastes the same," he remarked indifferently.

Lucy and Gwendolyn burst into laughter, while Lucas looked shocked.

"How can it be? How about you try this one out?" he suggested, swiftly pouring another cup of coffee for Patrick.

Patrick narrowed his eyes. "Are you trying to overdose me on coffee?" I've drunk around ten types of coffee by now, so much so that I'm already full. I don't want any more.

Lucas sighed dejectedly. "Forget it. You don't know a thing about coffee. I'll ask Kev to try them out instead."

As soon as he said that, Lucas pulled out his phone and made a call. "Kev, are you free today? Pat and I are at my place. Why don't you join us?"

Upon hearing Patrick was there, Kevin agreed, "Sure. I'll be there soon."

"Bring your girlfriend with you," Lucas suggested, not wanting Kevin to feel alone.

After all, both his and Patrick's partners were around.

## Chapter 712 Owe Her Too Much

“What do you mean? Are Lucy and Gwen there, too?”

“Yeah.”

Kevin's spirits lifted when he heard that, and he replied, “I'll be there right away.”

Upon hearing Kevin's excitement, Lucas furrowed his brows. What's he happy about? Is he that happy about Gwen and Lucy being here?

As he turned his gaze to the dazzling woman with wavy hair sitting across from him, Lucas couldn't help but admire her attractiveness. Though she was dressed casually in a long-sleeved shirt and a pair of jeans, he couldn't peel his eyes off her.

Kevin better not get any ideas about Lucy!

Sipping her coffee, Gwendolyn could discern its high quality. Her knowledge of coffee allowed her to appreciate the brew Lucas had prepared.

“What do you guys want to eat?” asked Lucy.

Lucy cooked well, but it would be too much for her to prepare all the dishes required to feed the group of them.

When Lucas thought about her “hard work” in the bathroom earlier, he couldn't help but feel bad for making her cook.

As such, he suggested, “Let's have fondue like last time.”

Lucy shot a glance at Patrick. “Can you handle some spice, Mr. Lowen? If you can't, you can share the plain one with the children.”

“I can,” Patrick replied, as he was there for Gwendolyn and the children, not the food.

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Lucy promptly got up. “In that case, I'll go prepare it now. Dinner will be served soon.”



Gwendolyn wanted to help her friend but realized there was nothing she could do, so she decided to enjoy the coffee in the living room because she liked it.

Seeing her down one cup of coffee after another, Patrick advised, "You shouldn't drink that much, Ms. Ashton. It might affect your sleep tonight."

When Gwendolyn looked at him, she noticed the once warm gaze in his eyes had turned icy. It was as though he was speaking to a stranger.

Gwendolyn nodded and set her cup down. "Okay. I'm not drinking anymore."

As Lucas observed them, he couldn't help thinking, It's like they're meeting for the first time. Patrick sure knows how to act. If he ever becomes an actor, he'd easily win the best actor award.

It was then Juliette descended the stairs and approached Gwendolyn, her eyes filled with tears.

Gwendolyn embraced her daughter and gently inquired, "Are you feeling tired, Sweetheart?"

The little girl did not reply but simply continued to cry.

Gwendolyn cradled her daughter on her lap, softly petting her back to comfort her.

At that moment, Patrick couldn't help but be captivated by the gentle and angelic aura that surrounded Gwendolyn.

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Watching her tenderly care for their daughter, he couldn't help but reflect on the challenging journey she must have faced while raising their children on her own.

Astonished, Lucas whispered, "Is she asleep?"

Gwendolyn nodded. "She is."

"Does she always act like that before sleeping?"

"Yes." She smiled. "She's always been more delicate compared to her brothers, possibly because they shared nutrients with her in the womb. That's why she tends to be a bit of a crybaby. Every night, I have to hold her close until she falls asleep. In fact, for the first nine months of her life, she needed me to sleep with her in my arms before she got used to sleeping in her bed."

Thinking back, those days were tough. I was exhausted and sleep-deprived all the time. Sometimes, when the children cried, I cried with them. I was young and didn't know how to properly raise them. Perhaps I was too fragile back then.

As Patrick observed her, he couldn't help but notice her slender figure.

How can her delicate waist and arms handle the weight of three children? To think she had to do that for Juliette in the past. It must've been so exhausting. I owe her too much...

