

Chapter 317 Do You Care About Me

It was obvious that Westley wanted to drive Michelle away, but Gabrielle thought that it was not a good idea.

"Westley, Michelle hasn't finished her food yet." Gabrielle was making an excuse for Michelle.

"As an actress, you must always be in good shape," Westley said calmly.

'Keeping a good shape?

Did he mean that Michelle needs to lose weight?'

"Westley, you don't have to mock me for being fat. You know me, I don't get fat no matter how much I eat. I don't really need to worry about maintaining a good shape, haha." In Michelle's opinion, Westley really held a double standard. He treated her and Gabrielle so differently.

Nonetheless, Michelle was happy because it only meant that Westley really

loved Gabrielle. As long as Westley genuinely cared about his wife, Michelle would just watch them happily.

"Then if you still want to eat, just eat quietly and don't make any noise." Westley was looking at her indifferently, with a trace of undisguised disdain in his eyes.

How could Westley not notice how fit Michelle was?

She was always slim. It seemed that she was really born to be a model. Other people would go on any diet possible just to lose weight, but Michelle could just eat anything she wanted without worrying about getting fat.

Of course, Michelle knew that Westley did not like her at all. But since she was the third wheel for the couple, she did not bother arguing anymore. She just lowered her head and continued eating silently.

"Westley, if you haven't had dinner yet, you can eat too. There are so many foods that I doubt we can finish them all. Stop putting food on my plate, I can't eat any more." Gabrielle looked at him seriously.

But Westley just kept using his chopsticks to put food on Gabrielle's plate.

"I have already eaten. Eat more, you are too thin." Westley wasn't listening and just kept on picking food for her.

"If you keep doing this, then I will stop eating." Gabrielle was now upset.

"I'll just finish eating it if you can't," Westley said.

Oh!

Michelle shouldn't have agreed to come here and have dinner with them. The food was all appetizing, but she felt that she was in an awkward situation. So she put down her chopsticks firmly.

"Westley, Gabrielle, I'm already full. I'll go back first. Enjoy yourselves. Thank you for the luxurious meal." Michelle stood up and prepared to leave.

If she wouldn't leave now, she might throw up because of too much public display of affection.

Some people might seem cold-blooded and ruthless on the outside, but their

sweetness and ability to display their affection publicly was more intense than the others.

"Michelle, are you really full? Eat more if you are not. Just don't mind Westley." Gabrielle felt a little guilty when she saw Michelle preparing to leave.

They were enjoying their meal until Westley became grumpy and deliberately drove Michelle away.

"Gabrielle, I'm full. Besides, I'm an actress, so I'd better pay attention to staying fit. I'm leaving now; and since this is Westley's treat, I'll treat you next time," Michelle said firmly.

She still owed Gabrielle a meal.

"Well, okay, I understand. You can go now. Be careful. Is anyone coming to pick you up?" Gabrielle worriedly asked.

After all, Michelle was so famous and her fans were everywhere.

"Alvin is outside. He will send you back," Westley said coldly.

Michelle knew that Westley was just waiting for her to finally go, and what he

said only confirmed it. Apparently, he had already planned to send her away because he wanted to spend time with Gabrielle alone.

"Well, then I'll go back first. Westley, Gabrielle, I wish you a romantic and wonderful evening!" Michelle then left. ❀

Her words made Gabrielle blush in embarrassment.

"Westley, you haven't explained yet. Why do you want to book such a room?" When she could not see Michelle anymore, Gabrielle changed the subject.

"My partner and I planned to have dinner downstairs, and since I was aware that you and Michelle were going to have dinner together, I booked this restaurant. What's wrong? Don't you like this place?" Westley looked at her and asked sweetly.

"No, I like it! I just think that it's quite too much." Gabrielle was not a very frugal person, but she did not want to be too extravagant.

"We'll stay here tonight. It won't be a waste," Westley simply answered.

So, he really had a plan. ①

What could it be? What did this man want for tonight?

"Don't think too much. Let's just enjoy this dinner." Westley took a clean bowl and started eating with her.

"You really haven't eaten anything yet?" Gabrielle asked with concern as she watched him eat.

"Yes, I drank a little and didn't eat much. I immediately went here right after the dinner," Westley calmly explained.

Upon hearing what he just said, Gabrielle suddenly became worried.

"Westley, don't you know that you're more likely to have a stomachache if you drink alcohol without eating food?" Gabrielle didn't mean to scold him.

She would just feel really worried if he didn't take good care of himself.

"Do you care about me?" Westley's dark, beaming eyes locked with hers.

