

Chapter 261 Something Might Have Happened

After lunch, Michelle left and Gabrielle was alone in the living room.

She was sifting through a book on jewelry design when she received a call from Lance.

When Gabrielle had returned home from Lover's Embankment last night, her phone had remained switched off because it had no battery. She had kept it on charge, but didn't turn it on until just then.

When the phone finally switched on at noon, there were several missed calls and unanswered WeChat messages.

Gabrielle didn't plan on replying to any of them after she read them through. Lance's call was the first one to come in when she switched her phone on.

Gabrielle put the book down and answered her phone. "Hi, Lance."

"Gabrielle, when did you leave yesterday?"

"Didn't I ask you to wait for me? Are you okay?" Lance asked. He sounded very worried.

"I was not feeling too comfortable so I came back early," Gabrielle lied, making up an excuse.

Lance realized she was being vague, so he didn't probe any further.

There was a shift in Gabrielle's demeanor after Westley had arrived to the party yesterday. Lance should have known how much Westley impacted Gabrielle.

However, he felt truly sorry for Gabrielle because Westley had shown up with another woman at the party.

All through the night and the next morning, there were wide reports on the Internet about Westley and Michelle's relationship. Obviously, Westley was okay with such news being reported - no media in Antawood would dare to spread rumors or tear him down if he wasn't okay with it.

"Gabrielle, have you read the news on the Internet? The news about Westley and Michelle is being broadcasted over all the websites," Lance questioned

Gabrielle anxiously. ①

Gabrielle, however, replied calmly, "Yes, I know. I've seen the reports."

Michelle had showed her all the news on her phone at lunch time.

Michelle was the hottest topic and most popular name in the news. Westley had been right. Celebrities must have any sort of publicity surrounding them to stay relevant, even if it was bad press.

Sure enough, Michelle's name was the one everyone was talking about. And even though they weren't saying nice things, she did not seem to pay too much attention to it.

She even persuaded Gabrielle to not overthink the situation. If the attacks got serious and out-of-hand, Westley would arrange for a lawyer for her.

Hence, the main victim was not worried about any of this - so neither should Gabrielle.

Besides, after knowing the true relationship between Michelle and Westley, she had nothing to worry about.

But Lance didn't know all this information, which was why he was so nervous and anxious for Gabrielle.

"You saw all of it?" Lance was in disbelief based on what Gabrielle was saying. His throat choked up and it took him a few moments to recover. "Well, if you've seen it, then you know they're talking about Michelle and Westley being in an affair. Don't you care that Westley has a mistress?" ³

From what he saw last night, he was very sure that Gabrielle indeed cared about Westley.

In the face of such big news, it didn't make sense that she was indifferent about it. She must be very sad inside but probably didn't want to show it.

"Lance, I know you care about me, but my marriage with Westley is not real. Whatever he does is his freedom." Besides, the news on the Internet was false. Westley and Michelle had orchestrated their familial relationship to look as though they were sponsor and mistress.

This was hard to explain to Lance over the phone, and in such a short period of

time, so she decided to drop it altogether.

"Gabrielle!" Lance let out an irresistible shout.

Gabrielle pulled her phone away, the roar deafening her ear.

"Lance, it's none of your business about mine and Westley's relationship. Anyway, do you know where Bryce is?" Gabrielle quickly diverted him.

Lance fell silent for a while, before speaking. "Gabrielle, I haven't been able to find the two of them. I'm not sure if they are missing or hiding. Don't worry. My people are trying their best to find them. We'll do everything we can." ①

Hearing this, Gabrielle felt a little uneasy.

She didn't think Bryce was hiding; in fact, she had an uncanny feeling that something must have happened to him.

"Lance, do you think something bad may have happened to Bryce?" Gabrielle asked him uneasily.

Lance was not certain.

After all, Lance knew that other people

were looking for Bryce, as well.

There were too many possibilities, so Lance was unsure whether Bryce was just hiding or if some harm had come his way.

"Gabrielle, listen to me. Nothing bad will happen. I'll find them as soon as possible and bring them back. And then, I'll make sure they won't have any chance of escaping, okay?" Lance consoled her.

Gabrielle had no choice but to believe him. After all, the only person who could help her find Bryce was Lance. If she couldn't believe him, she had no other help left.

"I know, Lance, thank you. I believe you can do it." Gabrielle pressed Lance - it was her last chance.

"Gabrielle, I want to ask... If I can't find Bryce, will you divorce Westley?"

Lance knew he shouldn't ask this question, but he asked it anyway.

