

CEO Daddy 731

Chapter 731 I Want Mommy

The driver was already waiting at the door when Patrick descended the stairs with Juliette in his arms.

When the driver caught sight of Patrick, he quickly got out of the car and opened the door for him.

Bending down, the latter had just gotten into the car when Juliette opened her eyes and glanced at him before immediately bursting into tears. "Mommy! I want Mommy!"

It was natural for children to become particularly attached to their mothers whenever they felt unwell.

Alice had changed into fresh clothes and was carrying a bag as she followed. She gently placed a small blanket over Juliette to keep her warm.

Seeing the little girl crying and fussing like this, she couldn't help but feel her heart aching.

"Give Gwen a call and let her know to come to the hospital," she urged.

Patrick had initially hesitated to inform Gwendolyn. After all, considering the late hour, there was no guarantee she would answer the call.

However, he felt a pang in his heart as he watched his daughter's tumultuous crying.

In the end, he retrieved his phone with one hand and dialed Gwendolyn's number.

Meanwhile, the woman in question was in a deep sleep when the series of incoming calls eventually roused her from slumber.

Gwendolyn stifled a yawn as she grabbed her phone, feeling the urge to scold whoever was repeatedly calling her so late. However, the sight of Patrick's name on the screen instantly jolted her to full wakefulness.

Her hand shook slightly, revealing her nervousness.

After a momentary lapse, the call disconnected on its own. She let out a sigh, berating herself for zoning out and missing the call.

Just as she was about to set her phone aside, it began to ring again.

Gwendolyn picked up the call immediately. "Hello?"

She could hear the sound of her own heartbeat thumping loudly.

"Juliette is sick. Come to Fourton Hospital. She's in the pediatric department."

As soon as he finished talking, he ended the call. Gwendolyn paused for a moment, then swiftly sat up.

"Juliette?"

Subsequently, she rushed to put on clothes, snatched her car keys, and dashed out.

She drove to the hospital, and upon reaching Juliette's ward, she found Patrick cradling her daughter while the latter was receiving an IV drip.

The scene was incredibly heartwarming, akin to a father tenderly holding his sick daughter while she underwent treatment.

Noticing Gwendolyn had arrived, Alice got up and walked over to greet her.

“Gwen, you're finally here. Juliette has been crying and asking for you. We've been so heartbroken seeing her like this,” she said.

She then raised her hand to wipe away her tears. For some reason, seeing Juliette in such a state had stirred a profound sense of discomfort and heartache within her.

Perhaps her deep desire for a great-grandchild led her to view Juliette as her own.

Gwendolyn regarded Alice and expressed, “Old Mrs. Lowen, considering the late hour, I'm really grateful for your help.”

She knew the elderly lady must have found it challenging to stay up so late, and she couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt.

That being said, wasn't Juliette supposed to be at Lucy's house? How did she end up at the Lowen residence instead?

Perplexed, she wondered why her friend hadn't informed her about this.

“It's all right. I'm fine. All that matters is Juliette's well-being,” Alice reassured.

Gwendolyn walked over to Patrick's side and reached out to take Juliette into her arms.

The man didn't hand the little girl over and said softly, “She's already asleep. I can keep holding her.”

In truth, he could have placed Juliette on the bed. However, the little girl had a tendency to jolt awake the moment he did so. As such, he could only keep her cradled in his arms.

Despite her small size, holding her continuously had made his arm surprisingly sore.

This was also the reason why he didn't want Gwendolyn to hold her.

Gwendolyn gazed at her daughter, who was sleeping peacefully in his arms. She was well aware that whenever Juliette was ill, she would become quite stubborn, insisting on being only with Gwendolyn and rejecting everyone else.

I'm quite surprised that Patrick was able to soothe her. It must have taken him quite an effort, huh?

Just then, Kevin entered the room. He casually adjusted his glasses before saying to Alice, "Old Mrs. Lowen, it's getting rather late. Why don't you go rest in the adjacent ward?"

Upon saying that, a nurse nearby came over and offered her support. "Old Mrs. Lowen, allow me to accompany you."

