

Chapter 361 Her Fault

Without saying a word, Westley leaned and kissed her on the lips -- it was much gentler this time.

Moments later, he finally let go of Gabrielle and pressed his forehead against hers. "This is how I feel about you, Gabrielle. Do you understand what I mean?"

She certainly did.

Gabrielle nodded, blushing as an ecstatic grin emerged on her face.

She was already happy, and the passionate kiss was the cherry on top.

"I do, Westley." Gabrielle looked at him, her eyes gleaming with happiness.

They had now worked things out, which was essential to Gabrielle.

She had thought Westley still hated her and regarded her as an enemy.

She thought the man would drive her away the moment Nellie came back.

However, the intensity of his words and the kiss proved that she was wrong. Westley had feelings for her, and that was enough.

"Well, it's getting late. Let's go home." Westley looked at her. Seeing his burning gaze, Gabrielle knew what he was thinking.

After all, the two shared a wonderful connection.

"Actually, I don't feel very well, Westley. I might get sick if I get into the car. Can we stay here a little longer?" The mere sight of the car made her nauseous. She couldn't imagine going home in it.

Westley looked around, and the bright neon lights at a distance caught his attention: it was a signboard of a hotel. An idea occurred to him.

"Maybe we can sleep in a hotel then? It's not far away," Westley suggested.

The mention of the hotel brought strange thoughts to her mind. A blush flamed her cheeks when she looked at the place.

"No, let's just go home. I want to take a shower. I feel awful." Gabrielle instinctively shook her head.

But Westley couldn't see her suffer. He picked her up in his arms and walked to the hotel.

Gabrielle didn't bother protesting. She wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned against his chest.

After arriving at the hotel, Westley called Alvin to settle the room reservation. Then, he ushered her through the VIP passage to the presidential suite on the top floor.

That night, Gabrielle and Westley were equally passionate.

A couple of hours later, Gabrielle was exhausted and fell asleep. She didn't wake up until the alarm went off the next morning.

She squinted at her phone and checked the time: it was almost eight. Gabrielle looked around for Westley, but he wasn't there. It was almost as if she had spent the night alone in the room. She realized he must have left early.

Her head was throbbing. So she sat on the bed for a while, hoping to ease the headache. Just then, her eyes sprang open as something crossed her mind.

'Oh my God!'

She had nearly forgotten that Melissa would be arriving today, and she had to pick her up from the airport. It was an important task, but she wasn't prepared for it. 'Gosh! I'm going to be damned!'

The flight was at ten o'clock, and it was already eight now. She had to get changed and go to the studio to meet Jackson. If Jackson knew Gabrielle had overslept, he would be furious.

Without wasting another minute, Gabrielle got up quickly. She glanced at the clothes scattered on the floor and decided not to wear them today.

Gabrielle found a new dress on the bedside table. She knew it was from Westley. Without any further thought, she put it on and went into the bathroom.

It was a white dress, a bit too feminine for her liking. It wasn't like the one Jackson had picked that made her look more mature and sensible.

She knew it wouldn't be something Melissa would like. But Gabrielle had no time to worry about it because it was her only option. She couldn't take a taxi back to Half Moon Bay to change it. Gabrielle had no choice but to go to the airport in her white dress.

She quickly brushed her hair, wore a subtle coat of makeup, and rushed to the studio to meet Jackson.

Fortunately, when Gabrielle got out of the taxi, Jackson was driving towards her. Much to her

relief, she was on time. Otherwise, Jackson would blame her.

The car skidded to a halt in front of Gabrielle. The window rolled down, and Jackson's face came to view. His eyes widened as he examined her.

"Good morning, Jackson!" Gabrielle greeted him like a polite child after noticing the disapproving look on his face. He was appalled by her choice of outfit.

As expected, Jackson shouted, "What the hell were you thinking? What in the name of God are you wearing, Gabrielle? Where is the outfit I picked for you? Are you going to meet Ms. Glyn wearing that?" His nose scrunched up in disgust as he pointed at her dress. "If you aren't interested, you should have told me.