Gabrielle was stunned. Now that she was thinking about it, she realized she had never considered this. Back then, Westley had arrogantly given Gabrielle only one way out, which was by making

her a scapegoat through their marriage. The only end in sight he had offered her was a divorce when Nellie came back to him.

But what if Nellie couldn't come back?

Would they really get divorced?

"Lance, I can't answer this question now. Just please help me find them first and we can discuss this later." Gabrielle avoided the topic and attempted to bring an end to it there.

Lance picked this up straightaway. He knew she didn't want to mention this again.

Since she didn't plan on divorcing Westley until Bryce was found, the first step was finding him, which he would do as soon as possible.

"Okay, Gabrielle, I won't ask you any more questions about this. Don't worry. Have a good rest." Lance regained his composure quickly and spoke to her gently.

"Okay, thank you. Bye." Gabrielle hung the phone up, the uneasy feeling still lingering about her.

After the phone call, Gabrielle lay by herself on the sofa. She was in a daze, not reading or using her phone for anything.

Her mind was full of the questions that Lance asked her. If Nellie didn't come back, would she still divorce Westley?

When Westley returned home in the evening, he saw a dazed and distracted Gabrielle holding her legs close to her chest on the sofa. She didn't even react when he entered the room - she seemed like a ghost whose soul had left the earth.

Sophie hurried forward to take his bag and shoes from him.

"Welcome, Mr. Morris."

"Sophie, what's wrong with Gabrielle? Did Michelle have something to do with this?" Westley gave his bag to Sophie and changed into his slippers.

Michelle was the only guest who had come over today. Westley couldn't think of anyone else who would have impacted Gabrielle like this.

"I don't think it was Miss Bailey's doing."

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She left after lunch, and Miss Jones was fine then. I think she has been in a strange trance after answering a phone call this afternoon. I didn't want to disturb her, though," Sophie said earnestly, recounting only what she had seen.

"I see. Thank you, Sophie, please make me a cup of coffee." Westley went straight to Gabrielle.

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Chapter 262 Ideal Husband

Gabrielle was in a trance, completely removed from her surroundings.

She didn't even notice that Westley was approaching her.

Westley sat down next to her. She still didn't feel the sofa sinking under his weight.

Westley was very concerned when she was not reacting to anything he was doing, so he gently reached out and patted her softly on the shoulder.

"Gabrielle ..."

"Ah!" Gabrielle was stunned when she turned around and saw Westley's face.

"When... When did you get back? It's scary, the way you approached me!" Gabrielle looked at him, slightly aggrieved.

Westley narrowed his eyes and looked at her with a frown. "Sorry, I scared you.

You've been sitting here in a daze all this time, as though your soul has left your body. What's wrong with you?"

Hearing this, Gabrielle looked at him nervously and swallowed hard, trying to get rid of the words she so badly wanted to say. She tried to organize her words but didn't know how to say it. Finally, she just blinked innocently at him.

Westley wished she would just come out and say it to him without giving weird looks that he couldn't decipher.

"Gabrielle, get straight to the point!" Westley demanded.

Gabrielle deliberated on whether she should tell him what was running through her mind. About a minute later, she spoke slowly. "Westley, what if Bryce and Nellie never come back? Will we still want a divorce?"

She finally asked him the dreaded question. But when she saw that Westley's face was getting darker and gloomier, Gabrielle didn't dare to look him in the eyes. She regretted speaking out, feeling as though she had said something wrong.

She shouldn't have bothered asking him before the situation had even risen. It would be better to just directly go for a divorce when Nellie came back.

'Now I feel as though I have hurt Westley, so he must be unhappy because of that.'

"Westley, well..."

"Do you want to divorce me?" Westley interrupted her, staring at Gabrielle coldly.

Frightened by his imposing manner, Gabrielle took a deep breath, swallowed and returned his gaze with an uneasy look. "Westley, it's you who said that we are going to divorce..."

"So then, it's up to me. Do you understand?" Looking at her cautious and timid face, Westley couldn't help but think she also looked cute. He didn't want to be fierce and frighten her.

Why did she think about their divorce all day long? Was this what had pushed her into a daze?

"I understand, but that's why I asked you if you were waiting for Nellie. And if she doesn't come back, will we still divorce

each other?" Gabrielle tried to regain her composure, and asked him in a serious tone.

But, Westley was getting more and more furious.

"Gabrielle, do you really want to divorce me?" His voice was calm.

However, for Gabrielle, the calmer he was, the more frightened she felt.

