

## **CEO Daddy 721**

### Chapter 721 She Is Responsible For His Behavior Change

Gwendolyn did not dare to turn her head to look at Patrick. Thankfully, he did not remember her anymore.

She pondered what thoughts might have crossed the mind of the previous Patrick if he had witnessed how Zayden had behaved toward her.

It's good that he doesn't remember me. He won't meddle in my affairs anymore.

Zayden got into the car and left.

Patrick tossed the cigarette bud onto the ground, his high-quality leather shoes pressing down on it firmly.

His gaze trailed the car until it vanished at the entrance, and the iron gate closed slowly.

He took out his phone and dialed a number. "Follow Zayden's car and see where they're heading."

"All right, Mr. Lowen," his subordinate replied.

A faint light of realization flickered in Patrick's eyes after he ended the call.

It appears that Zayden isn't treating her kindly.

Lucy, who overheard the commotion, came out and inquired, "What happened?"

Patrick glanced at her before asking nonchalantly, "Is Ms. Ashton a victim of domestic abuse?"

Lucy glanced at the courtyard but did not see Gwendolyn or anyone else. "Definitely not."

Lucy was well aware of the kind of person Zayden was. He embodied the qualities of a true gentleman, someone who cherished and cared for Gwendolyn profoundly. There's no way he'll abuse her. It's just a shame that Gwen doesn't seem interested in him.

"I'm glad to hear that." After he spoke, he turned and walked back into the house.

Somehow, Lucy sensed that Patrick was not in a good mood. Why does he look so moody? Hadn't he forgotten Gwen? I guess there are still lingering feelings deep down.

Meanwhile, Zayden accelerated on the road, causing Gwendolyn to feel uneasy. She promptly secured her seatbelt and spoke up. "Could you please slow down?"

She could not afford to get into an accident, as her three children still needed her. I don't want to die, either.

"What's the matter? Scared of dying?" Zayden's lips curved into a baffling grin, a touch of malice gleaming in his eyes. "Gwendolyn, you're mine now. If we're going to die, we die together."

As he finished speaking, he suddenly let out a cold, chilling smirk, his voice deep and indifferent, creating an eerie atmosphere inside the car.

Gwendolyn leaned back in her seat, avoiding looking outside. The car was weaving through traffic, and it felt dangerously fast.

She was scared, but she did not want him to notice her fear.

He continued driving, laughing with an unsettling expression on his face.

It was not until the car came to a halt that Gwendolyn's pounding heart began to ease. She exhaled deeply, releasing the tension that had gripped her.

As Zayden turned to her with an icy smile, Gwendolyn regained her composure, grateful that they were now safe.

Meeting his frigid gaze, she came to realize that she had very little understanding of this aspect of Zayden's character.

“Get out of the car,” he commanded in a cold tone, then swung the door open and stepped out with an air of arrogance.

Gwendolyn peered out of the window and recognized that they had arrived at the Surrington residence.

Following their marriage, Zayden seldom visited this location with her. He had previously expressed his wish to spare her from any uncomfortable situations, hence avoiding bringing her to the family residence. Gwendolyn found comfort in this arrangement.

After opening the door, she got out of the vehicle.

She noticed Angeline and the housekeeper walking over from a distance to welcome her. Angeline was wearing an elegant aqua-green gown, radiating grace and sophistication.

Standing before Zayden, Angeline greeted him with a grin. “Zay, you're back.”

Zayden brushed aside her hand when she reached for his face. “Don't touch me.”

With those words, he headed toward the house, leaving Angeline visibly surprised, her mouth partially agape, as she watched him stride away.

Noticing the disappointment on Angeline's face, Gwendolyn walked over to her, calling out, “Mom.”

Angeline snapped back to reality at that moment, her expression turning cold. “Did you upset Zayden again? Ever since you married him, I haven't seen him smile. I thought he genuinely liked you before,

which is why I allowed you into our family. Even though his eyes have recovered now, my son has changed. He's become distant with me, and it's all your fault, Gwendolyn.”

Gwendolyn pressed her lips together, silently sighing. "I'm sorry!"

Chapter 722 Threatened Her

Observing Gwendolyn's response, Angeline also let out a sigh and gestured toward her. "Gwendolyn, what's with your attitude? Zay is such a great husband, yet you don't cherish him."

With that, she turned and headed inside, and Gwendolyn followed her into the house.

In the living room, Greta and Hans sat on either side of Zayden.

Greta held his hand. "Zayden, why don't you move back here? I don't get to see you often since you're always away."

Hans maintained a stern expression, seemingly uninterested in his grandson. However, he occasionally stole glances at Zayden, perhaps hoping he would take the initiative to get closer.