Chapter 713 Stubborn

Gwendolyn gently patted Juliette, who was already fast asleep.

Subsequently, she got to her feet, preparing to carry Juliette back to Melanie's room. Patrick followed suit and took the little girl from her.

Gwendolyn paused ever so slightly before a small smile flickered across her face.

Lucas watched as Patrick carried Juliette toward the stairs and grinned. "What else are you waiting for, Gwendolyn? He has no idea where Melanie's room is."

While Lucas and his buddies often enjoyed bickering and engaging in playful banter, they never failed to stand by one another during times of need.

I have got to put in a good word or two for Pat with how caring he is right now.

Gwendolyn hummed in agreement and hurried to catch up to him.

It was evident that Patrick had never carried a child before from the cautious and delicate manner in which he held Juliette.

"Thank you, Mr. Lowen!" Gwendolyn uttered with a sweet smile.

She patted his hand. "You don't have to be so stiff. Relax."

Patrick eyed her indifferently. "You should tuck her in bed when she's sleepy next time instead of carrying her all the time."

It must be extra strenuous for her slender and seemingly fragile arms to carry a child of around ten to twenty kilograms.

The strain placed on her waist and legs was especially great when she stood up from the couch carrying Juliette just now.

Gwendolyn was puzzled as it was the first time someone said that to her.

Gwendolyn gently petted Juliette, who was already fast asleep.

Subsequently, she got to her feet, preparing to carry Juliette back to Melenie's room. Petrick followed suit and took the little girl from her.

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I'm used to doing this. Is there something wrong with that?

Upon reaching the second floor, Patrick glanced at the perplexed look on her face and questioned her coldly, "Where is Melenie's room?"

Given how particular kids were, Melenie's bed, including everything on it must be specifically tailored for children. He couldn't let Juliette sleep in the guestroom.

Gwendolyn pushed open the door to one of the rooms. "Here."

The room was decorated in a warm and endearing style and had a light milky fragrance. Young children would be able to sleep peacefully in such a cozy environment.

He carefully placed Juliette on the tiny pink bed and gingerly removed her shoes. Gwendolyn teared up while she took in the scene unfolding before her.

Her children required eternal love. As such, she swore to retrieve the lost ring and find their biological father.

Patrick set on the side of the tiny bed and observed how cute his daughter looked while asleep.

While the little girl resembled Gwendolyn mostly, she took after his facial expressions and mannerisms.

I can't believe I didn't notice how uncannily similar she is to me before this. The two boys, especially, resemble me a lot.

The corners of his lips lifted imperceptibly. Now that I know they're my children, I'll surely bring them back.

When he got up and turned around, he bumped into Gwendolyn, who then staggered and fell backward.

In response, he hooked his arm around her waist, and their eyes met.

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They maintained the same posture for an extended moment before Patrick helped her regain balance.

“Be careful, Ms. Ashton.” His voice was deep, and his gaze distant.

“I'm feeling a little dizzy, Mr. Lowen. Would you mind if I lean against you for support?” Gwendolyn swiftly wrapped her arms around his waist.

She caught a whiff of his refreshing fragrance at such proximity, and she couldn't help feeling drawn to him.

Therefore, she was disappointed when he let go of her.

Patrick saw through her pretense of feeling dizzy as she clung to his body and rested her head against his chest.

His brows furrowed as he gazed down at Gwendolyn, whose eyes were shut.

“Ms. Ashton, you're a married woman. Do you really think this is appropriate?” His lips curled to form a frosty smirk.



He was trying to remind her of her marital status.

Gwendolyn was taking in his scent, listening to his heartbeat, and relishing the sensation of being embraced in his arms.

Alas, his words were like a cold shower, and she slowly opened her eyes.

Despite that, Gwendolyn refused to let go of him and pursed her lips. She couldn't care less about decorum and only wanted to hug him tight.

"I'm aware that I'm married, Mr. Lowen. But I genuinely felt dizzy and needed support. That's why I asked for your help. I don't have any ulterior motives, so please don't overthink."

Chapter 714 Refuse To Let Him Go

Despite what she said, she still clung to him firmly with no intention of letting him go.

Taking note of this grim expression which clearly indicated his sour mood, she pouted. "Forget it if you're unwilling to help me out. I'll just suffer a fall at most."

