

CEO Daddy 611

Chapter 611 Pounced Onto

“It's not looking good. You should come over. We need to discuss this in person.”

The look in Kevin's eyes darkened visibly when he heard those words.

The truth was, he already knew what the results would be when he was in Avenport.

He just hoped that Jocelyn would have a solution for it.

Alas, Yanick was telling him that things were not good.

In the meantime, the two women in Night City were absolutely wasted. They each held a microphone, dancing and singing at the same time.

They were having so much fun. Hugging Gwendolyn, Lucy asked, “Gwen, I'm going to ask you again. Will you regret it if you let go of Patrick this time?”

It was Gwendolyn's wedding tomorrow, and that meant it was her last chance to undo things.

Once tomorrow was over, things would be officially over between her and Patrick.

Gwendolyn froze at the question. Suddenly, the huge screen in front of them played a song that went, “I don't know if I'll meet you again in my next life, so I'm giving you my best in this one. But my love is hurting you.”

She suddenly smiled wryly. “He blocked my number and on WhatsApp. He blocked me everywhere.”

Taking in a long breath, she said, “Since he has already made up his mind, then I have nothing to regret. I just hope he'll be happy forever.”

At that, she trailed off and collapsed onto the ground.

Shocked by the sudden turn of events, Lucy quickly went over to help her friend up.

“Gwen...”

“Mmh...”

Gwendolyn hummed in response and turned her head before closing her eyes again.

Worried about her friend, Lucy checked the former's breathing. Thankfully, she was still breathing; she had only fallen asleep.

Only then did Lucy heave a sigh of relief. Her tolerance for alcohol is terrible. I'm just a tad bit tipsy, and she's already passed out. Geez. I thought she passed out from anger. Tsk. I can't believe she's going to get married with such emotions. D*mn. This is so frustrating!

Just then, the door to the private room was pushed open.

In walked a man dressed in a black suit. All Lucy could make out under the dim lighting was the man's incredible height and sharp facial features.

“Hah. You came here to have fun, but you didn't request any dudes?”

The man's voice made Lucy look up to meet his gaze.

“Why are you here? Aren't you supposed to be taking care of Melanie?”

Lucas was originally taking care of Melanie at home, but he got worried when he realized Lucy was in Night City after reading the text informing him about a transaction.

He swept a glance at Gwendolyn, who was already sound asleep on the couch.

“Isn't she getting married tomorrow? Why is she wasting herself away today? Does she not want to get married to Mr. Surrington?” he sneered.

In reality, Lucas felt bad for Patrick. After all, the latter was on the verge of dying because of her.

Yet, she was happily getting married to someone else. The thought of that simply made Lucas furious.

Sensing the sarcasm in his words, Lucy gave him a shove. “Don't spout nonsense. Get out.”

Gwen may be asleep, but she might hear every word we're saying. She's already feeling so horrible, and still, he wants to provoke her.

Suddenly, Lucas interlocked his fingers with Lucy's and pressed her against the couch. In the next second, he sealed her lips with his, drowning her in a desperate and powerful kiss.

It hurt, but Lucy could not push him away.

Her reaction elicited a little smirk from the man. On the outside, Lucy was a fierce woman, but all he needed was to exert some dominance to catch her off guard.

She was a young lady who had a child, yet she lacked experience in situations like that. It was as if she was a piece of white paper that had zero information on the standard operating procedure for such situations. Lucas was the one who had been teaching her slowly, leaving traces of the “lessons” on her body.

This is interesting.

Lucy's breaths grew heavy, and she could barely catch her breath.

However, Lucas' deep breaths were so alluring that it made Lucy tremble slightly, feeling goosebumps rising on every inch of her skin.

Not only that, the most important part of his masculinity had become hard. It sent fear down Lucy's heart, even when he had his pants on.

With his large hands, Lucas tugged at her shirt as his kisses made their way down her neck.

Finally, Lucy could catch her breath. Her mind was in such a mess that she could not think earlier.

It was at that moment she realized her body was beginning to adapt to his tempo after spending time with him.

He had only pounced on her, but she was already getting the desire to do it.

Chapter 612 Examination Results

Lucy frowned, reprimending herself inwardly for not heving her own stence.

Whenever Luces forced himself on her, she would elweys feil to resist him. It wes humilieting for her beceuse he, too, knew that wes her weekness.

She would give in obediently whenever he demended it. Thet dey, however, wes e no-no for such things. They were not et home; it wes not sefe for them to do it there.

More imporently, Gwendolyn wes sleeping on the couch opposite them. Lucy could not bring herself to continue with it in front of such e scene.

Thus, she frenticelly smecked his beck.

“Luces... Stop. Stop it now.”

He looked up et her with bloodshot eyes.

“Whet's wrong? We heven't done it here before. I'm sure it'll be exciting.”

With thet, he lowered his heed to continue whet he wes doing, end penic flooded Lucy's heert.

“No, I don't want to do it here.”

Her voice was slightly raised and trembling as if she was on the verge of crying.

It was Lucas' first time hearing that. She had always presented herself as someone extremely stubborn and unwilling to give in.

Even if he went hard on her, she would always endure it.

Never did he expect her to give in that day.

He let go of her, got up, and tidied himself.

“Are you crying?”

He bent forward and lifted her chin, boring into her eyes.