"I... Can you just pretend that I didn't say anything? I shouldn't have asked you this question." Gabrielle was teetering with fear now, and she quickly changed the topic.

She didn't want to provoke Westley anymore.

"Gabrielle, answer my question right now. Do you really want to divorce me?" Westley didn't want to drop the topic. 3

Now that she brought it up, it was a good chance to talk about it openly.

Gabrielle had mixed feelings, but she knew she had to answer his question. "I know we're not really married - plus, you said that once Nellie comes back, I'll

have to leave the house. So I'm ready to divorce you at any point - if that's what you want. As long as you still want to divorce me, I'll be ready to sign on the paper." ①

"Wishful thinking," Westley sarcastically replied, in a cold voice.

Gabrielle remained quiet for a while, not sure what his meaning was, before looking at him foolishly. "Westley, what do you mean?"

"Remember, Gabrielle, you are atoning for your sin by being married to me. Even if you want to divorce and try to rid yourself of this place, you will always have to stay here and keep me company - even be tortured by me - if I don't agree to the divorce. Get it?" Westley looked at her coldly. ①

To be tortured by him forever?

What the hell! How could this man be so cruel and unfeeling?

"Westley, what if Nellie comes back?" Gabrielle asked again.

"That's not your concern. Your only concern at the moment is making sure

your injured feet are well taken care of. You are a silly woman who wants to take care of others when you yourself are hurt," Westley said impolitely.

These words pierced Gabrielle's heart. Westley had never been nice to her - he was always rude and arrogant. 4

She wished she had never mentioned it to him. She had better wait until Lance found Bryce and Nellie. 1

When that happened, Westley would have to divorce her.

After resting at home for three days, Gabrielle's wounds recovered, but walking for long was still an issue.

When the wounds were fully healed, Gabrielle informed Mr. Smith and went back to school. 3

There was a professional class scheduled for ten o'clock that morning. Gabrielle went to change into her sneakers, jeans and a knitted spruce, before heading downstairs.

Gabrielle was surprised to see Westley sitting in the living room. He was calmly drinking coffee and reading a magazine.

She thought he would have left after breakfast, but he was still home at that time.

"Good morning, Mr. Morris," Gabrielle greeted him politely.

Westley took a look at her clothes and thought she looked like a vibrant and energetic youth. "Gabrielle, where are you going?"

"I'm going back to school. There's a professional class I want to attend this morning," Gabrielle replied calmly.

There weren't many courses for senior students, especially from the jewelry design class - only one or two classes within the week. Hence, if Gabrielle missed classes for even a month, it wasn't a lot of work to catch up on.

"I'll drive you there." Westley put down the coffee and the magazine and stood up.

However, Gabrielle refused.

Westley had dominated the entire Internet with the hottest news of the year - being seen with Michelle a few days ago. The buzz had just died down

and all the previous stories had been retracted from the channels and websites after they had announced the real relationship between him and Michelle to the public as a clarification.

But there were still a lot of buzz surrounding Westley, who was regarded as the most desirable man in the eyes of the public at the moment.

He was very rich and handsome - plus, he still took responsibility by providing for and protecting his cousin!

These kinds of charming and generous characteristics instantly made him popular, and fans doted on him like he was their own husband! They would begin to appear around him immediately. As his "wife", she would have to be very strong-willed to be able to meet the crowds in public with this man by her side.

Gabrielle didn't want to be seen with him because she didn't think she was strong enough to face them, and she didn't want to be hated by Westley's fans as the woman he was with.

"No, thanks, Mr. Morris," Gabrielle refused bluntly.

She did not even need to think twice about it. She was sure that he had a large fan base in Alorith University.

Gabrielle just wanted to spend her last few months at college quietly and inconspicuously. She didn't want to create or be around any other trouble again.

"Do you dislike me, Gabrielle?" Westley slightly narrowed his displeased eyes at her. 5

Chapter 263 Call Me Honey

'I dislike Westley?

How dare I?!

Gabrielle was astonished and confused when she heard Westley's complaint.

"Mr. Morris, how can you think I dare to dislike you?! The truth is, I'm afraid of getting too close to you," Gabrielle said slowly with a slight smile on her face.

Westley positioned himself in front of her. His huge figure shrouded over Gabrielle completely, making her feel coerced and tense. She fell into a breathless hush.

"Westley, what... What are you doing?"
Afraid of being so close to Westley - almost a fraction of a gap between them - Gabrielle took two steps back subconsciously.

"Are you afraid of being this close to me? Then who was it that slept in my arms on the bed?" Westley challenged, raising

his eyebrows.

