

Chapter 111 Intentional Rebuff

Gabrielle was very happy and this showed in the way she carried herself jauntily. Before she returned to Half Moon Bay, she went to the supermarket and bought a bag full of food ingredients specially for Westley.

When Sophie saw her with the bag, she was puzzled. She asked, "Gabrielle, why did you come back with such a big bag of food items? I have ordered them this morning."

"There's no problem about that, Sophie. This one is specially for Westley tonight," she replied with a smile plastered on her face. Gabrielle carried the things she had bought into the kitchen. 3

It took Sophie a few seconds to process what Gabrielle had told her before she ran after her happily. "Gabrielle, do you mean Mr. Morris will come here for dinner?" she asked with enthusiasm.

Gabrielle paused for some seconds and smiled again. "I think he may come," she replied hopefully.

In reality, she wasn't completely sure why he had hung up the phone that way. 'Did he agree to come back for dinner or not?' she asked herself silently.

Anyway, she would prepare dinner for him. It was his business, whether he chose to come back or not. 'I'll just play my role, ' she decided within her.

"It's great that Mr. Morris can come back and have dinner with you, Gabrielle. I will be so happy about that. I'll help you make a wonderful dinner." Sophie was visibly overjoyed.

"Sophie, I'll be the one to cook the dinner for him. That's what I promised him. I just need you to tell me how his taste is and how he likes his meals," she said seriously.

Of course, Sophie was willing to do just that. "Don't worry your head too much, Gabrielle. Mr. Morris is not very picky about food, and he has no allergies. As long as the food is delicious, he's fine with it."

'As long as it is delicious!' Gabrielle thought.

This was the highest requirement and also the most difficult thing.

Her cooking skills were just average, so it might be a little bit difficult to reach the kind of taste that her husband wanted.

Be that as it might, she decided to give it a try since there was no harm in trying.

"All right, Sophie. I'll go back to my room and change my clothes. I'll come down to prepare dinner later." Gabrielle turned around and left the kitchen and climbed upstairs to her room.

Sophie couldn't hold back her excitement at that moment. She quickly called Westley.

"Mr. Morris, will you come back for dinner tonight? Your wife bought you a large bag of food ingredients and said she would cook dinner for you by herself."

Her delight didn't have any effect on Westley. "I hope she doesn't burn down the kitchen," he said indifferently. ⁵

"How can that be possible, Mr. Morris? Gabrielle is a person who may know how to cook and even cook well. I saw how she cleaned up the weeds in the garden very well. She was willing to trust Gabrielle."

"Sophie, you should understand that cleaning up the mess in the garden is different from burning up the kitchen." Westley still didn't believe that his wife could cook and he wasn't even ready to agree with what Sophie was saying.

"Mr. Morris, please don't say that in front of her. She would be very disappointed. I will keep an eye on her. Just make sure you come back early tonight," she reminded him

repeatedly.

"Let's talk about this later. I'm caught up in the middle of something."

When she heard this, she decided to stop talking. "Okay, sure."

He had already hung up the phone.

After some time, Jonas came over, followed closely by Alexis.

"Westley, you're going too far with this. Why didn't you tell us, your brothers that you were going to get married? Why didn't you tell us that you changed your bride temporarily?" Alexis jokingly asked Westley.

"There is nothing to share with you, Alexis. Besides, you aren't supposed to be back until next month. Why did you come back ahead of time?" Westley asked, raising his eyebrows.

Last month, there was a new project he was working on in another city, and he had only been there for a few days. It was novel.

"How dare you say that? If Jonas hadn't told me that you were married, I wouldn't have known it. Why the secrecy? So I came back on purpose to see who your wife is. So tell me, whose daughter is she?"

Alexis asked curiously as he sat on a chair.

Westley raised his head and took a brief look at him in an unfriendly way. He didn't want to answer his question, thereby satisfying his curiosity.

For him, Gabrielle was just an adopted daughter of the Jones family and so, there was nothing to be curious about.

"It's not something worth celebrating. There's no need for everyone to be informed," he said coldly.

To him, he just married her to make Miley happy. He was abandoned by Nellie, his bride before marriage, which was a very shameful thing, so he would not want to tell anyone about it.

"Okay, okay. It's fine. I don't mind if you keep a low profile and keep your marriage a secret. But as your good friend, can I see your wife?" Alexis proposed.

"Yes. Can't we meet her already?" Jonas supported him.

"There is no need to see her. It's not necessary," he refused bluntly.

"Okay, I won't see her today. But I came back because of you. Let's have dinner together

tonight, okay?" Alexis didn't have to meet that woman just like Jonas did. Since she was Westley's wife, he would still meet her sooner or later.

"He is going back home to have dinner with his wife. He won't eat with us since we are still bachelors," Jonas said with a sneer on his face.

"You don't have to go. I'll eat with Alexis," Westley said as he took a brief look at Jonas, which pissed him off.

"Westley, did you say that on purpose?" Jonas was angry and this showed in the way he looked at Westley.

"I'm not in the mood to argue with you, Jonas. Book a restaurant, Alexis," Westley said, looking at Alexis.

"But then again, don't you need to go back to be with your wife?" Alexis asked as he hesitated to book the restaurant.

"No!" he yelled. "She will eat by herself when I'm not there," he concluded. ④

In that case, Alexis felt that there was nothing more he could say.

Westley knew that his wife was going to prepare dinner for him, but he didn't go back on purpose so that he could spite her. He

wanted to let her know that it wouldn't be easy to forgive her if she annoyed him.

'Does she think I can just forgive her because she cooked me a meal?' he asked himself. She even took someone to the hospital to beat his bodyguards. The guts she had!

'This little woman is so bold that if I don't teach her a lesson, she won't learn,' he thought to himself.

Alexis booked a place in one of the restaurants which were part of his numerous properties. In this way, they could continue to drink even after dinner and no one would be able to disturb them.

They waited for Westley to finish up with his work before they went to have dinner together. At the same time, they also called Remy to join them.

He was the last to arrive. After they entered the private room, all the dishes were served. He sat down next to Westley and took out an ointment from his pocket and gave it to him.

"Take it back for Gabby. She needs to use it to get rid of the scars on her face," Remy told Westley. As Gabrielle's doctor, he was responsible for removing the scars on her face. 3

Westley looked at the ointment with

indifference and said, "Don't you both get along really well? Send it to her by yourself, or better still, ask her to come and get it from you in the hospital. Don't disturb me with petty matters."

'Why does he sound jealous?' Remy smiled as he thought about this. ①

Inwardly, he was very happy. 'Could it be that it is because I called her Gabby that made him jealous and upset?' he thought deeply. ①

'This is a good sign,' he mused.

"Aren't you going back home tonight? You can give it to her when you go back," Remy said that on purpose.

"Who said I'm going back tonight?" he asked, looking at Remy sternly. "I won't go back until I am drunk, okay?" he said lightly. ⑤

Jonas and Alexis sensed that something was wrong.

'Did the newly married couple fight?' they asked each other as they gave themselves puzzled looks.

It was indeed a temporary marriage. How could they be happy?

Chapter 112 She Cut Her Hand

Gabrielle was changing her clothes when she received a call from Lance. She rushed her pace before grabbing her phone and answered in a hurry.

"Lance, what's wrong?" she asked.

"Gabrielle, is Westley at home? Did he do anything to you?" Lance asked, his tone was urgent and full of concern.

Gabrielle smiled slightly hearing his tone. She felt both sorrowful and thankful that there was someone worrying about her. "Lance, Westley hasn't come back home yet, but he is not as terrible as you think. You can be assured that he won't do anything to me."

In fact, these words were solely for Lance not to worry about her. After all, she was the only person who knew Westley well and how terrible he could be.

"Really? He won't do anything to you?" Lance asked, a hint of doubt was evident in his voice. He found it hard to believe Gabrielle's words since judging from Westley's words on the phone, the man was really angry and Lance knew that he wouldn't let Gabrielle get away easily.

After all, he brutally abused the two

bodyguards. He quickly snatched the electric baton from one of them and severely knocked out both of them with it.

As for their failure, the bodyguards might have underestimated Lance thinking a rich person like him wouldn't have any skills compared to the sturdy ones like them. However, they were wrong as they got defeated. They must have gotten the lesson by now that the more gentle and harmless one looked, the more skillful he could be.

Lance cleverly used this psychological fact to defeat them and that was how he managed to take the electric baton from the bodyguard so effortlessly.

"Westley won't do anything to me. After all, I'm only a woman. No matter how terrible he is, he wouldn't hurt a woman." Gabrielle tried to explain, comforting herself at the same time.

However, although Westley didn't beat a woman directly, he had thousands of ways to torture a woman. He used the harshest words that could stab one's heart repeatedly and he could also torment her in bed with many methods until she couldn't endure anymore.

