

Chapter 387 Visit Her Less Often

Gabrielle didn't say anything. She just kept silent and listened as Westley spoke to Helena.

Westley kept saying that he loved her and he would be good to her for the rest of his life. Gabrielle felt something tug on her heartstrings.

"Helena, I brought Gabrielle here to see you today because I want you to know that I have someone who loves and cares about me deeply now. You can be rest assured that I'm more than fine and happy." Westley was standing there with his back ramrod straight. He was looking at Helena intently, as if he was desperate for her to know the gravity of each word he said.

Gabrielle knew that it must have taken him a lot of courage to come here to see Helena and introduce Gabrielle to her.

The gesture moved Gabrielle. It also spoke volumes of how far he had come

from when their relationship began.

Westley did this to make Gabrielle feel better.

He was so considerate of her feelings, and she felt something bloom in her chest.

Subconsciously, she reached out and held Westley's hand tightly. The two of them held each other's hands and stood there, staring at Helena's photo quietly and solemnly.

"Gabrielle, did you hear what I said?" Westley whispered to her, his eyes soft and tender as he stared at Gabrielle.

Of course she heard him—every single word, loud and clear.

And Gabrielle was deeply touched because of what he did. She couldn't even begin to describe how emotional she felt in that moment.

"Yes, every word." She gave him a small smile.

"Gabrielle, I said this to both Helena and you. From now on, you're the only woman I will ever love." Westley tipped

her face towards his.

Gabrielle knew he meant every word he said. Westley was a man of honor.

He wouldn't have taken her here just to lie to her in front of Helena. He wasn't that cruel.

"I know. Thank you for trusting me and loving me," Gabrielle said, almost choking with emotion on the last word.

"You silly girl, you deserve all the best." Westley pulled her into his arms and wrapped her in a fierce hug. He rubbed his cheek on her hair.

Gabrielle leaned against his chest and stole a peek at Helena's photo. She felt her face blush with embarrassment.

Helena was Westley's ex-fiancée. Hugging like this in front of her photo seemed a bit inappropriate.

'Miss Collins, thank you for saving Westley. Don't worry, I will take good care of him.'

Gabrielle closed her eyes and made the promise.

What happened between Helena and

Westley was in the past now, no matter how close they were. Helena would always be a part of his life.

But he was Gabrielle's husband now.

"Thank you." Gabrielle's voice was low, but she was certain Westley heard her.

Westley held her tighter, lowered his head and kissed her on the forehead. His lips lingered there for a few beats.

"Are you cold?"

Winter was still here, and they were standing in a cemetery.

"A little," Gabrielle admitted. Her breath even plumed, and her teeth almost chattered.

She didn't know why, but she always felt colder in the cemetery than anywhere else.

"Let's go. It's getting late. We should head home now."

Westley grabbed her hand, his face full of concern.

He was worried that Gabrielle might catch a cold.

"Okay, let's go. Miss Collins is probably happy you came to see her."

Gabrielle wanted to go back. She was getting uncomfortable.

Although she was married to Westley and was his wife now, she still felt guilty for Helena somehow. Gabrielle knew it was irrational, but she couldn't help feeling like she wronged the other woman. ③

It was as if she stole Westley from Helena.

"Helena, we have to go now. I'm sorry but I might visit you less often in the future. I hope you can forgive me." With a slight incline of his head, Westley turned around and walked away—his arm slung over Gabrielle's shoulders.

As they warmed their hands inside the car, Gabrielle faced him.

"Westley, why did you say you would visit her less often?" Gabrielle's forehead was creased. She was curious why he said that.

"You're my wife and the only woman I will love from here on out. I have to be

around you," Westley said.

Gabrielle knew that it was all because of her. Westley didn't want her to feel uncomfortable and jealous because of a dead person. He was so in tune to her feelings.

"I see. But I really don't mind, Westley. You grew up together, after all." If it wasn't for the accident, Westley and Helena would have been married by now. Gabrielle was sure they were so close to each other.

Gabrielle sorely wished she met him earlier.

However, she was so grateful for Westley's thoughtfulness. She loved seeing this side of him.