Gabrielle's face flushed, her ears were red as well - an attractive red and pink color.

Maybe Gabrielle didn't realize it, but she was deadly cute and attractive when she was embarrassed.

"I... I fell asleep so I didn't know what was going on. I've told you that we should sleep in separate bedrooms, but you never agree with me." Gabrielle meekly attempted to justify her behavior.

Before she fell asleep every night, they would sleep well apart from each other; there would be space for one other person in between them on the bed. But by the time she woke up in the morning, she would find herself in his arms somehow.

Because it happened every single time, Gabrielle felt truly embarrassed. She didn't want Westley to think she was some shrewd woman who was trying to take advantage of him. However, she had no explanations because she was always asleep - she even suspected Westley being the one who would pull her into him.

"Are you going to talk to me about these things now? Unless you don't want to go to school ..." Westley trailed off, looking temptingly into her eyes.

"Oh, no, I have to go. My class is at ten o'clock. I'll be late if I don't leave now." Gabrielle glanced at her watch. It was already nine o'clock.

It would take her more than 40 minutes to get there, and that was without traffic. If there was traffic, she would just have to forget about the whole thing.

"I can give you a ride, because I'm going towards that area. I have an important matter to deal with nearby to Alorith University." Westley passed by her and went to the hallway to change his shoes.

Gabrielle felt as though he did truly have something to do in that area. She didn't feel uneasy unlike before, but she did feel a little upset.

"Gabrielle, are you going to go to class or not?" Westley called out to her when he saw her standing still.

"Yeah, be right there." Gabrielle quickly changed her shoes and went out. ③

She was still feeling upset when she got into the passenger seat in his car.

"Gabrielle, why did you refuse me?" Westley locked the door but didn't start the car. It didn't seem as though he had any intentions to drive.

"What?" Gabrielle was confused. 'Why isn't he driving already?' she thought. "Westley, please start driving. I'm in a hurry."

"Answer my question. I will drive if I'm satisfied with your answer," Westley said with an insidious look.

Gabrielle finally realized what he was saying. If she didn't answer properly, she wouldn't get out of the car or be able to go to school.

'Shit!

This man was really cunning and sly!

"Westley, do you recall all the sensational news about you and Michelle from the other day?" said Gabrielle in a low voice.

"I didn't pay much attention to it. I had already told you why we needed to hype

it up like that. Didn't I explain it properly to you? We properly clarified the real story yesterday. Are you still angry with me about this? How many days have passed since that happened? How long do you need to properly get it, or are you not smart enough to ever get it? I knew you were stupid, even though you refused to admit it." Westley's frustration was clear.

He had already told Gabrielle that he and Michelle needed to work together in order to hype up Michelle's career. If she was still angry with Westley because of this, he didn't see how he did anything wrong. He was angry enough to throw her into the river.

Maybe that would wake her up a little bit.

"Westley, you're being really mean! Are you calling me stupid? I was admitted into Alorith University after scoring among the top ten students at the college entrance examination!" Gabrielle was angry and badly affected by Westley's cruel words.

This man would love to demean her and call her stupid - but she knew she was

smart and capable.

"Oh, the top ten. Great! Then why are you stupid when you talk to me and say these dumb things?" said Westley in a patronizing way, with a smirk on his face.

Gabrielle was starting to bubble up with anger but couldn't find a proper outlet to vent her emotions.

"Well, it may be true that you've clarified your connection with Michelle and moved past the initial story, but did you know that no one cares about her anymore and people are paying more attention to you now?" Then Gabrielle took out her phone and showed Westley all the latest news articles surrounding him.

Westley cast a cold glance at it, but he had never been interested in the gossip or trashy news on the Internet. Alvin would occasionally mention something to him from that industry, but that was it.

Recently, he heard from Alvin that he was very popular now.

But he was not a star or model, so why

should he be popular? It did not make sense at all.

And so, he didn't care about it. ①

But he hadn't expected Gabrielle to pay so much attention to it.

"I didn't anticipate you paying so much attention to me, Gabrielle." A faint smile appeared on Westley's face.

Although Gabrielle was angry, she couldn't have another outburst.

"You are every woman's dreamy lover now - all of them want you! Did you even know how many female fans you have, all of them wanting to be your wife?!" Gabrielle explained the problem to him while resisting the urge to strangle him.

She had to be diplomatic, because if she just got angry, he wouldn't drive the car, and she wouldn't be able to go to school.