With that, she released him reluctantly and continued to feign dizziness.

Patrick could discern from Gwendolyn's rapid blinking that she was lying. He was familiar with her tendency to blink rapidly whenever she was being dishonest.

A faint smile graced his features as he pulled her back into his embrace.

"Do you need me to call for a doctor?"

Gwendolyn rejoiced internally while burying her head in his chest.

She shook her head. "It's fine. I'll feel better after some rest. It's probably just hypoglycemia."

While none of what Gwendolyn said was true, they did sound convincing.

Just like that, the two of them hugged each other. Patrick couldn't bring himself to push away or ignore her.

Everything he was angry about didn't seem to matter anymore after he learned that all three of

Gwendolyn's children were his and found out about the details of how she raised them.

Gwendolyn felt wonderfully safe and comfortable while she drank in his scent with her face buried in his chest and her hands wrapped around his lean waist.

She hadn't been getting much proper sleep for the past few months and was surprised when she felt a wave of drowsiness overcome her while remaining in his embrace.

The steady rhythm of her breathing could be heard shortly after. Patrick inclined his head, only to discover that she'd fallen asleep.

He frowned. What am I to her? A sleeping pill? I can't believe she'd fall asleep standing.

Following that, Patrick scooped her up and gazed at her sleeping face, which wore a faint smile, when she suddenly mumbled, "Pat, don't let go of me!"

Is she dreaming? Am I in her dream? His expression stiffened.

The thought of that cheered him up considerably, and he strode out of the room with a twinkle in his eyes.

At the entrance of Melanie's bedroom stood two young boys and a girl.

"Is she asleep?" Justin queried when he saw the woman in Patrick's arms.

Why has Mommy fallen asleep when she's supposed to be tucking Juliette in?

“Yes. She's too tired, so I'll carry her to the guest room. All of you shouldn't disturb Juliette since she's asleep. Run along now!”

With that, Patrick stalked off and entered one of the rooms.

Melanie pouted. “How does he know which one is the guest room?”

Patrick had never visited this place once ever since Melanie moved in. As such, she'd never seen him before.

Julian held Melanie's tiny hand. “He's a good friend of Mr. Gomez and must have been here often in the past.”

Melanie once told them that this house belonged to Lucas and that he was lending it out to them.

Justin sensed that something was off as Gwendolyn would never fall asleep while tucking Juliette in. What's going on today?

He was about to head off in Patrick's direction out of concern for Gwendolyn when Lucy emerged from the elevator precisely at that moment.

“I've some freshly squeezed juice for you kids. Go on downstairs to drink it.”

As she spoke, she approached Justin and caressed his head. “Come on!”

Justin was curious to know what was going on with Gwendolyn and what methods Patrick used to pursue her.

Unfortunately, he had no choice but to follow Lucy downstairs as she was nudging him on the back of his head.

The living room was a hive of activity.

Kevin and Estelle were present, and the latter was drinking a glass of juice on the couch. It tasted amazing since it was freshly squeezed.

She gave Lucy a thumbs-up. “Lucy, this juice taste's phenomenal.”

Kevin shot to his feet at the sight of Justin and Julian and beckoned them over. “Come on over here, Justin, Julian.”

Chapter 715 Carried Mommy To Bed

Justin and Julian walked over to Kevin.

“Yes, Mr. Chavez?” the boys said, much in sync with each other.

Kevin stared at them for a while and nodded to himself. They are, indeed, similar.

He smiled and asked, “Where are Mr. Lowen and your Mommy?”

Since Pat already knows the triplets are his flesh and blood, I wonder if he's already thinking of making an advance on Gwendolyn. She's married to someone else now, but that won't stop Pat from thinking about her. If Pat didn't suffer that gunshot injury, Gwendolyn wouldn't have gotten married. What a pity.

From Kevin's perspective, Gwendolyn was the one at fault, but as a man, he knew Patrick would change his mind after learning of the children's existence.

Hence, he was curious as to what Patrick would do next. Would he forcefully make Gwendolyn his or use other tactics?

While Justin kept quiet, Julian answered, “Mr. Lowen carried Mommy to bed.”

Children only spoke what they saw; they wouldn't know adults would interpret it differently.

