

Chapter 348 Where Did You Hear That

Gabrielle received a phone call from Wendy while Westley was taking a bath.

She didn't want to answer it in all honesty, because she knew full well that the reason Wendy was contacting her was because of Bryce. ①

Thus, aside from asking things about that man, there was nothing else they would normally talk about.

"What's up, Mom?" Gabrielle greeted calmly. But if one were to listen carefully to her tone, they would notice that she was somewhat impatient.

"Are you up, Gabrielle?" Wendy was now more polite to Gabrielle, and her once exasperated behavior towards the latter had all but disappeared.

In the past, she was always picking on Gabrielle just because she was her stepmother, and she held no motherly love for her. ①

At present, the reason Wendy was being so nice to Gabrielle was because she needed her help. Perhaps she had never expected this to happen. ①

"Yes, Mom. Get to the point. What do you want?" Gabrielle had never liked beating around the bush.

"Are you still going to the studio today, Gabrielle? In that case, let's have lunch together. By the way, do you remember that I bought a set of jewelry for you a few days ago? I brought it back last time."
Wendy's attitude had changed drastically. Now, she was much gentler than before.

Gabrielle had almost forgotten that Wendy kept on insisting that she picked a jewelry as a form of dowry, and it had been left in the store, so that her name could be engraved in it.

Truthfully, Gabrielle was never fond of that jewelry. Aside from that, she hadn't received any calls from the store yet, causing her to forget about it. It turned out that Wendy had already taken it back herself.

She might've even fetched it personally.

And she was probably using this as an excuse to meet up with Gabrielle.

"I'll see you at noon. Give me a call before you go. You don't have to drop by the studio. Let's just meet at a restaurant, okay?" Gabrielle replied sternly.

Everyone in the Jones family knew that she had her internship at Jason's place, but Wendy disliked it.

She used to be that daughter of the Carter family, so she wasn't that impressed of the jewelry custom-made by small studios. Even though young people nowadays were particular of their own personalities and preferred to be unique, in her old-fashioned opinions, Wendy found it more dignified to wear the most prominent jewelry brands in the world.

Moreover, she barely cared about her adopted daughter, Gabrielle. She had zero interest in Gabrielle's internship.

Even though she wanted to get involved, Gabrielle didn't want her to do so.

"Okay, I'll place a reservation for the two of us, and then I'll text you the address,"

said Wendy. She agreed with Gabrielle.

Now, it was all up to Gabrielle. Wendy had no say in the matter.

"Okay, see you at noon," said Gabrielle.

"Got it."

After disconnecting from the call, Gabrielle took a deep breath before changing her clothes.

By the time Westley finished showering, she was already done changing. Afterwards, she just stood there, visibly uneasy.

"What's the matter? Don't tell me you got impatient waiting for me?" Westley asked as he approached her.

"Nothing, really. I'm going to wash my face," said Gabrielle. She didn't mention anything about Wendy. Instead, she just went to the bathroom at once.

Upon hearing her response, Westley frowned. He knew that waiting for him while he was showering wasn't the reason she was upset.

Once Gabrielle came out of the bathroom, she looked much better. Westley knew

that she didn't just wash her face there. She also probably composed herself in there.

"Let's have breakfast downstairs, shall we?" Gabrielle said with a bright smile.

'Damn it! How many times have I told her that if there's something wrong, she should tell me? She shouldn't be bearing everything all alone!' Westley cursed inwardly. 4

'I'm her husband. She can count on me for anything!'

"Gabrielle, I am your husband, and whatever it is you're dealing with, I can help. If you're feeling troubled about anything, just let me know, okay?" Westley's face remained composed, but his voice was filled with determination.

Gabrielle knew what he meant, and that he was a man of his word.

As long as he had made a promise, he would definitely live up to it.

Gabrielle reached out to hold his hand. "Of course, Westley. But really, this isn't a big deal. My mother just called me to ask me out for lunch. It's probably about

Bryce," she said.

Westley put his hand over her hair and rubbed it gently. "Then enjoy your lunch with her. About the matter with Bryce, don't worry. I'll take care of it."

"Okay."

After breakfast, Westley drove her to her destination. This time, they parked by a big tree. As long as the paparazzi didn't keep a close eye on them, nobody would notice them there.

In all honesty, she didn't want him to take her, but if she were to refuse, he would ask Alvin to pick her up no matter how far the latter lived away.

Thus, her only option was to let Westley drive her there.

They were supposed to be a legally married couple, but right now, it was as if they were having a secret love affair. It was so exciting!

"Westley, have you noticed that we're kind of like seeing each other in secret lately?" asked Gabrielle.