At the thought of this, Gabrielle's legs and feet instantly became weak. She thought that Westley really deserved his mighty figure. He was a domineering man in his clothes, but a

beast out of his clothes. The man was no less than a monster if he decided to give someone a hard time. ①

"Then, I'm relieved." Lance immediately sighed with relief, before continuing, "Gabrielle, if he really dares to bully you, just tell me. I'll help you teach him a lesson properly." Lance was being serious; his voice carried a hint of chilling murderous tone as if he was determined to punish whoever dared to hurt Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was tired of everything. She didn't want to drag innocent people into her problems anymore, especially Lance, who wanted to protect her at all costs, because she was aware that anyone who offended Westley would have a bad ending. She was sincerely afraid that Lance would get hurt because of her. "Lance, listen to me. It would be the best if you don't interfere in my life anymore."

"Gabrielle, I..."

"Lance, I know that you are good to me, but it's a matter between me and Westley. If you get involved too much, it won't help me but you will make him angrier instead. It's already quite troublesome with the Jones family. I don't want to get the Carter family involved in this as well, okay?" Gabrielle begged softly.

Lance's heart softened all of a sudden. He had never been able to refuse any of Gabrielle's requests. He was also aware of himself that she was his absolute weakness.

Alright, I promise you that I won't meddle in the affairs between you two. But Gabrielle, if you take the initiative to tell me, I must meddle in it to help you. It doesn't matter if Carter family gets involved," Lance said in a stern voice, his tone determined. 3

She knew that it was the responsibility she couldn't take if Carter family got involved in her affairs. Despite Lance being the successor of Carter family, Wendy would never let Carter family and Lance be implicated by Gabrielle in any way. She absolutely couldn't afford to offend Carter family in her current state where she had a handful of problems already.

"I know, Lance. Don't mention the matter of beating bodyguards today, and don't provoke Westley," Gabrielle couldn't help reminding him. She knew that it was the time to be cautious about everything.

Today, when Lance took the initiative to provoke Westley on the phone, it really scared Gabrielle.

'Lance is truly bold. Isn't he afraid that Westley would kill him?' Gabrielle thought.

"Don't worry, Gabrielle. I don't like to make trouble," Lance replied in a gentle tone, the soothing voice he deliberately used to comfort Gabrielle.

Gabrielle smiled softly. "Lance, if there is nothing else, I have to hang up." 2

"Gabrielle, don't let yourself be wronged." This was the only thing that Lance could tell her, for now.

If possible, he wanted to take Gabrielle away from Westley. He didn't deserve her anyway. 1

"Okay, bye." Gabrielle hung up the phone directly.

Suddenly, she thought of what Macy had told her about the retribution Mr. Smith received. Her curiosity rose and she wanted to confirm it. So, she opened the campus website and found that there was indeed a notice of penalty for Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith had been expelled from the school, and the girls who had been hurt by him were found and asked to cooperate in testifying together in court. In that case, he would be seriously sentenced. 2

Gabrielle didn't feel any sympathy for Mr. Smith. He deserved it.

If it weren't for Westley, this old lecher would have gotten away with everything he had done without receiving karma and hurt more girls.

Somehow, she felt that Westley had really done a good thing this time. 2

After playing with her phone for a while, she checked the time and found that it was time to go downstairs to clean up the ingredients and prepare the meal.

When she arrived at the kitchen, Sophie was already waiting for her there. She had put the ingredients she brought back on the table neatly. When she saw Gabrielle come in, she immediately smiled with delight.

"Gabrielle, you came downstairs so early. In fact, if you are tired, you can have a rest in the room. I'll clean the ingredients beforehand and you can cook them." Seeing Gabrielle's weary appearance, Sophie knew that she was not in a good mood. She was worried about her so, she offered her help.

"Sophie, I'm fine. I'll handle it myself. You can go out and have a rest first." Gabrielle politely rejected the older woman's help. In fact, Gabrielle didn't like to be disturbed when she was cooking by herself. She found pleasure and tranquility in cooking alone quietly.

She used to cook for Sloane in her apartment. Sloane knew her very well so, when she cooked, Sloane would obediently leave the kitchen and leave her alone in her own world.

In that case, she could use her ability fully without any distraction.

"Gabrielle, let me work here as a helper for you," Sophie requested. Taking a look at the food on the table, Sophie found that it was enough for four dishes. It was a little bit of a work for Gabrielle to cook alone.

"Sophie, it's really okay. If you help me here, I wouldn't be able to do well," Gabrielle rejected again softly. She didn't want to hurt Sophie's kindness. After all, she had been with her in Half Moon Bay these days and treated her as her daughter.

"Okay, I see. Then, Gabrielle, you can stay in the kitchen and do your own work. If you need anything, you can always call me. I'll be in the yard to water the flowers and plants." Knowing what Gabrielle meant, Sophie left the kitchen.

The flower shop had sent the flowers they ordered this morning, and the workers were asked to help them plant the flowers. So, it made Sophie feel much more relaxed since she didn't have to plant the flower seeds by

herself, which saved a lot of time and trouble.

After Sophie went out, Gabrielle began to wash vegetables alone in the kitchen.

She was not familiar with the kitchen, especially in cutting vegetables with a knife.

Sure enough, while cutting them, she accidentally scraped her hand. It was not a big cut, but a few blood beads came out immediately. Gabrielle rushed over, and pulled a few pieces of tissue to wipe it. After she pressed it for a while, it stopped bleeding.

Gabrielle looked at the wound and made sure it was not bleeding anymore. Then, she took off the tissue and continued to chop vegetables.

Despite being careful again and again, she still got two or three wounds. Yet, she didn't bother to stop at all and at the last attempt, she cut her little finger a bit seriously. Blood flowed and the knife fell to the ground with a clang. 11

Chapter 113 You Are So Angry

As soon as Sophie heard the sound of the kitchen knife dropping on the ground, she quickly left the pipe and ran towards the sound. She saw Gabrielle tightly clutching her left hand with her right. Sophie was immediately alarmed by the sight of blood flowing from her injury.

"Gabrielle, are you all right? What should I do? There's so much blood. I think I'll need to send you to the hospital now! How about I call Remy over..."

Although Gabrielle was in slight pain, it definitely wasn't enough to fetch Remy over.

"Sophie, is there a medicine cabinet at home?" Gabrielle was keeping a much cooler head than Sophie.

"Yes, there is one at home. I'll find it for you."
" Sophie hurried out of the room.

After having lived here for a few days, Sophie had become very familiar with the house. She knew exactly where everything was and could find it easily.

Soon, Sophie came back with a white box containing a family medical kit. However, when she looked at Gabrielle's hand now, she noticed it was not bleeding as profusely as

before.

"Okay, I've got the medicine box. Let go of your hand so I can help you stop the bleeding," Sophie said.

Gabrielle trusted Sophie completely. She loosened her hand and did as she was instructed. After carefully wiping the blood off the surface of her hand, Sophie unearthed the wound and applied the hemostatic agent on it.

"Gabrielle, the cut is a little serious. We will need to apply some ointment to stop it from bleeding more. How did you get so many cuts?" After Sophie cleaned up all the blood on Gabrielle's hand, she found that there were three or four small cuts, which had been far more difficult to spot under all that blood.

"It doesn't matter. I just used these knives. But I guess they aren't very suitable for me. If I use them enough, I'll be more familiar with them and probably won't get hurt again," Gabrielle explained stiffly, knowing how bizarre and farfetched her explanation sounded.

"No, let me prepare the dishes, now. If you hurt your hand again..."

"Sophie, I'm fine. I've promised Westley I'll cook dinner for him, and I want to honor my

word," Gabrielle said firmly, with a sense of determination in her bright and clear eyes.

After being so closely acquainted with Gabrielle over the last couple of days, Sophie had a clearer idea of how stubborn Gabrielle was. She knew it was difficult to change the young lady's mind after she had made it up.

Otherwise, such a large patch of weeds wouldn't have been cleared by her hands.

"Alright, I'll help you from the sidelines, though. I'm afraid you'll get hurt again." As she took a step back, Westley's words flashed across Sophie's mind inexplicably. She was afraid that if it went on like this, Gabrielle might really burn the kitchen down.

Sophie was right to feel nervous.

"Sophie, I won't get hurt again. I've already cut all the ingredients that I needed. I just need to cook them, now." Gabrielle tried to comfort Sophie in a soothing voice.

Sophie nodded for her sake, but was still doubtful and it showed. "Okay I have an idea. How about you stand aside and tell me how to do it? I don't think it'll be too convenient or practical to cook with your hand bound up."

"I hurt my left hand, not the right one. It doesn't matter at all. Also, Sophie, when you

bandage me later, please keep it light and loose. Try to make sure the bandages aren't too thick or tightly wound so it doesn't affect my operation," Gabrielle insisted.

It was the first time that Sophie had felt so useless as a servant.