Sure enough, her eyes glistened with tears. A smile crept to Lucas' lips.

“Did I make you cry?”

He's a complete psycho. Does he actually want to see a woman cry because of him? In the past, she never cried, no matter how he bullied her. Lucy frowned, reprimanding herself inwardly for not having her own stance.

Whenever Lucas forced himself on her, she would always fail to resist him. It was humiliating for her because he, too, knew that was her weakness.

She would give in obediently whenever he demanded it. That day, however, was a no-no for such things. They were not at home; it was not safe for them to do it there.

More importantly, Gwendolyn was sleeping on the couch opposite them. Lucy could not bring herself to continue with it in front of such a scene.

Thus, she frantically smacked his back.

“Lucas... Stop. Stop it now.”

He looked up at her with bloodshot eyes.

“What's wrong? We haven't done it here before. I'm sure it'll be exciting.”

With that, he lowered his head to continue what he was doing, and panic flooded Lucy's heart.

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“Did I make you cry?”

He's a complete psycho. Does he actually want to see a woman cry because of him? In the past, she never cried, no matter how he bullied her.

That was because she did not want to give in to him. However, she had no choice but to do so because she felt extremely embarrassed.

Thus, she turned her head and ignored him.

Smiling, Lucas offered, "It's time to go home. I'll send her home. She's going to be a bride tomorrow, after all. She won't be a pretty bride if she gets sick."

Although the private room's air conditioning was on full blast, the couple did not feel cold.

Things were different for people who were asleep. Their body temperature would decrease, making it easier for them to catch a cold.

At that, Lucy sat up and walked over to Gwendolyn to help the latter up.

"Wake up, Gwen. You can continue sleeping when we get home."

Alas, the woman only moved a little without waking up.

A sigh escaped Lucy's throat. She's absolutely wasted. There's no waking her up.

Turning to look at Lucas, Lucy ordered, "Come here and carry her."

Lucas hurriedly lifted his hands in disagreement. "I'm not carrying her. I don't want to be a traitor."

Patrick was the reason for Lucas' fear. Moreover, she was getting married to someone else soon. Lucas carrying the drunk woman would mean he was betraying his good friend.

Exasperated, Lucy hissed, "Are you going to carry her or not? If you don't, we won't have to see each other anymore."

“Breakup” was not the right term to be used between the two of them.

After all, Lucas and Lucy were only seeing each other because of a deal.

In exchange for the bone marrow, he wanted to have sex with her, which was something she had fulfilled. Now that she had gotten the bone marrow, their relationship should have ended.

Still, Lucas continued to pester her, making it awkward for her to suggest something like a breakup. They were not dating, after all.

Lucas sensed the severity of the threat. Not being able to see her meant no more sex with her.

Hmm... This is serious.

At last, he muttered to himself, “Sorry, Pat. I'll have to go against my principles this time.”

As he picked Gwendolyn up, he could not help but exclaim, “She's so light! She's not as heavy as you!”

Rolling her eyes at him, Lucy snapped, “Do you even hear yourself?”

Lucas' lips curled into a mischievous grin. “No wonder you feel so nice. All your muscles are in another place.”

The comment made Lucy blush. Will this guy ever be serious?

Meanwhile, Patrick was sitting in Jocelyn's office in Coldbridge.

She wore a doctor's coat and played with a cigarette, looking incredibly hot.

Even Kevin could not help but steal glances at her from time to time. He had never seen a female doctor look so hot in a laboratory coat.

Ultimately, she had a good figure.

“Patrick, you seem like a wise grown man who can handle the truth, so I'll be frank with you. The bullet's two centimeters from your aorta now. If you don't do the surgery now, you won't last a week.”

Chapter 613 Do Not Want To Forget

Petrick was calm and expressionless. Even his tone was flat when he spoke.

That was when Jocelyn realized she was right. Petrick was truly different from other people.

He had great mental strength. Fear would never overcome him, even if he was on the verge of death.

“What's the chance of survival?”

Kevin knitted his brows together. “Oh, right. Can you talk to him about the surgery, too?”

Both Kevin and Jocelyn had discussed it in the morning. He knew he could not bring himself to see it, so he decided to let Jocelyn do the dirty job.

Yenick, too, turned to Jocelyn. “You should do the explaining.”

Jocelyn smiled. No doubt, their mentor had taken in two good-looking students, but they were not as brave as her.

As doctors, death was something they were used to, yet the two men could not bring themselves to talk about it. Being emotional was truly a disadvantage in being a doctor, especially in the operating room. They could easily be nervous and lose their will to stay calm.

Rising to her feet, Jocelyn gently tapped the table and bent forward alluringly until her face was almost touching Petrick's. She met his gaze, wanting to find out how resilient the man could be.

She lifted the corners of her lips into a half-smile.

“Fifty percent, but it's better than waiting to die. If you don't do the surgery, the chance of you dying is a hundred percent. The surgery will give you a fifty percent chance of survival.” Patrick was calm and expressionless. Even his tone was flat when he spoke.

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“Fifty percent, but it's better than waiting to die. If you don't do the surgery, the chance of you dying is a hundred percent. The surgery will give you a fifty percent chance of survival.”

“I'll do it,” announced Patrick without hesitation, determination displayed all over his face.

Jocelyn could not sense a hint of fear in his eyes when he said that. He's a real man.