He outright refused to approach Zayden with such warmth.

Zayden responded with a slight curl of his lips before pulling his hand away.

"I've come today to inform you all that I'm changing my name. Zayden doesn't resonate with me, so I'll be adopting the name Spencer," he declared.

Upon hearing this, Hans abruptly turned his head, glaring at him with anger in his eyes. "You want to change your name? No way! You're stuck with the name Zayden for the rest of your life."

Picking a name in the Surrington family was a big deal. They even consulted a priest to select the perfect name for Zayden. That name was his ticket to excelling in academics and character.

The only thing that they were dissatisfied with was his marriage.

Spotting Gwendolyn from a near distance, Hans let out a cold snort. It's all her fault. I wonder what kind of magic she used to make him so infatuated with her. And she managed to trick us into letting Zayden marry her, even with her three kids.

Seeing Zayden's unprecedented rebelliousness, they were bewildered, so they conveniently placed the blame squarely on Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn greeted everyone in the house as she entered the living hall.

Zayden sprawled comfortably on the sofa, his eyes fixed on Gwendolyn with a self-satisfied smirk.

Oddly, he seemed to derive pleasure from witnessing Gwendolyn's distress, a satisfaction that stemmed from her helplessness.

“No. I'm here today to inform you that I've already changed my name,” he announced in an offhand manner.

Zayden casually flung his household registry document onto the table, and Greta hastily picked it up to take a glance.

Greta sighed and said, “Hans, if Zayden has made up his mind to change his name, we should accept it. What matters most is his happiness.”

Given the absence of a smile on Zayden's face over the past few months, their paramount concern was his well-being. The alteration of his name, seemingly substantial, paled in comparison to his genuine happiness.

Infuriated, Hans abruptly rose from his seat, wielding his cane toward Zayden.

Yet, Zayden remained utterly unmoved, letting the cane strikes land on him.

Feeling sympathy for her grandson, Greta stepped in, gripping Hans' arm to halt any further strikes. “Stop hitting him. He's already feeling miserable. He hasn't smiled since she got married. If you keep walloping him like this, it's just going to make things worse.”

Even Angeline could not stand it any longer. In an indifferent voice, she asked Gwendolyn, “Gwendolyn, what exactly happened? Why does Zay want to change his name?”

Gwendolyn was initially perplexed, not knowing what Zayden was up to tonight.

With the Surringtons seemingly pointing fingers at her, she could only let out a small sigh, feeling a tad helpless. “I don't know. You should ask him.”

“You don't know? You're his wife—the person closest to him. If you don't have a clue, then who should?” Angeline scolded, clearly frustrated, as she grabbed Gwendolyn's arm.

“Gwendolyn, we entrusted Zayden to you. How have you been taking care of him? Look at how much weight he's lost. He's not as cheerful as before—he doesn't smile anymore,” Greta chimed in. “We can't accept your three children. Let their father take them away. Hurry up and have your own child with Zay.”

Zayden looked at her with a cold smirk, appearing quite satisfied with the turn of events.

Gwendolyn finally grasped the situation. Zayden was pressuring her and using this method to seek revenge against her.

As long as Suzanne had not returned, Gwendolyn would be forced to come to the Surrington residence, face their scolding, and have no opportunity to defend herself.

Just then, Gwendolyn's phone vibrated.

She took out her phone and glanced at the message from Kane: Ms. Ashton, everything is in place now, and they'll protect the children, so don't worry!

Chapter 723 Let Me Take Your Place

Gwendolyn seemed calmer after she saw the text.

“Old Mrs. Surrington, I can't do that. I can't separate from my three children,” Gwendolyn said.

Greta's expression became solemn. “Why do you make yourself sound so righteous? You don't even know who your children's father is, do you?”

Diana had told Greta about it prior to that, and the former had also exaggerated the story.

Gwendolyn's expression changed slightly when she heard that. Well, I really don't know who my kids' father is. However, I've already found the ring. As soon as I retrieve the ring, I can find my kids' father. Before this, I thought it didn't matter who their father was. I thought all that mattered was my unconditional love for them. Now, however, I know I can't act so selfishly. The kids want to know who their father is, and they deserve that much. I can't take that away from them.

Zayden heard those words and flashed a faint smile. "Grandma, you're being rather straightforward, aren't you? She's a part of the Surrington family now, so you ought to be nice to her."

Greta frowned slightly and replied, "Zay, I can be nice to her. Perhaps you guys should move back in. I'll help you educate your wife and put her in her place."

"Sure!" Zayden raised his brows.

Gwendolyn, on the other hand, felt her heart tightened. Move back in? What is he doing?