She had classes in the morning and had to return to the studio to resume her work in the afternoon. She didn't want to waste her entire day on this obstinate man.

"Oh, dreamy lover?" That was a new

name.

"Did you see what they called you on the news?"

'Honey, I want to have a baby with you.'

'Honey, I love you.'

'Honey, I'm your 1000th wife.'

'Honey, sleep with me tonight...'

Westley, are you happy to see all those comments? You've got a lot of fans!" Gabrielle yelled at him.

"Yeah, I am happy. A little bit." Westley was only happy because she was calling him "honey".

Since they had been married, Westley couldn't remember the last time she had called him honey.

"I knew it. All you men are the same. You are ecstatic to have so many fans calling you honey, aren't you? But I am not happy ..."

"So, are you jealous?" Westley interrupted her impolitely.

"Me? Jealous? I'm not jealous! You are

the dreamiest lover-boy for all the women now, and everyone will hate me when they see me with you! Do you want them to kill me?" Gabrielle said angrily. She was very serious now.

Westley finally had a rough idea on what was making Gabrielle so upset. It was not that she disliked him driving her to school, but that she didn't want others to see him dropping her off.

He estimated that there would be a lot of his fans in Alorith University. If they saw them, they would definitely make trouble for Gabrielle, and Gabrielle preferred to stay out of it.

"Don't worry. No one will dare to touch people that are around me," said Westley calmly.

Gabrielle was so angry that she didn't recover until a lot of time had passed. "You don't know how horrible some women can be! You would never imagine what they're capable of."

"Well, they are indeed very horrible people," Westley said, giving her a knowing look.

"Now you know why I don't want you to

drive me around, right? So could you please start the car and drive me to Alorith University? When we arrive close by, you could just drop me off at that path that leads to the school," reasoned Gabrielle.

"Call me honey."

Westley blurted out.

"What? What did you say?" Gabrielle was dumbfounded by his order. ②

What did Westley mean?

"Call me honey, and I'll drive!" ⑥

Chapter 264 Something Is Wrong With Westley

Call him honey?

Call Westley honey!

Gabrielle was shocked at Westley's bluntness: how could he be so forward with his requests?

Gabrielle's face flushed and grew hot. She could physically feel all the blood rushing to her face from all over her body.

It was red and hot.

"Westley, are you aware of what you're saying?" She gulped her confusion and shock down as she seriously asked him.

"Do you want to go to school or not, Gabrielle?" Of course, Westley knew what he was talking about.

He wanted to hear her calling him "honey", a way to tease her, even if it made her a little shy.

He really wanted to hear it coming out of her mouth.

"Westley, stop it. Of course, I want to go to school. And soon, please, or I'm going to be late." Gabrielle was now anxious. She didn't know how serious this man was - was he kidding around or did he really mean it? ¹

Westley had always been a thoughtful man, and it was usually hard for her to tell whether he was being honest or not.

"Now that you already know you are going to be late, you may as well consider my humble request," suggested Westley calmly.

"Do you really want me to call you honey?" Gabrielle looked at him in disbelief as her heart thumped in anxiety.

"Where was the lie? You need to call me honey if you want me to drive." Westley characteristically raised his eyebrows and looked at her expectantly.

She took a deep breath, stared at Westley's face for a couple of short seconds, swallowed and attempted to utter it.

"Hon..."

However, she just couldn't go ahead with it. Her mouth closed before she could say the word out loud.

Damn it!

She would rather have been stabbed to death with a knife then - she felt it so unnatural and embarrassing to be endearing to him like that. Why was Westley bullying her?

"What?" Westley waited pleasantly and patiently, but Gabrielle didn't speak for a long time. He noticed how much redder her ears were getting.

Her eyes were dark and red with displeasure as she welled up. She felt wronged, and it felt like she was being emotionally abused or bullied.

Well, Westley had admitted that he was a bad guy right from the start.

"You used the word so many times when you were reading out the comments, but now you can't call me honey when I ask you to. Why are you so reluctant?" asked Westley.

They were not a real couple, of course that's why she didn't want to call him honey. Why should she?

"I just... just... I was reading the comments just now, not addressing you," Gabrielle said softly.

Although Westley was cool as a cucumber, his eyes were cold and sharp. He just stared at her.

His gaze made her feel very uncomfortable.

"Just call me as you just did." Westley didn't like to force others. The only times he coerced others into doing what he desired was in business negotiations.

It was the first time that he forced Gabrielle to do anything like this, such as call him honey.

He thought he would feel dissatisfied if he didn't hear her say it.

"I..."