"No, I just..." Gabrielle stuttered as she tried to deny what he said.

She said she didn't care, yet she also couldn't hide her being concerned.

She was just not willing to admit it.

"I do care about you." Gabrielle admitted timidly.

Westley immediately felt happy and satisfied with her answer. He only smiled, though. "I'm fine. I didn't really drink much."

"But alcohol is still bad for your stomach if you don't eat anything. Next time, drink some milk first and eat more food before drinking." Gabrielle didn't realize that she was already scolding him. It was only after she finished her words that she noticed she had said too much.

"Westley, I just shared my thoughts. You can pretend that you didn't hear me at all," Gabrielle explained.

But Westley answered, "I heard what you said, loud and clear. I will try my best."

Gabrielle was surprised that Westley would listen to her and was willing to follow her advice.

"Westley, you don't have to do that if

you don't really want to. I just don't want you to get hurt." Gabrielle was feeling embarrassed now. ①

She felt that she was becoming more and more concerned about Westley, acting as his wife.

She wondered whether Westley would begin hating her if she kept behaving like this.

"I know what you mean. Anyway, let's finish our dinner." Westley knew that she sincerely cared about him, which made him happy. But he didn't want to express too much affection. ②

"Okay, let's just eat." Gabrielle then started picking up food for him.

When she caught Westley looking at her and watching her moves closely, Gabrielle smiled awkwardly. "Courtesy demands reciprocity. You have picked food for me, so I will also pick food for you.

Are you angry? If you don't want the food I picked, I'll eat it by myself." His cold stare made Gabrielle feel uneasy and nervous. ①

"Who says I'm angry? I'll eat what you put in my bowl. But don't pick up onions, please. I don't like its strong smell," Westley reminded her calmly.

It was not until then that Gabrielle realized that he just didn't like onions. She couldn't really remember everything on the list of Westley's preferences that Alvin gave her before.

Chapter 318 I Only Want You To Listen To Me And

After dinner, Westley went to take a shower. Gabrielle, on the other hand, visited the room again. She was very careful, though. She had assumed that it was where Michelle lived, so she didn't really pay much attention to it before.

But now that she knew it was booked by Westley for the two of them, Gabrielle thought that she needed to have a good look.

Aside from the master bedroom, there were two guest rooms. If she wouldn't be staying with him in the master bedroom, then she could use one of the guest rooms.

As long as she wouldn't disturb Westley, everything would be fine. When she felt that she had familiarized the room enough, Gabrielle stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling glass in the hall and looked up at the night sky.

It was breathtaking.

It was her first time seeing Antawood's night scene from such a height. She was indeed fascinated. She didn't even notice that Westley had already finished showering.

"Is the night view beautiful?" Westley asked. He was already standing beside her.

She got a little surprised by his deep voice. He spoke so dignifiedly that no one could really ignore him.

When Gabrielle turned around, she saw the determined look on Westley's face. She could also smell the fragrant body wash and shampoo he used.

Westley was only wearing a white bathrobe. His waistband was loosely tied, and his sexy clavicle and tanned chest could be seen.

Gabrielle was never a promiscuous woman. But even after staying with Westley for quite a long time now, she was still easily seduced by his beauty. She couldn't really resist his appeal.

It was all his fault. This man was so good-looking that sometimes it felt already

like a sin.

"Yes, it is beautiful." Gabrielle immediately turned to continue looking at the night view outside.

"This is the first time I've seen the night scene of Antawood from a high place. It looks beautiful and serene." Gabrielle then sighed as she stared at the night scene in front of her.

"Champs Elysees No.1 is famous for its amazing scenery. Sloane once told me that she really wanted to hold a party here. Westley, when Sloane wakes up, I want to hold a celebration party for her here, okay?" Gabrielle knew that she wasn't in the position to make a request to him, but she didn't want to miss this chance either.

"Of course you can. If you want, you can arrange it by yourself, or you can ask Alvin to arrange it for you. If you need anything, you can tell him directly." Westley agreed without any question about Gabrielle's request for a party.

He always knew what he wanted to do and who he wanted to be kind to.

If he wanted to be kind to anyone, he

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He always knew what he wanted to do and who he wanted to be kind to.

If he wanted to be kind to anyone, he

would do it wholeheartedly.

Now that he had completely accepted Gabrielle as his wife, he would naturally give her everything she needed and let her do what she wanted.

"Really?" Gabrielle asked while looking at Westley with uncertainty in her eyes.

"Gabrielle, I don't like receiving promises that are not genuine, nor do I like breaking my own promises. Now, go and take a shower," Westley answered.