The adults present were initially shocked by Julian's words, but soon, their minds started conjuring up scenes of steamy and romantic adult interactions.

Kevin grinned wickedly and said to Lucas, "To think Pat is so aggressive. Doesn't he mind that Gwen is a married woman?"

Just then, the elevator door opened. Patrick strode out and said coldly, "Keep your dirty thoughts to yourself."

Startled by Patrick's sudden appearance, Kevin laughed sheepishly and said, "Nah, I wasn't having any dirty thoughts. I know you have your principles."

Patrick walked to the couch and sat down gracefully with his legs crossed. Feeling a bit vexed, he took out a cigarette to smoke.

F\*ck those principles. I almost couldn't hold it in. If not for that stupid principle, I'd be in Gwendolyn's bed now instead of sitting here.

He was about to light the cigarette but stopped when he saw three children present.

His two sons weren't a problem, but he chose to be cautious as Lucy's child had not recovered from her illness.

Meanwhile, Melanie was playing with Legos and became frustrated as she was not good at connecting the blocks. She called out, "Justin, come and help me."

Justin and Julian went over together and patiently taught Melanie how to connect the blocks.

When Kevin saw the boys playing with Melanie, a thought suddenly came to his mind.

"Pat, have you ever thought about what will happen if these two brothers fall for the same girl at the same time?"

Kevin felt the possibility of the brothers falling for Melanie was high since they had known and played with one another since they were young.

Patrick shot him a sideways glance. "That won't happen."

Isn't it too early to worry about this when they're still so young? Even if that does happen, I hope the brothers will fight for themselves and compete fairly.

Lucas poured Kevin a cup of coffee. "Kev, try my new concoction."

Kevin came hoping to witness some drama. He wanted to see how the relationship between Patrick and Gwendolyn would pan out. However, things appeared to stay the same, with no significant changes.

The interaction between Patrick and his sons was minimal, and they still appeared distant. It looked like the children still did not know Patrick was their father.

While his mind remained preoccupied with thoughts of Patrick and Gwendolyn, he took a sip of coffee. As he was so distracted, he didn't taste anything special in the coffee.

"How is it?" Lucas asked with anticipation.

"What?" Patrick looked at Lucas puzzledly. He did not realize Lucas was expecting a taste review.

Disappointment flashed across Lucas' face as he took away Patrick's cup.

"Nothing," he replied and discarded the coffee, disheartened.

Kevin could not help but chuckle when he saw how defeated Lucas appeared.

"Luke, it doesn't matter if we don't know how to appreciate your coffee as long as Lucy does."

With that, he hugged Estelle and asked, "Do you agree, Ms. Blenheim?"

Estelle, who was eating dessert, glared at him and pouted, saying, "Don't expect me to understand all those medical stuff of yours."

Right then, they heard the sound of crying coming from upstairs.

## Chapter 716 They Will Help

Patrick and the boys hastily stood up and made their way up.

Estelle was stunned by what she saw. “Wow, Juliette's so blessed to have two doting brothers! But what's up with Mr. Lowen? Why is he rushing upstairs as well? He seems to care a lot about Juliette, too.”

He pampers her even though she's not his child. I'm so envious.

Kevin smirked while hugging her.

“Daughters will forever be their father's sweethearts. Aren't you your father's sweetheart too? How he dotes on you is exactly how Pat dotes on Juliette.”

Estelle was the only daughter of the Blenheim family with three elder brothers. Hence, she was the apple of everyone's eye.

Estelle agreed with him. “That's true. But still, Mr. Lowen is a good man. He treats Juliette like his own child even though she isn't. As expected, handsome guys are all gentlemen.”

Kevin narrowed his eyes slightly. She has a sound analysis, but she'll be disappointed once she knows the truth about her idol being Juliette's biological father. However, I can't divulge much since Pat hasn't made it public yet.

Meanwhile, in Melanie's room upstairs, Gwendolyn was comforting Juliette, who was nestling in her mother's arms and bawling her eyes out.

“Gwen, I had a nightmare. I dreamt that you, Justin, and Julian were gone.”

As Juliette's voice trailed off, she began bawling again.

Amused, Gwendolyn patted the girl on the back, comforting her.

“Don't cry, Sweetheart. That's only a dream; it's not real. Julian, Justin, and I will never leave you.”

