

Chapter 16 She Has Someone She Likes

Gabrielle stared at Wendy's face for a while. Although her instincts told her that Wendy was hiding something from her, Gabrielle decided to give her the benefit of the doubt.

"Mom, you have to find Bryce and Nellie as soon as possible. As you can see, Westley can be very short-tempered. I'm afraid that if he gets angry at me again, it will be over for both me and the Jones family." Gabrielle frowned.

She had every reason to be afraid of Westley. After all, who in their right mind would want to get into his bad books?

"Gabrielle, you know that your father and I are doing our best to find them. The Jones just doesn't have the same resources as the Morris. Besides, I don't think Westley wants to get Nellie back. If he did, he would have been able to track her down even without the help of the Jones." Wendy already had a plan in her mind. 6

However, it all depended on whether Gabrielle would be willing to cooperate or not.

Fortunately, since they had managed to get

Gabrielle married to Westley, refusal was not an option that was available to her anymore.

Someone as powerful and well-connected as Westley would have easily been able to trace Nellie's whereabouts, but he deliberately dropped that difficult responsibility over to the Jones.

That alone gave Wendy enough reason to believe that he never really wanted to marry Nellie in the first place. Otherwise, he could have easily called off the wedding instead of picking Gabrielle to be his substitute bride.

Wasn't it a tad bit dubious? 10

Wendy had no way of finding out what was on Westley's mind, but she hoped that everything would go as she had expected.

With Gabrielle as his wife, the bond between the Jones and the Morris was now stronger than ever. Their union could prove to be immensely beneficial for the Jones. 2

"Mom, if Westley looks for them himself..."
'Bryce is only going to come back to us as a corpse,' she kept her thoughts to herself, fearing that it would only aggravate Wendy and Tobias.

"By doing nothing, he is giving the Jones a chance to make reparation. You and father should send more people to look for my

brother. I remember he travelled to several countries when he was in college. Perhaps, if you look for him in those places, you might be able to find him. Have father check his departure records. That should give us a hint, right?" Gabrielle tried to come up with new ideas, hoping that Tobias would find Bryce back as soon as possible.

An affectionate smile softened Wendy's face as she took Gabrielle's hand into hers and said, "Gabrielle, I know how you feel. I'm just as anxious as you are. I want to find your brother as soon as possible too, but you heard what Westley said to us. How can we find your brother when we clearly don't have the ability to do so in just a few days? I'm afraid that Westley is going to ruin our family name before we can even find your brother."

"Mom, then what do you want to do?" Gabrielle knew that Wendy always had a lot of ideas.

Tobias may have gained some fame in the business world in all these years, but he wouldn't have achieved any of that without Wendy's advice.

"Gabrielle, you know I have always loved you a lot. Although you are an adopted daughter, your father and I have always regarded you as the daughter of the Jones."

"Mom, I know that! What do you need me to

do? Just tell me." Gabrielle could sense that Wendy was up to something.

"Gabrielle, you are a smart girl. Now that you're Westley's wife, it would be a pity if you didn't take advantage of your beautiful face to win Westley over to your side..."

"Mom, are you saying that you want me to seduce Westley?" Gabrielle interrupted Wendy. Her eyes were wide with shock and she couldn't believe what she had just heard.

Just as she had expected, Wendy already had a plan for her, it just wasn't a plan she could accept.

How could she ask such a thing of her own daughter? How could she even utter those words? ②

"Gabrielle, you silly girl! Seduce him? Why would you think of it like that? Besides, you and Westley are a couple now. Isn't it normal for a couple to be intimate? I was just hoping that you could help us stall for some more time. I'm not saying that you have to seduce him. Did you really think I'm the kind of person who would push my own daughter into a desperate situation? Did I not raise you with my own hands? Don't you trust me at all?" Wendy immediately activated her talents in acting and looked at Gabrielle with an aggrieved expression on her face. ①

Gabrielle's heart softened at once, but she couldn't seduce Westley even if she wanted to. Knowing his temper, she knew he wouldn't hesitate to kill her if he found out that she even conceived such an idea in her mind. 7

Besides, she couldn't bring herself to seduce another man, especially with Bryce in her heart. 2

"Mom, I'll go and check on Westley. I think he just got off the phone." Gabrielle raised her head and looked out the window to find Westley. His tall and lean figure was almost impossible to resist as he stood with his back to her, with one hand inside the pocket of his trousers and the other holding a phone to his ear.