Straightening her back, she said, "All right. You'll be arranged for the first operation tomorrow morning. If the surgery fails, I'll visit your grave every year as compensation."

Patrick took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a puff silently. In the next second, a glint danced across his eyes. "There's no need for that."

Unable to wait any longer, Kevin piped up, "Pat, there's one thing I need to tell you. If the surgery goes well, you might lose your memory. We don't know how serious it'll be. That means we'll only find that out once the surgery's over. You'd better be prepared."

Patrick hummed in acknowledgment. "Okay."

With that, he stood up and strode out of the room.

The man who originally had a steel-like resolve and absolutely no fear of death faltered when he heard

about the memory loss.

As Patrick walked out the door, Kevin got up and hurried after him.

However, Jocelyn called out to Kevin. "Is there someone or something he can't bear to forget?"

Of course, Kevin knew the answer to that question. However, as long as Patrick was alive, losing his memory would practically free him of his torment.

Maybe it's fate. It's better to forget if he can't get the person he loves.

"No," came Kevin's indifferent answer before he left the office to catch up with Patrick.

Jocelyn turned to Yanick. "Do you know Patrick well?"

She had a sudden curiosity about her patient. Is there someone he can't forget? Is it a lover or a family? If it's a lover, I'd like to know what the woman he loves looks like.

“It was only one time through a video call. I don't know about other people.”

Jocelyn nodded. “I see.”

Smiling, Yanick asked, “Jocelyn, you seem interested in him. Have you fallen for him?”

Jocelyn had extremely high standards and was pursued by many, yet she never fell for any men.

At one point, the people in the hospital wondered if she preferred someone of the same gender.

However, Yanick was starting to think they had guessed it wrongly.

It was not that she did not like men; she had not met anyone attractive.

Yes. That's it.

Jocelyn raised her brow in amusement. “He's handsome. Every woman would fall for him. Well, it depends on if he can survive. If he does, I don't mind giving him a go.”

After all, she was not young anymore. In fact, she was almost thirty years old. It would not be too bad to get into a relationship.

If everything worked out, it would not be a bad idea to get married too.

Chapter 614 We Are Wrong

Luces' black Wrangler ground to a halt outside number seven, Ster Mension in Avenport.

He emerged from the driver's seat and opened the back door.

Gwendolyn was leaning on Lucy, quite drunk.

He was about to hoist Gwendolyn onto his shoulder, but Lucy stopped him.

“Carry her with both hands. The best you can.”

As the woman was steering towards him, he was forced to do it her way. With both arms, he did as he was told and lifted the other woman carefully.

He chuckled. “How generous of you to your best friend, Lucy. Don't you know that I only carry you this way?”

Lucy was unperturbed. “It looks awful if you hoist her like that. She's wearing the skirt. Things are going to get exposed.”

The couple bickered as they crossed the threshold. Cemille got a shock when she saw them.

“What happened to Gwen?”

As the wedding dress had been delivered, even Cemille knew she was going to get married the following day.

“Don't worry, Cemille. She's just had too much to drink,” Lucy explained.

Cemille was just about to announce they had a guest when Liam rose from the couch. There were stickers all over his neck.

There were stickers of Barbie dolls and Ultramen, along with an assortment of animals.

He smiled when he stood up.

“Is Ms. Ashton back?”

However, he froze when he saw her in Lucas' arms. Lucas' black Wrangler ground to a halt outside number seven, Star Mansion in Avenport.

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“Is Ms. Ashton back?”

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“What happened to her?”

Lucy scowled when she saw that it was Patrick's assistant. Though Gwen is in the wrong, why isn't that fellow, the handsome Mr. Lowen, fighting for her? It would be normal to steal a kiss. He's weird for blocking Gwen. Is he forfeiting himself?

She shook her head resignedly. Men. They're all unreliable.

Lucas shot Liam an amused look.

“You look darker and thinner, Mr. Derner. Did the Alendorian girls teach you to doll yourself up like that?”

Without waiting for a response, he strode up the stairs. Liam froze.

He had been in Alendor for the past three weeks, picking up the excrement of elephants and gorillas. It was a hot and smelly affair.

I couldn't help being dark and thin!

Daily exposure of the smell, too, had ruined his appetite.

With despair written all over his face, he came to Gwendolyn's house immediately upon touching down.

He arrived bearing gifts for her and the children in the hopes of leaving a good impression. He did not dare offend her again.

I know better now. It is less dangerous to offend Mr. Lowen than Gwendolyn.

Juliette tugged his hand. "I'm not done yet, Mr. Derner!"

He gazed at the pretty little girl with twinkling eyes, resumed his seat on the couch, and smiled at her.

"Carry on, then."

Since Ms. Ashton is drunk, I might as well build a rapport with her child.

As the two boys paid him no mind, he found it difficult to approach them.

Thus, he resigned himself to his fate by surrendering to the whims of the little girl. He was even prepared to allow her to play house and put makeup on him.

Justin and Julian shut their computers and went upstairs.

"Mommy is drunk, Justin."

"Mmm. I noticed."

The pair discussed as they walked, with worry etched on their faces.

Julian sighed. "She's getting married to Mr. Zayden tomorrow. Isn't a girl's wedding day supposed to be the happiest of her life? Why does Mommy seem so sad to have gotten herself drunk?"