Gabrielle knew then that he was serious. He was letting her organize a party for Sloane.

She somehow felt thankful that when Sloane finally woke up, she could hold a celebration party in Champs Elysees No.1 for her. Sloane would surely be very happy.

However, almost three months had passed, and Sloane was still in a coma. Gabrielle was getting more worried every day.

"Westley, I'm going to take a shower now. Thank you for letting me hold a party for Sloane in here," Gabrielle

thanked him sincerely. She then went to the bathroom to take a shower.

Without Westley's permission, how could she even organize a celebration party for Sloane in this place by herself?

Gabrielle prepared the water, put an essential oil, and enjoyed a refreshing bath.

When she came out in just a bathrobe, she saw that Westley was already on the bed. He was leaning against the headboard while answering a phone call. But it seemed that he wasn't pleased with the call. He was back to his cold aura and his eyebrows were furrowed.

Westley was holding a high position in the company and he was managing a big group. He had many things to deal with, so he always looked troubled. It was unusual to see him looking relaxed and happy.

Gabrielle felt sorry for him.

Too much responsibility is a heavy burden.

That might be the cause for Westley's cold and lonely demeanor.

When he saw Gabrielle coming out of the bathroom, Westley hung up the phone and waved at her, indicating her to come closer.

"You're finished taking a bath. Come here!" Westley was waiting for Gabrielle like an emperor.

Westley had always been acting like a boss.

She felt like she was his concubine. But why was she even thinking about it?

"Gabrielle..."

"Westley, I've toured around this suite. There are still two guest rooms left. How about I sleep in the guest room?" Gabrielle asked hesitatingly. She didn't know how to explain to him what she was thinking.

"Come here. Don't let me say it for the third time!" The anger on Westley's face was becoming more evident. His dark piercing eyes were looking directly at her.

Gabrielle then walked towards the bed, and Westley pulled her immediately into his arms.

"Slow down, Westley." His action astounded Gabrielle.

This man was so strong and he had nothing to use his strength for, so he was just tossing and pulling her like that.

"Gabrielle, what are we?" Westley let her change into a comfortable position while she was still in his arms.

Gabrielle looked at him and saw his cold eyes were staring directly at her. He was obviously angry.

She couldn't make him any angrier, or she would not like the result.

"We are a couple," Gabrielle answered nervously.

Suddenly, Westley smiled, satisfied with her answer. He then put his hand on her face.

"Since we are a couple, then why did you even think of sleeping in the guest room just now?" Westley asked. He even playfully pinched her nose. ③

His touch was becoming intimate.

Gabrielle's body began to relax. She

couldn't remember how and when exactly she and Westley became so close.

But she couldn't and didn't want to resist his intimacy at all. Gabrielle didn't know whether it was good or bad for her to go on like this. ②

"I just think that you are too tired, and I want you to have a good sleep. I'm afraid of disturbing you." Gabrielle came up with a lame explanation to defend herself. ②

But the truth is, there was no other reason; she simply didn't want to sleep with him. She always felt that this man could affect her in different ways.

"Gabrielle, I don't need you to be so considerate. I only want you to listen to me and obey me." Westley then lowered his head and bit her earlobe gently as a punishment. ⑥

He would always punish her in his own ways.

Gabrielle could not match him and his ways.

Westley felt that nothing in this world would make him more satisfied than his

Chapter 318 | On...

wife being obedient.

"Westley, I am always obeying you. Don't you feel it?" Gabrielle asked him seriously. 🌹

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Chapter 319 He Is Really A Monster

Westley lowered his head to take a look. His expression was calm and his eyes were fathomless. No one could figure out what he was thinking and he betrayed no emotion.

This man was so good at hiding his feelings that no one could see through him.

Others, who'd known him for years couldn't understand him yet, let alone Gabrielle, who had only been married to him for a few months.

Perhaps, Westley was the most mysterious husband.

"What? So obedient?" Westley's beautiful voice whispered in Gabrielle's ear.

"Yes, I'm always obedient. When have I ever disobeyed you?" Gabrielle raised her eyebrows and shot him a glance.

She had always listened to Westley. She had never disregarded his instructions.

"Gabrielle..."

Westley's voice changed as he lowered it by a few octaves on purpose. It was very sexy.

His voice was very pleasant to the ears. After deliberately lowering it, it became even more alluring.

His low, deep voice turned Gabrielle on.

His voice was so smooth that a woman could get pregnant just by listening to it.

Even though he had a striking appearance and body, just his rich voice was enough to make him a star. If one compared him to the current famous stars, he would totally be the most popular one.