How could a man look so attractive even from the back?

If he didn't have such a volatile temper, he would have easily been regarded as the perfect prince charming.

When Gabrielle came out, Westley took a puff from a cigarette he had just lit up.

"I thought you wouldn't dare to come out and see me," said Westley coldly.

Gabrielle knew he was hinting something, but

she didn't want to push his buttons.

"Can I have my phone back?" Gabrielle reached for the phone.

"Gabrielle, I've underestimated you. No wonder the Jones was so anxious to give your hand to me in marriage." Westley tossed the phone over to her, smirking meaningfully. ①

Gabrielle immediately understood what he was referring to. Westley must have seen Bryce's photo on her phone which was meant to be her secret alone. ③

But she didn't want to argue with him.

"If you don't want to have lunch here, I can come up with some excuse for Grandma." Gabrielle held onto her phone tightly between her two hands as if she were holding onto Bryce.

Unfortunately, she could never feel the same way for this man.

"Really? Gabrielle, you don't have to be so hypocritical. Since Grandma wants me to stay for lunch, I won't disappoint her. As for you, don't play nice with me. It only makes me hate you even more." Westley took two more puffs before he dropped the cigarette on the floor and stomped on it.

"Westley, do you think I asked Grandma to

call you?" Gabrielle was disappointed to hear him speak to her like that.

"Am I wrong to believe so? The moment I said I was leaving, Grandma called me right at that moment. What a coincidence!" Westley's bitter frown transformed itself into a sneer.

Obviously, he didn't believe a single word she said.

"I had nothing to do with it. Whether you believe it or not, is up to you." Gabrielle did not appreciate being constantly degraded by him. After all, she was only human. ¹

"Gabrielle, you better hope that I never find out what you are doing behind by back, because if I do, you and your family will never set foot in Antawood again," Westley warned her coldly. ²

Chapter 17 Why Do You Drive Me Away In Such A Hurry

Westley's baseless accusations were becoming tiresome, but Gabrielle had no way to vent her frustrations other than kicking the grass underneath her feet.

'Westley, you bastard!'

He must have thought very highly of himself to believe that everyone in Antawood would pander to his every whim.

Westley cast a cold glance at Gabrielle, thinking to himself, 'I can't believe how childish she is.'

"Gabrielle." The deep and low voice drew her attention as she turned around to see Mindy walking over to her with another man.

"Cousin?" Gabrielle voice rose with excitement.

It was Lance Carter, the eldest son of the Caeter. Since he was Mindy and Bryce's cousin, Gabrielle considered him her cousin as well.

Gabrielle was quite close to him, as he was the only one in the entire Carter that treated her like family, from childhood to adulthood. Bryce, however, wasn't too fond of him

because every time he would bully Gabrielle, Lance would be the one to teach Bryce a lesson.

"Westley, I never thought we'd see each other here, especially as family." Lance was now in charge of running the Carter Group. As he was the one who overlooked most of the company's projects, it was customary for him to keep contact with the power holders of other big companies.

As for Westley, the CEO of the Morris Group and the leader of the biggest business empire in Antawood, it was almost impossible to get an appointment with him let alone be in the same room.

Lance didn't expect to run into the cold-blood demon of the business world, especially as the husband of his cousin.

This change of pace was both surprising and interesting, but Lance was an experienced businessman who knew how to quickly adapt to the social conditions around him. Besides, Mindy had already given him the lowdown on what was going on.

When he heard that Gabrielle was married to Westley, Lance was so surprised he didn't know how to react to the news.

Why would someone like Gabrielle suddenly get married to Westley, the most cold-

blooded man in the business world?

What was going on?