You don't have to insult me like this." ❶

Gabrielle bit her lip guiltily as she looked at him. "Jackson, I really want to pick up Ms. Glyn. She is my idol, and I take her seriously. I can explain about the outfit..."

"That's enough! I don't have the time to listen to your bullshit! Get in the car. You should feel lucky that this dress isn't too bad." Jackson's face turned livid. He was displeased with Gabrielle's behavior.

"Yes, Jackson." She quickly opened the back door and got into the car before the man changed his mind.

"I'm so sorry, Jackson. I really didn't mean to dress this way. Please give me a chance to explain." Gabrielle was squirming with anxiety. She couldn't stop blaming herself for being careless.

If she hadn't stayed at the hotel with Westley, she would have been able to wear the dress Jackson had arranged for her. Gabrielle hated herself for letting him down.

'It's all my fault. I shouldn't have agreed to stay at the hotel. God, I'm stupid!' ❷

The entire situation made her upset.

"You should apologize to Ms. Glyn, Gabrielle. Not me. I was planning on introducing you to her, hoping you'd make a good impression in the first meeting. But look at you! I have nothing to say to you!" The anger and disappointment were evident in his voice. ❸

An ounce of faith and adoration he had for Gabrielle had vanished in an instant.

She was her old self again.

"Jackson, I know I've made an awful mistake. But I promise to be on my best behavior today. I will make sure Ms. Glyn has a good impression of me," Gabrielle pleaded.

"Like I said before, Gabrielle, if you lose face in front of Ms. Glyn, you will not have a place in the studio!" Jackson warned her.

A shiver ran down Gabrielle's spine. She knew what he meant. If Melissa didn't like her, Jackson would kick her out without giving her a chance.

The damage was done. She couldn't change anything now, which distressed her.

After all, it was all her fault. She couldn't blame anyone for it.

Chapter 362 Ms. Glyn

Gabrielle didn't make a sound on their way to the airport, fearing Jackson would hate her even more or force her to get off the car. She couldn't bear it anymore.

Jackson was known for his bad temper. He was the most terrifying person in the studio, and getting along with him wasn't easy. Moreover, Gabrielle had made a mistake right in front of him. She had to face the consequences because it was her fault.

Therefore, she chose to remain silent and endure everything.

Jackson noticed she was staring at her phone, looking aggrieved. He didn't know what to do or say to make her feel better.

'Was I too rude to her?'

"Gabrielle, do you feel I'm being unfair to you?" Jackson asked.

He wasn't someone who would comfort women, but he couldn't watch Gabrielle getting hurt because of him either.

He was trying to talk to her.

"No, Jackson. You weren't being unfair. After all, it was my fault," Gabrielle replied honestly.

Jackson looked at her through the rearview mirror and nodded. "Well, good to know. You did make this mistake. Besides, impressing Ms. Glyn is important for your career."

Gabrielle knew Jackson wouldn't get mad at anyone without a reason. He was advising her for her own good. "I understand. I don't blame you."

"Good. That's a relief. I hope you behave yourself. So pull yourself together." Jackson was worried that Gabrielle's sadness would affect everyone's mood.

Melissa was important to Jackson. This was her first time at Antawood, and he didn't want her to be upset because of Gabrielle.

"Rest assured, Jackson. I will be on my best behavior and make sure Ms. Glyn likes me," Gabrielle promised.

Everything would be fine if she behaved well in front of Melissa.

After all, Melissa meant a lot to her, and she wanted the woman to like her.

"Good. You better stop sulking then," Jackson reminded her again.

Soon, the car arrived at the airport.

Gabrielle kept up her promise and returned to normal as if nothing had happened.

She followed Jackson out of the car with a bunch of Melissa's favorite flowers he had bought to impress her.