"Sophie, I know you want to help me, but this is what I have promised Westley. I can't break my promise," Gabrielle said seriously.

"Well, Mr. Morris will understand what you mean. He'll definitely feel your kindness and love towards him." Sophie explicitly expressed her beliefs out loud.

Love?

That was not true at all. How could Gabrielle love Westley? She probably hated him instead.

However, Gabrielle didn't want to break the happy reverie that Sophie seemed to be in.

"Hey, Sophie, the blood has stopped. Could you wrap the gauze around it, now?" Gabrielle looked at her hand and found that it was not bleeding anymore.

"How about we call Remy? The wound will get infected if it is not properly treated." Sophie feared that her first-aid administration wouldn't be up to the mark,

so she couldn't help suggesting actual medical help.

"I just need to have some anti-inflammatory drugs. I used to do this all the time. It's all right." Gabrielle shook her head and firmly refused the suggestion.

She didn't want to be laughed at by Remy for such a minute injury. It really wasn't as big as Sophie was making it out to be.

"Okay, let me do the bandage for you."

Sophie bandaged well. The old maid had, after all, been trained by the Morris family. They were all very proficient with the way they handled things and people.

So she bandaged very beautiful.

One look at it and Gabrielle was indeed very satisfied. "Thank you for bandaging my wound, Sophie. Well, I guess, you can leave the kitchen now, and leave me to cook."

"Please don't try and pretend to be strong, like you always do! Just call me if you need help, okay?" Sophie said with concern. ①

"I will, Sophie."

Sophie left kitchen with the medicine box. She then immediately sent a message to Westley.

"Mr. Morris, Gabrielle's arm has been cut four times while she tried to cook dinner for you. Can't you see how much she really loves you? Please, you must come back early to dinner tonight. She will feel appreciated."

Westley wasn't interested in texting. Anyone who knew him well knew that if a matter needed urgent attention, they should call, rather than message.

By the time he saw the message, he had already had dinner at the club.

He had checked his phone only when Alvin had tried to reach him for another matter.

The message had been sent one and half hours ago. After reading what Sophie said, he did not seem to be moved, as he resisted the urge to show his emotions on his face.

Four wounds might have been cut when Gabrielle had been cutting vegetables, perhaps, but was she also going to drain her blood to fry the vegetables?

'I don't know if the blood has been drained or if the kitchen has been burnt!' Westley wondered.

However, deep down, he didn't feel genuine joy that this incident occurred. Instead, he found himself tensing up and feeling uneasy.

Obviously, Gabrielle didn't cook very often. How could a skilled cook burden themselves with a few gashes while preparing a —he was sure, simple—dish? If she didn't know how to cook, he wondered why she even bothered to do so for him.

It was now human blood and flesh that had been sacrificed for this dish. How could he eat it? Was Gabrielle a fool? 2

"What's wrong, Westley?" Remy took a glance at Westley and saw the serious and concerned look on his face.

"Nothing. It's okay. Keep eating." Westley kept his phone on the table and resumed picking up his food with chopsticks.

Although Remy was confused, he decided to leave it. He poured some wine into his glass with a smile.

"Remy, don't drink too much here. We're still going to another place after this for more dinks, and then you can indulge as much as you want," Jonas teased.

Remy put down the wine and served a bowl of soup for Westley. "Wow, you're so angry. Here, relax and have some soup to calm down."

How did Remy know Westley was feeling

angry?

"I don't need soup." Westley pushed the bowl aside. ³

"I'm a doctor. Trust me. You look preoccupied and down. There must be something that's really bothering you. I think it's a good idea to eat this soup," Remy persuaded him seriously.

"No thank you, I don't lack nutritionists. Eat some yourself." Westley cast a cold glance at him.

Chapter 114 A Married Man

Knowing a good friend intimately had its cons. Both friends are easily able to sense what the other is thinking or feeling in a minute.

Remy was right—which irritated Westley. He was worried that he had been absent while Gabrielle had cut her hand.

But he would never admit it. He ensured himself that it was none of his business if Gabrielle had cut her hand. If anything, she deserved it. 5

Westley still failed to understand why she had been pretending to cook when she didn't even know how to, in the first place. Was she trying to apologize to him, or poison him?

"Remy, please don't provoke Westley. He's going to feel worse than he already is, somehow. If it goes on like this, would you still want to eat?" Jonas tried to persuade him.

Remy smiled. "Let him be."

Westley refused to admit that something was on his mind. He was angry, sure, but he was unwilling to admit it. That was Westley.

"You cannot compare a married man's

problems with an unmarried man's. They're obviously very different. Anyway, Westley seems to be way more preoccupied with troubles after he got married," Alexis analyzed seriously.

"Do you still want your club?" Westley gave Alexis a cold glance.

Alexis stopped immediately.

After dinner, they went upstairs to drink in the private room, which evidently belonged to Alexis.

Back at the villa, Sophie came into the kitchen from time to time to supervise Gabrielle while she continued to cook. At last, Gabrielle had completed the arduous task by herself. However, she had been waiting for Westley from six o'clock, and it was nearing eight o'clock now. He was still not back yet, and Gabrielle couldn't even reach him.

Sophie also grew anxious, but she didn't dare call Westley. He had been so cold on the phone before, and then he hadn't even bothered to reply after she had sent the message about Gabrielle's injury. It looked like that he wasn't going to make it to Half Moon Bay tonight.

Sophie felt a pang of sympathy towards Gabrielle as she looked at the gauze on her hand.

Gabrielle's kindness was all in vain.

"Gabrielle, I don't think Mr. Morris will be back from work anytime soon. Why don't you have dinner? It's already past eight o'clock." Sophie went to the dining room to persuade Gabrielle.

Gabrielle didn't stir. She just stared at the cold dishes on the table. She began to feel foul as she accepted that Westley wouldn't come tonight and he wouldn't see what she had done for him. He wouldn't thank her.

How could she have thought that a quick meal would make up for the fact that Lance fought against the bodyguards? It was more complicated than that.

Sure enough, she was too naive and innocent.

"It's all right, Sophie. I'll wait a little longer. Just past eight o'clock is still early. Maybe Westley has just finished work and is on his way back." Gabrielle smiled at Sophie, but there was an undeniable bitterness in her words and emotions.

Sophie understood where Gabrielle was coming from. But she didn't know what to say. As far as she knew, Westley would arrive ahead of time if he cared enough.

It was already dinner time. If he wanted to eat dinner at home, he would've come back early. If he couldn't come early, he would've called Gabrielle.

In reality, neither had he come back early, nor did he make any phone calls. Obviously, he hadn't attached any importance to Gabrielle. ³

This, though, made Sophie sad.

"Gabrielle, how about..."

"Sophie, why don't you go back to your room to take a shower and have a rest? I'll wait for him. If he doesn't come back at ten o'clock, I'll eat and go to sleep, okay?" Gabrielle bore the bitterness in her heart and insisted that Sophie return to her quarters.

What else could Sophie say, or do? She had no choice but to listen to her. "Well, okay, I'll go back to my room now. Call me if you need anything."

As soon as Sophie left, Gabrielle dropped all pretenses and the smile disappeared off her face. She took a deep breath, took out her phone and obsessively checked it for messages. Finally, she clicked on Westley's phone number and her thumb hovered it. She didn't have the courage to call him, and she was afraid that it would only make him hate her more if she urged him or disturbed

him.

She stayed true to her word and decided to wait it out till ten o'clock. If he wasn't back by then, this was the last time she would attempt to cook for him. Not only had she cooked this meal at the cost of her flesh and blood, but it was worse that he wasn't even present to taste the dish.

It had proved that all this, including her, had been nothing but a joke in Westley's heart.

Alvin arrived at the club at half-past nine. Westley stood up, ready to leave.

"Hey, Westley, you just had a few drinks. Are you going already?" Jonas poured wine for all of them. He thought it strange, that Westley was leaving while his coat still lay on the back of the sofa.

'Who told me that he wouldn't leave until he got drunk tonight?'

"I got something." Westley had always been private about his own affairs, and tried to put on an indifferent air about them.

Of course he had to leave if he had something else to do.

"What's the matter? Is it work? You said that the Morris Group operates well without you. We would never stop drinking before we

were drunk, and you've only drunk a little bit. Are you afraid that you won't have a place to sleep in this lovely area of Alexis's?" Jonas purposely provoked Westley.

He loved his sister dearly—the same sister who had been ill-treated by this cold and distant man. He felt his brotherly duties overcome him. He couldn't hurt Westley physically, but there was nothing stopping him from humiliating him and putting him down for her.

"I've told you already! This is the difference between a married man and an unmarried one. Why don't we just allow Westley to go back to his beloved wife?" Alexis knew that the reason Jonas treated Westley the way he did. It all had to do with the ignorant girl, Carol.