At first, he thought that Mindy was just joking, but when he saw Westley standing next to Gabrielle now, his realized that it was exactly what he was afraid of.

"Lance, don't get ahead of yourself. We might not become a family just yet," said Westley coldly. Then he turned around and walked inside without saying another word.

Confused, Lance stood there wondering what he had meant by that.

"Cousin, please don't take it to heart. Westley just can't help being pompous all the time." Gabrielle tried to comfort Lance immediately.

"I'm fine, but... Gabrielle, why did you marry Westley? When did this happen? I didn't even believe it when Mindy told me that you had gotten married to him." The smile on Lance's face disappeared as he looked at her with solemnity and seriousness.

Gabrielle lowered her face in shame, averting Lance's inquisitive eyes.

She was too embarrassed, and besides, this was neither the place nor time for to attempt such a complicated explanation. 3

The wedding took place so abruptly that no one from the Jones could attend the wedding. As such, they didn't even bother to inform the Carter.

"Gabrielle, are you just going to stand there like that? Why aren't you saying anything?" Mindy couldn't stand Gabrielle's silence because it seemed as though someone had pointed a gun to her face and forced her to marry Westley.

"Gabrielle, did something happen? Did Westley force you to marry him?" That was the only possibility Lance could think of when he noticed her hesitation to speak up.

When he saw them standing together just now, they looked more like strangers than two people who were married to each other.

"No, it's not like that. I married him willingly just three days ago." Gabrielle finally looked Lance in the eye.

The news of Bryce eloping with Nellie was kept away from the public. No one outside of the Jones and Morris family knew anything about it. 4

The truth had to be concealed at any cost, if they still wanted a peaceful life.

Gabrielle couldn't open up about it to

anyone, not even Lance.

"Gabrielle, do you really expect me to believe that?" Lance's face darkened in anger.

No one knew what kind of a person she was better than him because he had known her since she was just a child.

Every time she would lie, her eyes would start to flicker and she could never look him in the eye.

If she didn't want to marry him, why did she have to throw her life away like that?

"Gabrielle, tell me the truth. Who forced you? Was it Aunt Wendy or Westley..."

"No, Cousin, Mom didn't force me, let alone Westley! I agreed to marry him willingly. Why wouldn't I? Westley's a great guy. Every woman in Antawood wants to be with him. How could I pass on such an opportunity? Don't you agree with me, Mindy?" Even Gabrielle wanted to slap herself for what she had said just now.

Indeed, Mindy was one of the women who dreamt of marrying Westley, but Gabrielle was nothing like her.

"Gabrielle, I know who you are. You wouldn't marry him for such a superficial reason..."

"Cousin, perhaps you didn't know that I have always been a superficial woman." ①

"Lance, you are here! I just called your mother a few days ago. She said you were still in Australia. When did you arrive?" Wendy came to find Gabrielle as she wondered why she didn't come inside with Westley when he went inside. Needless to say, she was surprised to see Lance here.

"Auntie, I just got back yesterday. I came here to give you the gifts I got for you. I've already asked the housekeeper to get them from my car." Lance hid his gloomy face and looked at Wendy gently.

"Thank you for bringing us gifts, my dear. You know you didn't have to!" Wendy thought very highly of her nephew. After all, he was the future of the Carter. Even Bryce had to rely on Lance's help after he succeeded the Jones Group.

"Gabrielle, you'd better not keep Westley waiting." Wendy glanced at Gabrielle indifferently.

"I see. I'll go inside now, mom." Gabrielle hurried into the room.

Although Westley was sitting next to Tobias, the atmosphere was so depressing that Tobias didn't even dare to take a deep breath.

This young man, Westley, was as cold, cunning and unapproachable as an old fox who had been in the business circle for decades.

"Gabrielle, you are here! Come sit here with Westley, I have something important to deal with in the study." As soon as Tobias saw Gabrielle, he jumped up from his seat and scampered to the study.

The moment Gabrielle walked into the room, she could sense the thickness in the air even though Westley was sitting on a sofa far away from her.