Holding the flowers, Gabrielle walked up to Jackson. She looked at him, feeling both worried and nervous. "Jackson, does this smile look okay?"

she asked, flashing a gentle smile.

Jackson studied her face and nodded in approval. "Good. Let's go with it. But remember, not to overdo it."

Jackson finally realized that some people were blessed with a pretty face and natural smile.

Gabrielle was one of them. At first, Jackson thought she only had a pretty face. But as time went by, he realized she was incredibly talented. He wasn't surprised that Jason had accepted her as his apprentice. After all, the man hired only skillful people.

Even Jackson's heart softened at her sweet smile.

"Don't worry, Jackson. I won't disappoint you." Gabrielle cheered up at once.

She had rehearsed the smile countless times in front of the mirror. It looked like all her efforts had finally paid off.

Jackson's approval meant she was headed on the right track.

Perhaps it would work on Melissa too.

Gabrielle was a tough woman. Once she set her mind to achieve something, she would never back off.

"You're doing great. Just keep that smile on your face. Come on, let's go. Ms. Glyn will arrive soon." Jackson glanced at Gabrielle and strode inside.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, reminding herself that everything would be okay.

Gabrielle carefully held the flowers and obediently followed Jackson to the exit of the VIP passage, waiting for Melissa. As the minutes passed by, she felt her heart crashing in her chest.

However, every bit of the fear and uneasiness was worth it because she was going to meet her idol.

After years of waiting and anticipation, she was finally going to see her in person.

"Are you all right, Gabrielle?" Jackson asked as he noticed her nervousness.

"I'm fine. I'm just a little nervous to meet my idol," she replied sincerely.

Jackson wasn't surprised. After all, Melissa was one of the most revered personalities in the domestic jewelry industry. Many designers admired her. Jackson had also been a huge fan. So he could understand Gabrielle's feelings.

When he first met Melissa, he had been more nervous than Gabrielle.

"I understand what you're going through. Don't worry. She isn't intimidating as you think. So be casual and don't make a fool of yourself."

Jackson felt that Gabrielle shouldn't have come today. He wanted to meet his teacher all by himself. But Jason had insisted on taking her with him.

"I understand. I promise not to embarrass you, Jackson," Gabrielle assured him.

"Good." Jackson cast a sidelong glance at her and turned to look at the exit.

Soon, the flight landed. He knew Melissa would walk out soon.

A couple of minutes later, a crowd of people began to walk out.

Since the VIP passage was restricted to a few people, the place was relatively empty.

Finally, a woman dressed in fashionable clothing and sunglasses walked out, followed by a young female assistant, who was carrying her luggage.

It was none other than the legendary master in the domestic jewelry industry, Melissa.

"Ms. Glyn!" Jackson squealed in delight and strutted toward her. His stony face finally bore a smile.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Glyn. I'm Gabrielle. Welcome to Antawood," Gabrielle greeted as she extended the flowers to her.

Melissa stared at her intently for a long time that she even forgot to take the flowers. 2

Chapter 363 The More She Looked At Her, The More She Liked Her

Melissa gaped in surprise at Gabrielle who held out a flower with both her hands, her head lowered slightly in respect. But Melissa just stood there, gaping, and did not make to take the flower.

This made Gabrielle confused and made her wonder if Melissa didn't like her white dress.

Agitated, she threw Jackson an anxious look, signaling him to help her. Melissa was his teacher after all, so he should know how to go about pleasing her now.

Jackson returned Gabrielle's look with a displeased glare, understanding what she wanted him to do. He was very sure Melissa didn't like it that Gabrielle was wearing a dress other than that one he had specially picked for her.

Now, he would have to do his best to please Melissa. However, he would teach Gabrielle a lesson after that.

He already regretted bringing her along to welcome his teacher. He would surely make her pay for this. Next time, she wouldn't dare disrespect Melissa. But that would be later, after he had made sure Melissa was comfortable.

"Ms. Glyn, are you okay? Are you exhausted from the flight?" Jackson asked, looking at Melissa with concern.