"It seems that you don't want to go to school," Westley said slowly, with one hand on the back of her chair and his other casually draped on the steering

wheel.

After all, he was the main boss at the company, and all the meetings were arranged according to his schedule. Even if he decided to stay in the car for the whole day, no one would blame him for it.

But it was different for Gabrielle. She had to go back to school, and there was not enough time. And now that she was sitting in Westley's car, she had no choice but to depend on him for the ride there. She had to give in and call him honey.

"Hon...honey..."

"Wh...what?" Westley almost burst out laughing. 

How did calling him honey make her so shameless? Was it so hard to say?

"Honey!"

Honey!

Honey!

Is that enough?" Gabrielle tightly shut her eyes and yelled at him, as though she was in pain.

Westley didn't care how full of resentment and reluctance Gabrielle was - he got the result he had wanted so nothing else mattered to him.

"So, can you drive now? I'm going to be late!" Gabrielle needed some time before she could be normal again.

She felt that Westley really ground her gears easily and he knew exactly how to get to her.

"Okay, I'll drive now." Appeased, Westley had no reason to prevent her from her wishes now, so he started the car.

Gabrielle heaved a sigh of relief, and just then, her phone buzzed as she received a call from Austin.

When she saw who it was, she waited for a moment before answering the phone. She quickly cast a cautionary sideways glance at Westley, who was busy driving attentively. She answered the phone when she knew he was distracted and looking away.

"Aus?" Gabrielle deliberately turned down her voice, but Westley was capable of hearing her even if she was extremely

quiet.

As expected when she said Austin's name, the careful driver immediately narrowed his eyes coldly.

The atmosphere in the car grew very tense and Gabrielle wanted to hold herself out of fear.

"Gabrielle, how are you doing after you got back? Have you been tending to your foot injury?" Austin asked, concerned.

He didn't want to bother Gabrielle these days. He had wanted to visit her at Half Moon Bay several times, but he knew how torturous Westley would be, especially if they crossed paths. He didn't want Westley to put it out on Gabrielle, so he stayed away out of concern.

However, there was a limit as to how much Austin stood around, waiting for her.

"I'm fine, I'm actually going to school today. I can swing by the studio as I'll already be on campus." Gabrielle was always upfront and honest with Austin.

Austin was relieved to hear that her feet were all right, but it was nothing

compared to how elated he felt when she said she was back to school. "Super, I'll come to the school around noon, so I'll see you then? Let's have lunch together, and then I can drive you to the studio in the afternoon. What do you think?"

"Okay, but it's my treat. You always treat me to dinner, so it is my turn this time," Gabrielle said genuinely.

"Okay, see you at noon." Austin didn't care whose turn it was. He just wanted to have lunch with her.

"Cool, see you, bye."

After hanging up, Gabrielle glanced at Westley uneasily. As expected, he looked cold and distant.

It seemed that she overthought in matters concerning Westley. No matter what she did, she could never make him care.

They didn't say anything else, riding the rest of the way in silence until the car arrived at the street near Alorith University.

"Westley, pull over here," Gabrielle urged him.

They were at an alley entrance, which was four or five hundred meters away from the main gates of the school. Not many people frequented this area.

Westley wanted to say something, but decided against it. He pulled over.

"Open the door, please." Gabrielle turned the doorknob but found it was still locked.

"Let's have lunch together. I'll pick you up from work." Westley gave her a calculating stare.

Gabrielle knew these terms all too well: if she didn't agree, she couldn't get out of the vehicle.