"Westley, if you really don't want to be here, you may leave. No one is going to stop you." Gabrielle plucked up the courage to speak her mind.

She could easily tell that Westley didn't want to be here just as much as everyone else didn't want him to be there.

"Really? Why are you in such a hurry to drive me away? Is it because of Lance? What are you cooking up, Gabrielle?" Westley raised an eyebrow and glared at her coldly. 3

Chapter 18 Gabrielle, Pull Off Shrimp Shell For Me

Gabrielle's eyebrows shot up in bewilderment, and her mouth was agape with pure astonishment. What did Westley mean by that?

What was he trying to insinuate by saying that she was hurrying to drive him away as soon as Lance got there? Wasn't he the one who didn't want to be with the Jones in the first place? 4

All she wanted to do was grant his wishes and her intentions had nothing to do with Lance.

It was plain to see that Westley had quite a troublesome imagination. In his own twisted way, he would cut someone down to size because of his own insecurities and his own personal issues. 4

"Westley, I am appalled that you could even think of me in that way. Why do you have to get my Cousin involved in this? It is..."

"I promised Grandma that I would have lunch here, so I intend to keep that promise,"

Westley cut her short.

Gabrielle was at a loss and she decided to

swallow the rest of her words, realizing that it was futile to argue with this man.

'Just forget about it. There's no use arguing anymore. It's up to him whether he wants to leave or stay,' she told herself. ①

Wendy led Lance and Mindy in, and the expressions on their two were complex.

"Westley, Gabrielle, it's time for lunch." Wendy cast a glance at Gabrielle, motioning her to take good care of this gentleman.

"Westley, please follow me to the dining room." Gabrielle stood up and looked at Westley in a dignified manner, but in his eyes, everything she did was hypocritical and pretentious.

Westley refrained from making any snide remarks as he stood up, but he still cast a cold glare at Gabrielle.

Gabrielle's acquiescence and the way she humbled herself to him made Westley feel good about himself, even more so when he sensed Lance's irritation towards him.

Although Lance was Bryce's cousin, he and Gabrielle weren't related by blood. As such, even if there was something romantic going on between them, it wouldn't raise any concerns.

However, Westley still didn't like the way Lance looked at Gabrielle. After all, at least on paper, she was still his wife. No one was allowed to covet anything that belonged Westley's. If Lance was indeed interested in Gabrielle, he could only have her after Westley was finished with her. ④

"Gabrielle, hurry up. Don't keep me standing here!" Westley grunted angrily at her.

Gabrielle's face flushed red as she stared at him in baffled confusion, then she shook her embarrassment off and led him to the dining table.

There was only one thought in Gabrielle's mind: Westley was indeed insane.

As everyone took their seats, Gabrielle sat next to Westley on the same row. Tobias and Wendy sat on both ends of the long table, while Mindy and Lance sat across Westley and Gabrielle respectively. Although there were two unoccupied seats at the table, they were all evenly spaced apart.

From the moment she sat down, Mindy couldn't take her eyes off of Westley, almost as if they were glued to him. ①

Subtlety had never been this woman's strongest suit. She couldn't sit still when she had her eyes on a good man. ②

Despite being an air-headed floozy, it wasn't easy for Mindy to flirt with Westley, mostly due to his cold and unapproachable personality. She feared that she should freeze to death before she could even succeed in winning his attention.

"Gabrielle, look it's your favorite—spareribs with sweet and sour sauce. Eat more!" A few pieces of spareribs were put into Gabrielle's bowl. ①

"Thank you!" Gabrielle looked up at Lance.

She smiled at him, expressing her deepest gratitude.

"Gabrielle, why are you being so formal with me. What else do you want to eat? I haven't seen you in over a month and you look like you've lost some weight." Lance's tone was full of concern, however, it sounded completely beyond the relationship between two cousins.

"Thank you, Lance, but I can help myself. So, I've heard that you went to Australia on a business trip for more than a month. You must be tired of all the foreign food. I'm sure you've missed a good home cooked meal," said Gabrielle, as she picked up a piece of sparerib and put it into her mouth, relishing its sweet taste.