"Well, what's the matter?" Gabrielle asked, her voice thick with desire.

"Since you are so obedient, you must always listen to me!" Westley gently lifted a lock of her hair and rubbed it between his fingers.

Gabrielle's hair was soft and felt wonderful to play with.

"Of course I will listen to you. I won't cause you any trouble," Gabrielle promised.

"Listen to me now and kiss me," Westley said and gave her a piercing look.

"Ah, what?" Gabrielle asked, pretending to be innocent.

She felt too bashful.

She didn't want to kiss him.

'This man is so naughty to tease me like this,' she thought shyly. 'He knows I am not the kind of person who will take the initiative to kiss him.'

Gabrielle pulled the quilt up and covered her face as a wave of shame washed over her.

"Gabrielle, come out. Do you want to suffocate yourself to death?"

When Westley saw her cover her face with the quilt, he was very concerned about her getting suffocated.

"No!" Gabrielle said in a low voice, refusing to come out.

She was unwilling and reticent.

"Gabrielle, didn't you say you will always listen to me? Come out now. Get some air," he ordered.

"No!" Gabrielle was feeling so shy that she didn't listen to him. She was ready to follow everything else he said, but she wouldn't listen to him now.

Westley was a man of action, so he only called her twice. When she didn't come out, he tugged the quilt off her and kissed her on the lips.

When Gabrielle woke up, it was already noon. Outside the window, the sun was shining brightly, its golden light filtering into the room through the curtain. ④

Gabrielle felt as if her bones had been broken and reorganized. The pain was truly indescribable.

It could only be said that Westley really did everything he intended to do in this room.

It was not a waste of money at all. She didn't know how many times they had sex through the night, or how late she had finally fallen asleep. She only remembered that when she had passed

out from exhaustion, he had not been done yet. 4

She couldn't figure out what this man was made of. He was so energetic that he almost crippled her.

Rubbing her hip, Gabrielle sat up and looked around the luxurious room. She didn't see Westley.

After silently cursing him seven or eight times, the soreness in her hips reduced a bit. She decisively got out of bed to wash her face.

Studying herself in the mirror, she noticed red and purple bite marks on her collarbone and chest.

'Is Westley a monster? How could he bite me like this? Fortunately, he knows to bite me in places where my bruises will be covered by clothes. Otherwise, how will I meet people?' she thought.

Gabrielle packed up and searched the entire presidential suite, but she didn't find Westley. She was sure that he had already left.

'This man still has so much energy. After having sex all night, he went out, leaving

me alone here, ' she thought incredulously.

On the tea table in the living room, there was a piece of paper with a few simple words written on it. His handwriting was strong and powerful, and it was quite beautiful. Perhaps Westley really was perfect in every way, because even his handwriting was so attractive.

His words could be used as a font template.

'Gabrielle, your dress is hanging in your wardrobe. When you get up and feel hungry, you can order something from room service. I have to go back to the company. Call me if you need anything.'

Gabrielle's heart warmed a little when she read his note. Westley was not so heartless after all. He had not run away after sleeping with her. In fact, he had prepared everything for her.

She folded the paper and tucked it in her palm before going back to the room to change.

When she opened the wardrobe, she saw a long lace dress with a high collar. As she thought of the marks on her

collarbone and chest, it occurred to her that Westley still had some humanity in him. He knew enough to leave a dress in this style for her, so that her body below her neck would be covered. 2

After changing her clothes, Gabrielle received a call from Wendy before she could order food.

Gabrielle felt sorry for being out of touch with her for such a long time, and immediately answered her phone.

"Mom, what's up?" she asked her instantly.

"Gabrielle, where are you now?" Wendy sounded distressed, as if something serious had happened.

Since Gabrielle had got married and left the Jones family, Wendy rarely contacted her.

"Gabrielle, can you come here now? I have something urgent to tell you," Wendy asked anxiously. 3

She wasn't able to explain the issue clearly on the phone, so she wanted to talk face to face with Gabrielle.

Chapter 320 Extremely Uncomfortable

After disconnecting the call, Gabrielle hurriedly took the elevator downstairs. As soon as she walked out of the hotel, she saw an empty taxi. She hailed it and asked the driver to take her to Jones mansion.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of the gate of the Jones mansion. Gabrielle paid the fare and went in carrying her bag.

Gabrielle didn't know why the huge Jones mansion made her feel lifeless and serious. It used to be lively.

But she didn't have time to think too much. She carried her bag and walked straight into the room. There she saw Wendy sitting on the sofa. She looked tired and uncomfortable, completely different from the radiant rich lady-like elegance that she always carried earlier.