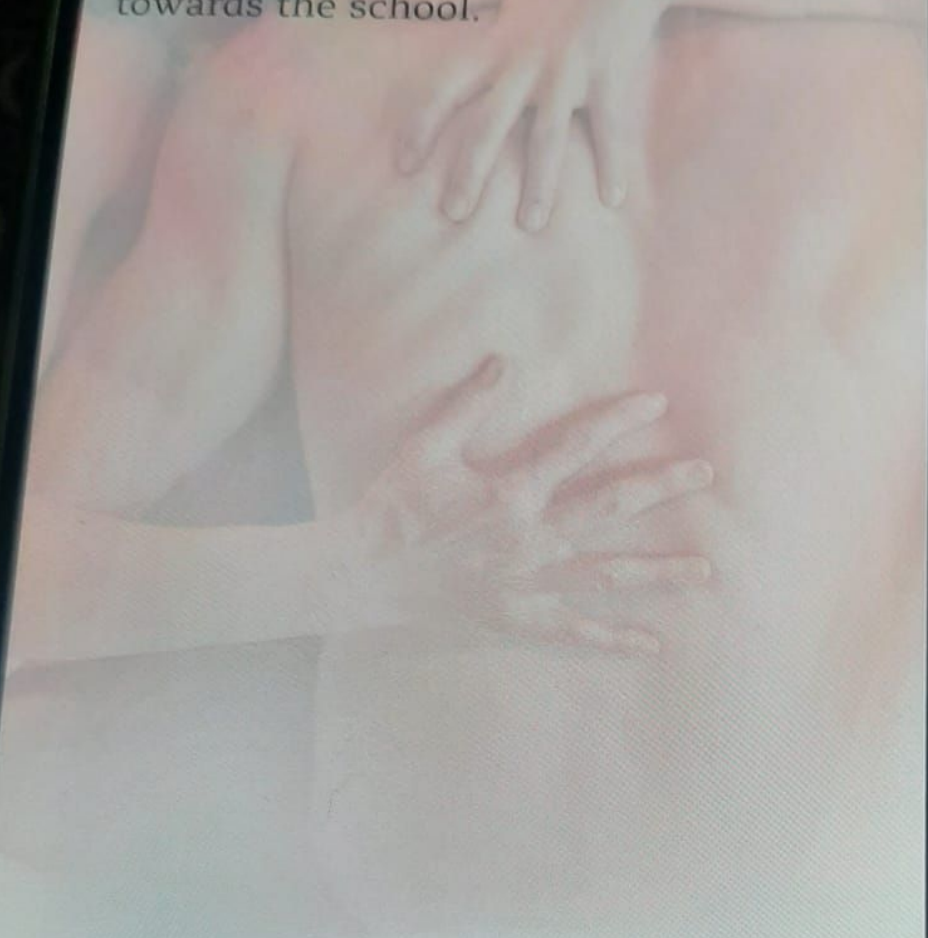
"But I promised Aus I would have lunch with him... Are you deliberately asking me this?" Gabrielle told Westley about her plans.

"No. I do what I want. It has nothing to do with others. If you want to get out from the car, say yes," Westley said bossily.

"Westley, you..."

"Do you want me to drop you off at

"Alorith University?" Westley gestured towards the school.



Chapter 265 Watching The Lady-Killer Husband

Westley was a man who always acted on his words, and Gabrielle knew that very well.

She knew she would be disclosing her marriage with Westley if she allowed him to drive her into the Alorith University, thus exposing herself to the toxic attention of the public and making enemies for herself among the ladies dying for Westley's love. This was not what she needed in her final year in university.

A great man understood the times and knew ways in which to react to different circumstances. Having learnt these principles, Gabrielle knew this was not the right time to announce her marriage.

"I'll wait for you at noon, Westley," Gabrielle said in a very soft voice. She would have to postpone dinner with Austin. Being a wise person, she knew how to handle such temporary setbacks.

Austin was better than Westley in this respect.

All she had to do was call him so that they could meet at the studio later in the afternoon. He would understand.

"Get off the car!" Westley said in a gruff voice, unlocking the door. 5

Pushing open the door at once, Gabrielle hurried out of the car.

"Thanks for the drive, Westley. Drive safe," Gabrielle said as she waved at him, indicating him to drive away.

Throwing her an uncaring glance, Westley revved up the car and sped off into the Alorith University. 2

Damn it!

Had he come to the university for something else, maybe business?

This man was such liar. Hadn't he only told her that he had something to do near the Alorith University? But now, he drove into the university without even caring to tell her about it.

"Hi, Gabrielle." Someone patted Gabrielle on the shoulder, and when she turned

around, she saw that it was Macy.

"Hi, Macy. Did you just get here?" Gabrielle flashed a little rather contrived smile to conceal her nervousness. Deep down, she hoped Macy hadn't seen Westley.

Then she realized she was only being so bothered. Westley had quite a number of cars and car licenses which most people wouldn't recognize just like that.

"Yes, I just got here," Macy said. "Actually, a cab dropped me here at the school gate. And here you were standing all alone by the road and just staring at the Alorith University. Waiting for anyone?" Macy didn't know Gabrielle that well, but she admired her personality. Gabrielle was mostly by herself, studying and making design drafts. And in these past three years of her stay in the Alorith University, she had barely involved herself in group activities.

So Macy had been a distant fan, a distant admirer.

Yet she had always wished that she could know Gabrielle more, that they could be closer friends.

"I'm not waiting for anyone. Let's just get inside," Gabrielle said, heaving slightly. She was quite relieved that Macy hadn't seen her when she got out of Westley's car.