The boys parroted Gwendolyn. “That's right. We'll never leave you.”

Patrick initially wanted to take the children back to make Gwendolyn panic.

However, he dismissed the notion as he watched the scene unfold.

He stood afar and did not approach them.

Juliette noticed him and reached out her hand at him.

“Mr. Lowen, hug me!”

Unable to resist her request, Patrick strode toward her. Sure enough, the bond of blood ties can't be severed. When Juliette first saw Patrick, she commented that he resembled her two brothers.

He did not think much of it at that time, but now, realization dawned upon him. Blood relatives share a tacit sense of connection.

Patrick took Juliette from Gwendolyn's arms and cradled the little girl.

Juliette wrapped her tiny arms around his neck. Feeling at ease, she giggled, her eyes narrowing into thin lines of pleasure.

“I feel like I'm not afraid of anything when Mr. Lowen hugs me.”

Justin and Julian exchanged a knowing glance. While Juliette might not have been aware that Patrick was their father, there seemed to be an innate connection between her and him.

Gwendolyn sighed to herself as she watched that scene.

What a beautiful sight. But alas, everything has been destroyed. It's hopeless now.



Gwendolyn helped Juliette comb her hair after the latter calmed down.

Patrick stood at a side, watching them before saying coldly, “You all can go downstairs for dinner soon. I’ll make a move first.”

Patrick felt that his current identity didn’t quite fit into their lives. Hence, he deliberately kept his distance.

Gwendolyn felt slightly disappointed as she watched his retreating figure.

“Ouch...”

Gwendolyn snapped out of her daze when she heard Juliette’s sudden groan.

“Sorry, I used too much force.”

Julian pursed his lips while observing Gwendolyn with his brother.

He then whispered to Justin, “Justin, when do you think all five of us can reunite as a family?”

Justin was not optimistic.

He leaned closer to his brother and whispered back, “We need to help them.”

They were concerned that waiting for Patrick to take action would feel like an eternity. Patrick was too prideful; he would not admit to his true feelings and make the first move.

The earlier scene said it all. It was clear he cared about Juliette, but he pretended otherwise.

If the boys did not see through him, they would have thought he did not care.

At the same time, their mother was upset when Patrick left, yet she remained silent and dared not fight for her happiness.

It was understandable that the boys were worried. Thus, they decided to put their heads together and come up with ideas to bring Patrick and Gwendolyn together.

Chapter 717 Watching Over Him From A Distance

Patrick left Melanie's room and stood outside the door. Seeing his family members in there but not being able to join them made him feel terrible.

Kevin showed up at that moment, adjusting his glasses as he spotted his friend leaning against the door.

He sighed internally upon seeing Patrick's dejected expression. It was rare for the man to look like that.

Why doesn't he ever share how he feels? I can never tell what he's thinking.

Kevin walked over and called out to him.

“Hey, Pat. Have you not told them yet?”

He's already gotten proof that the kids are his, and given how Gwen would never leave her children, she'd naturally divorce Zayden and be with Pat!

Patrick immediately returned to his usual aloof demeanor. “It's still not time yet.”

He then strode toward the stairs, leaving Kevin dumbfounded.

Why hasn't he told them anything? He nearly died trying to protect Gwendolyn and had a bullet stuck in his head, and now he's still staying quiet about the kids! How long does he plan on keeping all this to himself?

Upon arriving downstairs with the three children, Gwendolyn saw Estelle and the others and said, “Estelle! You look so pretty today!”

Estelle looked adorable in a JK uniform, with her hair in two high pigtails.

Many young girls dressed like this these days, and Gwendolyn was quite fond of that.

Estelle got up and made her way over.

“You look amazing yourself, Gwen! It's like you're only eighteen!”

As the two showered each other with compliments while heading into the kitchen, a scowl formed on Juliette's face.

“Why didn't Estelle call me pretty too?”

Just then, Melanie ran to her and took her by the hand.

“Let's go play with dolls, Juliette!”

Justin and Julian sighed. Is it that important for girls to compliment each other?

In the kitchen, Lucy had an apron on and was preparing some fondue seasoning. She made the best spicy fondue in the world, and Gwendolyn loved watching her prepare it.

The aroma enticed her as she watched the former fry some ingredients.