"That's right. You guys should move back in. That way, I'll be able to see you every day," Angeline chimed in.

With that, Angeline shot Gwendolyn a glance. Once you return to the Surrington residence, you won't get to bully Zay anymore.

Zayden kept mum after that, and so did Gwendolyn.

A while later, Zayden rose to his feet and said, "We'll go home and pack now. We'll move in tomorrow."

With that, he approached Gwendolyn, grabbed her hand, and led her out of the Surrington residence.

Greta and Angeline were reluctant to watch Zayden leave. "You've only arrived not long ago. Are you leaving already?"

The couple walked out of the house.

Zayden held Gwendolyn's wrist tightly and said, "Not too shabby. You were smart enough not to mention the divorce."

He grinned after he finished his sentence, and the look in his eyes was scary and icy.

"I really didn't chase Suzanne away. Could you please not move into the Surrington residence?" Gwendolyn bit her lip. If he moves in there, I won't be able to stay with my kids.

Zayden shoved her into the car and said, "This is your punishment for meeting Patrick. Don't worry, though. Your kids will move in with you. I won't separate them from you."

"No. They can't stay here." Gwendolyn widened her eyes. The Surrington family is hostile toward me, and they dislike my children. They'll treat my children badly! I mustn't let my children move into the Surrington residence!

Zayden slammed the door shut and refused to hear her out.

Gwendolyn panicked and whipped out her phone to call Suzanne. Suzanne's return will change everything! Why did she suddenly leave, though? I don't get it! I was hoping she could help me get out of this sticky situation and date Zayden!

When Zayden was walking toward the driver's seat, Greta and Angeline called out to him.

"Zay!"

Greta grabbed his arm and said, "Zay, we have everything you need here. Why don't you stay the night?"

"That's right. You have been away for too long. I don't want to watch you leave again," Angeline chimed in.

A dark look flashed past Zayden's eyes.

These women are so annoying!



With that in mind, he shook Greta off and demanded, "Call me Spencer from now on."

As he made his way to the driver's seat, he grumbled inwardly.

That guy, Zayden, is he always surrounded by these women? No wonder he's such a loser! He can't even handle the woman he loves! Don't ever come back. I'll take your place and enjoy life to the fullest.

With that in mind, he flashed an insidious smile. "I'll avenge you, though. Consider it a favor."

Chapter 724 Look Down On Gwendolyn

"Zay has changed! He's no longer nice to me." Greta heaved a sigh as she watched Zayden drive off.

After that, she cast Angeline a disappointed look and complained, "This is all your fault. Why did you let him marry that woman? Although he was blind, he didn't deserve that evil woman."

Greta still remembered Diana telling her that Gwendolyn had fooled around with an old man when she was still a teenager.

After Gwendolyn got pregnant, she was kicked out of the Ashton family. Hence, she doesn't even know who her kids' father is. Gwendolyn doesn't dare to tell her children the truth. An adulteress like her isn't worthy of Zay! Zay is capable, smart, and a genius in the business world. He was blind, but he shouldn't have looked for a woman like Gwendolyn.

Needless to say, Greta wasn't pleased.

Angeline also heaved a sigh when she heard that. I lied to everyone at home, helped Zay marry Gwendolyn, and gave away a huge betrothal gift, but that was the only way I could get Zay to receive treatment and recover. No one knows why I made those decisions. Now, I have to endure these criticisms and keep my grievances to myself.

Gwendolyn kept calling Suzanne in the car, but she couldn't get through to Suzanne because Suzanne had switched off her phone.

In the end, Gwendolyn gave up and let out a sigh. Where did Suzanne go?

Right then, Zayden turned toward her and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Zayden, I know you like Suzanne. We can get a—"

Before she could mention getting a divorce, Zayden interrupted her by warning, "You ought to keep that word to yourself. Otherwise, you'll receive worse punishments."

Zayden sounded frightening when he warned her.

Gwendolyn was afraid, so she could only stare at Zayden, who she thought was a stranger.

"Also, call me Spencer from now on."

With that, he turned to look ahead and drove even faster.

Gwendolyn noticed he was becoming even more insane. What is he going to do next?

Upon arriving at the mansion, Gwendolyn got out of the car, hoping that Suzanne was inside. Perhaps Suzanne could stop Zayden from going mad! I don't mind moving into the Surrington residence, but I can't let my three children do that!

With that in mind, she walked quickly toward the mansion. Spencer exited the car and looked coldly in the mansion's direction.

"Gwendolyn, you betrayed Zayden first. He loved you deeply, but you fell in love with Patrick instead. You're reaping what you sow. I'll torture you bit by bit." Spencer laughed like a maniac and marched into the building.