She had put everything on the line—including her classes and education—and had come directly to Westley to take her place as a substitute bride. Little did she know that Westley had already married another beautiful woman and was currently hiding her.

"I'll treat you next time." Westley gladly took Alexis's leeway of letting him leave, and so he vanished as soon as he said that.

Alvin was waiting downstairs. As soon as he saw Westley, he rushed and opened the car

door for him. "Mr. Morris, why did you leave so early today? Usually, you and Remy will drink late into the night, don't you?"

"I wanted to leave early. Any other unsolicited opinions or questions?" Westley scowled at him and then bent his head as he got into the car.

Alvin figured someone had upset Mr. Morris, owing to his early departure. Unfortunately for him, he was Mr. Morris's punching bag. 5

'It's really not easy to be a special assistant. Being around and working for the king, is like always accompanying a tiger. It's so unpredictable...'

"Mr. Morris, shall we go back to the Vineyard Villa?" Alvin quickly got in the car and started it.

"Half Moon Bay." After saying these words, Westley closed his eyes and leaned his head back on the headrest. He didn't want to utter another word.

Alvin took the hint, not daring to ask any more questions. He drove fast.

Half Moon Bay. Alvin didn't expect Mr. Morris to leave early in order to see Gabrielle. It was a good sign. Yesterday, he had taken the cake and today, he had left his social activities early. Alvin didn't believe that Mr. Morris had

no feelings for Gabrielle. 7

By the time the vehicle arrived at the villa, Gabrielle was in a half-sleep as she waited at the table. She didn't hear it approaching.

Westley got out of the car and frowned. The villa was well-lit, but there was no sign of life, no sign of the woman who had "cooked for him" rushing out to welcome him home. Did she go to bed early?

He knew it. She was not sincere. 1

Or had she lost too much blood, and had to be rushed to hospital?

The horrible idea popped up in Westley's mind and he quickened his pace towards the villa. 2

Chapter 115 Stop Playing

There was no one in the living room when Westley arrived at the villa. When he looked at the dining room, there was a woman sleeping on the table.

Meanwhile, Sophie came out of her room when she heard Westley's car enter the yard. An excited expression painted her face when she saw him. "You're finally here, Mr. Morris. Gabrielle fell asleep while waiting for you. I'll wake her up immediately."

"It's fine. There's no need to wake her, Sophie. You can return to your sleep," he politely interjected. ¹

After looking at Westley and the sleeping Gabrielle, Sophie suddenly had an idea of what was going on between the two.

It seemed that Westley wanted to wake Gabrielle by himself. Since he already arrived, Sophie didn't want to ruin the sweet moment between them.

Gabrielle probably guessed correctly. Westley had something important to do which was why he came home late.

Their tacit understanding was proof that they were a match for each other.

"I understand. I'll head to my room now. If you need anything, don't hesitate to tell me." With a smile, Sophie turned around and went upstairs.

"You can go to sleep, Sophie. I won't call for you." He fixed his eyes on the fingers of Gabrielle's left hand.

Bandages wrapped around three of her fingers. He grew anxious at how careless the woman in front of him was.

"Her pinky finger has the most serious injury, Mr. Morris. There was a lot of bleeding. She also refused to call Dr. Davis despite my advice." When she noticed that he was staring at the injuries in Gabrielle's hand, Sophie felt that an explanation was necessary so that he wouldn't worry too much about her.

But unlike what Sophie suspected, Westley showed no signs of anxiousness. Instead, he stared at her with indifferent eyes.

"Yeah. She's a clumsy woman. No one else is to blame except for her if she cut off all of her fingers." Suddenly, he furrowed his eyebrows out of anger. He suspected that Gabrielle might just be pretending to be injured in front of him.

Maybe she was trying to get his sympathy to

make him forgive her for letting Lance beat his bodyguards.

However, there was no way that could happen.

When she noticed the Westley suddenly became frustrated, Sophie wondered if something she said triggered him.

"Mr. Morris, about Gabrielle—"

"You can return to your room, Sophie," he interjected in a cold tone.

As such, Sophie sealed her lips, turned around, and headed to her room.

Meanwhile, Westley stayed in the dining room while quietly staring at Gabrielle. The poor girl must be too exhausted that the conversation beside her didn't wake her up.

"Gabrielle!" he called out in a cold voice as his indifferent eyes looked down at her.

However, Gabrielle remained asleep with no signs of waking up.

"Gabrielle!"

"Why is it so loud? I'm sleeping," she complained while gesturing to keep quiet.

She had no idea what the fuss was about. It

felt like a machine kept saying her name.

Meanwhile, Westley's heart skipped a beat when he heard her soft and tender voice.

Moreover, she wasn't even trying to look gorgeous. Her natural state was still very attractive.

She looked gorgeous without any make-up or effort.

However, Westley immediately returned to his senses. Her soft voice felt like music to his ears. He thought that his accusations were wrong.

"Wake up, Gabrielle." It seemed that he was annoyed by how her aura affected him. As such, his voice became louder.

"Why are you so loud? Are you the devil? I'm exhausted. Please let me rest for a while," she said while waving her hand at him, telling him to go away. Then, her hand fell to his arms and grabbed it.

Out of nowhere, she pinched him hard. ②

"What the—" Surprised, he had no words for what she just did. He stared at her hand that was pinching him while thinking, "This girl is the devil!"

Even though she was asleep, Gabrielle still

managed to pinch him.

Finally, she turned her head sideways and faced Westley. However, her beautiful face still had faint scratches. It seemed that Remy really cared about Gabrielle that he gave her an ointment to remove the scars.

"Gabrielle!" As his patience ran out, Westley pinched her small pinkish ear. He playfully caressed it. The soft sensation felt addicting for him as he couldn't let go of it.

"Bryce, stop playing with my ear." Gabrielle patted the hand pinching her ear. When Bryce was still young, he usually pinched her ear whenever she was asleep on the table. He would even pinch her ear when waking her in the morning. Since she was used to pinching, she grew rather sensitive about it.

However, Westley loosened his grip when she called him Bryce. A frown painted his face as he realized that she was dreaming about Bryce. She must be madly in love with him to have him in her dreams.

"Wake up already, Gabrielle!" he shouted in a cold, frustrated voice.

At that moment, Gabrielle became so scared that she woke up despite her exhaustion. She was still in a daze when she opened her eyes. While rubbing her eyes, she was surprised by the furious man in front of her.

"Westley, you're home," she murmured in a gentle voice.

It was apparent she was happy that Westley had arrived. Since she prepared a meal for him, she wanted him to come back no matter how late. Moreover, his return would mean he wasn't cold towards her.

"Why are you sleeping at the table, Gabrielle? The dining table is for eating, not for resting. You should go to bed if you want to sleep," he reprimanded in a furious tone.

However, she didn't know why he was enraged. She thought that it was because she was sleeping on the table and the dishes already grew cold.

Then, she looked at the wall clock and realized that it was already ten o'clock.

"I'm so sorry, Westley. I fell accidentally fell asleep on the table because I've been waiting for you for a long time," she said in a low voice while rubbing her eyes.

"So it's my fault that you thought of the table as a bed and slept on it?" he asked with raised eyebrows. 3

Meanwhile, Gabrielle realized that the man in front of her was furious once more. She regretted saying such a thing. It looked like

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she was complaining about his late arrival when she didn't mean it that way. She was merely telling the truth.

She already knew that she would always make such mistakes as long as she was with him. However, Gabrielle didn't want to be in such a situation.

Chapter 116 First Peaceful Dinner

The environment was calm since it was late in the night. Westley had just returned and his wife, Gabrielle was shocked and a bit happy that he came back to Half Moon Bay tonight. She swallowed hard and looked at him fearfully.

"No, Mr. Morris. I don't mean to blame you. I know that you're very busy, I can understand that. It's nice for you to come back home. You haven't had dinner yet, right? Let me warm up the food for you. It's cold already."

She stood up, but all of a sudden, she felt dizzy and almost fainted because she had been sleeping for too long before Westley came in. If he hadn't held her in time, she would have fallen. ⑥

He held her by the waist tightly and made her lean on his hairy chest. ③

There was a faint fragrance that oozed from her body. Immediately she threw herself into his arms, it rushed quickly into his nostrils, which made him a bit startled. ②

"Ah, thank you, thank you very much, Mr. Morris..." she said as she quickly got out of his arms. She didn't want to annoy this boss again.

"There is no need to warm up the food. I already had dinner before coming back," he said coldly. ①

She lowered her head in silence with an unhappy countenance. As she lifted her head to look at him, her eyes which were once bright became full of resentment. "Okay, Mr. Morris. It's all right. You can go back to your room and rest well. I'm going to clean it up."

'If he didn't come back for dinner, why is he here right now? Wouldn't it have been better if he went back to his residence in the Vineyard Villa?' she asked herself angrily.

Even though she was angry, she didn't have the guts to pour out her anger on him. She wasn't ready to die anytime soon and so, she had to tread with caution.