Seeing Wendy in that state, Gabrielle knew something had happened.

"Hi Mom! I'm back." Gabrielle hurried over towards Wendy.

"Gabrielle! Finally, you're back home." As soon as Wendy saw Gabrielle, she stood up excitedly. She moved closer and held Gabrielle's hand. Even her voice carried a tone of worry and anxiety.

Gabrielle was worried now. She was afraid if something serious had happened to Bryce. Otherwise, Wendy wouldn't be in such a state.

"Mom, calm down. Tell me what happened. Why do you look so worried?" Gabrielle led Wendy back to the sofa. She made her sit and tried to comfort her.

"Gabrielle, I can't calm down now." Wendy looked so distraught and worried. She wasn't able to control her anxiety at all.

"Mom, tell me what happened to Bryce?" Gabrielle did not want to beat around the bush now. She directly asked Wendy about Bryce's condition.

One look at Wendy and it was clear that something had happened to Bryce and it was not a small matter. If it was trivial,

Wendy would not be in such a desolate condition.

Lance had said Bryce had disappeared. Perhaps he was really missing, and not hiding. Was it an accident, or was he kidnapped? It was completely unclear and chaotic for her to understand.

"Gabrielle, I want to tell you something. I know you may not be able to forgive me. But please don't hate me for it." Wendy's voice shook as she spoke. She seemed to have lost all her confidence.

Wendy looked terribly sad and dejected, and seemed to be in a mentally unstable state too.

"Mom, just tell me what happened. I won't blame you." Gabrielle was right when she had guessed that something was wrong here.

"Gabrielle, when Bryce eloped with Nellie, they went to Switzerland. I have been in touch with Bryce all this time, but we only contacted in private. After all, he is my son. It's normal for me to worry about him." As she kept speaking, Wendy seemed to become weaker and more dejected. ①

Gabrielle's face darkened. Well, Bryce was Wendy's son, while she was just a girl adopted from the orphanage by the Jones family.

She realized that this was the essential difference between biological and adopted children. It was a fact that in Wendy's heart, she didn't have a place. Wendy had never treated her as a daughter, not even for a day. She was just Bryce's companion and a tool for the Jones family.

All along she had an idea about Wendy's thoughts and feelings. Still, Gabrielle felt sad when she heard it from Wendy's mouth.

Gabrielle had been raised by the Jones family for twenty years. As a sensible and mature woman, she was always grateful to the Jones family for bringing her up.

"Well mom, what do you want from me now?" Gabrielle said in a calm and composed manner.

It broke her heart. She felt sad, but she pretended to be fine.

"Gabrielle, I know I have always treated you unfairly. You always asked us to look for Bryce and Nellie. And behind everyone's back, I was secretly contacting Bryce. I just want to know if he's fine now. Gabrielle, if you want to blame me, go ahead and blame me. I know it's all my fault. I'm so sorry!" Seeing Gabrielle's face turn darker and darker, Wendy knew that she had really failed her and lost her trust.

However, it was not what was bothering Wendy. She didn't think that she had done anything wrong to Gabrielle.

Wendy thought Gabrielle should feel grateful that she got the chance to be raised up by the Jones family. She couldn't just spend twenty years taking care of her for nothing. Wendy didn't feel guilty about anything, especially not about making her marry Westley.

Moreover, so many women were desperate to marry Westley. Gabrielle should be grateful that she had the chance to marry him.

"Mom, you didn't do anything wrong to me. I'm an adopted daughter of the Jones family. The Jones family has raised me

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"Mom, you didn't do anything wrong to me. I'm an adopted daughter of the Jones family. The Jones family has raised me

for twenty years. I cannot give you much back in return, but I will try to help you in every possible way. So, tell me what you want me to do. I won't complain or refuse." Gabrielle had cleared up her mind and put forward her decision. *

Being an adopted daughter, they had taken care of her. It was good enough that the Jones family didn't sell her to an old man to become his second wife.

Gabrielle didn't dare to think about such a life. If she hadn't married Westley, Wendy would have got her married to a bad, old man. All of it would be in the interest of the Jones family.

"Really, Gabrielle? Don't you blame me? In fact, I know that you should blame me for all this mess."

Wendy was aware that Gabrielle actually held her responsible for a lot of things.

After all, it was natural for Gabrielle to blame her. All that Wendy had done to her, though she was a mere adopted daughter.

"Mom, let's talk about Bryce."

Gabrielle didn't want to hear Wendy

trying to apologize or talking about it anymore.