Meanwhile, a black car came to a halt outside the mansion. John was in the car when he glanced in the mansion's direction and said on the phone, "Mr. Lowen, Zayden brought Ms. Ashton to the Surrington residence. When they came out, Ms. Ashton looked distraught and kept looking out the window anxiously. Now, they're back at Zayden's mansion."

At that moment, Patrick was sitting near Lucas' garden as he watched those three kids mess about with Melanie.

Juliette was incredibly adorable. She would smile sweetly at him and show her affection for him occasionally.

Obviously, his mood was lifted when he saw how cute Juliette was.

As it turned out, Patrick was a doting father.

Meanwhile, Julian and Justin were busy playing fetch with the dog. When the dog came back with the stick, Melanie would clap and cheer.

Patrick narrowed his eyes and ordered coldly, "Hack into the surveillance cameras in Zayden's mansion. I want to see what she does inside the mansion."

John froze momentarily when he heard that.

"Got it, Mr. Lowen," he responded.

John and the others still harbored grudges against Gwendolyn. The last time around, she almost caused Mr. Lowen's death. Yet, we have no choice but to do as Mr. Lowen says.

A while later, John couldn't help but say, "She's married, Mr. Lowen. Why don't you forget about her?"

John thought Gwendolyn wasn't worthy of Patrick because she didn't appreciate Patrick.

Chapter 725 Spoils His Daughter

"Are you telling me what to do?"

His low voice sounded hoarse.

“I dare not,” John answered hastily.

After hanging up, he got up, strode toward Juliette, and grazed her cheek with his finger.

“Would you like to come to my house tonight, Sweetheart?”

As the elderly couple were fond of children, he thought it would be a good idea to bring her over to get acquainted.

Though they had met before and had gotten along well, he felt that the two of them might see it if they were to get along more often now that they knew she was his child.

Juliette blinked. “Oh, can I? I miss Old Mrs. Pretty.”

She and Alice were very close. Occasionally, they even spoke on the phone.

“Of course. You're free to come any time. It's your home, you know. You can always visit whenever you want to.”

“Wonderful! Your house looks like a palace, Mr. Lowen. I like it very much.”

Patrick scooped her up with one arm. Raising his left hand, he glanced at his luxury wristwatch and found it was already eight o'clock.

“Carry on, you two. I'm leaving,” he said to the pair laboring in the garden.

Kevin was fond of gardening. He enjoyed growing green, leafy organic products and would assist Lucas in the garden after dinner.

He also taught Lucas how to care for the crops by having him save his urine to water them with, which would make them delicious.

Kevin straightened up and regarded him, smiling at the sight of him holding his daughter in one hand.

“You're looking more and more like a father, Pat.”

“Of course. I'm a father of three, after all,” Patrick said coldly. “You wouldn't understand.”

Lucas burst into laughter.

Kevin scowled again. D\*mn it, I have a girlfriend, too, all right? If we want to, we can even conceive a child tonight.

After that jab, Patrick called out, “Justin! Julian! Time to go home!”

The two boys petted the dog before handing Melanie the frisbee.

“We're leaving, Melanie,” Julian said. “We'll come back for you in a few days.”

Melanie was reluctant. She took the frisbee.

“Didn't Mommy mention that you're spending the night at my house?”

She was excited at the prospect of being Juliette's roommate.

Justin caressed her head. “We have some matters to attend to. Be good, now.”

Melanie became meek when he stroked her hair. She smiled.

“All right. Come back and play with me often, then.”

I'm so bored being at home alone. What's more, it's currently the holidays.

Justin and Julian headed toward Patrick's car. Julian looked puzzled.

“Why are we going to his house?”

Justin raised his eyebrows. “Even Juliette is going. Won't you? Don't forget, it's also our house. Great-grandpa and Great-grandma need some company.”

Justin was well aware of that fact. To help their mother, they had to first deal with Hector, or it would be difficult for her to be with Patrick.

Julian did not say another word. Instead, he got into the car, with Justin following closely behind.

Having intended for them to go, Patrick had had the driver waiting in a minivan.

Thus, there was no need for the three children to sit separately. Juliette looked like a curious child in the car.

She opened the fridge. Gazing the wine and an assortment of beverages contained within, she asked, “Is there any ice cream?”

As she looked so adorable that Patrick could not turn her down, he said, “Check the section below.”

Juliette pulled it open and saw a chocolate cake the size of her face—her favorite flavor. She was struck dumb with wonder.

“How do you know I like this flavor?”

Patrick smiled warmly.

“I know about everything you like, Sweetheart. Just say the word, and you shall have it.”

“Can I have a castle, too?” Juliette giggled after making that request.