"I'm sure you hate me so much right now," he said when he saw how her face looked. He knew that she was upset.

"What right do I have to hate you? I was the one who decided to cook for you tonight. I didn't even expect that you'd come back." She looked at him and tried to smile.

Instead, her expression showed that she was a little bitter and aggrieved, especially when she bit her lips hard. It seemed like he had done something heinous and unpardonable.

In reality, he was such a bad person. He had always been merciless, cruel, and cold-hearted in whatsoever he did. All the bad words for describing a person could be used on him. He was just a villain who was full of lust. ②

Despite all this, he didn't care about other people's feelings and opinions. Others couldn't influence what he already had in mind to do.

But for the first time, Gabrielle's facial expression of resentment made him feel that he was really bad.

"Go and warm up the dishes," he said. "I'll take a shower and come downstairs for dinner." Immediately he said that he turned around and went upstairs. ②

She didn't understand what he meant at all. 'What does he mean by such statement? Was he going to have dinner, after all?' she mused.

All of a sudden, she burst into a fit of laughter and then went back to the kitchen to heat the cold dishes.

As he stood under the showerhead taking his bath, he started doubting the decision he had just made to his wife. He was being influenced by her recently and his principles

had been broken over and over again. 3

When he came downstairs in his pajamas to have dinner with her, she had already heated the dishes and was coming out of the kitchen with a pot of soup.

The big and heavy white sand pot must have pressed against her injured hand, making her look a little uncomfortable.

"If you can't carry it, it would be better if you don't take it out. It's not even necessary to serve it out. I can't drink a whole pot of soup," he said with a frown on his face and walked up to her and took the soup pot from her hands.

Gabrielle was taken aback by his sudden move, but then, she was quick to realize that he was just helping her. It was not easy to carry such a heavy pot with her injured hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Morris," she said with a smile. She followed him to the dining table still smiling.

'Who said that this man was cruel and cold-hearted,' she thought to herself. It was obvious that despite the tough front he had always put up, he still cared about people he was close to. 3

"If you know that you can't do it, don't try to be brave. If the pot falls and smashes into

pieces, who are you going to blame?" he asked her as he looked at her. At the same time, he pulled out a chair and sat down. His face was cold and indifferent.

She knew that he wasn't going to say more than that. So, she quickly took a bowl of soup.

"Gabrielle, sit down!" he thundered. She was about to use her injured hand again, which made him very angry.

The way he yelled at her almost made the bowl she was holding fall off.

"What's the matter, Mr. Morris?" She looked at him in horror, scared to death that she would make him unhappy again, and also afraid that the pot of soup would hit her head. It was terrible.

She didn't even have the guts to think about it.

"Don't worry about me, I can take care of myself. Just eat your food," he said to her ruthlessly.

At that moment, she felt that he seemed to care about her. She hoped that she wasn't thinking too much so as not to be disappointed.

She then decided to allow him to serve

himself. She sat down and ate with chopsticks obediently.

"Mr. Morris, these were all cooked by me. If they don't taste as good as you want, please don't mind. But if you worked overtime and haven't eaten anything yet, then you should eat more. You need it." She couldn't help but care about his wellbeing.

Westley had always been well-educated. He ate quietly and elegantly without making any sound. He was graceful in his way.

This was his habit. But in the eyes of his wife, it seemed like he didn't want to talk to her at all.

Sure enough, he disliked her. No matter how delicious the food she cooked was, he would dislike it because he didn't like her.

However, it was the first time that the two of them had such a peaceful meal. She could talk to him when they were done eating.

"Gabrielle, are you satisfied by just staring at me?" he asked as he took a brief look at her.

She looked away uneasily and lowered her head to eat her food.

"Mr. Morris, if you don't like the food I cooked, you can tell me directly. You don't have to force yourself to eat it, and you don't

have to consider how I would feel if you reject it," she said shyly. ③

By the way, it was unbearable for the both of them to keep silent all the time when they were having dinner. Besides, he didn't look happy as he ate the food she cooked, which made her restless as she wondered whether the food was delicious to him or not.

"Have I ever cared about your feelings, Gabrielle?

Besides, you know that you are not good at cooking, why then did you force yourself to cook for me? Did you do it on purpose to make me uncomfortable? What was the motive behind you cooking for me?" he asked her. ②

Although, the dishes cooked by Gabrielle looked ordinary they tasted good. ①

He was never a person known to compromise for the sake of others. If the food was really difficult to swallow, he would spit it out immediately. He would never deprive himself for the sake of how other people who are involved would feel.

Although he had been brought up in a wealthy family and was known for being blunt in his statements, he was not that difficult to serve. It could only be said that the dishes cooked by his wife were not bad,

so as not to be tasted bad by him.

"No, I didn't. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I just sincerely made a meal for you. Nothing more." She shook her head and looked at him with utmost sincerity.

To be honest, for a moment, he was moved by her sincere expression, but it was only for a moment because he felt that this little woman must be plotting something against him.

"Gabrielle, you were so diligent in cooking for me, and you also hurt three of your fingers just for the sake of Lance. Why?" he asked her without mincing words. 3

Chapter 117 Not Interested In You

"Ahem..." Gabrielle choked on the mouthful of vegetables that she just stuffed in her mouth.

She felt terrible.

She hurriedly grabbed a cup of water for herself as she looked at Westley with watery eyes.

"I can explain. I did not intend to bring Lance to the hospital for him to bash your bodyguards. I happened to meet him there during my visit to see Sloane at the hospital. We met there coincidentally; it was not preplanned. When we were at her hospital ward, the bodyguards denied his entry. Due to his anxiousness, he ended up hitting the guards. He did not do it intentionally. Could you forgive him?" Gabrielle diligently explained the situation to Westley. She needed to let him know that they did not meant to intentionally hit the bodyguards.

"Gabrielle, are you blaming me for allowing the bodyguards to stop you?" Westley said. He seemed to find joy in distorting her words and intentions. 3

Gabrielle shook her head as she said, "Westley, that wasn't my intention. I just wanted to..."

Chapter 13
"Therefore by using a meal, you intend to exchange it for my forgiveness?" Westley said. ①

"That was not my intention. Cooking for you was out of my willingness, my own good intentions. It has nothing to do with your forgiveness and I did not intend to use this meal to coerce you into forgiving us. At the end of the day, if you do not want to forgive Lance, it doesn't matter. I just wanted to explain that Lance did not mean to hurt them, "

Gabrielle said seriously.

What she did not know was that Westley was unhappy due to the fact that she kept on defending and explaining for Lance. ④

"Gabrielle, regardless if Lance did it purposely or unintentionally, it doesn't change the fact that he has indeed hurt someone. He is eventually in the wrong. Therefore, what's the point in you explaining and apologizing on behalf of him?" said Westley coldly and indifferently.

Gabrielle had no way to refute his words. What Westley said was legitimate. Regardless if Lance had done it purposely or unintentionally, it was Lance who did it. He should have been the one to apologize, not her.

The atmosphere between the two of them was at a standstill. Gabrielle didn't dare to say anything. She was afraid that Westley would get angrier with anything she said. After all, nothing good happened when this man got angry.

After the tensed meal, Gabrielle stood from her seat as she got ready to clear the dishes.

"You have already injured one hand of yours, are you intending to hurt both hands now? Just leave the dishes as it is. Sophie will clean up the mess. You do not need to fret about it." After throwing those words at her, Westley stood up and left.

Gabrielle stood in the dining room, unsure if she should leave with him or stay behind.

Where would she be sleeping tonight?

It seemed like Westley was going to stay here tonight again. She didn't want to sleep on the sofa like in previous times. ①

"Gabrielle, do you want me to gloriously carry you back to the room?" Westley shouted at her coldly as he noticed that she was in a daze, not moving from the dining room. ①

Gabrielle jumped as she was woken up from her thoughts by his voice. She decided to

follow him obediently as she didn't want to risk provoking him again.

"We... are we sleeping together?"

Gabrielle asked meekly as she approached Westley. She felt that she was asking a very indecent question.

"It's not like we have never slept together before," Westley snorted and strode upstairs.

Gabrielle felt nervous and bothered by his words. However, she still followed behind his steps quietly to the room.

When the both of them returned to the room, Westley noticed that the woman behind him was behaving very warily. He was displeased with her actions.

"Don't worry. The bed is big enough for the two of us. We will not be in contact. After all, I'm not even interested in you or your body,"

Westley voiced out. He knew what she was worried about. She was unwilling to have any intimacy between the two of them.

Hearing this, Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief. However, she felt a tinge of sadness within her. Was she so unattractive to him? In his eyes, was she truly that repulsive?

Westley's words ranged in her ears. It

sounded so dreadful that it made her heart feel awful.

"I understand," Gabrielle replied, masking her emotions.