Soon, her bowl was filled with more spareribs, some beef and chicken wings as well.

"Lance, please help yourself..."

"Lance, you don't have to treat Gabrielle like a child all the time. She is a married woman now. I'm sure she can eat by herself," said Wendy. She noticed that Westley was getting more and more annoyed, so she decided to step in, wondering whether what she had said to Lance and Mindy earlier on was in vain.

Wendy had strictly told them not to annoy Westley as it wouldn't bode well for neither the Jones nor Carter.

"Yes, Lance. Mom is right. I'm now... Westley's wife. I can take care of myself. Why, you also help yourself to some more food?" Gabrielle could sense the foreboding aura of the man sitting next to her and the mere thought of him gave her chills all over her body. ②

It was clear to her that Westley wasn't fond of Lance at all and she feared that if Lance continued to act like that in front of him, Westley would throw his chopsticks and leave the table.

After all, Bryce was the lifeblood of the Jones family and his life was now in the hands of this man. She couldn't afford to offend him

at all.

"Wife? I thought you have already forgotten about that," said Westley, as he turned around and cast a cold glare at Gabrielle's face.

Gabrielle was what one would call a natural beauty—almond shaped eyes, perfectly arched brows, high cheekbones, full lips, heart shaped face. In fact, she could have done well for herself even in the entertainment circle.

As such, even from the side, Gabrielle looked quite appealing.

"How could I forget, Westley? We just got married three days ago. I would have to have suffered a terrible memory loss to forget that we are newlyweds." Gabrielle looked at him with a smile.

However, deep inside her heart, she was so angry that she wanted to bite this man's head off.

"Can you peel shrimps?" said Westley, with a cold face

"Of course."

"Peel one for me then."

A big question mark popped up inside

Gabrielle's mind. What was she? His servant?

How could he ask her such a thing in front of so many people?

"Westley, let me peel those shrimps for you. Gabrielle isn't good at these things. I'll take care of those for you, okay?" After waiting for a long time, Mindy finally found a good chance to ingratiate herself. How could she miss it?

"Gabrielle, is it true that you're not good at these things?" Gabrielle cringed at Westley's sarcastic tone, but she pretended as if she didn't catch the hint of contempt in his words.

"Well, I'm definitely not as good as Mindy is." Gabrielle couldn't help throwing back a hint of mockery in her tone.

Of course, Mindy had never peeled shrimps for anyone in her entire life. Having been brought up in a rich family, she always had the servants do it for her.

The fact that she insisted on peeling them for Westley meant that she was up to something.

"See! I wasn't lying when I said that I was better at it than Gabrielle. Let me peel them for you, Westley!" Mindy couldn't wait to put on her gloves.

"I appreciate your kindness, Mindy, but I don't want other people touching my food." Westley dismissed her at once.

Mindy's face froze and she dropped the shrimp that was in her hand.

"Westley..."

Mindy felt as though her self-esteem had been crushed to bits. She went out of her way to be friendly, but instead she got rejected as an outsider.

"Gabrielle, be a good wife and peel them for me." Westley completely ignored Mindy and turned to look at Gabrielle. ①

Chapter 19 I Like Shrimps

Gabrielle was left with no choice. She put on her gloves and quickly peeled a shrimp for Westley. But when she was about to put it into his plate, he stretched out his chopsticks to stop her.

"You're too slow. I don't want to eat it anymore. You can eat it," he said coldly.

"Oh... You want me to eat this?" As she stared at the shrimp in her hand, her face turned pale.

It was as if she was holding some kind of poison.

"Why don't you eat it? After all, you've peeled it yourself," he said indifferently. Although he saw that her face had turned white as a sheet, he didn't mind it.

All of a sudden, Lance pushed his plate in front of her. "Gabrielle, give it to me. I like shrimps."

Everyone sitting at the dining table knew that Gabrielle was allergic to seafood except Westley. She couldn't possibly eat the shrimp in her hand.