Gwendolyn realized how late it had become, with the time nearing four-thirty in the morning. She smiled at Alice and said, "Old Mrs. Lowen, you should go get some rest. Patrick and I are here, so you can trust that everything is under control."

Alice was indeed feeling tired. As such, she nodded in agreement and was accompanied by the nurse and the housekeeper to the nearby ward for some rest.

After she left, Gwendolyn turned to Kevin and inquired, "Mr. Chavez, how's Juliette doing?"

Chapter 732 Chase Him Away

Kevin cast a quick glance at the man cradling his daughter and then shifted his gaze to the elegant woman standing beside the latter.

This should have been the picture-perfect family... Alas, fate has twisted it into a situation where she had become another man's wife. What a heart-wrenching situation...

Kevin's expression grew more serious. "Her fever was triggered by food stagnation. Juliette has a delicate constitution, so she needs to be mindful of her diet. It's best to avoid excessive consumption of cold foods and overeating," he explained.

Gwendolyn had always placed restrictions on her daughter's diet, especially when it came to consuming cold foods.

Patrick suddenly interjected, "She had a lot of snacks and went through three boxes of ice cream today."

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn walked over to him. "She had that much ice cream? Normally, I only allow her to have a few bites. Her digestive system is delicate and can't handle excessive amounts," she remarked.

She had made numerous trips to the hospital raising this daughter of hers.

In fact, her first encounter with Patrick actually took place in a hospital. On that particular night, she was in a disheveled state because Juliette had a fever-induced seizure, driving Gwendolyn to a state of panic.

Patrick murmured, "I'm sorry... This is all my fault."

He wasn't aware that his daughter shouldn't consume these items. He only thought that if it was something she enjoyed, he would provide it for her.

He was reluctant to impose too many restrictions on the little girl. Yet, in hindsight, it was evident that certain limitations were necessary, and complete freedom wasn't always the best approach.

Gwendolyn hesitated for a moment upon hearing his words, for she was caught off guard by Patrick's obedient side.

She quickly replied, "It's not your fault."

If anyone is to blame, it should be me. I was the one who left Juliette at Lucy's house. I can't believe that d*mn woman allowed my daughter and the others to leave with Patrick.

Upon that thought, she muttered under her breath, "Luce, you b*stard. You've put me in such a mess."

After all, spending the middle of the night alone with Patrick at the hospital was a kind of ordeal for her.

Seeing the two of them like this, Kevin couldn't help but curve his lips into a mischievous smile.

He said, "Pat, since Juliette's condition is stable now, I should head back. Estelle is still waiting for me."

It was rare that Estelle didn't make a fuss about going home that night. Since she was staying at his place and being summoned over in the dead of night had left her quite unhappy, Kevin reckoned he needed to get back to her as soon as possible.

Gwendolyn walked over to see him off and said, "Thanks for your hard work, Mr. Chavez."

She accompanied him to the door, and out of the blue, Kevin asked, "Gwen, if the father of your three children wanted to take them away, would you allow it?"

He had a sudden urge to probe Gwendolyn's thoughts on the matter. Given that it was now certain these three children belonged to Patrick, he figured the man certainly wouldn't allow his own children to be left without care.

Now that Gwendolyn has married Zayden, Pat should be inclined to bring the three children back to the Lowen residence. After all, the two elders in the Lowen family can be quite relentless. With this, he would be able to appease them.

Gwendolyn widened her eyes in surprise. She hadn't thought about this issue before. She pondered for a moment before responding, "The children are mine alone."

Although the children had the right to know who their father was, they were hers, and she wouldn't give them up.

Kevin smiled at that. It seems like it's going to be hard for Pat to take the three children away.

He shook his head, sympathizing with Patrick's plight. To lose the woman he loved to another man and have the children acknowledge someone else as their father is undoubtedly a tough situation. Now, even the prospect of reclaiming the children is proving to be an arduous task, let alone attempting to

win back his own woman.

Sighing at the complexity of it all, Kevin found himself grappling with how to approach the situation. Ultimately, he could only leave it to Patrick to figure it out.