She felt that all of it was meaningless now.

Gabrielle's words pulled Wendy's mind back to her main concern and worry about her son.

"Gabrielle, I know that they left Switzerland and went to Paris. They even went to Thailand. I was able to contact him after they reached Thailand. The last time I was able to contact him was last month. I couldn't reach out to him after that. It has been half a month. Gabrielle, I'm worried about your brother. It's just not right."

Wendy's tone showed how anxious and worried she was. Clearly she really had no choice but to ask Gabrielle for help. She was completely at a loss.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier, Mom?"
After hearing all that, Gabrielle felt even worse.

She was upset to know that Wendy had been in touch with Bryce from the very beginning. It was all a pretense that they sent people to search for them, but

couldn't find them. All this had been done because they just wanted to fool her.

Now something bad might have happened to Bryce. Wendy had no choice but to call her for help. Otherwise, she would never have told her the truth.

"Gabrielle, at first, I thought there must be some work or something that was keeping him busy. It's been a long time since I last contacted them. I'm afraid that something might have happened to them. Gabrielle, what should I do now? I've been unable to contact them. I've sent people to look for them, but it was of no use. I came to you because I had no choice. I know I should be ashamed to come to you for help. But I need to ask Westley for help. Gabrielle, I beg you! Go back and ask Westley to send someone to look for Bryce. Westley will be able to find him. He can do it because he is so capable."

Wendy held Gabrielle's hand and spoke earnestly. All her hopes were pinned on Gabrielle and Westley.

Gabrielle was baffled. She had mixed feelings and didn't know what to say. It

struck her that she was the one who was cheated and used from the beginning to the end.

And now Wendy came to her, asking for her help when something unexpected and bad had happened. She was really uncomfortable to see how caught up she was in this web.

"Mom, are you really going to ask Westley to find Bryce? I hope you remember what he had said. He warned us that if he intervened in looking for Bryce, he would bring back his corpse, not a living person. He always gave you the chance to find Bryce back. What have you done?" Gabrielle felt extremely distressed. She could feel the sharp stabbing pain in her chest and she could hardly breathe.

Chapter 321 Raised An Ungrateful Person

'Corpse!

Not a living person!'

Wendy was shocked upon hearing it.

Bryce was missing, and her people couldn't find him and Nellie. She had no choice but to ask Westley for help.

But if Westley really killed Bryce, how could Wendy bear it?

How could she accept that her dear son was now a corpse?

"Gabrielle... Are you scaring me, Gabrielle?" Wendy couldn't believe what she had heard, so she asked Gabrielle worriedly.

'How could Westley be so ruthless and cruel? How could he turn a living person into a corpse?

Did he think he was the king of hell or heaven? How could he just kill people?'

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She couldn't believe that Westley was so cruel.

"Mom, I'm not scaring you. I believe you've already heard rumors about what kind of person Westley is. I don't have to say anything anymore. In fact, you know his reputation better than me." Gabrielle was feeling helpless now.

Everyone in Antawood knew what kind of person Westley was. Wendy belonged to the rich people's circle, so how could she not know Westley's personality?

"Gabrielle, you are now his wife. By this time, you most probably have a good relationship already. You can ask him for help. As long as he doesn't hurt your brother, I am willing to do anything." Wendy was holding Gabrielle's hand tightly. She was hopeful that Gabrielle would help her talk to Westley to just find Bryce without hurting him.

"Mom, I'm his wife, but we don't love each other. It's useless for me to beg him to do something," Gabrielle answered, wanting her mom to give up the idea.

'Was she too naive and confident to expect that Westley could find Bryce

back without hurting him? How would it be possible?'

Gabrielle was not feeling well. She was feeling too many emotions, everything seemed to be complicated.

She had no objection to Wendy's support for Bryce. But Gabrielle still felt uncomfortable realizing that Wendy had been willing to sacrifice her adopted daughter so unconditionally for Bryce. ③

"Gabrielle, why are you saying that? Are you just going to watch and wait for Bryce to die? He is your brother. Although he is not your biological sibling, he has been nice to you since you were a child. Our family has treated you well and raised you for twenty years. Without us, how could you live a comfortable life and get a good education?" As usual, Wendy was crediting everything that Gabrielle had enjoyed and achieved to the Jones family.

Everything that Gabrielle had was given by the Jones family. She couldn't be ungrateful.

"Mom, I know the Jones family has raised me for twenty years, and I will never forget it. But you want me to sacrifice for

Chapter 321 Raised An Ungrateful Person

Bryce again and again. How do you really feel about me?" Gabrielle didn't really want to say something like that. But Wendy was kind of making her feel worthless that she couldn't help but speak out her heart.