Mindy was very happy to know that Westley was not aware that Gabrielle was allergic to

seafood.

If he really forced Gabrielle to eat the shrimp, she would probably be sent to the hospital.

When she was a child, she was sent to the emergency room because she accidentally ate a shrimp ball and her throat was so swollen that she almost couldn't breathe.

Before Gabrielle could put down the shrimp on Lance's plate, Westley said calmly, "Lance, I don't like my wife peeling shrimps for other men." His voice was so calm, but there was something in it that could make anyone not dare to disobey him.

"Gabrielle, Westley really cares for you. He let you peel that shrimp so you can eat it. Why don't you just eat it? You can't disappoint him, can you?" Mindy started to fan the flames. ⁶

"Mindy, do you know what you're talking about?" Lance shouted angrily.

"But I just don't want to..."

"You two stop arguing. I'll eat it," Gabrielle interrupted. She didn't want to cause trouble. Besides, Westley's deep-set eyes had been staring at her all the time, and it made her feel so uncomfortable. ¹²

It seemed that he wouldn't take his gaze

away from her until she ate the shrimp.

"But Gabrielle, you are..."

"Lance, it's just a shrimp. I'll be fine," she interrupted with a smile and put the shrimp into her mouth. *

Westley was like a ferocious demon. No one could refuse his request. Even if he told her to take poison, she would probably do it.

"Well, I'm full. You guys continue eating. I just need to go to the bathroom." Gabrielle's body was very sensitive, so as soon as she swallowed the shrimp, she felt a little uncomfortable.

"Gabrielle, go back to your room first and get some rest." Wendy also felt sorry for Gabrielle. After all, she raised her for twenty years. Even if they were not related by blood, she still cared for Gabrielle.

Gabrielle didn't hesitate anymore. She stood up and directly went upstairs.

Westley now had a rough idea about what was going on. He looked at the shrimp shell on her plate and recalled her reaction just now.

It could be that she was allergic to seafood.

"Westley, I'm sorry. Gabrielle just has this

bad habit after eating. Please don't take it to heart," Wendy explained with a smile. She then stood up and poured wine for him.

"Mrs. Jones, don't bother. I have to drive later, so I can't drink," Westley directly refused.

He didn't mind if he sounded rude. He never showed respect to anyone, let alone to the Jones.

"Oh. I actually just want to propose a toast. Westley can have water instead of wine then." Wendy filled his glass with water. Lance also picked up his glass, looked at Westley, and said, "Westley, I hope that you can treat Gabrielle better."

It was obviously some kind of protest, and Westley knew it. But of course, he didn't refuse this time. He took the glass and raised it. "Lance, you don't need to worry about that. After all, she is my wife now. Whatever I do to her is my own business."

He simply wanted to imply that even if he mistreated Gabrielle, and she died because of it, Lance had nothing to do with it.

"Westley, I have watched Gabrielle grow up. She means a lot to me, so I always want her to be happy,"

Lance said frankly. He could tell at a glance that Westley had no feelings for Gabrielle at

all. Westley only wanted to bully her all the time. He even forced her to eat shrimp. Did he want her to die?

"Lance, it's not your obligation to worry about her happiness," Westley retorted with a cold smile.

"Auntie, I'll go upstairs to check on Gabrielle first. Just go on with your meal," Lance said and was about to stand up.

"No, don't bother. I'll go see her." Westley stood up.

"Westley..."

"Lance, take my advice. If you really want Gabrielle to live a happy life, do not intervene in our married life." Westley then turned around and walked to the stairs without giving Lance a chance to say anything more.

"Westley, Gabrielle's room is on the second floor, far left," Wendy immediately reminded him.

Lance's face flushed with anger. He looked at Wendy unhappily and said, "Auntie, you saw what he did just now. He was going to kill Gabrielle!" 5

"Lance, what are you talking about? Gabrielle has only eaten one shrimp. It won't kill her, okay? At most, she'll have itchy rashes on

her body. But she has allergy medicine in her room. That's why I told her to go there. She will be fine." As she spoke, Wendy also sounded unhappy.