“I'm leaving now. Take care.” Kevin bid his farewell before striding toward the elevator.

While on the move, he sent a message to Patrick: I've sounded out Gwendolyn for you. I asked if she'd agree to let the biological father of the children take custody, and she declined. Good luck, my friend!

Patrick had been scrolling through the news on his phone when he received Kevin's message. He glanced at the contents briefly before raising his head to look at the woman who had just entered.

Noticing his gaze fixed upon her, Gwendolyn instinctively pressed her lips together, her expression revealing a hint of unease.

“Mr. Lowen, let me hold her instead. You can go back and get some rest,” she suggested.

Chapter 733 Sleep With Me

Gwendolyn didn't want to trouble him, so she said that to dissipate the awkward atmosphere.

Patrick gripped his phone tightly when he heard that. This woman is heartless. Even though she doesn't know I'm Juliette's father and sees me as an outsider, I've been looking after Juliette for such a long time. How could she chase me away?

Patrick's constant stare made Gwendolyn feel uncomfortable.

Hence, she tried to recall something. Before I came here, I deliberately put on a loose coat and long sleeves to conceal the injuries on my body. He can't possibly see them.

Thinking that she had something on her face, she held her hand over her face and asked, “D-Do I have something on my face?”

Evidently, his gaze was scaring her.

Patrick flashed a cold smile and replied, "It's late, Ms. Ashton. Are you chasing me away? What if I fall asleep on the wheels and get into an accident? If that happens, are you willing to shoulder the blame?"

Gwendolyn froze momentarily. Doesn't he have a driver?

"Considering the time, do you think my driver is still waiting for me downstairs?" he asked.

Gwendolyn was startled. Can he read my mind or something?

She no longer dared to let her thoughts run wild. Thus, she said, "Mr. Lowen, don't you have a private room in the hospital? Why don't you rest there? I already feel bad enough for putting you through so much trouble."

With that, she wanted to grab Juliette. However, Patrick grabbed her arm and said coldly, "You'll wake her up."

He was holding onto her injury, and Gwendolyn inhaled sharply due to the pain. She had to bite her lower lip to prevent herself from making a noise.

Although Gwendolyn did well to conceal it, Patrick saw right through her expression.

After all, he knew her like the back of his hand.

Patrick gently placed Juliette on the bed, but as soon as he did that, Juliette woke up.

"Mommy..." Juliette murmured in a hoarse and teary voice.

Patrick patted her lightly and comforted her, saying, "Don't be scared. Your mommy's here."

Juliette felt a lot more at ease when she saw Gwendolyn.

“Mommy, I feel horrible!” Juliette grumbled.

When Juliette complained about how she felt, Gwendolyn sat by the bed and uttered, “Sweetheart, calm down. The doctor says you're okay.”

With that, Gwendolyn touched Juliette's forehead and noticed the latter's temperature had dropped.

“Sleep a while more, Sweetheart. You'll recover by tomorrow,” Gwendolyn reassured her daughter affectionately.

When Gwendolyn did that, she appeared warm and loving.

As the scene unfolded before him, Patrick's gaze was filled with a sense of warmth. As expected, she's the warmest and most tender in front of the kids.

Suddenly, Juliette uttered, “Mommy, get into the bed and sleep with me.”

“Sure!” Gwendolyn nodded, removed her shoes, and climbed into the bed endearingly.

When Patrick saw that, he couldn't help recalling how she was when she was in bed with him. She would flip over and let me have rough sex with her. At times, she would get scared and beg me to go slower.

Patrick's eyes became darker when he thought of that. We were in an intimate relationship, but she ended up marrying another man behind my back.

With that in mind, he clenched his fists and was about to leave.

Moments prior, she tried chasing him away, and that ended up hurting his pride. Hence, he decided to leave there and then.

The moment he wanted to walk off, Juliette's sweet voice rang out.

“Don't go, Mr. Lowen. Would you also sleep with me?” Juliette asked.

The IV drip attached to the back of her palm was hurting, so she wanted Patrick to keep her company and ease her pain.