Her words rendered him speechless at

first, and then he smiled. "I thought you liked it. Or do you want to make our relationship public? I'm fine with either way," he said.

Upon hearing this, Gabrielle shook her head and said, "No, there's no need to do that. We're fine as it is. Have you ever heard of that saying?" She then stared at him with curiosity in her eyes.

"What are you saying?" Westley now realized that his wife wasn't as submissive as she looked. She was a woman filled with surprises.

"A secret lover receives more than the official wife. And my flowers can never triumph over the wild ones by the side of the road," said Gabrielle. ②

Westley was shocked by her words. It turned out that his woman wasn't as innocent as she looked. 'How could she possibly know all these?'

He raised an eyebrow while staring at Gabrielle as if he were staring at an alien. "Where did you hear that, Gabrielle?"

Just then, she realized what she had said in front of Westley. 'What on earth am I doing?'

Ah... I may as well kill myself.

My image in his mind must've been ruined now!

This is always Sloane's fault. She was always saying weird things to me, and now it led to my awkwardness,' she thought to herself.

"Anyway, I'll be leaving now. Thanks for driving me here today." Gabrielle opened the car door, hoping to escape. However, Westley knew she would try to run away, so he quickly locked the car.

Chapter 349 What Kind Of Man Do You Prefer

Gabrielle stared at Westley, wondering what he might do.

'Did he prevent me from getting out of the car because of what I said?' she thought.

'Is he really going to teach his wife a lesson?'

"Westley, I have to go to work," Gabrielle said with a helpless sigh.

Although they didn't have to clock in for work, being late wasn't a good thing. Anyway, she had no excuse for being late.

"If you're planning to carry out domestic violence, do it when we're at home. But mark my words, I'll sue you for it!" Gabrielle cast him a stern glaring.

Westley stared back at her with a straight face, but he couldn't help but chuckle at her remark.

"Domestic violence? Do you think I'm the kind of man who hits women? Gabrielle, I'm going to punish you some other way if I want to." His eyes dimmed, and there was a smirk on his face.

Naturally, Gabrielle knew what he meant by that. This man's physical strength was just astonishing. If he really wanted to punish her, she probably wouldn't be able to get out of bed after he was done with her.

She didn't want that to happen.

"No, I never thought you'd hit a woman, especially not your wife. I was just talking nonsense." ②

Gabrielle chickened out at once. 'I shouldn't have brought up a sensitive topic like that in front of him!'

Testing him like that was like courting death. She was fortunate enough that Westley didn't punish her on the spot.

"The words you blurt out are usually what you think, and they're half-meant at worst. It's the same as a drunk person telling the truth when he's completely inebriated. Did you not know that, Gabrielle?" asked Westley, raising an

eyebrow. He wasn't going to let her off the hook so easily.

"Well... What do you want?" Gabrielle gave up on any further explanations. The more she tried to explain, the guiltier she would seem.

"Gabrielle, do you even know what those words meant? Are you suggesting that you want to have an affair with another man, or do you want me to have one with another woman?" Westley asked.

Gabrielle fell silent while staring at Westley. She had never even imagined having an affair with another man, and she never wanted to have one, let alone letting Westley have one. 'What does he want?'

"Westley, you think too much. I've never even thought of having an affair! I would never do that. And I'm not suggesting you have an affair either. It's just our current situation that has reminded me of the saying. You know what, I won't say anything inappropriate again in the future," said Gabrielle.

Once she had said that, Westley felt better. "Good to know. Don't ever let me find out that you're waiting for an

opportunity to have an affair," he said.

"I won't, I promise," said Gabrielle.

"So, can you please open the door now?"

she asked with pleading eyes.

Westley finally decided to open the door for her and let her go. "I'll pick you up tonight."

"Huh?" Gabrielle glanced over at him, visibly confused.

"Are you going to attend Micheal's party or not?" asked Westley.

"I've already told Mia that I'll go. Are you coming with me?" Gabrielle couldn't believe what she was hearing. After all, he had once refused to go to Micheal's birthday party.

As a matter of fact, there was another thing she was worried about. Even though this was going to be a private party, there would be some acquaintances present. And if they were to attend together, their relationship would be known to others.

"I'll pick you up after work. Don't loiter around or something," Westley reminded

her.

'Where else will I go? Why do I feel like he's treating me like a fool?' she wondered.

"Anyway, I'm heading off to work now. Drive safe, you hear?" Gabrielle got out of the car once she was certain that nobody would see her.

Westley didn't leave until he had seen her cross the pedestrian bridge.

As soon as Gabrielle arrived at the studio, she sat down. Lolita approached her, seeming as though she wanted to gossip. "Gabrielle, remember that classmate of yours we saw yesterday? He's really handsome! Does he like you?"