"No, it's okay. I grew up with Helena, and I knew her very well. She would be very happy to see that I'm in a good place right now with the woman I love. She wouldn't mind if I visit her less often. Besides, I'm your husband now, so you will always be my priority." Westley stared deep into Gabrielle's eyes as he spoke these words. He wanted her to know how serious he was.

Gabrielle was at a loss what else to say to him.

"Thank you, Westley." Gabrielle put her hand over his and squeezed it. ②

"Gabrielle, you're my wife. This is something husbands should do." Westley took her hand and brushed her knuckles on his jawline. ①

Gabrielle didn't say anything more. Her phone suddenly rang; the shrill sound it made was so loud inside the car. She saw it was Jackson, and she somehow felt uneasy.

She hesitated for a while before picking up the call. "Jackson, what can I do for you?"

"Ms. Glyn wants to see you. Where are you now?" Jackson was his typical cold and apathetic self.

He was always so arrogant and impolite. It rarely mattered to him who he was talking to. Gabrielle had been used to it.

"Ms. Glyn wants to see me? Do you know why?" Gabrielle peeked at Westley, who was staring up ahead.

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It was a great honor that Melissa wanted to see her, but Gabrielle knew there must be a reason.

"I don't know. Are you free today? Come to the hotel if you have time," Jackson replied with an icy tone.

Gabrielle sighed, but she couldn't refuse. "I see. Okay, I'll go to the hotel."

Without any response, Jackson hung up the phone. Gabrielle was speechless, and she stared hard at her own phone. "That guy is so rude!"

Chapter 388 Melissa Walker

After hanging up, Gabrielle's heart sank. She sat there feeling worried.

"What's wrong?" asked Westley.

He remembered what Jackson said.

Westley thought that meeting Melissa must have made Gabrielle uncomfortable.

But he was surprised to hear that Gabrielle had always been a fan of her.

The Morris family and the Walker family from Ensfield had had some issues in the past. Then, Melissa was married into the Walker family.

She belonged to the other side now.

But the feud was between these two clans and their main family members.

Gabrielle and Melissa were daughters-in-law of each family, affiliated only by marriage, so it should spare them from

all the conflict.

Westley didn't mind them getting along, as long as Melissa meant his wife no harm.

Moreover, Melissa might be able to help Gabrielle with her career in the future.

"Jackson said that Melissa wanted to see me. Can you drive me to the Champs Hotel?" Gabrielle asked hesitantly. 1

Melissa wanted to meet her out of the blue and she didn't know why. It was making her anxious.

"Of course. Did she say why?" Westley asked, worried.

After all, Melissa was a big shot in the jewelry design industry, and Gabrielle was totally a newcomer. Why would she want to see Gabrielle for no reason?

Westley was confused.

Melissa wasn't the easiest person to get along with. She had always been exclusive about her clientele.

She was selective of her customers.

She would choose who she would deal

with and not the other way around.

Perhaps she had recognized Gabrielle's talent. Still, it was strange.

"Jackson didn't say anything. I guess I'll find out when I get there," Gabrielle replied.

She didn't mind going.

It was just that Jackson's cold and unfriendly tone always made her feel uneasy.

"Well, don't be too nervous. Whatever it is, you'll do great." Westley smiled, patting Gabrielle on the head. ①

The small gesture offered her relief.

"Westley, thank you for always believing in me," Gabrielle said softly.

Hearing this, Westley chuckled. "You know, you're better than you give yourself credit for. I'm sure Melissa wanted to see you to discuss some business opportunities. That's how talented you are."

Westley always knew how to calm her down.

"I know. Thank you. I guess I was overthinking things again."

"Relax. You're the greatest." Westley's praises rained nonstop.

Gabrielle thought that he had gotten even better with his compliments. "Were you always a natural with words, Westley? It's no wonder you're popular with women."

Gabrielle pursed her lips.

Hearing her words, Westley couldn't help but grin. "If you must know, I only began speaking like this after meeting you. My words are only for your ears alone."

'Since when did Westley become this sweet?'

But Gabrielle had to admit that she liked this side of him.

Westley's voice just tugged at her heart.

Any girl would have felt special hearing it.