“It smells so good, Luce!”

Estelle agreed. “Right? I'm going to stuff myself later.”

Suddenly, Gwendolyn thought about Patrick. He can't tolerate spice and has a weak stomach. He's not supposed to have something so heavy either since he just had surgery.

With that in mind, she opened the refrigerator and took out some vegetables. "I'll cook up something a little milder for the kids."

Lucy turned to her and smiled knowingly.

"Sure. The kids can't take something too spicy, anyway."

Having grown up as a pampered princess in her family, Estelle knew nothing about cooking.

"Cooking is way too hard," she remarked, standing nearby and watching the other two ladies.

Then, the thought of having to cook for her husband and children after getting married crossed her mind.

She opened her eyes wide and watched intently, hoping to learn whatever she could from Gwendolyn and Lucy.

The way to a man's heart was through his stomach, and Kevin was a bit of a ladies' man.

He's got so many women around him, even though I'm his girlfriend. What if he's only into me for a while and eventually gets bored of me?

The young woman felt dejected as she pictured that.

"Let me help you with that, Gwen!"

She wanted to learn from them. After all, one of these women had nabbed the one and only Patrick Lowen, while the other had won over the third heir of the prominent Gomez family.

Estelle believed that one day, she, too, could make Kevin hers.

The dishes Gwendolyn cooked were all Patrick's favorite, including pot roast, sauteed vegetables, and pork pies.

Chapter 718 Confrontation

When Lucy was done preparing the fondue ingredients, a housekeeper brought everything to the dining table and cooked them. The other dishes had also been served up.

Glancing at the food Gwendolyn had made, Lucy leaned over and commented, “Those look really nutritious. Not bad! It looks like your cooking's improved a lot.”

Gwendolyn recalled how a certain woman was once Patrick's chef. She had once tasted the woman's cooking and thought that Patrick was amazing for being able to put up with it.

Well, my cooking probably got better thanks to all his advice.

She turned to Lucy and chuckled.

“Yeah, my cooking's really gotten better. Give it a try later.”

Estelle took a plate and gave Gwendolyn's food a try. Then, she nodded at Lucy.

“It's good, especially this pot roast. It's so tender and flavorful.”

This was Patrick's favorite dish, so Gwendolyn had specifically asked Camille to teach her how to cook it. She had also gotten her two boys to help improve the recipe. You can't find any pot roast better than this.

Her sons had given her the confidence to believe that.

Estelle fed Lucy a mouthful. “Try it. It's so good! You have to teach me how to make this, Gwen!”

Lucy's eyes widened. “D\*mn! This is even better than Camille's.”

Then, she nudged Gwendolyn and teased, “You actually learned how to cook this all because of a certain someone, huh? I'm going to tell him.”

The latter grabbed onto her immediately. “Don't, Luce! He's already forgotten all about me, so just act as if none of this happened.”

Being able to watch over him from a distance and make his favorite dishes was more than enough for her.

When no one else was around, all she wanted was a hug like earlier today, and she would have no regrets.

Lucy sighed. “Okay, I won't make things hard for you, Mrs. Surrington.”

That title struck a nerve in Gwendolyn.

Indeed, she was Mrs. Surrington. Moreover, Zayden had changed so much, going as far as to threaten her using her children that she dared not even bring up a divorce.

She had to live every single day in fear, worried that he would hurt her precious babies.

At dinner, Lucas particularly liked Lucy's fondue and couldn't stop eating it. Even Kevin enjoyed it and gave her a thumbs up.

“Well done, Lucy. You should start a fondue business.”

The dish was especially tasty, and the spiciness complemented it well.

While eating the fondue, Estelle gazed at the pot roast in front of Patrick. She couldn't get over it and wanted more, but it was too far away from her.

Kevin noticed her staring at it.

“Do you want some of this?” he asked, lifting the plate and placing it in front of her.

Gwendolyn gaped slightly. But I made that for Patrick...

Lucy caught the look on Gwendolyn's face and burst into laughter.

“That dish was specially made for a certain someone! Put it back, Mr. Chavez.”

Estelle hurriedly grabbed a few pieces of meat before turning to Kevin.

“Gwen made this just for Mr. Lowen. Give it back!” she exclaimed in embarrassment.

But still, it's way too good! This is the best pot roast I've ever had!