"Go to take a shower. Don't even think about getting on the bed without a shower." After saying that, Westley went directly to the bed and pulled the sheets up.

Gabrielle didn't exactly felt embarrassed about sharing a bed with Westley. It was not like they had not shared a bed before. Moreover, they were a legal couple. Although they are nominally married, they were still recognized as a couple by law. Thinking about this, she decided not to feel odd or embarrassed. She took her clothes and strode to the bathroom for a shower.

After showering, she noticed that Westley wasn't on the bed anymore. She turned her head and saw that he was standing on the balcony. He was probably on a call. Well, it didn't seem to be any of her business what Westley was doing; she didn't care. She went to the bed and pulled the sheets up as she lay down at the innermost part of the bed.

Initially, Gabrielle was feeling very uneasy. However, as time went by she gradually fell asleep and entered the land of dreams. After Westley ended his call with Alvin, he walked into the bedroom and was greeted with the

sight of her sleeping sweetly by the innermost part of the bed.

Looking at her, he noticed that her fair and delicate face. Her pointy nose and supple lips were very beautiful and added to her charm. It was a no brainer to state that Gabrielle was indeed very beautiful. Unfortunately, there were some scars left behind on her face. However, once those scars faded, her face would be even more beautiful.

He didn't know who her biological parents are or how do they looked like but he knew that they were likely to be gorgeous people too. Otherwise, where did Gabrielle's beauty came from? While her biological parents were likely to be esthetically pleasing, it was a pity that their personality characteristics were questionable. He wondered, what morals did they possess to be able to abandon their child? They truly didn't have what it took to be a qualified parent. 4

Standing by her side, Westley didn't notice how long he spent looking fixedly at her delicate face.

Allowing himself to ponder, he only had one thought. Was this woman carefree, or was she too comfortable around him? Did she truly believed when he said that he had no interest in her at all?

Gabrielle slept through the night without a

single dream. When she woke up, she noticed that the skies were already bright and the birds were chirping loudly. Moving her hands to the other side of the bed, she noticed that the bed had already long lost its warmth. It seemed like Westley had already left a long time ago.

Westley must have left extremely early this morning.

Gabrielle didn't care about him at all. Whether he had left early or late, it was none of her business. However, it seemed like Westley was true to his words. He did not touch her at all.

She lifted the quilt and walked towards the bathroom to freshen up before heading downstairs. As she descended the stairs she noticed Sophie cheerfully preparing breakfast. At the sight of Sophie's cheerful countenance, it seemed like something wonderful had happened.

"Good morning, Sophie. What is the occasion? Do you have any good news to share with me?" Gabrielle greeted her.

"Gabrielle, good morning! You're up. Good news? Of course, there is good news. Didn't you make up with Westley yesterday?" Sophie replied to her with a cheerful tone.

'Made up with Westley?

No way. That definitely did not happen, ' Gabrielle thought.

He didn't expressed any forgiveness towards Lance at all. The meal she cooked as she waited up all night for him to take was also in vain.

Moreover, there wasn't any chance for any intimacy last night even if Westley intended to. She fell asleep like a dead log and slept through the night sweetly.

Gabrielle was on the verge of breaking down when she saw Sophie's bright smile. She did not think that her problems were solved.

"Sophie, I'm hungry. Did Westley leave early?" Gabrielle asked as she pulled out a chair and sat down.

The bowls and plates they left last night had already been cleaned up by Sophie. Now, there were fresh fruits and buns lay out on the table for her to eat.

"Gabrielle, have a seat first. I'll bring you some porridge for breakfast," Sophie replied and she moved into the kitchen to prepare.

While eating the steamed buns and porridge that was prepared for her, Gabrielle still felt that she was in a bad mood. It was all written on her face and the way she stirred the

porridge.

"Gabrielle, what happened between you and Mr. Morris last night?" Sophie asked when she noticed that Gabrielle was in a bad mood. However, she wasn't looking for some gossip when she asked. She truly cared about the relationship between the two of them.

After all, she knew that the two of them had been quarrelling for a while. The fact that Westley was here last night meant that the both of them had reconciled. Why was it that Gabrielle's expression still looked so dull in the morning?

This made Sophie very worried.

"Nothing. Did Westley say anything when he left this morning?" Gabrielle asked uneasily as she stirred her porridge.

She slept so well last night that she didn't even wake up when Westley had left. She wondered what his temper was like this morning when he left.

"Yes. Mr. Morris said to pass you this. It is an ointment that helps remove the scars on your face." Sophie took out an ointment from her pocket and passed it to her.

"Okay, thank you, Sophie," Gabrielle said as she took the ointment and calmly placed it on the table. 2

"Gabrielle, the person you should be saying your thanks to isn't me, but Mr. Morris. He was the one who bought the ointment. By the way, Mr. Morris also mentioned that you can visit Sloane from today on," Sophie said calmly.

Gabrielle's expression immediately changed. She was thrilled.

"Really?! I can? I can visit Sloane?" Gabrielle squealed as she stood up and held Sophie's arms excitedly.

As she thought about it, it seemed like the dinner she cooked for Westley paid its effort. While he had not forgiven Lance, at least she could go visit Sloane today! 2

Chapter 118 Gabrielle's Convenience

The aura in Half Moon Bay Villa was energetic. It was still early in the morning and the birds chirped noisily. Sophie was in the kitchen preparing breakfast for Gabrielle. All of a sudden, Gabrielle came in and hugged her from behind warmly with so much enthusiasm. Sophie was surprised and wondered what made Gabrielle so happy.

"I'm so happy, Sophie. I can't begin to explain how happy I am. I'm going to see Sloane very soon," she said excitedly. Even when she let go of Sophie, the excitement was still written all over her. 4

The fact that Gabrielle was happy also made Sophie happy. Westley knew his wife very well. He knew what to do to make her joyful.

"Have breakfast first, Gabrielle. After that, I'll ask the driver to take you to the hospital to see your friend." When she saw that Gabrielle was overjoyed, she couldn't help but also share in her joy.

Besides, she was a maid to Gabrielle. She would surely be unhappy if her mistress was in a bad mood every day. For this reason, she had to share in her joy.

"Okay, Sophie. I've heard you, I'll have breakfast now. Have you eaten yet? If not, join me, let's have breakfast together," she said to her with smiles. Gabrielle warmly asked her to sit with her.

"I've had breakfast already, Gabrielle. I ate before you came downstairs. You can eat by yourself." A motherly smile appeared on Sophie's face.

Gabrielle sat down and put steamed dumplings into her mouth in a hurry as if she wanted to eat all the breakfast on her plate in one bite. She did so because she was in a hurry to see Sloane.

"Gabrielle, slow down. Don't rush your meal. The driver is waiting patiently for you. He won't drive away before you're done. Besides, Sloane will also wait for you," Sophie advised her. She was frightened to see the way Gabrielle was eating quickly like she was being pursued. She was also afraid that the food might choke her.

Fortunately, Westley was not around, or else, he would also feel very uncomfortable seeing her eat in such a manner.

The Morris family had always been strict with etiquette and table manners. No one gobbled down food or rushed while eating.

Gabrielle was in a hurry to see Sloane. Her

friend was very important to her.

"I know, Sophie. I'll eat slowly from now on. By the way, what driver are you talking about? I don't remember us having a driver here. Or do we now have a driver here?" she asked in surprise. Gabrielle still remembered that her husband had sent Sophie to take care of her ever since he left her here. There has never been a driver or any car. It was just the two of them.

"Actually, the driver came from the Vineyard Villa this morning. Mr. Morris sent him to you. He is afraid that it will be inconvenient for you to go out. At least, when the driver is here, you can ask him to drive you wherever you want to go. It's better that way as it is advantageous and safe. Recently, I heard that it's no longer safe to take a taxi. It is said that there are always some girls missing and that these said girls used a taxi before they went missing. It's terrible. Since you are a beautiful girl, you are more likely to be targeted by the bad guys." Looking at her pretty face, Sophie praised her again and again, which made Gabrielle's cheeks turn pink as she blushed.

Gabrielle was really beautiful. She was even much more beautiful than Nellie. 4

"Ha-ha, Sophie, please don't make fun of me. I'm not that beautiful. I don't think I'm that attractive to the bad guys. But anyway, it's

always easier and safer to have a driver than to take a taxi," she agreed. She was grateful that Westley had called the driver for her. Other than that, she had no right to call the driver here. Without his permission also, she couldn't go back to live in the Vineyard Villa. She was strictly following instructions. ①

In other words, having a full-time driver was equivalent to him monitoring her. ①

No matter where she went in Antawood, he would know it immediately.

'Damn it!' she cursed under her breath.

To this effect, he wasn't so kind after all. He had an ulterior motive. ③

But then, what about her freedom in the future?

If she refused the driver sent by Westley, it meant she declared open war on him. She didn't have the guts to do that.