She knew that Lance had feelings for Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was an orphan. She couldn't marry into the Jones or the Carter. Thus, her marriage to Westley was the best way to stop whatever Lance felt for her.

"Auntie, don't forget that she almost died when she accidentally ate a shrimp ball when she was a child." Remembering that incident in the past intensified Lance's anger.

"I know that she is not your biological daughter. But you have raised her for twenty years. It's even okay with you that she has to marry Westley. But now, you don't even care about her life?"

"Lance, you're going too far!" Wendy shouted angrily, slamming her chopsticks on the table.

It was only then that Lance calmed down a little. "Auntie, I'm just worried about Gabrielle."

"Am I really that vicious in your eyes? You already said that I've raised her for twenty years. Do you think I will just watch her die?"

This time, Wendy's voice also softened.

When Westley reached the door of Gabrielle's room, he found that it was slightly ajar. He gently pushed it open and got in. Her room was simple but clean and orderly. It had a girlish fragrance and a warm atmosphere.

His brows furrowed when he heard some retching noises coming from the bathroom. It didn't sound good at all.

He walked to the bathroom and leaned against the door frame. Gabrielle was squatting in front of the toilet and vomiting. But it seemed that she was not on the verge of dying.

When she finished, she turned around and saw him. She got so scared that she almost fell down.

Fortunately, Westley was quick enough to pull her into his arms. So her body didn't hit the floor.

"Gabrielle, how old are you? You don't even know how to stand firm on your feet?" He let go of her disgustedly.

"You really have the nerve to say that? You're standing at the door of my bathroom without even making a sound. Won't it be strange if I don't get startled?" She glared at him.

"Is it my fault that you were vomiting so loudly that you didn't hear me?" Westley retorted casually.

He was putting the blame on her again.

Wasn't it him who forced her to eat shrimp?

Chapter 20 Being Set Up

With resentful eyes, Gabrielle glared at Westley.

This man was often confused about right and wrong. Without any invitation, he barged into her room and blamed her for vomiting loudly.

"Why are you blaming me for forcing you to eat shrimps? I had no idea you're allergic to seafood. Why didn't you tell me?" He could already tell what she was thinking based on her expression. ¹

Although he purposely forced her to eat a shrimp, he wasn't aware of her seafood allergy.

Ignorance was a believable alibi, right?

"I'm not blaming you!" Then, she opened the drawer and took out a bottle of anti-allergic drugs. She swallowed two pills.

Since her arm felt itchy, she started to scratch it.

"Come on, Gabrielle. You're no longer a child. Why do you still eat seafood if you're allergic to it? Do you enjoy ingesting poison? If you're planning to die, then do it by yourself. Just leave me out of it. I don't want to be a

Chapter 20 Being Set Up
suspect for murder," Westley said in a cold voice.

Soon, she felt like a lump of cotton clogged her throat. Because of her allergy, she was having trouble breathing.

"Don't worry, Westley. If I die because of my allergy, I won't blame you," she said in a sarcastic tone.

Because of her stubbornness, Westley couldn't help but snort.

When he noticed the red rash on her arm, he became concerned. "Maybe you should go to the hospital, Gabrielle."

"No, there's no need for that. I'll feel better once the drug runs its course." She became much calmer. However, Westley's presence in her room still made her uncomfortable.

"Westley, I'm alright. Since I already took my medicine, I just need some rest. You can leave if you want," she softly replied.

However, he had no intention of moving. Therefore, she stopped insisting. After all, that man would do anything he wanted. He never listened to the opinion of others.

Gabrielle headed for the bathroom sink. She felt more comfortable after washing her arm with cold water.

Meanwhile, Westley was left in the room. The feminine atmosphere made him feel uneasy. He took out his phone and dialed Remy's number. He told the latter to send the most effective anti-allergic drugs to Vineyard Villa as soon as possible.

After the call, his eyes wandered around the room. Suddenly, he became interested in the things on the white cupboard.

Apparently, Gabrielle won countless academic awards from primary school until she finished her university degree. He had no idea how smart she was as a student.