"They said you were cold and distant, but that's not true at all," Gabrielle said.

"Indifferent to others, maybe. But I don't

want to be like that with you, Gabrielle. I want you to feel how much I adore you," Westley answered without hesitation.

His words were enough to take her breath away.

Any more than that would make her feelings explode.

"Westley, please!" Gabrielle chuckled. "That's enough..."

Westley looked at her, eyes twinkling. "Fine, I'll stop."

When they arrived at Champs Hotel, Gabrielle got off the car. "Thanks, Westley. Drive safely on your way to the office."

"Gabrielle, remember what I told you. You're wonderful and you don't need to be nervous at all." Westley leaned towards the car window.

"I know. Go now, or you'll be late." Gabrielle was cautious. She didn't want people to see her with Westley since it would start rumors.

She was a private person, but Westley was in the public eye. If someone

recognized him, there could be trouble. ①

"Alright, alright." Westley knew what she was worried about.

He had intended to talk more and then thought better of it.

"I'll see you later." Gabrielle waved her hand and ran into the hotel.

Melissa was staying in the presidential suite on the top floor and she needed the room card to get in the VIP elevator.

So she called Jackson for help.

"What is it? Can't you come up on your own?" Jackson's usual cold tone made her spine tingle.

Women stayed away from cold men like him.

Maybe that was why he had never been seen with a woman ever.

Who would want to date a scary guy like him?

"Jackson, I'm downstairs, but I..."

"Wait a minute. I'll ask someone to send you up here." After saying that, Jackson

cut the call abruptly.

Gabrielle was totally stunned. What a bossy man he was!

Lost in her thoughts, a receptionist came over.

"Hello, are you Miss Jones? Mr. Grant asked me to take you upstairs."

Had she known that she could ask the receptionist for help, she wouldn't have troubled Jackson.

"Yes, I am. Thank you."

Chapter 389 The Masters

Gabrielle went straight to the opened room and found that Jackson was already there, casting her an indifferent glance.

"You arrived just on time," Jackson remarked with a voice laden with sarcasm.

Naturally, Gabrielle figured what he was implying. It was probably about the last time she was almost late to pick Melissa up.

She was well aware of his personality. Jackson was indifferent, stingy, and he was prone to mock people about their mistakes over and over.

So, Gabrielle could only blame herself for her bad luck. She felt bad that everything she did was unsatisfactory for Jackson. ④

This man was not only unfriendly to her, he was this way to everyone else as well. ①

"Good morning, Jackson." Gabrielle tried her best to stifle her dissatisfaction deep down, showing a well-behaved attitude

towards Jackson.

His anger disappeared within the blink of an eye. He just couldn't bring himself to explode in front of someone like her.

After all, there was a saying that you shouldn't hit smiling people.

"Come in." Having said that, Jackson turned around and walked in.

Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief before entering the room and closing the door behind her.

The moment she stepped foot inside, she noticed that aside from Melissa and Jackson, there were five other people of different ages sitting in the living room. All of them were well-dressed and had an air of nobility. It was obvious that they weren't ordinary people.

Gabrielle sensed a strange familiarity from these people. She guessed that they might be friends of Melissa.

Otherwise, they wouldn't be invited into Melissa's room.

Upon seeing how formally dressed everyone was, Gabrielle now realized

that her clothing weren't up to par with theirs. Subconsciously, she looked down at her casual clothing, which were comfortable for a walk outside. She wore them for the sake of convenience when she was heading to the cemetery earlier. But she never anticipated that Melissa would invite her over, nor did she expect that Melissa had friends over. They were all dressed in fancy clothing, and some of them even had evening gowns and wore light makeup. ①

Had she known about this in advance, she would've gone to the mall to pick out some decent clothing.

Gabrielle felt like she didn't fit in, so she wanted to run away as soon as possible. If she had been able to see this scene before entering the room, she never would've had the courage to walk in.

She glanced at Melissa, and then at Jackson, as if complaining that he didn't tell her the situation inside the room from the start.

Although Jackson could tell how Gabrielle must be feeling right now, he didn't remark about it and just ignored it completely. ①

"Gabrielle, come here!" Melissa greeted her with a bright smile the moment she saw her. She then beckoned her to come closer.