Gabrielle was shocked to hear what Lolita had said, but she still glanced at her with a calm expression. "Don't say that. Jax doesn't like me!"

"What do you mean he doesn't like you? I can tell by how he's looking at you that he does like you. Don't you know that there are three things in this world that can never be hidden?" Lolita said, staring at Gabrielle with excitement in her eyes.

Upon seeing how Lolita was gazing at her, Gabrielle felt a little scared. 'Is Lolita a part-time paparazzi? Why does she enjoy prying into other people's lives so much?'

"What are they?" Gabrielle asked curiously.

Lolita was quick-witted. She could instantly think of something out of nothing. Thus, if Gabrielle were to indulge her, she could instantly come up with an answer.

"Poverty, cough, and there's one other thing. The way a person looks at someone they love. It's something that no person could ever hide." Lolita put on a proud smile.

Gabrielle could tell that her friend wasn't going to drop this topic unless she were to confirm that Jax had feelings for her.

"You think too much, Lolita. Jax is just..."

"I can tell that he likes you, but you don't feel the same way. Honestly, I think he's a good man. He's your classmate, a gentleman, and he's quite handsome. There aren't many men like him nowadays. I'm sure he is very popular

among the women of Alorith University," Lolita explained with a stern expression.

Gabrielle just listened to her as if it were a form of entertainment. "He is popular in college. He's a nice man, but he's not my type," she replied.

'If Jax was unpopular, Emily never would've been head over heels for him. That woman never would've treated me as her rival in love and beaten me so hard that I had to stay in the hospital for a few days!' she thought to herself.

All of that happened because of Jax, but Gabrielle never meant to blame him.

"Since you don't like handsome men like Jax, what kind of men do you like? Do you want me to help you find one?" Lolita had a look on her face that seemed like she was determined to play matchmaker.

"You don't have to do that. Right now, I just want to focus on my career. My lovelife can come later," Gabrielle replied, coming up with the first lousy excuse she could think of.

In reality there was no need for her to find a boyfriend, because she was

already married.

'Why would I need to find one? I'm already married!' she thought to herself.

"That's true. But hear me out, you can develop your career while finding a healthy lovelife, right? Come on, Gabrielle! I'll help you find whomever you'd like." Lolita raised her eyebrows while nudging Gabrielle's arm.

"There really is no need to do that. If you have so much time on your hands, you should focus on minding your own business. There's no need to worry about me. Just start working. Spending your energy on work is always a good thing." Gabrielle patted Lolita's shoulder, and reminded her not to gossip anymore.

What worried Gabrielle the most was the fact that Lolita was a persistent gossip that she might not be able to hide from her the fact that she and Westley were married for too long. ①

Chapter 350 Beg Him

At 11:30 am, Gabrielle received the address of the restaurant that Wendy placed a reservation in. She immediately went there after work.

It was a Thai restaurant, around ten minutes away from the studio. Gabrielle had once dined at this restaurant, so she knew where to go and arrived soon. The moment she entered the private room, she found Wendy already waiting for her.

"Gabrielle, you're here!" Wendy waved at her happily.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mom. I was delayed by a bit of work." Gabrielle took off her coat and took a seat in front of Wendy.

The only thing she had appreciated from the Jones family these past few years was the fact that they taught her good manners. No matter what could happen, she was always patient and composed in front of others.

This was what Miley liked about her. Gabrielle had really good manners.

"It's fine. I had nothing better to do anyway. Unlike you, I don't have a job. I can wait for you no matter how long it takes. Anyway, I've brought you the jewelry. If you want, you can take a look at it." Wendy handed the jewelry box to Gabrielle.

"Thanks, Mom. There's no need to check it. I haven't had the time to get it from the jewelry store. Thanks for bringing it back for me." Gabrielle received the box and immediately put it into her bag with no intention of opening it.

Aside from the fact that this was what Wendy gave her as a dowry, she was with her when they picked it out, so there was no need to check it.

"Anyway, let's ask them to serve the dishes." Wendy rang the bell and ordered the waiter to serve their food.

Soon, the dishes were served. They were specialty dishes of the restaurant. In all honesty, Wendy had no idea what kind of food Gabrielle preferred to eat. While she was ordering, she realized that she didn't even know her daughter that well.

To play it safe, she just avoided seafood and ordered all the specialty dishes on the menu.

"Gabrielle, you've lost a lot of weight lately. Are you under too much pressure at school and work? You should eat more. I ordered all the restaurant's specialty dishes. Aside from seafood, I have no idea what you like to eat. It's my fault for being a negligent mother." Wendy felt a bit guilty when those words came out of her mouth.