As it stood, both the Jones family and Bryce's lives were in his hands. If she dared to provoke him, he could easily wipe them off from the face of the earth and there was nothing she could do about it.

The more she thought about it, the more afraid she became. Soon enough, she had a lot of thoughts going through her mind.

Westley had such a careful mind, he calculated his steps one at a time. She couldn't fight him even if she wanted to.

The more she thought about it, the more upset she became. She just couldn't help it.

Her husband was a cunning man. He wouldn't even let her go as he had his eyes all over the city.

At the same time, Westley was in a high-level meeting with the senior members of the Morris Group. A sudden sneeze from him startled everybody. They were all worried that their boss would be sick. ①

Alvin immediately brought him a tissue. "Mr. Morris, you are not feeling very well. Did you catch a cold last night?" he asked with concern.

"I didn't catch any cold." He took the tissue and wiped his nose, and felt better. He gave Alvin a fierce look and continued with the meeting.

Of course, Alvin would not say one more word to provoke Mr. Morris, because if he did and Mr. Morris got angry, he would die a miserable death.

At the same time in Half Moon Bay Villa, seeing that the excited expression on

Gabrielle's face suddenly turned gloomy and uneasy, Sophie was a little worried.

"Why are you unhappy again, Gabrielle? Is anything the matter?" Sophie asked uneasily.

"Oh! It's nothing, Sophie. I'm just thinking about what gift I should give to Sloane when I see her." She quickly made up an excuse. She didn't want to tell her what she was thinking about at that moment.

"That's very easy. Tell me what she likes to eat and I'll cook it for her. She'll be very happy to eat what she likes," Sophie suggested kindly as she was willing to help.

Gabrielle's face became more solemn than before. She thought about what Sophie had said.

'Yes, that's true. Eating what you like is the same thing as seeing the person that you like. This was one of the things that made people happy.' ¹

But right now, Sloane couldn't even open her mouth. How could she eat if she brought her homemade food?

"Did I say something wrong, Gabrielle?" Sophie asked as she saw that Gabrielle's face looked more solemn. She was worried on her behalf.

"You are right, Sophie. My friend has lost so much weight recently, but doesn't want to eat anything just yet. I'll just buy her a bunch of flowers later." Gabrielle tried to smile.

A fake smile was really ugly. This was because it wasn't real and didn't come from the heart.

Sophie knew that she was thinking about something else that she didn't want to talk about. For this reason, she left her and continued with her work.

When Gabrielle finished her breakfast, she packed up her things and hurried out of the villa with her bag. As expected, she saw the driver sitting in the car, waiting patiently for her.

As soon as the driver saw her come out, he quickly got out of the car and opened the door for her to get in.

"Good day, Gabrielle. Please get in the car. I'll be the one driving you around from now on. My name is Harry."

"Thank you, Harry," she said as she smiled at him and sat down.

"You're welcome, Gabrielle," he said also returning her smile. He also got into the car and started it.

Chapter 110
"Gabrielle, where are you headed today?" he asked in the usual manner typical of a driver.

"To the central hospital. Thank you."

"Okay, Gabrielle."

Looking at the view through the window, she found that the house in Half Moon Bay was retreating farther and farther behind her, but her mood was still messed up. She couldn't help but ask Harry, "Harry, was it Mr. Morris, who asked you to come here?"

"Yes, Gabrielle. He was the one who asked me to come here and await orders from you. He asked me to drive you wherever you wanted to go," he responded.

"Oh, okay. But did he say anything else?"

For example, you report to him where I go, who I meet every day and all that. Did he say anything of such?" she asked inquisitively.

"No, Gabrielle. He just told me to follow your orders and drive safely. That's all," he replied her. 7

'That's all?' she mused

She didn't believe it at all.

But she was really stupid. Harry worked for Westley, so he would listen to everything he

said. How could he tell her what Westley had said to him in confidence? 2

'Gabrielle, are you becoming more and more stupid since you married Westley?' she asked herself silently. 4

In fact, she just thought too much. Westley didn't mean to spy on her at all, because he had no interest in knowing what she had done the whole day. With this, she calmed herself down. 4

Chapter 119 Playboy Lawrence

After arriving at the hospital, Gabrielle went to the flower shop at the gate to pick up a bunch of flowers that Sloane would like. She felt slightly perturbed when she arrived at Sloane's ward.

While in the elevator, she wondered why Westley was actually allowing her to visit Sloane. He was known for his unkindness and his careless attitude of playing and using people. ⁴

Would he just let her visit because he thought she would betray him again by bringing someone to beat up his bodyguards, just after Lance fought them? ²

It could also be because he'd had a good time last night, when she had cooked dinner for him. Had he indeed enjoyed the food? Should she cook more for him in the future? She knew how to coax him and make him happy. Life would be easy with him, if so. ³

Gabrielle marveled in thousands of questions. It was suspicious that he permitted her to see Sloane. After all, this man was really good at scheming. He did it every day. No wonder he was able to seamlessly take over the Morris Group and expand it into the superpower it was today. No wonder people tremble with fear around him. This was no ordinary feat,

that any average person could achieve. 2

When Gabrielle arrived at the door of Sloane's ward, she saw the same two bodyguards standing there on either side. The two men bowed respectfully as soon as they saw her.

"Good morning, Miss Jones."

"May I come in?" Gabrielle asked the two cautiously.

"Yes, you may. Mr. Morris instructed us to let you in from today." One of the bodyguards opened the door for her. 2

With a sigh of relief, Gabrielle walked in with the flowers in her arms, feeling a little uneasy. After all, this had all happened so soon and so suddenly. Yesterday, she and Lance had to force their way in, and today she could come in so easily, without any resistance. The contrast in both situations felt surreal.

"By the way, yesterday... Are you all right? He is my cousin; I want to apologize on his behalf if he really hurt you." Gabrielle turned around and asked the two bodyguards.

They didn't look like they had been injured or hurt badly as she failed to see any wounds on their faces. They were probably fine.

"No, we weren't hurt. He just grabbed my electric baton and knocked us out," one bodyguard explained calmly.

Gabrielle heaved a sigh of relief and bowed to them solemnly. "I apologize for him. I'm sorry."

"Thank you, but we are fine. You can go in and see Sloane first." The bodyguards were careful to not accept Gabrielle's apology; she was Westley's wife, after all.

Without another word, Gabrielle turned around and went in. Sloane was lying on the hospital bed, wearing an oxygen mask on her pale face. Gabrielle put the flowers into a vase, sat down next to the bed on a chair, and reached out to grab her hand. 4

"Sloane, I'm here to see you... I didn't break into the room like I did yesterday. I'm here for as long as you like, to accompany you as much as you want me to.

But, Sloane ... please wake up. Wake up soon so you can talk to me. I know you must be exhausted and want nothing more than to sleep. But as soon as we finish our conversation, you can go right back to sleep, okay?

You said you would be my bridesmaid at my wedding and give me up to my husband. But

in all honesty, my wedding didn't turn out the way I wanted, either. It was a really casual affair and I married such a terrible man. I didn't have a grand wedding, nor could I offer you the chance to be a bridesmaid.

So, let's make a deal. After I divorce my husband, I will find another man to marry and let you be the bridesmaid, okay? 7

Please, look at me. I'm fine. But I just want you to get better as soon as possible."

Gabrielle sat there and talked with Sloane for a long time. She spoke about their beautiful memories and gave some small promises. She wanted Sloane to wake up after hearing her speeches.

She sat there for a long time until she received a call from Macy.

Gabrielle took a look at the sleeping Sloane and answered the phone. "Macy, what's up?"

"Gabrielle, I'm nearby to your studio. Are you free today? What do you say about going out for a meal? My treat." Macy asked her briskly.

It was time for lunch, so Gabrielle agreed. "Yeah, sure, could you find a restaurant close by? I'll be there in about ten minutes."

It was less than a ten minutes' drive between

the hospital and the commercial street. Once she got there, it would be easy for Macy to find a restaurant.

"Okay, I'll send you the name of the restaurant."

"Perfect. Thanks."

After leaving the hospital, Gabrielle asked Harry to drive her to the commercial street, and then to the restaurant that Macy chose.

However, she was abruptly stopped on the street by an unexpected surprise.

"Hey, Gabby! Long time no see." A large figure stood in front of Gabrielle and whistled at her. She got a whiff of the person's perfume and noticed he smelled good.

Without looking up at him, she immediately knew who was in her way.

Who else but Lawrence always put on such a strong, distinct perfume while dressing up in his usual ostentatious manner?

"Lawrence! Have you heard the saying 'barking dogs do not block the way'?" Gabrielle raised her head and glanced at him coldly.

Lawrence, the second son of Hughes family, was Cayden's friend, and was more popularly

known for his candid and promiscuous manner with women. All his friends were the same—playboys. They went through women really quickly, their relationships having a shelf life of no more than a month. ³

This kind of man disgusted Gabrielle more than any other. Lawrence came from a very noble family, and along with this kind of background, he also had charming good looks. It provided him with an entitled sense of chasing after whichever women he pleased.