Melissa shook her head. "I'm fine," she replied blankly. "I just feel I've met this girl before." She had taken off sunglasses and was gazing at Gabrielle with her beautiful eyes. She could swear that this girl looked so familiar.

In all her constant travels, she had met so many people, but nobody had ever left her this stunned.

She stared absentmindedly at Gabrielle for a long time. Then she slipped on her sunglasses again so that the moment wouldn't be so awkward.

"Hello, Ms. Glyn. I'm Gabrielle. I got you this flower," Gabrielle said sincerely, offering her the flower again.

Deep down, Gabrielle prayed that Melissa wouldn't be so offended about her dress, although she knew she hadn't left a very good impression on the older woman. Meeting her today meant the whole world to Gabrielle, and she would do her best to right her wrongs so as to maintain contact with Melissa in the future.

She really didn't want to miss the chance.

"Thank you, young girl. You say you're Gabrielle, right? Are you from Antawood?" Staring at Gabrielle again, Melissa accepted the flower, her eyes beaming with a soft smile.

Jackson found it so unbelievable seeing Melissa smile so gently. He had always known her as his strict teacher who expected only the best from her staff in the jewelry design industry.

He had only seldom seen her smile, but never this genuinely and gently as she did to Gabrielle.

It was so weird.

Jackson wondered if Gabrielle had some special ability which made everyone like her at first sight.

How else could he explain why the tough teacher would suddenly soften into a smile with her?

"Yes, Ms. Glyn. I was born and raised in Antawood," Gabrielle answered Melissa, her voice solemn.

A thought clicked in Melissa's head when she heard Gabrielle say she was born and raised in Antawood.

But she waved it off at once. She was only thinking too much. It was more than twenty years already, and she ought to let go of the expectations.

But that wouldn't stop her from admiring this lovely and obedient girl, would it?

"I really like you, young girl. Are you Jackson's friend?" Melissa asked gently, never taking her eyes off Gabrielle for once.

Gabrielle trembled with excitement. She felt quite warm and flattered to hear her goddess say those words to her.

"She's not my friend," Jackson said briskly. He had avoided having anything personal with Gabrielle.

He couldn't imagine being friends with a woman like Gabrielle.

"Ms. Glyn, I am not a friend of Jackson's. I'm only his colleague, also a student at the seminar. You can call me Gabrielle, Ms. Glyn," Gabrielle said, her voice gentle as she stared respectfully at Melissa.

Melissa grinned, fascinated at this girl who looked so beautiful, obedient, gentle, and generous.

"Gabrielle is a nice name. I believe the future holds very beautiful achievements for you in jewelry design," she said warmly.

Jackson scowled, quite jealous of how Melissa treated Gabrielle.

But being a man, he knew he shouldn't be jealous of a woman.

Moreover, it was a good thing for Jackson that his teacher was neither angry with Gabrielle nor with him.

"Do you know what, Ms. Glyn? You've always been my goddess, and I feel so honored to meet you and be your student. I really am grateful for the kind words. I promise to work hard and become that excellent jewelry designer you already see in me," Gabrielle said, her voice fused with both seriousness and excitement.

Those very words would have sounded hypocritical and obsequious if someone else had said them. But with Gabrielle, they were so real and sincere.

Melissa looked so pleased with what Gabrielle had just said, the warmth filling her eyes.

"I believe in you, Gabrielle." No girl had ever gotten this sort of attention from Melissa before.

Jackson knew this well. Gabrielle was the first girl his teacher had ever been this warm with.

She always had a way of surprising people, this Gabrielle.

Being liked by Melissa at first sight was in fact harder than winning a prize.

Gabrielle impressed Jackson again.

"Ms. Glyn, let us drive you back to the hotel so you can rest," Jackson said.

Melissa smiled. "Alright, then. Let's all go back to the hotel. Gabrielle, do you have an appointment this noon?"