Gabrielle didn't mind it. She just smiled at Wendy. "Mom, there's no need to feel that way. I've never gotten mad at you for what you did in the past. Besides, I'm not a picky eater. Anything is good for me!"

"Oh, don't say that, Gabrielle. It really is my fault. I'm really sorry for being a terrible mother." Wendy chuckled awkwardly.

Gabrielle would rather not have her mother be sad around her, because it wasn't good to eat in a forlorn atmosphere.

They already knew the truth. Neither of them had to say it out loud, lest they

want to feel ashamed of what happened.

"Let's eat, Mom. If we tarry any longer, the food will get cold," Gabrielle said calmly.

Although Wendy still had some stuff to say, Gabrielle didn't want to talk anymore, so she figured it was time to stop talking.

"Okay, let's eat." Having said that, she began to put food on her daughter's bowl.

"Mom, you don't have to pick up food for me. You're the one who should eat more. I can tell that you've lost a lot of weight. And by the way, you don't need to worry about my brother so much. Westley has promised that he'll help us find him, and he definitely will. All we need to do now is to wait patiently." Gabrielle tried her best to appease Wendy's worries.

After all, now that Westley had promised to look for Bryce, he certainly would live up to that promise. But regarding the certainty of finding her brother, Gabrielle wasn't too sure about it. That wasn't up to her.

"Gabrielle, did Mr. Morris really agree to

help you find your brother?" Wendy was over the moon to hear her say that.

For her, Westley's promise to look for Bryce was ironclad. She had complete faith in the man's capabilities.

Gabrielle wanted to say something, but she felt that it would only frustrate Wendy even more.

"Mom, I know that Westley has promised to look for my brother, but that's not a guarantee. Bryce is in Thailand, not in our country, let alone Antawood. It's not going to be easy to find him. Besides, you've sent so many people to look for him already, but none of them has found any clues to his whereabouts. You of all people know how difficult it is to find Bryce." She really had to tell her mother the truth of the situation they were facing right now.

Naturally, Wendy knew that already. Brice and Nellie, two living people, went missing out of the blue. It was a frightening situation indeed.

Moreover, it didn't seem like they hid themselves. It was more like someone had deliberately hidden them or something.

If the latter was the case, Wendy had no idea who their kidnapper was, and why those two had been kidnapped. If it weren't for the fear that the Collins family would blame them for what happened, Wendy would've already called the police.

After Bryce took Nellie away, the Collins family stormed the Jones family's abode and made trouble. To the Collins family, Bryce just took their precious Nellie away, so they were asking the Jones family to return her to them.

"Gabrielle, it frightens me that your brother may have been kidnapped by others." Wendy's heart sank. She had lost her appetite.

From the look on her face, Gabrielle could tell what she was thinking. At this point, Gabrielle had no other option but to appease her worries.

"If they really had gotten kidnapped, then the kidnapper has an ulterior motive. Chances are, the bastards just want money or this is some sort of twisted revenge. Do you have any idea how many and what kinds of people the Jones family has offended over the

years?" She cast a stern glare at Wendy. This was no small matter, after all.

If the enemies of the Jones family happened to know of Bryce's whereabouts, it wouldn't be surprising for them to kidnap him, but they would certainly try to contact the Jones family.

"It's inevitable that our family will offend someone one way or another! We are part of the business circle. If this is the work of our enemies, then they'll definitely contact us. No matter what condition they'll ask for, they'll inform us about it. And if those kidnappers want money, they probably would've spoken to us already. More than two weeks had already passed since Bryce's disappearance, but we still haven't gotten a single phone call. That's what frightens me the most, Gabrielle! What if your brother has been killed?" When Wendy said that his beloved son might've gotten killed, her voice trembled.

That was the last thing she ever wanted to think of, because it was a far too horrid fate to even imagine.

If Bryce were to die in a foreign place and

his corpse couldn't be found, Wendy thought that she wouldn't be able to live on.

"Don't say that, Mom. I believe they'll be fine." Gabrielle frowned. Even though she wasn't very fond of Bryce, she still would rather not see him die.

After all, he was the one who convinced the Jones family to adopt her, and ultimately, he was the reason she had this life right now.

Therefore, she didn't want him to die at such a young age.

"Gabrielle, you must tell Westley to find your brother as soon as he can. No matter what request he asks for in return, tell him that the Jones family will agree to all of it!" As a matter of fact, if Westley were here with them, Wendy would've knelt before his feet already.

"I'll tell him. I promise. Let's eat, shall we?" Gabrielle's heart sank at the sight of her mother's worried expression.