Patrick glanced at the dish. He had tasted it just a while ago, and it was indeed delicious.

So, she made it just for me?

“Not bad, Ms. Ashton,” he uttered with a slight curl of his lips.

Gwendolyn was initially mad at Lucy and even kicked her underneath the table, but hearing the man compliment her so straightforwardly made her grin.

“Help yourself to more, Mr. Lowen.”

At that very moment, her phone rang. It was a call from Zayden.

Not wanting to answer it, she muted her phone.

Yet, after the call hung up on its own, the man called her again—as though he would keep doing so until she picked up.

With that, Gwendolyn could only answer the phone. “Hello?”

“Where did Suzanne go? Did you chase her out?”

Chapter 719 He Has Come

Gwendolyn did not quite understand what he meant. “Isn't Suzanne at home? She isn't with me, and I won't chase her away, either.”

She was still hoping that Suzanne would win Zayden over so that he would willingly give up on her.

“Drop the act, Gwendolyn. You drove Suzanne away when you found out that she slept with me.”

Zayden was currently inside Suzanne's room, and he found out that Suzanne had taken her favorite things with her when she left.

As he clenched his fists, he asked, “Where are you? Get back here right now.”

Gwendolyn took a deep breath. What a fickle-minded man. He was so gentle yesterday but so gloomy today. His mood changes quicker than a man can blink.

Checking the time, Gwendolyn then asked the children, “Are you done with your food? It's time for us to go back.”

Juliette was eating a drumstick, and Patrick had a drumstick on his plate as well. Gwendolyn had given the children one drumstick each, and she also made sure that Patrick had one as well.

“Eat up, Mr. Lowen! The drumstick tastes wonderful!”

The young girl was not listening to her mother at all.

The two boys were already done with their meal. Putting down their utensils, they turned to look at their sister and found her still digging into her food happily.

Melanie pouted. “Ms. Gwen, please let us play together for a little longer! I would like to have a sleepover with Juliette tonight.”

She was reluctant to part with her friend, and Lucy thought that was a good idea, too.



“Gwen, why don't you head back first? Leave the kids to me,” Patrick said.

“Finish your food first. We'll leave after that,” came Gwendolyn's response.

Kevin agreed with the others, however.

“Gwen, you only had a few bites of your food. Why are you in such a rush to head back? Is Zayden going to be mad at you?”

He had heard about how Zayden remained by Gwendolyn's side for six years, so he assumed that Zayden would be nice to her.

Gwendolyn's expression changed. She could tell that Zayden was upset when she was on the call with him earlier.

If she did not return, he would definitely fly into a rage.

Raking her gaze across the children, she thought about how the man might take action against them. Biting the bullet, she said, “Lucy, I'll be leaving them three here tonight. I have to leave now.”

With that said, she stood up and hurried away.

Estelle called out to her, “Slow down, Gwen!”

Lucy got up and rushed out after her.

“Gwen, finish your food before leaving!”

In no time, Lucy led Gwendolyn back into the dining room and pressed her back down on her seat by the table.

“What's the rush? Finish your food before making your way back,” she said with pity written all over her face.

Lucy felt terrible for Gwendolyn. The former knew Zayden well and was aware that the man would not make things difficult for her.

Gwendolyn pursed her lips momentarily before picking up her fork.

“Gwen, have some beef. It's cooked just right,” said Estelle as she placed some food on Gwendolyn's plate.

In the blink of an eye, her plate was filled with food. At that, she flashed a smile at everyone around the table before digging in.

Yet, everyone could tell that she was distracted.

Initially, Patrick, felt content tasting the food she made for him, thinking he had a special place in her heart. However, he didn't enjoy the food as much as he did moments ago when he saw her heavyhearted demeanor.

Putting down his fork, he then slowly sipped some water from the glass as he observed her.

Even Justin and Julian noticed something amiss about their mother by then. They guessed that Zayden was the one who called her.

Julian placed more food on his mother's plate and said, “Mommy, eat more.”

Touched by the way her son showed her concern, she bobbed her head.

No matter what happens, I will protect my children.

As she ate, she kept her head lowered to text Kevin.

Gwendolyn: How did the training go? I need them to be on duty by tonight.

Gwendolyn needed a large number of bodyguards to protect the children immediately, so she couldn't wait any longer.