Wendy wasn't expecting that Gabrielle would bring back the past. She was surprised, and it took her a while to react.

"Gabrielle, what do you mean? Do you want us to talk about the past now, or what? Do you think that I have been treating you unfairly and not as a daughter? If I didn't see you as my daughter, then why did I take you home from the orphanage? I bought you nice clothes. Everything you want, I give it to you. Now you're asking me like that? Do you still have your morals with you?" Wendy was totally pissed off at this point.

Gabrielle was such a timid girl, Wendy didn't expect her to be so devious.

She was accusing her of unfair treatment.

Wendy thought that she had raised Gabrielle well. Although she didn't really

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Chapter 321 Raised An Ungrateful Person

treat her as her own daughter, she had provided her with all kinds of food and clothes, much better than what the daughters of ordinary families were receiving.

Also because of her Gabrielle's life was much better than the girls who grew up in the orphanage.

'What an ungrateful woman! Why is she so unwilling to ask for help from Westley? Why did she ask me if I even see her as my daughter? How could Gabrielle ask me such a question?' Wendy thought furiously.

"Mom, let's get down to the real issue. I will never forget what you and the Jones family did to make my life better, I will always be grateful. But you want me to beg Westley for Bryce, it's another thing."

Gabrielle looked at Wendy helplessly, her eyes were pleading.

"Gabrielle, how can this be another thing? Bryce is your brother. What's wrong with asking you to help your brother now?" Wendy realized that Gabrielle wasn't really willing to help.

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It only meant that she raised an ungrateful person!

'If only I had known, I would have chosen and raised a more obedient girl. It's Bryce's fault for choosing this girl immediately after seeing her.'

"Mom, it's not that I don't want to help, but I just can't." Westley had already made it clear that he would help to look for Bryce.

But it was hard to say whether Bryce would come back alive or not.

Westley was a very cunning man. He could do whatever he wanted, so Gabrielle didn't want to take the risk.

"Why can't you help? I think you are simply not willing to help at all. Our family has raised you for twenty years, and here you are, being ungrateful." Wendy wasn't controlling her words anymore.

'Ungrateful?'

Gabrielle couldn't believe that Wendy would accuse her of such a thing.

Once again, Wendy's words shattered

her heart into pieces.

"Mom, I have told you many times before that Westley is not an easy person to negotiate with. If he gave you a chance, you should seize it. If you had only let Bryce come back here and admit his mistakes in front of Westley, all these wouldn't happen." Gabrielle was trying so hard to suppress her anger.

She really wanted to throw a fit now and tell Wendy that her adopted daughter was not a tool of the Jones family in protecting Bryce.

But when she remembered that Wendy hadn't really mistreated her for twenty years, Gabrielle hid her anger and spoke calmly.

Even if Wendy had called her an ungrateful person, Gabrielle had to endure it.

"I didn't expect that things would be so complicated. Westley just wanted a wife when he planned on marrying Nellie, and since you had already married him, he would forget it all. He would be fine after a while." This was what Wendy thought. She hadn't expected that everything would turn out complicated.

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Chapter 321 Raised An Ungrateful Person



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Chapter 322 I Want You To Beg Him

Gabrielle did not respond. Nothing could describe her mood at the moment. She wanted to be careful, or else she might say something that she would regret.

Wendy had traded her for Bryce, as if she was a useless possession. As long as Gabrielle married Westley, things could be postponed for a while.

Besides, Westley was only marrying Nellie because he needed a wife. So, it didn't matter if he actually married her or another girl. It shouldn't be a big deal that he married Gabrielle instead of Nellie.

That was exactly what Wendy had thought. She wanted Gabrielle to take the place of Nellie and marry Westley; and since Westley had already a wife, he would let go of Bryce and the Jones family.

But Wendy was wrong.

It was not easy to go against Westley.

Only a few people could stop him from doing what he wanted to do.

No one could escape from his punishing hands.

So Wendy had Gabrielle as a substitute for Nellie. She had never really planned on saving her. She intended to leave Gabrielle alone under Westley's control. It was her own fate, anyway. ①

Fortunately, Westley was now treating Gabrielle nicely. He was taking good care of her, except for when they were both in bed. ①

Nevertheless, Wendy wouldn't feel any guilt at all if ever Westley was being cruel to Gabrielle. ①

"Gabrielle, I know you're mad at me now. You're thinking that what I have done to you was out of the line, but I have no choice!" Wendy tried another tactic and softened her tone when she saw Gabrielle's dejected look. ①

She had only told Gabrielle to come to their house so that she could instruct her to ask Westley's help in finding Bryce.