Chapter 726 Building Rapport

“Of course. You shall have whatever you want.”

Juliette's eyes widened. "Really? I want a real castle. I want to be a princess waiting for my prince."

As most little girls were, fairy tales were all she dreamed about. Her favorite subjects, in particular, were Barbie dolls and castles.

"Sure."

Throughout the journey, Juliette chatted with Patrick while enjoying her ice cream. She was in a gregarious mood. She looked so adorable that Patrick sat her on his lap and savored the time he was spending with his daughter.

Justin and Julian, however, were not interested in such childish things.

"Why do you think Mommy doesn't want to take us home today?" Julian whispered.

Justin wondered why his brother was so nosy. How would I know?

"When we get to the Lowen residence, Julian, we need to make Great-grandpa like Juliette, do you understand?"

Justin's plan was to handle Hector. As long as he likes Juliette, he will like Mommy. That way, there would be no more obstacles.

"Mmm!"

Over an hour later, the car ground to a halt in the parking lot of the Lowen residence. Though Patrick was currently living in the old house, he returned to visit every day.

Despite that, Alice would come out every time to receive him personally. The group of servants flanking her bowed respectfully when they saw Patrick.

"Mr. Lowen!"

Patrick had a little girl on his arm. She wore a pretty skirt, and her eyes were sparkling. At first glance, it was easy to mistake her for a doll.

Alice had excellent eyesight; she saw Justin and Julian at once. I haven't seen them in just a little while, and they seem to have grown taller again. Also, how handsome they have become!

“Justin! Julian!” she called happily.

Noticing that she was left out, Juliette raised her voice. “Don't forget me, Old Mrs. Pretty. I'm here to see you, too.”

She swept her gaze behind Alice and was rather forlorn when she did not see Hector.

I miss Old Mr. Handsome, too. I wonder why? I always think about seeing them.

Alice beamed at the tiny figure in Patrick's arms.

“I see you, Juliette. You're here too! Welcome.”

Patrick placed her on the ground reluctantly. Now's not the time for me to spend quality time with her. It's theirs.

After entering the house, Hector sat beside Felicia. She was visibly stunned when she saw the newcomers.

In spite of that, she rose to her feet and steeled herself. “You're back, Patrick?”

Then, she turned, puzzled, to the three children. “Are Gwen and Zayden here too?”

She deliberately mentioned Zayden to Patrick in order to remind him that Gwendolyn was a married woman.

Patrick glanced at her impassively. “Look at the time, Ms. Felicia. What are you still doing here? I thought the Ashton family was stricter than that!”



Sensing that he was kicking her out, Felicia stood up.

“It's late, Old Mr. Lowen. I should be getting back.”

Hector did not ask her to stay. He was embarrassed at the thought of his fiasco that night.

That was why he still bore a trace of resentment toward Felicia. Though she was trying to bear an heir for the Lowen family, he was displeased at having drugs administered to him.

Felicia thought Hector would persuade her to stay, and she was disappointed.

Thus, she left reluctantly.

As soon as she emerged from the Lowen residence, she lost her temper before even getting into the car.

She whipped out her phone and dialed Zayden's number. As he was her brother-in-law, it was natural for her to have his contact details.

However, he did not pick up. Getting into the car, she sped out of the Lowen residence.

Only then did Zayden answer the call. His voice was a little cold.

“Ms. Felicia.”

“Do you know where Gwen is right now, Zayden?”

As soon as Zayden arrived at Gwendolyn's room, he glanced at the woman, who was engrossed in a book. She was wearing white home clothes, and her hair was not yet dry. She did not like to use hairdryers, so she sat by the window to read while the breeze dried her hair.

Chapter 727 Pay Back

“Speak your mind.”

Zayden was growing impatient. What exactly does this woman have to say?

“She brought the three kids to Patrick's place.”

Even though she did not see Gwendolyn, she reckoned the latter would be present since the triplets were there.

That's bold of her, huh? She's married and yet goes to her ex-boyfriend's house so blatantly. I won't be called Felicia if I don't expose her.

A dark look flashed past Zayden's eyes after he heard that. What followed was a peal of icy laughter.

“Ms. Felicia, aren't you afraid that telling me this will cause an argument between your sister and me?”

Felicia paused momentarily. Obviously, she did not want Gwendolyn and Zayden to get into a conflict. She wanted them to love each other. That way, Gwendolyn would not snatch Patrick from her.

But it's Gwen who seduced Patrick first tonight. She dared to touch my man, so I must make life difficult for her!

“Zayden, I'm doing this all for your own good. I hope you can watch your wife and not let her flirt with others.”

Zayden let out a cold snort. “That's enough. Stop trying to sow discord. It's not going to work on me.”