Justin fell silent for a while. When he next spoke, his eyes seemed to have lost their twinkle.

"Patrick is the one she loves. Do you think she would be happy marrying Mr. Zayden?"

The pair stood outside the bedroom door instead of heading inside.

Like two little sentries, they stood on either side of the door with their backs facing the wall.

“Were we wrong, Justin? Though Patrick did lie to Mommy, he made her laugh and smile. Why don't we talk to her and give her our blessing to marry him instead?”

Julian was feeling awful. All he wanted was for his mother to be happy.

Chapter 615 Doll Liam Up

“All right. We'll talk to her when she wakes up.”

After agreeing on their plan, the brothers entered the bedroom.

Camille and Lucy were wiping their mother down and tucking her in.

They also saw Lucas quietly panting on the couch and surmised that he was tired from carrying her up the stairs.

The boys arrived by the bed and gazed at their unconscious mother, whose cheeks were ruddy and flushed.

Lucy thought the boys were sweet and attentive. She envied Gwendolyn for having such understanding and lovely sons.

“Don't worry. She's only drunk, and she'll be fine after sleeping it off.”

Young children like them may not understand intoxication.

Camille made sure Gwendolyn was tucked nicely under the sheets. “Thank you, Luce and Mr. Gomez.”

Camille had never seen Gwendolyn this drunk. She seemed to understand something.

Gwen must be so sad. She then hugged the boys.

“Let's go. It's time for dinner.”

As she walked toward the door, Camille turned to face Lucy.

“You and Mr. Gomez haven't had your dinner, have you? Let me whip up a little extra food. You can come downstairs in ten minutes.”

Lucy had been craving Camille's cooking for a long time. She beamed at that.

“We haven't, and we would like very much to stay for dinner.”

Camille led the boys away. Lucy glanced at Gwendolyn lying in bed.

“Let's go, Mr. Gomez.”

Lucas rose and pulled her into his embrace.

Lucy jumped. She glared at him.

“Stop messing around.”

However, he refused to relinquish his grip. Even worse, he groped her chest.

“Does that mean you wouldn't want to have dinner with me?”

He had planned to take her to a nice restaurant and spend some alone time with her after dropping Gwendolyn off.

Lucy tried to squirm out of his arms, but she was not as strong as him. Furthermore, his arms and body seemed to be made of steel.

I will only hurt myself if I struggle against him.

Hence, she had learned not to go against him.

“Hmph, you've no idea how much I enjoy Camille's food, but the boys' cooking is divine. It's too bad they only cook whenever the mood strikes them. You don't get to have it whenever you want.”

Lucas was astonished. “The two five-year-old boys can cook?”

He was doubtful. As precocious as they are, surely they can't cook? The kitchen is a dangerous place for such young children.

Lucy raised her brows. “They're no ordinary children. I suppose you won't ever get to try it.”

Lucas was amused. “Now that you mentioned it, I am curious.”

The couple descended the stairs amidst their chatter. Liam was still there, but he looked worse for wear.

His hair had been braided into two small sections fastened with bows. He looked morose.

“Lat's go, Mr. Gomaz.”

Lucas rosa and pullad har into his ambraca.

Lucy jumpad. Sha glarad at him.

“Stop massing around.”

Howavar, ha rafusad to ralinquish his grip. Evan worsa, ha gropad har chast.

“Doas that maan you wouldn't want to hava dinnar with ma?”

Ha had plannad to taka har to a nica rastaurant and spand soma alona tima with har aftar dropping Gwandolyn off.

Lucy triad to squirm out of his arms, but sha was not as strong as him. Furtharmora, his arms and body saamad to ba mada of staal.

I will only hurt myself if I struggla against him.

Hanca, sha had laarnad not to go against him.

“Hmph, you'va no idaa how much I anjoy Camilla's food, but tha boys' cooking is divina. It's too bad thay only cook whanavar tha mood strikas tham. You don't gat to hava it whanavar you want.”

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Lucy raisad har brows. “Thay'ra no ordinary childran. I supposa you won't avar gat to try it.”

Lucas was amusad. “Now that you mantionad it, I am curious.”

Tha coupla dascandad tha stairs amidst thair chattar. Liam was still thara, but ha lookad worsa for waar.

His hair had baan braidad into two small sactions fastanad with bows. Ha lookad morosa.

The couple froze in astonishment when they arrived down the stairs.

Juliette had applied makeup to his face. His cheeks were as vividly scarlet as a monkey's buttocks. His brows became dark and thick, and his eyelids were adorned with all the colors of the rainbow.

Unable to contain herself, Lucy burst into laughter.

“Hah! You're looking beautiful, Mr. Derner!”

After applying lipstick for him, Juliette turned around and hopped excitedly.

“Isn't the makeup I did beautiful, Ms. Lucy?”

Lucy nodded. “Very beautiful indeed!”

Liam did not know what he looked like, but he did not mind as long as it made the little girl happy.

Smiling good-naturedly, he produced his phone and turned on the front-facing camera. As soon as he got a good look at himself, he almost passed out.

That cannot be me. It's not possible.

Just then, Camille emerged from the kitchen. “Dinner's ready.”

Catching sight of Liam's face, she widened her eyes in shock.

“This is no way to treat our guest, Juliette! Bring Mr. Derner to wash his face at once.”

Juliette assented softly and led Liam upstairs to the washroom.