"And yeah, Gabrielle. I brought some cakes from my cake shop. Care for some?" Macy stopped and turned towards Gabrielle as soon as they began to walk. Her voice was warm, an innocent, child-like smile hovering on her lips.

It was then that Gabrielle saw the several small boxes she was carrying.

The boxes were those in which the cake shop packaged small cakes.

"You want me to have some? But are these cakes not for other people?" The mere mention of cakes made Gabrielle want to have some. Moreover, she was pretty hungry, having had just half a bowl of porridge in the morning.

"No, they are all for my classmates. These cakes are some new flavors from my family shop, and we intend to sell them at Christmas. As is my custom, I ask my classmates to try them out for us

- something of a little experiment. And here's one for you to taste as you are also one of my classmates!" Macy laughed slightly as she handed one to Gabrielle.

"Thank you so much, Macy," Gabrielle said, smiling. "I'll try it out after class." It was a fancy and transparent box, which made Gabrielle like it more as she stared at it.

"You said your cake shop made this?" Gabrielle said suddenly, an idea striking her mind.

"Yeah, sure. My mother owns and manages the cake shops. We have three of such in Antawood, and a bigger one downtown. The box has the name of the cake shop, so you can visit it if you want to get a cake next time," she explained, all the time smiling her warm smile.

"Oh, I see now." Gabrielle nodded slowly. "But how long does it take to learn how to make a cake - a birthday cake?" A brilliant thought was springing up in her head. She would make a cake for Westley on his birthday.

It was not that he would even be amazed by any kind of gift, no matter how

expensive it was, being that he was a very wealthy man and had seen more rare things. Moreover, she didn't have enough money to get such kinds of things. Making him a cake herself would be better.

He would even appreciate it more.

If she had known that Macy's family ran cake shops all the while, she would have long enrolled for a training on cake making.

"Learn how to make a cake? Are you sure you want to learn how to make a cake, Gabrielle?" Macy asked curiously.

"Yes, for my family's birthday particularly. It's on Christmas. Will it be possible to learn how to make it before Christmas?" Gabrielle scratched her hair nervously, staring at Macy.

Although she loved to eat cakes, she had never made one before.

And now, just the thought of learning how to make cakes left her uneasy.

"Then of course, you can. If you learn quickly, then three to five days will be enough. But mastering the skills will take

longer, though. But I'm sure you will learn quickly!" Macy said, her voice enthusiastic.

"Well, I really don't want to be a master; I'll just learn the simple things." Gabrielle was thinking, 'I will learn to make cakes first, then I'll make him one on his birthday. I'm sure he'll like it.'

"So when do you want to start out? My mother can teach you herself if I tell her." Macy couldn't hide her excitement.

"How about this weekend?" Gabrielle knew weekends were the only time she had for herself. She had to study and be at the studio on weekdays.

"That will be fine. But take some more time to make up your mind. Just call me whenever you're ready, and I'll go show you to my mother." A wide smile seemed to be eternally etched across Macy's lips.

She indeed was very happy that Gabrielle was going to learn to make cakes in their bakery. She had always thought her cool. Gabrielle was the kind of person she liked – gentle and focused.

"Thank you so much, Macy. I'll treat you to dinner someday." Gabrielle was not

one who wanted to feel indebted to anyone.

"That's not necessary, Gabrielle. I don't need you to act so polite with me. Or aren't we friends?" Macy asked, her voice now tinged with worry.

Hesitating, Gabrielle nodded with a smile. "We are friends, of course."

"Then you don't have to thank me. Remember that friends can do anything for each other. So let's go to class." Then they both walked into the school, Macy holding her arm.

Macy invited Gabrielle to lunch after class, but she politely refused, saying she had to be somewhere important. Then she went outside to call Austin.

She had sent him a text earlier in the classroom to tell him that she couldn't make it to lunch with him at noon, and that they could meet in the studio later in the afternoon.

But Austin didn't reply the text, leaving Gabrielle nervous.

Perhaps, he wasn't pleased that she had gone back on her promise to have lunch

with him.

When she called him outside, the phone rang twice, but there was no answer. Gabrielle felt more uneasy now and made to call his phone again. Just then, a girl beside her screamed.

"Ah! Mr. Morris! !"

"Oh my God! He looks more handsome than in the pictures online."

"Damn it! Is this really Mr. Morris?"

"Oh, my husband, are you here at our school just to see me?"

"I'm in love!"

"Someone, please hold me! I think I'm about to faint."