The situation with his last girlfriend proved his shameless manner. He had taken her to their design room to order jewellery, immediately 'falling in love' with her, and had been badgering her since then.

"Wow, you're full of energy, Gabby. How about having lunch with me and sharing some of that vigor? It is noon, after all." Lawrence shamelessly invited her for lunch. ¹

Gabrielle rolled her eye at him. "Lawrence if you want someone to have dinner with you, just call any of the random people on your contact list. I'm sure you don't have a shortage of women waiting to dine with you."

"Maybe, but they aren't you, Gabby. It's you I want to have a meal with." Lawrence looked at Gabrielle with his deep-set, beautiful eyes.

Gabrielle was thrown off-course and felt slightly lightheaded with his piercing stare. Could he ease up a little bit?

"I am busy! Do you think everyone is as idle as you, Lawrence?"

Gabrielle strode past him.

"Hey, don't be so heartless, okay?" Lawrence hurried to catch up with her.

"Where have you been this month, Gabby? I went to the school to look for you. They said you're on leave from work, so I went to the studio to look for you. You asked for leave there, too. Why? Are you hiding from me?" asked Lawrence persistently.

"Congratulations, Lawrence, you hit the nail on the head! I just want to avoid you, so please stay away from me if we cross paths, okay?" Gabrielle glared at him angrily. 4

Chapter 120 Lawrence Hughes

It was a sunny afternoon. Gabrielle was on her way to see Macy at Fragrance Restaurant for lunch. On her way, a man kept trailing her. She felt embarrassed by the way he was chasing after her on a very popular street. For this reason, she decided to walk faster. Once Lawrence saw how fast she walked, he followed suit.

"If you think that you're going to make me angry with the way you're behaving, Gabby, you're wrong. You're underestimating me. I must invite you to have lunch with me today. You can't escape me this time around. Besides, I've been on the lookout for you for over a month before I met you here today. It just shows that we were destined to meet!" he said still walking after her. This man was just being outrageous. A man like him was like a plaster which was hard to be dealt with.

"Lawrence, I have something else to do and because of this, I don't have the luxury of time to argue here with you. Don't delay me, please," Gabrielle said to him as she thought of a way to get rid of him but couldn't think of any.

His kind of person was difficult to deal with. No matter how you talked to him, either in a

threatening or cruel tone, he was immune to all. He was just after achieving his goal.

"You must have lunch with me even if you still have something to do. As far as you have lunch with me, I won't disturb you again, okay?" he said as he smiled at her. There was no sign on his face to show that he was angry with the way that she was trying to avoid him.

Lawrence was a ladies' man. He had a very captivating smile that could enchant lots of people. Regrettably, she didn't fancy men like him and because of this, she was not willing to accept his smile no matter how captivating it was. It didn't have any effect on her.

Be that as it might, hearing that he would stop disturbing her if she accepted to have lunch with him, she became hesitant.

"Lawrence, are you going to keep to your words?" she asked as she peered at him closely. 4

He looked at her and smiled like an old cunning fox. He reassured her, "Of course, Gabby. I'm a man of my word. I say what I mean and I mean what I say."

She wanted to say something harsh to him! She was just sick of him pestering her this way.

Everyone in Antawood knew Lawrence to be a womanizer. He changed women easily like he was changing his clothes. Rumor also had it that he was very generous when he was with a woman. As long as the woman wanted anything, he bought it for her. Even when they broke up, he was still generous to the extent that he would give them a house and a check and after that, they would lose contact.

With such a man who loved to spend on women, who wouldn't love to be his girlfriend for even just a month?

"Okay then, let's go to the restaurant over there." She pointed to a place in front before she continued, "Now, the issue is this: I'm supposed to be having lunch with my friend in this same restaurant. I'll have to ask the person first. If he or she agrees to let you stay, then you can join us. Do you understand?" she asked him seriously.

"Is it a man or a woman?" The smile on his face faded away immediately.

He readily concluded that it was a man after all. 'So Gabrielle has been avoiding me these days because she wanted to be with other men. She also rushed to the restaurant this sunny afternoon because she wanted to have lunch with a man, right?' he asked himself without even waiting for her reply.

Before pursuing Gabrielle, he did a thorough investigation and found out that she didn't have a boyfriend. Although he was a playboy, he had a principle of not robbing other men of their women.

He believed that a gentleman didn't rob others of their love even though he liked having fun with women.

"It's a woman," she answered as she looked at him coldly. "Don't even think of getting close to her, Lawrence. She is not that kind of person who likes to play the way you do," she warned him sternly.

When he heard that it was a woman she was going to see, he smiled broadly. "You don't have to worry about that. I'm not going to chase after other women anymore. I'll only think about Gabby."

Gabrielle felt like throwing up and at that moment, she regretted agreeing to have lunch with him. She didn't know how Macy would feel about this arrangement and wondered whether or not she would be angry.

Besides, the friendship between her and Macy wasn't that deep. 'What would she think if I bring a total stranger with me to have lunch with us?' she thought deeply. 3

'Let me just reschedule this lunch for some other time,' she decided within herself.

"Lawrence, you don't have to go with me to lunch today. I'll invite you next time, okay?" she said to him hesitantly.

She knew that he wouldn't agree, but she decided to try her luck. "Gabby, you just have to be honest. I know you women always say one thing and mean another. You're saying you want me to go, but in your mind, you don't want me to. I understand all this. Don't worry, I'll treat you and your friend to lunch this afternoon," he suggested as he smiled at her. ②

It was not easy to persuade Lawrence. He didn't believe her when she said that she would invite him next time.

He knew that Gabrielle wasn't an easy woman to get and seeing her next time would be pretty difficult. How could he let her go so easily?

"Lawrence..." She tried to say something.

"This time around, I'm the one inviting you. So I'll be the one to pay. Next time, you can do the honors. It's fair that way," he said, smiling brilliantly. ①

She didn't want to have a meal with him at all. Couldn't this man just understand?

"Gabby, if you don't lead the way, I'll hug you!" Seeing that she still stood where she was, he tried to scare her.

Actually, it was not a scare. She knew that he was a man of his word, and he was completely shameless, and so, he could do anything he wanted.

So she had to make a move. If not, he would carry her up in his arms. This was a commercial street, and with his hug, she would surely hit the headlines before tomorrow.

"I have legs, Lawrence. I can walk myself. I don't need you to carry me. Besides, we are not as close as you think. Don't get too close to me," she warned him in disgust.

Lawrence didn't care about the look on her face. Rather, he laughed happily. "Gabby, are you indirectly telling me to work hard to catch up with you as soon as possible? Don't worry, it's not a problem. I will do my best."

'Damn it! Who told him that I want to be chased by him? He's crazy!' she thought angrily.

Without saying a word, she walked forward, not caring whether he followed her or not.

At the same time, he followed her excitedly.

Besides, this was the first time she allowed him to have a meal with her, even though they weren't going to be alone.

But it didn't matter at all to him. As long as he could be with her, he felt accomplished.

When she entered the Fragrance Restaurant, Gabrielle looked around for Macy and saw her sitting somewhere, raising her hand to her.

"Hello, Gabrielle. I'm over here." There was a hint of joy in Macy's voice.

She quickly hurried over to where Macy was and glanced at Lawrence as he followed her from a distance.

"Macy, I'm sorry that I brought a friend with me. Can we eat together? If you don't want to, it's fine. I'll just ask him to eat alone." She could care less about how he felt.

"Vice Mr. Hughes!" Macy shouted in surprise as soon as she saw Lawrence coming in. She stood up quickly and straightened up her body nervously.

"Vice Mr. Hughes?" she said again trying to be sure that he was the one. Judging from Macy's body language, Gabrielle could tell that the intern company that Macy found a job in the high-tech zone might be under the Hughes Group. Other than that, why did she

refer to him as Vice Mr. Hughes?

His brother, Brent, was the current CEO of the Hughes Group. Many people liked to call the brothers Mr. Hughes and Vice Mr. Hughes respectively.

Brent was the CEO of Hughes Group. After all, he was in a high position and worked hard day and night, making great efforts to make money for the Hughes Group. Vice Mr. Hughes was very unreasonable. All he did was eating, drinking and chasing after women. He hadn't made any relevant contribution to the Hughes Group.

It was a waste for him to be named Vice Mr. Hughes since he wasn't doing anything meaningful to the growth of the company.

"Do you know me?" he asked Macy. He stood in front of her and stared at her face for a while. Her baby face was tender and adorable, but unfortunately, she wasn't his kind of woman. He liked women who were seductive and flirty, unadulterated and beautiful just like Gabrielle and for this reason, she didn't have a lasting impression on him. 2