Suddenly, he noticed several photos on the top row of the cupboard. It was her childhood memories with Bryce.

Most of the pictures captured Bryce looking at the camera while she stared at him with a sincere smile.

Anyone could see she was genuinely happy around her brother.

"What are you staring at, Westley?" Gabrielle just came out of the bathroom. When she noticed him standing in front of the cupboard, she grew anxious.

She was hiding all her photos with Bryce there.

"I have no idea how smart you are! It's out of my expectations that you're a straight-A student. I don't know you well enough, Gabrielle." However, he never said anything about the photos.

"There's no need for you to know me that well. We're going to get a divorce once Nellie returns, right?" Gabrielle gently mentioned divorce. ¹

At first, Westley only asked for a wedding ceremony. It was never his intention to get the marriage certificate.

However, Miley pressured the staff of the Civil Affairs Bureau to issue their marriage certificate on the wedding day. Since she was the most domineering person in the Morris, no one opposed her orders.

"It's good that you know exactly where you stand, Gabrielle. Even if my grandmother supports you, I won't accept you as my wife." A hint of anger flashed across his face. ³

She couldn't understand why he was in a sour mood again. This man had always been hard to read.

"I'm well aware of that. Never in my life did I covet anything that isn't mine." There was determination in her eyes. Her character was firm and resolute.

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"I'm well aware of that. Never in my life did I covet anything that isn't mine." There was determination in her eyes. Her character was firm and resolute.

"So you never grasp anything out of your reach. Well, I wouldn't say that." Then, he suggestively glanced at her photos with Bryce.

Immediately, her face lost color. Although she wasn't hiding her crush for Bryce, it was still embarrassing for her to talk about it. Westley was purposely making her feel uncomfortable.

"Wesley, I have no idea what you're saying."

"May I come in, Gabrielle?" Wendy asked from outside the door. At that moment, Gabrielle suppressed her anger.

"Yes, Mom. Come in," she answered as she calmed herself.

As the door opened, Wendy came in with two bowls of congee, along with some pickles, fruits, and tea.

"Hello, Westley. Both of you only had a few bites downstairs. As such, I asked the cook to prepare this meal for you. How are you feeling, Gabrielle? Did you take your medicine?" Wendy placed their meal down and worriedly looked at Gabrielle.

"I already took the medicine, Mom. I'll be okay," she replied to her mother.

"I see. Okay, I'll go first so that you guys can eat. Just call me if you need anything. Gabrielle, take good care of Westley," Wendy said before leaving.

Gabrielle didn't enjoy how her mother was trying to please Westley. However, she couldn't refuse, so she just gave an unwilling nod. "Yeah, Mom. I know."

"Westley, don't have any reservations. Treat this place as your home." Then, Wendy left and closed the door.

Finally, they were alone together with the door shut. Gabrielle stood there while staring at the man before her.

"Westley, are you hungry?" Gabrielle finally asked after some hesitation.

Since he was holding the life of the whole Jones, she could at least ask him to eat.

"Do you act this way when asking for help, Gabrielle?" A condescending expression painted Westley's face. 4

She stared back at him while controlling her anger. If she weren't helpless at the moment, she would have screamed at Westley and tell him to go wherever he pleased.

However, she couldn't drive him away like that at the moment.

"Have a seat, Westley." Gabrielle looked down with a gentle smile.

Amused, he sat down and ate the congee.

She sat on the opposite side of the table and quietly finished her congee. They shared a peaceful and quiet meal. ②

Unfortunately, their peace didn't last. Westley suddenly put down his bowl as he felt hot. He already realized what might be going on.

Meanwhile, Gabrielle's face was so red she looked like a tomato. A warm sensation enveloped her body. However, she desperately remained quiet. With bright red eyes, she bit her lips to not make any sound.

"Gabrielle!" Westley yelled with great frustration.

However, she didn't say anything back but stare at him in silence. Soon, she couldn't bear the hot sensation she was feeling. Immediately, she turned her face away. ⑦