

CEO Daddy 8

Chapter 8

After saying that, Felicia was secretly pleased with herself. Patrick is obviously testing me. Thankfully, I'm very clever. Even if I've had more than ten boyfriends, I'll never tell him that.

Contrary to hers, Patrick's expression gradually darkened. Having believed that the dream was arranged by Hector, he thought that she was the person he was looking for when his grandfather regained consciousness and requested that he marry the eldest daughter of the Ashton family.

However, it seems like I was wrong.

"I arranged this meeting today because I wish to make a deal with you, Ms. Ashton."

With that said, he took out an agreement and placed it in front of her.

Felicia had never met a man like that. Didn't he ask me out because he likes me? Why are we making a deal now?

Puzzled, she looked through the three-paged agreement, only managing to understand the simpler sections.

"You want me to be in a fake marriage with you, Mr. Lowen?"

Patrick nodded. "It's a one-year agreement, and I have the right to terminate it in advance. Before that, you can enjoy all the privileges of being my wife and receive thirty million in compensation upon its termination."

Felicia was enticed as soon as he mentioned the privileges of being his wife. After all, he was very well-known in Avenport, and many women wished to marry him.

in the Ashton family will also treat me differently, and Grandpa may even hand over the right of inheritance to me. If I manage to win over his heart within this year and

excitement within her, she suppressed it and

"Why me, Mr. Lowen?"

attracted him! She puffed out her chest

he's seriously ill, so I

whether it was a dream or reality, he did give her a ring, and that proved that it was

thought that it was his grandfather who had drugged him to force him into marriage. However, it did not seem to

so, I won't give up. I must

that the expression of the man in front of her had darkened, she assumed the

I better sign it. Since I've managed to land myself an opportunity to get

the papers and slid the agreement back to him so that he could sign it as

said mildly, "Next Friday, we'll visit your family to ask

with a smile, "I'll look forward to that, Mr. Lowen. I'll

in excitement as soon

Gwendolyn, causing her to widen her eyes in shock. Have I seen

murmured to herself, "Isn't Gwendolyn already dead? It can't be