Now that Gabrielle was here and everyone caught sight of her, there was no more turning back. More importantly, Melissa wanted to speak to her, so she had no choice but to go over there.

"Hi, Ms. Glyn! I'm wondering... why am I here?" Gabrielle tried hard to adjust herself by thinking of what Westley told her before.

He told her that she was an excellent person and that she didn't have to be insecure of anything. All she needed to do was to have confidence in herself.

This time, she didn't want to be a coward.

"Gabrielle, these are some of my friends in the jewelry industry, and they came to talk to me about something. I figured it might be a knowledgeable discussion for you, so I called you over. I hope I'm not taking up too much of your time," Melissa responded, looking at Gabrielle.

It took Gabrielle by surprise that Melissa called her here to chat with these bigwigs.

Just like Melissa, her friends were of high social standing. They were all respectable individuals in the jewelry industry.

She had seen them in photos, magazines, and even websites about jewelry designing, but she had never gotten a deep impression of them, so she recognized them all, yet they felt so strange to her at the same time.

"Not at all, Ms. Glyn. I have plenty of time. I'm just worried that I'm not qualified to listen to your discussion with your esteemed friends." Gabrielle looked over at Melissa's friends, feeling quite uneasy.

'They're oddly serious,' she thought to herself.

It felt as though all of her subjects in college had been assembled altogether.

However, Gabrielle was delighted that Melissa had given her this opportunity.

'Gosh! These are some of the most influential figures in the jewelry industry!

Is it really appropriate for a nobody like me to be here, listening to their conversation? What could they be thinking of me?' she wondered.

"Nonsense, my dear! I have told you that you're allowed to be here, and you certainly are. Come, Gabrielle. Let me introduce you to my friends." Melissa took her hand, showing her off to the crowd.

"This lovely lady's name is Gabrielle, a talented young woman that I discovered in Antawood. Someday, she'll be a rising star in the jewelry designing field. I hope I can rely on all of you to help her out someday,"

Melissa declared with assertion.

Her declaration astonished Gabrielle. After all, she was still a novice in jewelry designing. 'How could I ever live up to such high expectations?' she asked in her mind.

"Thank you very much for the compliment, Ms. Glyn, but I don't see myself as outstanding as you believe I am."

Gabrielle wasn't just being modest. She

was telling the truth.

She had a clear estimation of her abilities. She had studied very hard on jewelry designing, and perhaps she had some talent, but not that much. It was clear to her that she wouldn't be a renowned jewelry designer in the future.

That wondrous compliment only served to make her feel insecure.

She just couldn't accept such a high honor.

"Gabrielle, my dear, I'm sure you're just being modest. I am well aware of what you're capable of." Melissa had a knack for finding aptitude in people. ①

Not once in her life had she been wrong about it.

For the past thirty years, she had seen all kinds of people.

In the beginning, she did have the idea of taking on a student, and there were countless people who wanted to learn something about jewelry designing from her.

But after meeting a handful of them, she

completely gave up. They either had no talent, or were lacking of perseverance.

On the contrary, Gabrielle had all the great qualities of a diamond in the rough. Thus, Melissa was determined to make a great practitioner out of her. She truly believed that Gabrielle would one day make it to the top in the industry.

"So, you're the Gabrielle that Melissa has been mentioning before. You're quite young," said one of the guests.

"You're right, she's young, but she has a good future."

Melissa had full confidence in the person she had chosen.

Otherwise, she never would've asked Gabrielle to attend such a private meeting.

She had also taught Jackson, but it was an informal way of teaching. He was qualified to be here, but barely.

"Gabrielle, allow me to introduce my esteemed guests." One by one, Melissa told Gabrielle who they were.

Gabrielle greeted each one of them with

a polite nod. Her amiable smile and friendly gaze served to leave a good impression on these people.

After the introductions, Gabrielle was surprised to know that all of them were remarkable individuals. Some were jewelry designers, others were appraisers, and there was even one director of a famous jewelry brand. They truly were the bigwigs of this industry.

That knowledge alone was enough to make Gabrielle feel even more unnerved.