Those words stunned Gwendolyn and Patrick.

In response, Gwendolyn pursed her lips and held Juliette tightly under the blanket to get the latter to stop talking.

Juliette didn't know what was going on, so she grumbled, "Mommy, why are you squeezing me? You're hurting me!"

Juliette was on the verge of crying when she said that.

Frustrated, Gwendolyn responded, "I wasn't squeezing you."

In the next moment, Patrick sat on the bed and said, "All right. I'll sleep with you."

Chapter 734 In Bed Together

Gwendolyn blinked when she heard that. I-Is he really getting into the bed?

Juliette, on the other hand, was thrilled when she heard those words. Her initially sickly face was finally filled with a smile.

She then turned toward Gwendolyn and said, "Mommy, why don't you sleep in the middle? I want to lean against the wall."

"Don't move! Your hand is attached to an IV drip! Do you want the nurse to reattach the IV drip?" Gwendolyn panicked.

Gwendolyn dared not sleep in the middle because she would be too near Patrick.

Evidently, she was afraid of caving in and inching toward Patrick. If she were to do something like that, she could end up startling him.

Juliette feared getting poked with a needle again, so she responded, “Oh! In that case, I'll sleep in the middle!”

With that, she tucked Patrick in. “Mr. Lowen, you ought to stay under the blanket. Otherwise, you'll also fall sick.”

Hearing those thoughtful words, Patrick was dying to tell Juliette he was her father.

However, he couldn't do it just yet because he had to proceed according to his plan.

Juliette grabbed Gwendolyn's hand and placed it over her own hand. Afterward, Juliette grabbed Patrick's hand and placed it over Gwendolyn's hand.

After doing that, Juliette chuckled and said, “This is nice. I don't have to feel scared anymore.”

With that, she yawned. “I'm feeling sleepy. Goodnight, Mommy. Goodnight, Daddy!”

Juliette daringly addressed Patrick as “Daddy” because she remembered him giving her permission to do so.

Needless to say, Juliette was on cloud nine with her parents by her side.

Gwendolyn wanted to tell Juliette off, but she couldn't bear to do so when she saw the gleeful smile on her daughter's face. Whenever Juliette falls sick, she misses her daddy. That's why she addressed Patrick that way. Besides, she has a thing for handsome men.

At that thought, Gwendolyn decided to let Juliette have her way.

Patrick glanced at his adorable daughter before shifting his gaze toward Gwendolyn, who was deep in thought as she gazed at Juliette. This feels wonderful. I have such an amazing daughter.

After Juliette fell asleep, Gwendolyn retracted her hand because she felt the back of her hand burning up. His palm is so warm!

Suddenly, Patrick grabbed her hand and asked, “You looked like you were in pain when I held your arm just now, Ms. Ashton. Do you have injuries on your body?”

After he finished his sentence, he sat up and pulled her up as well.

His action shocked Gwendolyn. He's so strong and quick!

“No. Why would I have injuries on my body?” Gwendolyn denied it stubbornly and averted her gaze because she didn't dare to look into his eyes.

Hearing that, Patrick narrowed his eyes and ordered, “Take off your clothes, and let me examine your body.”

Clearly, Patrick had forgotten about the fact that he was supposed to have forgotten about her entirely.

Gwendolyn was stumped. She then pulled her hand out of his grip and said, “Mr. Lowen, everyone knows you're a gentleman. It's unlike you to ask a woman to strip in front of you!”

After she said that, she yawned and continued, “I'm so tired. I'm going to sleep.”

Gwendolyn lay back down on the bed and pulled the blanket over her. “Keep an eye on the IV drip, okay? I'm exhausted.”

Gwendolyn had to tell a lie because she didn't want to expose her secrets. I'm still repaying my debt, so I must endure Zayden's beating. That's the only way I can repay his kindness. After that, I'll have my freedom. I want my freedom so badly.

Patrick watched her close her eyes and noticed a drop of tear streaming down her cheek. He was heartbroken when he saw that. What is this woman going through? Is Zayden making her life difficult because of what happened earlier in the day? Did he beat her?