After saying that, he hung up the phone. Gwendolyn had, in fact, overheard their conversation too.

She closed her book and asked, “From Felicia?”

Zayden nodded and tossed his phone on the bed. Then, he paced toward Gwendolyn.

Seeing him making his way over, she instinctively stepped back.

Suddenly, he pulled out a whip from his waist. Gwendolyn's eyes lit up.

“Zayden...”

She shifted her gaze to that whip instinctively. To her, that was not something unfamiliar.

Zayden sneered coldly, “Call me Spencer. I'm not Zayden, that coward.”

As his words fell, he lashed the whip out toward Gwendolyn. She grabbed the whip with one hand and looked into the man's eyes.

“Zayden, I won't let you hit me as you wish anymore.”

Her voice was icy and took on a heavy nasal sound as she spoke through her clenched teeth.

Zayden started laughing boisterously. “Gwendolyn, don't forget who's saved you. And don't forget whose credit it is that your three kids get to live till today. If you dare to resist, I'll end the triplets' lives because I'm the one who gave them the opportunity to live.”

At that, Gwendolyn abruptly let go of the whip.

Hatred and resentment dominated her eyes.

“Get up. Stop dodging. This is to let you know your place. You're not allowed to meet Patrick ever again, understand?”

Gwendolyn pursed her lips. Don't meet him? I'm afraid that's impossible. Besides, I'll be heading to Lowen Group for bidding tomorrow.

She rose to her feet and turned her back to him.

With the whip in his hand, Spencer thrashed her again and again. The more he hit her, the more thrilled he became.

“Gwendolyn, it's actually way more exciting to hit you than to bed you. Since you'd rather get beaten up than have sex with me, this is what you'll get.”

With bloodshot eyes, he forcefully swung the whip out. The sight of Gwendolyn's body trembling as the whip hit her left him feeling increasingly excited and exhilarated.

Gwendolyn bit her lips tightly and did not make a sound.

He was, after all, their savior. Since he was adamant about making her pay, she reckoned it was only adequate for her to pay back.

Spencer called it quits after ten lashes. Seeing Gwendolyn slump on the bed, he broke into a maniacal laughter.

“Hahaha... Six years... That's three hundred and sixty-five whips multiplied by six. Count yourself and tell me how many more times you owe me?”

Rolling up her sleeve, Gwendolyn spotted bruised marks all over, and the ones on her back were especially severe. Biting her lips, she spat, “Two thousand one hundred and ninety whips. I've already repaid you six hundred and fifty whips. Zayden, I'm looking forward to repaying you everything I owe you.”

I'll leave without looking back on the day I finish repaying the debt of gratitude.

Hearing that, Spencer grimaced.

He used the hard side of the whip and poked her back. She was in so much pain that she tilted her head to glare at him.

He burst out laughing again. “I'm looking forward to it as well.”

## Chapter 728 They Are Before Your Eyes

Meanwhile, Alice instructed the housekeeper to bring out a variety of delicious foods to welcome the triplets at the Lowen residence.

Being the glutton she was, Juliette did not hold back and began helping herself to the desserts and ice creams.

On the other hand, Justin and Julian were not too interested in food. Alice thus asked the housekeeper to bring out the toys she had previously bought from the shopping mall.

The two boys loved Lego and were playing with it on one side.

Witnessing the scene, Hector tugged Alice's hand.

“Are you really treating them like your own grandchildren? They are in no way related to us. No matter how much love you shower them, they don't belong to our family.”

Anger filled Hector as he watched the scene.

It'll be great if the Lowen family gets to have grandchildren like these three kids. I'd even laugh awake from my dreams. But Pat refuses to listen to me. He's almost thirty and yet still doesn't have a child.

The more he dwelled on it, the more convinced he was that Patrick was doing it on purpose.

He clearly knows that we're eagerly waiting for him to get married early and give us grandchildren. But he refuses to get married one year after another, let alone having kids.

Gwendolyn usually controlled what food Juliette ate as the latter was not in the best health.

Hence, the little girl rarely had the chance to eat things like ice creams and snacks.

Since Gwendolyn was not around that night, Juliette was overjoyed as she could eat whatever she wanted.

She was leaping around happily while enjoying the ice cream. "Thank you, Old Mrs. Pretty. This tastes amazing!"

It's strawberry-flavored. My favorite.

Sitting on the couch opposite Juliette, Patrick stared intently at Alice and Hector before him.

Grandma adores the triplets. Grandpa loves kids but doesn't like these three.

Patrick narrowed his eyes. The mere thought of how Hector would have to eat his words in the future left him tickled. Even his lips curved upward slightly.