"Gabrielle, think about how I took care of

you. I promise that from now on, I will treat you better. Just help Bryce this time, I don't even know if he is still alive or already dead in Thailand. I'm too scared." Wendy was begging her and gripping her hand too tightly that it was already hurting Gabrielle.

"Mom, can you let go of my hand first? It hurts," Gabrielle couldn't help asking.

Wendy let go of Gabrielle's hand immediately and found that her wrist was already turning red, she felt a little sorry. "Gabrielle, I'm sorry. I was just too worried that I didn't notice I was holding you too tightly. Are you okay? Let me massage it."

Wendy then pulled Gabrielle to the sofa and began to massage her hand.

But Gabrielle didn't need her to do that at all, so she pulled her hand from Wendy's hold.

"No, mom, it's okay." Gabrielle smiled awkwardly.

The truth is, she was in a bad mood.

But she didn't want to say anything anymore.

"Gabrielle, the only person I can rely on now is you. Can you help me this time as your way of repaying our family that raised you and provided you home for twenty years?" Wendy seized the opportunity and asked again. If she didn't ask Gabrielle for help now, she might not be able to find Bryce at all.

She had to find Bryce as soon as possible. More than half a month had passed already, and if she still couldn't contact him, it would be more and more dangerous. Wendy was feeling so anxious.

She couldn't take it if something happened to Bryce.

"Mom, this..."

"Gabrielle, do I still have to kneel and beg you? Just say so, because I'm willing to do anything. As long as you ask Westley to find Bryce, I'll do anything for you." Wendy stood up and was about to kneel in front of Gabrielle.

But when Gabrielle realized what Wendy was about to do, she immediately stood up and stopped her. Wendy was her foster mother, for Christ's sake! How

could she let her elders kneel down before her? No matter what, she just couldn't let it happen.

"Gabrielle, don't stop me. If kneeling down is what would make you agree to what I'm asking, then I'll do it," Wendy insisted. Gabrielle was feeling horrible now.

"Mom, are you making me feel awful? How can I let you kneel down in front of me? Don't do this!" Gabrielle was holding Wendy's hand forcefully. She couldn't let her mother do an unimaginable thing.

"Then, can you promise me that you will beg Westley to find your brother? That no matter what the result is, you'll do everything you can to help Bryce?" Wendy stood up straightly and looked at Gabrielle, forcing a begging expression. Would she really kneel down before Gabrielle? That was impossible.

Wendy would never kneel down in front of Gabrielle, she didn't deserve her kneeling. It was just her scheme. She knew that Gabrielle would be moved by it.

After all, she raised Gabrielle, she knew her very well.



"Mom, I..."

"Gabrielle, please, I want to kneel down and beg you, but you don't want to see me doing it, do you?" Wendy asked.

"Mom, I will go home to discuss it with Westley, but I can't assure you that he will agree. If he is really angry, I might also be kicked out of his house." Gabrielle had no choice but to agree.

She couldn't really refuse.

Wendy was ecstatic when she heard Gabrielle's answer. If Gabrielle was willing to beg Westley, then the plan would be more likely a success.

"Gabrielle, I know you are a good girl. As long as you tell Westley, I won't blame you for the result, whether he agrees or not." Wendy even held her hand and smiled. ①

Gabrielle didn't know what to say, so she just pulled her hand from Wendy's grasp silently.

"Mom, if there's nothing else, I'll go home now." Gabrielle didn't want to stay any longer. She wanted to breathe some fresh air.

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"Mom, if there's nothing else, I'll go home now." Gabrielle didn't want to stay any longer. She wanted to breathe some fresh air.



She was so uncomfortable here that she found it hard to breathe properly.

"Gabrielle, just stay and have dinner here tonight. Bring Westley with you. You haven't had dinner at home for a long time now." Wendy was already in a good mood that's why she was making other plans.

"No, thanks. He won't come here, I don't want to further embarrass us. I'm leaving now." Gabrielle knew that Westley wouldn't come to their house for dinner, so she wouldn't dare ask him at all.

The smile on Wendy's face gradually disappeared. She looked at Gabrielle seriously and said, "That's right. Our house is not good enough to entertain Westley. But you must still tell him about what I told you, by all means. Remember that Bryce's life depends on you, Gabrielle."

"I've told you, I'll try my best. If there's nothing else, I'm going home now." Gabrielle then left the Jones mansion as fast as she could.