As Liam was washing his face, Juliette pouted.

“Gwen is getting married tomorrow, and she won't let me do her makeup. Are my makeup skills that bad?”

Chapter 616 What Should I Do

Liam stared, mystified, at Juliette through the mirror.

“Married? To whom?”

Isn't Mr. Lowen in Corleon? Ms. Ashton can't be getting married to Mr. Lowen!

“With Zay, of course! The boys and I are going to have to call him Daddy soon. However, I'd much rather have Mr. Lowen as my Daddy.”

At that, she heaved a long sigh, looking most disappointed.

Liam almost lost his footing. He braced himself against the sink.

Having just returned from Alendor, he thought his best days were ahead of him. Gwendolyn's marriage to Zayden, however, made him reconsider.

Mr. Lowen will give her his blessing to marry another man.

Hastily pulling out his phone, Liam turned to Juliette.

“Go on ahead, Juliette. I'll come after making a phone call.”

Juliette nodded. “All right. Hurry up, though! Ms. Ziegler made drumsticks today, and they smell amazing. There won't be any left if you're late.”

At that moment, dinner was the least of Liam's worries. Drumstick be d*mned. Mr. Lowen's happiness is more important.

He called John, who quickly picked up.

“Have you landed? You're welcome. Just buy me lunch when I get back.”

Liam frowned. “John, does Mr. Lowen know that Gwendolyn is going to marry Zayden?”

Silence descended on the other end for a long time.

Liam panicked. "Say something. Does he know or not?"

John was compelled to answer. "Mr. Lowen does not know, and neither do I. However, Mr. Chavez has forbidden us to tell Mr. Lowen anything regarding Gwendolyn."

For the past couple of days, the men would not dare tell him about the marital alliance between the Ashton family and the Surrington family even if they knew.

"But why?"

"It's been an arduous journey home, has it not? Mind your own business. Mr. Chavez said he would handle this. Let's just do as he says," John advised.

In actuality, he knew that it was because of Patrick's condition, which did not permit him to get overly excited.

However, they could not reveal the cause as Patrick had forbidden them to.

"Don't you know how much Mr. Lowen cares about Gwendolyn? Tell him quickly before it's too late."

John chuckled. "I'm warning you, Liam. Mind your own business. I'm hanging up."

John changed his tune so suddenly that it left Liam bewildered.

What the h*ll happened during the three weeks of my absence?

He stared at Patrick's number on his phone hesitantly, not daring to place the call. Many people are aware of it, but none dares to tell Mr. Lowen. I will be the only one to suffer if I meddle.

At that moment, Camille approached and called out to him.

“Dinner's ready, Mr. Derner.”

Putting his phone away, Liam followed Camille out to the dining area.

John was compallad to answer. “Mr. Lowan doas not know, and naithar do I. Howavar, Mr. Chavaz has forbiddan us to tall Mr. Lowan anything ragarding Gwandolyn.”

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Ha starad at Patrick's numbar on his phona hasitantly, not daring to placa tha call. Many paopla ara awara of it, but nona daras to tall Mr. Lowan. I will ba tha only ona to suffar if I maddla.

At that momant, Camilla approachad and callad out to him.

“Dinnar's raady, Mr. Darnar.”

Putting his phona away, Liam followad Camilla out to tha dining araa.

The dining table was silent as all of them were busy eating. Even Lucas was enjoying himself immensely. It was plain that they enjoyed Camille's cooking.

Liam took his seat, picked up his cutlery, but found that he had no appetite.

The thought of Gwendolyn's wedding to Zayden the following day made him anxious.

He knew how much Patrick loved Gwendolyn, but with none willing to help him, he did not know what to do.

Lucy watched him. He looked like he had just broken up.

She kicked Lucas, who was enjoying his meal, under the table. Only then did he look at her. She rolled her eyes at how he was devouring the food despite suggesting earlier that they dined at a restaurant.

Lucy shot him a look, and the latter noticed Liam's expression.

“Are you having a little trouble adjusting after returning from Alendor, Liam? Does local cuisine feel a little strange now?”

Shaking himself out of his reverie, Liam managed a slight smile.

“Not at all. I prefer local food.”

He thought about how his housekeeper in Alendor cooked only eggs and tomatoes for every meal. He shook his head, aghast at the memory of the horrible diet he had lived on.

He took a bite of roast beef, and his eyes widened. This is divine.

No longer morose, he proceeded to devour bowl after bowl of food. His cutlery did not stop clinking.

Chapter 617 A Final Gift

Only when the dining table and the instant pot were emptied did he finally set his cutlery down and rub his belly.

“I'm stuffed.”

Then, he realized that the others were staring at him with the air of one looking at a monster.

He chuckled uncomfortably. “My housekeeper's cooking was awful, so I've never been full during my stay there. Your cooking is simply delicious, Camille. I might have overindulged.”

Lucy placed her chin in her hand. “You should be telling your boss that instead of coming over here.”

Sensing something awry, she became stern. I wonder if Patrick is going to crash the wedding. If he does, I'm going to have a very different impression of him.

“I have some delicacies I bought for Ms. Ashton and the children,” Liam replied. “Mr. Lowen is on a business trip in Corleon.”

Lucy was disappointed by his response. She then got up from her seat.

“Let me help you clear up, Camille.”

Camille's expression changed as well, to Liam's confusion. What's going on?