Kev: Sure. I'll make arrangements to send them over tonight.

At that, Gwendolyn sighed in relief. She was far more at ease knowing that the bodyguards Kevin trained were by her children's side.

Right then, Zayden called again.

Gwendolyn picked up the call. "Hello?"

Thinking that he was calling to urge her to come home, she parted her lips to tell him that she was on the way.

To her surprise, he said coldly, "Come out."

Chapter 720 They Officially Meet

Gwendolyn's eardrum ached from the man's frosty voice. Pursing her lips, she put down her fork. "I'm full, so I'll be leaving now. Luce, I'll leave the kids to you tonight."

When Lucy stood up, Gwendolyn hastily added, "You don't need to see me out. You have many guests to take care of." Then, she flashed the others a smile and said, "Goodbye, everyone!"

She was no longer as urgent as she was previously, fearing that others would see through her facade of calmness and that Lucy would follow her out.

Zayden was probably in a bad mood. Gwendolyn neither wanted Lucy to worry nor Patrick and the others to witness what would come next.

She had to face the consequences of her choices, no matter how difficult they might be.

When Gwendolyn began walking out of the dining room, Patrick stood up. Lucas called out to him, "Pat, where are you going?"

Kevin was biting on his fork in anticipation, seemingly eager for a good show.

“He's probably going to see Gwen out,” Estelle said.

Kevin smirked. “Not necessarily.”

Isn't Pat pretending not to know who Gwen is? He surely won't express his feelings so obviously.  
Looks

like it's time for me to get the popcorn.

Estelle scoffed. “Of course it is. He's such a gentleman. I'm sure he's going to see Gwen out.”

As soon as Gwendolyn stepped out of the house, Patrick went out after her. He had a cigarette between his fingers as if to say that he was out for a smoking session instead of finding out what was going on with Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn's eardrum ached from the man's frosty voice. Pursing her lips, she put down her fork. “I'm full, so I'll be leaving now. Luce, I'll leave the kids to you tonight.”

Zayden's car was parked in the yard, and the man himself was leaning against his car. When he saw Gwendolyn exiting the house, he strode toward her and grabbed her wrist. His gaze was dark, and flames of anger were burning in them. “Why are you here? Come back with me now.” With that, he began towing Gwendolyn toward the car.

Gwendolyn struggled and cried out, “Let go of me. I can walk on my own!”

Then, Zayden opened the door and shoved her inside before slamming the door shut in a fit of anger. Just as he was walking toward the driver's seat, he spotted Patrick. Clenching his fists, his face clouded over.

Having seen how roughly Zayden had treated Gwendolyn, Patrick narrowed his eyes and took a long drag of his cigarette.

Zayden stormed over to Patrick.

Gwendolyn's heart lurched when she saw that, and she quickly opened the door to get out of the car.

“Zayden!” she shouted. “Aren't we going home now? Let's go.”

Zayden continued marching toward Patrick with his fists tightly clenched. He looked as though he was going to beat the other man up. Zayden of the past would never do something like that, but at present, he had changed. Ignoring Gwendolyn, he grabbed Patrick's tie with both of his hands.

“Patrick Lowen. Gwendolyn Ashton is my wife. You'll never ever get her in this lifetime, so stay away from her!” His eyes were wide, and his pupils seemed darker than usual. Resentment poured out of his eyes as he stared at Patrick.

Gwendolyn hurried over to grab Zayden's hands. “Let go, Zayden. H-He doesn't remember me anymore.” When she said that, the disappointment in her expression and the tears in her eyes were evident.

Zayden turned around. “He doesn't remember you?”

“Yes! He had brain surgery three months ago, and he lost his memories. He doesn't remember me anymore!” she roared, loud, as if she was afraid that Zayden would not believe her.

Zayden turned back to Patrick and began chuckling. “Serves him right...” He then let go of the other man to wrap his arm around Gwendolyn before leading her back to the car.

Exhaling a ring of smoke, Patrick asked, “Ms. Ashton, do you need me to call the cops for you?”

Gwendolyn whipped her head around with panic written across her face. “No need. I'm fine.”

Zayden grabbed her head and forcefully turned it around. “You're not allowed to talk to him. If you do, be ready to bear the consequences of doing so.”