Turning to his daughter, he said, "Juliette, stay with Great-grandma. I'll head upstairs first."

Juliette nodded her head. "Okay! Do you have to work? Don't be too tired! Remember to get some rest early."

The girl was so sweet that Alice could not help but give her a peck on the cheek.

"Oh, look! Juliette is such a sweet-talker. I love you so much."

The girl chuckled adorably. "I love you too!"

Patrick stood up. "Grandpa, Grandma, I'll head upstairs first."

In response, Hector snorted frostily. "What are your intentions for bringing the kids back and leaving them in our care?"

Patrick lifted the corners of his lips into a weak smile. "Don't you like children? Be it appearance or intelligence, these three kids are faring pretty well. I'm sure they meet your requirements."

“Hmph! What's the point when they don't belong to the Lowen family?”

Rage coursed through every part of Hector. “When exactly do you want to get married?”

He shot daggers at Patrick as he popped that question. I guess I won't be able to return to my room without giving him an answer today.

Patrick gave it some thought. I'm afraid it won't happen anytime soon.

“Next year, perhaps!”

With that, Patrick strode toward the stairs. Hector grabbed a plate from the table and threw it over.

A crisp sound of the plate shattering into pieces echoed into the air.

Patrick whipped his head around to look. “You're not young anymore. It'd be better not to get angry so easily, or else you might not get to meet your grandchildren.”

Hector was absolutely livid. “You d\*mn brat! It's all because of you if I die early! You're always p\*ssing me off. I want grandchildren; do you hear me? You better get married and start making babies soon.”

A mischievous grin settled on Patrick's countenance. Grandchildren? Aren't they right in front of you now?

Afterward, he returned to the study, sat in front of his desk, and switched on his computer, intending to check on the situation at Gwendolyn's side.

However, there was no footage of the bedroom. Narrowing his eyes, he picked up his phone and dialed John's number.

“There's no surveillance cameras in his bedroom?”

John replied, “That's right. Only along the corridors and in the living room.”

Right then, Gwendolyn pushed open the bedroom door and walked out. Patrick ended the call and fixed his intense gaze on the woman on his computer screen.

#### Chapter 729 Inseparable Family

She wore a long-sleeved white-colored loungewear.

After heading out, she went toward the stairwell at a slow pace to get downstairs.

Camille was cleaning the living room, and when she saw Gwendolyn coming downstairs, she approached the younger woman.

“Gwen, are you thirsty? I can fill a glass of water for you.”

Gwendolyn generally came downstairs when she needed water, and that was why Camille asked her that question.

Gwendolyn then watched Camille make her way to the kitchen. Her gaze flicked toward the cabinet by the wall. She was actually there for the first-aid kit.

She had to treat the wounds she had sustained, or else the bruises would look even more frightening the next day.

Thus, she walked over to get the first-aid kit from the cabinet.

Patrick zoomed in and finally saw what Gwendolyn was holding, and his gaze darkened.

Is she feeling unwell? Why is she getting a first-aid kit so late at night?

A certain someone said he was only going to check the footage and not do anything else, but now, he was worried about her.

Right then, Camille came back out with a glass of water. She walked over to Gwendolyn, and when she saw the kit in Gwendolyn's hands, she queried, “Are you hurt?”



Gwendolyn instinctively tightened her fists. "It's nothing. I slipped in the shower. I'll be fine after I treat it."

However, that only made Camille even more concerned. "Where did you hurt yourself? Let me take a look."

Gwendolyn took a step back. "It's fine. It's nothing serious. I'll be going up now."

With that, she avoided Camille and hastily ascended the stairs.

Camille sighed. Gwendolyn seemed to be full of secrets ever since she married Zayden. The thought of Zayden and Suzanne's matter crept into Camille's head.

Thank god Suzanne's now gone. I don't know how else I'm going to face that girl if she's still around. She looked simple-minded and kind, but who would've thought that a sweet girl like her would turn out to be as crafty as that?

Camille glanced at the glass she was holding and quietly brought it back into the kitchen.

Meanwhile, after bringing the first-aid kit into her room, Gwendolyn treated her own wounds.

Since Patrick could not see her anymore, he moved to bring the cigarette to his lips before inhaling sharply. When he exhaled, he brought up the surveillance footage again.

She's keeping herself all wrapped up. It's obvious she's wary of Zayden.

With that thought in mind, Patrick smiled. When he thought about how she was reserving herself for him, he felt wonderful.

Right then, someone knocked on the door. "Mr. Lowen."

It was Juliette's voice. Patrick switched off the computer and strode toward the door. When he pulled the door open, he found Juliette with a plate of fruits.

“I'm here to bring you some fruits.”