Sighing, he turned to Lucas.

“Did you tell Mr. Lowen about Ms. Ashton's wedding?”

Lucas had his attention fixed on his phone. At those words, he gazed up and gave a nonchalant answer.

“We shouldn't meddle in other people's affairs.”

Lucas was also aware that Patrick could not afford another shock, or his life might be in danger.

However, the incident must be kept a secret. We would not dare say anything if he would not let Gwendolyn know a thing.

Liam heaved a sigh, feeling powerless at the whole affair.

Even Mr. Lowen's men could do nothing. I, an assistant, could do even less. Ah, well. Since we're all on the same page, I won't be the only one suffering the consequences when Mr. Lowen's temper erupts.

Meanwhile, John was taking Patrick out for a walk on the streets of Corleon.

He was holding his phone. “We don't come to Marsingfill often, Mr. Lowen. Let me take a few pictures for you.”

They were on the most famous street in the city, which was flanked by buildings built over a century ago. The tourists who visit would take pictures of themselves there and upload them on social media.

“No, thank you,” Patrick said coldly. “Go ahead.”

As he strode onward, he asked, “Where is that store you spoke of?”

John had told him about a store specializing in handmade, custom lipsticks. It was a place of pilgrimage for women all over the world. Old Mrs. Lowen would be so happy if he brought some home to her.

There was indeed such a store, which he wanted to distract Patrick with. He knew that the latter missed Gwendolyn and thought he would want to have some lipstick made for her.

At his employer's behest, John forwent the notion of sightseeing and led Patrick to the store, which had a delightful name, Paeon.

Howavar, tha incidant must ba kapt a sacrat. Wa would not dara say anything if ha would not lat Gwandolyn know a thing.

Liam haavad a sigh, faaling powarlass at tha whola affair.

Evan Mr. Lowan's man could do nothing. I, an assistant, could do avan lass. Ah, wall. Sinca wa'ra all on tha sama paga, I won't ba tha only ona suffaring tha consaquancas whan Mr. Lowan's tampar arupts.

Maanwhila, John was taking Patrick out for a walk on tha straits of Corlaon.

Ha was holding his phona. "Wa don't coma to Marsingfill oftan, Mr. Lowan. Lat ma taka a faw picturas for you."

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At his amployar's bahast, John forwant tha notion of sightsaaing and lad Patrick to tha stora, which had a dalightful nama, Paaan.

Gazing at the name from the entrance, Patrick smiled faintly. He liked the name very much.

The duo entered the store.

An old woman with a head of snowy-white hair sat within, with a cat in her lap. She wore a light blue dress. Her nails were scarlet, and her makeup was done beautifully.

She was an elegant old lady who did not look her age.

She smiled at the appearance of customers.

“Are you looking to make some lipsticks, sirs?”

Patrick inclined his head. “That's right, but I've no idea how. Would you provide instructions?”

The old lady smiled. “Is it for your girlfriend or your wife?”

John butted in, “It's for my employer's grandmother, who looks to be around your age.”

The old lady shook her head. “I'm eighty-seven, and I've been running this store for almost fifty years. I have a good eye, and I think he's making lipstick for a woman he loves, not his grandmother.”

She saw through Patrick at once. There was an infinitesimal shift in his expression. His lips curled slightly.

There's something in the air here. The old lady has a good eye.

Patrick decided to be honest. “It's a gift for a woman I love.”

If I'm no longer around, this can be my last gift to her. Handmade, no less.

Chapter 618 A Fascinating Store

The old woman smiled at Patrick's words.

She said, "There's a step-by-step guide, young man. Put your heart and soul into making the lipsticks, and she will feel your love."

John, who stood next to Patrick, made a face at the woman's advice. He resisted the urge to tell the shop owner that Patrick's intended recipient was marrying someone else soon.

Even if he makes the lipsticks, he probably can't deliver them to her.

Still, he bit his tongue instead of voicing his opinion and waited patiently for Patrick to finish.

About four hours later, Patrick created four different lipstick colors. He was clueless about standard lipstick shades, but thankfully, the shop owner encouraged him to think about the colors his recipient liked.

Patrick stared at the half-finished lipsticks and decided to put down the short form of his and Gwendolyn's names on the bottom of the tubes.

Gwen x Pat.

Finally, the shop owner instructed him to provide a delivery address and promised to send the lipsticks out once they were made.

Patrick wrote down Gwendolyn's address, uncertain if he could personally deliver the lipsticks to her. At

least this way, she can get my presents even if I'm not around. If I'm lucky enough to return alive, I'm sure she'll seek me out once she gets the lipsticks.

Patrick paid for the lipsticks and turned to leave.

Just then, the shop owner called him back.

She stroked her white cat and encouraged, “Young man, sometimes, trials aren't as scary as you imagine them to be. They're merely tests handed down by fate to strengthen your relationship with each other. Don't lose hope.”

Hope glimmered in Patrick's eyes as he digested the old woman's advice. He nodded lightly and said, “Thank you for your encouragement.”

The lipstick store and its elderly owner were simply fascinating to Patrick.

He never believed in things such as fate or destiny, but the experience in the shop changed his mind.

The old woman appeared to know about his and Gwendolyn's situation, and there was no logical explanation behind her knowledge other than destiny. He realized with a jolt that perhaps the old woman had been sent to guide their relationship.