Just like that, he watched her fall asleep and heard her steady breathing.

Once she had fallen asleep, he lay back down on the bed and lifted his gaze to glance at the IV drip bottle.

Chapter 735 How Blissful

The next day, Gwendolyn was awakened by Juliette's laughter.

“Daddy! Daddy!”

Juliette had roused Patrick before she started jumping up and down on the hospital bed joyfully.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn was jolted awake by the bouncing motions. When she opened her eyes, she rested a hand on her forehead briefly, making it clear that she had insufficient sleep.

“You're also awake, Mommy? I'm so happy! We slept together last night!”

Juliette pointed at the man who had just woken up. Patrick's languid look was exceedingly seductive, the stubble on his chin adding to his allure.

Squinting slightly, he murmured placidly, “Good morning, Sweetheart!”

That endearment from him had Gwendolyn's heart skip a beat.

Juliette jumped over to him and kissed him on the cheek.

“Good morning, Daddy!”

Patrick had told her last night that she could address him as “Daddy,” and she loved having him as her father.

She was over the moon, close to bursting with joy.

Gwendolyn tugged at her daughter's hand. “That's rude. Call him Mr. Lowen.”

After saying that, she turned to Patrick and said, "I'm truly sorry for troubling you last night, Mr. Lowen. Also, Juliette is mischievous and likes to address people haphazardly. Please don't be mad!"

Initially, Patrick was beyond grumpy upon waking up. Fortunately, Juliette's good morning kiss and Gwendolyn's bare-faced beauty suppressed his grouchiness.

But following the latter's remark then, his mood instantly took a nosedive.

His expression gradually darkened, and his lips pressed into a thin line.

"I like having her address me thus."

With that said, he caressed Juliette's face. "Sweetheart, call me Daddy henceforth, okay?"

Gwendolyn froze on the spot, at a total loss.

Juliette threw herself into her mother's arms. "Did you hear that, Mommy? It's Daddy! I've got a daddy now!"

"Ouch!"

When she did so, she happened to graze Gwendolyn's injury. After a night, it had seemingly worsened and hurt with the slightest contact.

However, Gwendolyn hastily closed her mouth upon realizing that she had cried out in pain and tried to pretend like nothing had happened.

Juliette blinked her eyes. "What's wrong? Are you hurting somewhere?"

She made to pull Gwendolyn's shirt up, upon which the latter hurriedly stopped her from doing so.

"This isn't appropriate, Juliette."

Naturally, Juliette knew that the areas covered by undergarments could not be shown to others.

Nonetheless, her only concern then was for Gwendolyn's injury. Judging from her cry just now, she's seemingly injured!

“It's okay. Daddy is a decent man. He'll never peek.”

The corners of Patrick's mouth twitched imperceptibly. Aw, she's so adorable!

“Yeah. And it's fine even if I take a look. I won't tell anyone about it.”

Gwendolyn was promptly rendered speechless.

Utter shock showed on her face.

His nature hasn't changed. Although he has lost his memories and become even more indifferent than before, he's still a rogue. He might not tell anyone about it, but he would've seen my assets! How shameless!

Ignorant, Juliette felt that Patrick was right.

“That's true! Daddy won't tell anyone about it. It'll remain between the three of us. Quick, let me check whether you're injured!”

That was also something Patrick wanted to know badly. He had already suspected it last night and planned to steal a peek after she had fallen asleep.

Yet, he was afraid that she would find out about it and regard him as a pervert.

With Juliette helping him to resolve the matter then, it would save him much trouble.

Gwendolyn clutched at the hem of her shirt tightly. “Stop messing around, Juliette. I'm fine.”

At that precise moment, a nurse came in, followed by Kevin and Alice.

Kevin held Alice's hand, and they chatted as they walked, looking very much happy.

The sight of the three people on the bed had Kevin's eyes widen slightly. The same went for Alice.

“Y-You all slept together last night?”

Gwendolyn wanted to explain things, but Juliette spoke ahead of her.

“Yes! Last night, I slept with Daddy and Mommy. We're a family of three. How blissful!”