With a smile on her face, she moved the platter toward his face, two dimples appearing by the corners of her lips.

For a moment, Patrick thought of her as a miniature version of Gwendolyn. It was especially so when she smiled, for she looked as sweet as Gwendolyn.

Accepting the fruit platter, he then invited her into the study.

This was Juliette's first time entering his study. Lifting her head, she studied the book racks, which spiraled all the way up like a whirlpool.

“You have so many books,” she remarked.

Patrick brought her to the couch by the window before feeding her a slice of apple.

“Juliette, if you want to read books, you can come here next time.”

Juliette could not read at the moment; she could only enjoy the illustrated children's books.

Thus, she bit into the apple slice and said, “My brothers will surely love this place.”

Hearing that, Patrick felt that it was time for him to make his move.

“Do you want to move here? That way, we can see each other every day, and your brothers can come to the study to read.”

It was a tempting offer. Juliette would be happy to see Patrick every day.

It was because he wished he could be their father and because he looked a lot like her brothers.

“I’ll talk to Gwen about it. If she agrees, we’ll move here. But she has to be with us. Our family is inseparable.”

Chapter 730 Sick

After Juliette finished saying that, she took another slice of apple and started munching on it like a hamster.

Patrick sat by her side, reaching out to tuck a stray strand of hair behind her ear with loving eyes.

“Of course.”

Juliette beamed. “Great! I love this place too.”

Right then, Alice brought the two boys in. When the two boys saw the spiral bookcase, their astonishment was written across their faces, too.

It was stunning. Patrick’s study was like a library. This was something they had neither seen before nor imagined.

Alice patted their heads. “Go explore. There are a lot of books here, and I’m sure you’ll be interested in them.”

Julian and Justin were clearly interested, and they proceeded upstairs.

Alice chuckled. “These two boys are studious despite their young age, and they’re quite quick to learn. I’m sure they’ll be happy to read more books.”

Earlier, Patrick had not been able to figure out what he could use to convince his sons to come, but now, he knew what he could do.

His study was more than enough reason. Patrick never thought it would be so easy to deal with them.

Alice then sat beside Juliette. The cute appearance of the girl made the older woman pull Juliette into her arms.

“Pat, Juliette's adorable. I love her so much. I think your grandpa's right. You should marry earlier to let us have some great-grandchildren.”

Then, Alice kissed Juliette's cheeks several times, unable to stop herself.

Juliette was still focused on munching her apple, but whenever Alice kissed her, she would turn to blink at the elderly woman. It made Alice's heart melt.

Patrick asked, “If you love Juliette that much, you can just treat her as your great-granddaughter.”

Alice smiled but said, “It's not the same.”

No matter how much love she had for Juliette, Juliette was, at the end of the day, not a Lowen. It was different.

Patrick lifted his head to look at his sons, who were wandering around the top section of the book racks and were engrossed in reading the books. He curled his lips.

“Grandma, I'll leave the three of them to you tonight.”

Alice liked taking care of them. “Sure. You don't need to worry about this, though it seems like you're not familiar with taking care of children anyway.”

At three in the morning, Patrick was startled awake by someone knocking on his door.

“Mr. Lowen! Mr. Lowen!”

Hearing the voice of the housekeeper, Patrick asked, “What's the matter?”

It was late, and he was tired. However, Hector might be in a bad state.

Therefore, Patrick sat up, put on his house shoes, walked to the door, and opened it.

“Mr. Lowen, it's Ms. Juliette. She's having a fever.”

A trace of worry flashed past Patrick's eyes when he heard that, and he began heading out. He went to the second floor, where the siblings were sleeping with Alice that night.

Upon entering one of the guest rooms on the second floor, he found Alice sitting by the side of the bed, instructing the housekeepers.

“Quick, summon the family doctor!”

After that, she reached out to touch Juliette's forehead and mumbled to herself, “We had no children in the house, so we never prepped any meds meant for kids. I doubt the doctor has it either.”

Patrick walked over to the bed. Juliette's face was red, and she was wriggling on the bed, restless in her sleep.

“Grandma, I'll send her to the hospital.”

With that, he bent over to lift Juliette.

In a panicked voice, Alice said, “Yes, take her to the hospital. I don't think the doctor has meds for kids.”

As Patrick began heading out of the house with Juliette in his hands, he said, “I'll hire a pediatrician in the future.”

Alice froze. “What?”

Is there a need for that? We have no kids at home. Juliette and her brothers are only staying over for a night. Wait, does that mean Pat has finally thought it through? Is he finally ready to get married and have kids?

When that thought formed in her head, Alice followed Patrick out and said, “Yes, you're right. We should hire a pediatrician.”