Patrick and John left the store close to midnight. The sidewalks were starting to seem more deserted.

John yawned and commented, “I didn't know making lipsticks was so tedious. Maybe that's why they're so expensive.”

Patrick stretched his limbs tiredly, unused to doing such fine work.

“Have you bought lipsticks before?” he asked John absent-mindedly.

I've never bought a single tube in my life.

Patrick had never cared for such things in the past. He only realized then that understanding his partner's tastes in makeup went a long way in fostering compatibility in a relationship.

John smiled and replied, “I've bought one for my ex-girlfriend. One small tube can easily cost three to four hundred; you can't imagine how expensive these things can get. And they have enough shades to fill a restaurant menu. Frankly, they all look the same to me.”

An exasperated expression appeared on John's face mid-lament.

Wine red, rouge, red coral, pink coral...

John shook his head, clearing his mind of the multitude of lipstick shades that still seemed the same to him.

Patrick merely nodded in empathy. I'm even worse than John. At least he bought his girlfriend lipstick and attempted to understand the difference between lipstick shades. I've never bought one for Gwendolyn or studied the topic. I'm a failure of a boyfriend.

Just then, Patrick's phone rang, snapping him out of his thoughts.

He retrieved the ringing device from his pocket and noticed Liam was calling him.

Patrick turned to John and asked, "Is Liam back in Avenport?"

Nodding, John explained, "Yes. He already called me while you were making lipsticks. Don't bother taking his call. He'll only be singing his gratitude to you."

John strongly expected Liam to talk about Gwendolyn if Patrick answered the phone.

He shot Patrick a nervous glance, praying that the latter would heed his advice and hang up.

The phone stopped ringing amid their conversation, sparing Patrick from making a decision.

Meanwhile, a pajama-clad Liam sat on the edge of his bed, staring down at his phone. A nightmare had disrupted him from his slumber.

In it, Patrick had learned of Gwendolyn's marriage to someone else, and he came after Liam with an eighteen-meter-long sword. Liam was horrified but had no means of escaping.

He woke up in a shock, drenched in cold sweat.

The first thing he did after that was to call Patrick. He had a bad feeling that Patrick would explode if no one told him the truth.

Alas, Patrick did not answer his phone, which was no surprise, given how late it was. Liam fretted over whether to keep calling Patrick until the latter woke up.

Chapter 619 He Knows It

Liam found himself in a state of uncertainty. With the phone call not going through, he began to ponder if it was a sign of fate.

He decided to try and sleep but restlessly tossed and turned for half an hour.

Realizing that he would be unable to sleep peacefully without making the call, Liam sat up once again, determined to take action.

He gritted his teeth. Oh, what the heck. I'm just going to do it. I must tell Mr. Lowen about it since it concerns his happiness. He should at least fight for his own happiness, even though I'm still mad that Ms. Ashton is discreetly marrying someone behind his back.

Just when his thoughts were running wild, the call got through.

“Hello.” A deep, indifferent voice emanated from the other side of the phone, instantly jolting Liam awake and sharpening his focus.

“Mr. Lowen, it's me. Liam,” Liam said.

“I know.” At that time, Patrick had just gotten into his room after returning to the hotel. Why did he call me at this hour? Why does he sound a little groggy?

“Mr. Lowen, I just can't keep it to myself anymore. Tomorrow, Ms. Ashton will be marrying someone else. I've been contemplating this and felt it was important to inform you,” Liam uttered.

Instead of receiving a response from the man on the other end of the line, Liam could only hear his faint breathing.

Liam was all tensed up. He had no idea how Patrick would react to that piece of news.

The silence and lack of response, coupled with the sound of the man's breathing, left Liam even more bewildered.

“Mr. Lowen?” he asked again, trying to get his attention.

Patrick finally responded, “I'm going to hang up now.”

After ending the call, he dialed John's number, asking him to go over.

Soon John came to his room and asked, “What can I do for you, Mr. Lowen?”

John had a foreboding feeling about the phone call. Despite Patrick answering Liam's call earlier, he had not received any other calls during the journey. Did Liam call Mr. Lowen again? Did he find out that Ms. Ashton is getting married?

“Is it true that Gwendolyn and Zayden are getting married tomorrow?” he asked in a chilling voice, his eyes dark and bottomless, sending shivers down John's spine.

The latter almost dropped to his knees without a fling. “Yes, Mr. Lowen.”

“Why did you hid this from me?” Patrick questioned him.

John instinctively staggered back. “I-I... Mr. Chavez told us not to disturb you due to your health condition...”

In his mind, John cursed Liam repeatedly. I vouched for him, bringing him back to the country, and now he's causing trouble. I should have ignored him and let him start his life from scratch in Alendor!

“Prepare a plane. I want to return to Avenport immediately.” Patrick's voice was low and hoarse, leaving no room for objections.

John did not dare to stop him. “All right, Mr. Lowen, but...”

Without uttering the rest of his sentence, he turned around and left the room, intimidated by Patrick's stern glare.

Camille woke Gwendolyn the next day. “Gwen... Gwen...”

Gwendolyn slowly opened her eyes, her head still spinning and a sense of discomfort lingering. “What time is it, Camille?”

“It's already five thirty. The makeup artist and stylist are here,” Camille answered.

Gwendolyn, not quite ready to wake up, closed her eyes again. “Why are they so early?”

“Wake up, Gwen. It's your wedding day. You need to get up and start with your makeup and styling,” Camilla reminded her.

Suddenly, Gwendolyn remembered Lucy had not returned home last night because she was her bridesmaid. It was essential for Lucy to be present in the morning for the makeup session.

Lucy walked in, yawning. “Being a bride is really exhausting. Can't believe we have to wake up so early.”

Lucy took a seat by Gwendolyn's bedside, noticing her lingering drowsiness. She extended her hand and lightly touched Gwendolyn's face. “Still feeling the effects of a hangover?”

Gwendolyn opened her eyes, her gaze still hazy.

“I just want to sleep a little while longer,” Gwendolyn mumbled, a hint of annoyance in her voice.

She then rolled over and pulled the covers back up, seeking to indulge in a few more moments of rest.

Gwendolyn, with her morning grumpiness on full display, exuded an endearing charm akin to that of a little girl.

Camille grinned. "Gwen, you're just moments away from getting married, and here you are, acting like this. Once you move to your in-law's house, you won't be able to get away with it anymore, you know? Your mother-in-law might start giving you a hard time."

Chapter 620 How Does She Know Gwendolyn

As someone who had been there and done that, Camille knew she had to teach Gwendolyn well.

Lucy, who had been married before, also nodded in agreement.

"That's right. You have to change these habits once you become a married woman. I daresay I've never slept in once when I lived with my mother-in-law. Even on weekends, she'd have me wake at six to prepare breakfast for the family."

Upon hearing that, Gwendolyn became even more fearful of marriage.

As if it isn't bad enough that I'm marrying my good friend instead of the man I love, I still have to care for my parents-in-law. Oh, dear... How am I supposed to live like that?

"Why does married life sound so sad? If I had known this earlier, I would've stayed single," she lamented as she slowly got out of bed and walked to the bathroom. "I'll take a quick shower first. Can you get them to wait for me?"

"Sure. I'll let them have their breakfast while waiting," Camille replied.

Since Gwendolyn didn't bother to shut her bathroom door, Lucy leaned against her bed and continued their chat.

At the same time, the latter couldn't help but think back on how poorly she had slept the night before and the recurring dreams that plagued her.

Argh! I kept dreaming about Gwendolyn's wedding, except everything in it was perfect. The groom was Patrick, and they were both glowing with love and joy! Alas, that's far from reality... Gwen is still marrying Zayden, and nothing else has changed.

“How are you holding up, Gwen? Do you need to take some days off for the wedding?”

Desperately needing to clear her mind, Gwendolyn stood under the shower and let the water beat against her body. Oh, come on... Is Lucy kidding me? Whoever has heard of a bride applying for wedding leave?

Ten minutes later, she stepped out of the shower and stared at her reflection in the mirror.

My, my. I seem to have gotten skinnier, haven't I? Even my face looks smaller and sharper. Ha! To think I've always wanted to lose weight before but never succeeded. Now, for some reason, I managed to shed those pounds without even trying...

With that, Gwendolyn chuckled resignedly as she proceeded to apply a facial mask and blow-dry her hair.

I guess I have to put on an act again... As long as I do it well and set both Zayden's and Grandpa's minds at ease, they might just be able to recover soon.

Not knowing why Gwendolyn hadn't said a word, Lucy leaned against the bathroom door to check on her.

The former looked languid and lazy, what with her still being in her pajamas and her hair in an utter mess.

“Did you not hear my question?” Lucy piped up.

“It'd be even better if I could skip work,” Gwendolyn muttered while drying her hair.

The two women instantly laughed, except there was a hint of bitterness in both their smiles. After all, they knew and understood each other better than anyone else.

As soon as Gwendolyn was done getting ready, Camille returned to the room with two bowls of clam chowder.

“Gwen, have some clam chowder before your wedding. I hope you'll be happy as a clam from here on out.”

Even though Gwendolyn had no older family members with her, Camille stepped up to the plate and ensured the young lady had everything in order.

Her only wish was for Gwendolyn to have a blissful marriage and to live happily ever after.

After taking the bowls from Camille, Lucy and Gwendolyn sat in the bedroom and began tucking into the clam chowder.

“Oh! This is delicious!” Lucy exclaimed before glancing at the other woman.

The latter said nothing as she stared blankly out of the window, and it wasn't hard for Lucy to deduce that her friend was probably too upset to taste anything.

She had wanted to cheer Gwendolyn up and put a smile back on her face, but now, she knew her efforts would be in vain.

So what if I manage to make Gwen smile? It wouldn't be a genuine one. Right now, she's the only person who knows what she's going through and how best to handle those emotions.

After finishing the clam chowder, Gwendolyn stepped into the guest room for her makeup artist to begin styling her wedding look.

By the time Gwendolyn finished her makeup and put on her wedding gown, it was already past nine o'clock.

Several guests had arrived at the house, including Felicia, Candace, and Zachary.

Willow, too, strode into the house, only to ignore Zachary's family and go straight up the stairs.

“Mom, was that DK's designer, Tiffany?” Felicia whispered into Candace's ear.

The latter merely glanced up the stairs and huffed. “How should I know? I've never met her before.”

Felicia pursed her lips. “I think she is... How is someone that famous acquainted with Gwendolyn, though?”