Her mouth slightly agape, Gabrielle gave Melissa an incredulous look. "I - I don't have an appointment at noon," she stammered. "Is there something you'll like me to do for you, Ms. Glyn?"

"That's great. Would you like to have lunch with me?" Melissa asked, her forehead creased with seriousness.

"Ms. Glyn, you mean you want me to have lunch with you?" Gabrielle asked, almost screaming in excitement. She couldn't believe her ears.

Coming here to pick up Melissa was already a dream come true for Gabrielle. But having lunch with her - that was unbelievable!

"Yes, of course. So you will have lunch with me, right?" Melissa asked again, chuckling. She was amused at how Gabrielle's cute face had reddened with nervous excitement.

This girl was so innocent and lovely. The more she looked at her, the more she liked her.

"Sure, Ms. Glyn. It'll be an honor to have lunch with you!" Gabrielle said so excitedly, clenching her fists.

Only those who had idols would understand how Gabrielle really felt at the moment. Meeting one's goddess at last and being invited to lunch with her were more fulfilling than anything else, even than winning a big prize.

Chapter 364 Westley's Daughter

Gabrielle's excitement faded when she saw a cute girl running out.

"Little Daddy!" she squealed with delight.

The little girl was adorable. Gabrielle loved kids, so she couldn't help but admire her.

She felt the parents were blessed to have such a lovely child.

The famous saying 'A daughter is her father's lover from his past life' popped up in Gabrielle's mind. She deemed the father of the little girl lucky to have such an adorable daughter.

'What if Westley and I had a daughter? I'm sure she would be adorable too,' she mused.

Since Westley was a handsome hunk, his daughter would undoubtedly look stunning.

Gabrielle snapped out of her thoughts, wondering why she was imagining too much. After all, she and Westley had just admitted their feelings for each other, and she was dreaming of having kids with him now.

Just then, she saw the little girl jump into a man's arms. Gabrielle's eyes widened in horror, and her jaw dropped in shock when she realized that it was Westley.

"Little Daddy, I missed you so much. Did you miss me?" The girl threw her arms around Westley's neck and hugged him tightly.

Gabrielle was standing far away from them, so she only heard the girl calling Westley 'little Daddy' but couldn't catch his response.

Westley lifted the little girl and smiled at her tenderly.

Upon witnessing their interaction, Gabrielle understood they weren't seeing each other for the first time.

It looked like Westley adored the child.

Just as Westley turned around, Gabrielle involuntarily hid behind the pillar, which caught Melissa and Jackson's attention.

They stared at Gabrielle, wondering what had happened to her. She seemed normal a few minutes ago but was panicking now as if she had seen her worst enemy.

"Are you alright, Gabrielle?" Melissa asked concernedly.

Gabrielle shook her head. "I'm fine."

Then, she turned to look at Westley and saw the child fondly kissing his face.

And Westley was doting on her. This was the first time Gabrielle saw him interact with a child.

'Is she his daughter?'

Gabrielle couldn't fathom where the idea came from. But the longer she looked at Westley, the stronger her doubts became. She couldn't shake the feelings building inside her. They looked like father and daughter.

'Does Westley have a secret family? Is the girl his illegitimate child?'

Gabrielle secretly peeped out of the pillar and watched everything from afar. Just then, a tall, gorgeous woman walked toward Westley. She had blonde hair and milky skin, looking like a model who had walked out of a photoshoot. Gabrielle couldn't help but wonder if she was the mother of the girl.

As expected, the woman stood in front of Westley and greeted him with a warm smile. She reached out to pick the girl, but the kid refused to let go of Westley. Gabrielle's heart broke when she saw him smiling at her.

At that moment, she realized it was a sweet family reunion.

All the people around didn't seem to fit in.

"You know them?" Jackson leaned closer and asked calmly as he caught Gabrielle staring at the three people.

"No, I don't." Once Westley left, Gabrielle slowly stepped out of her hiding spot and stood beside Jackson with her head lowered, fearing that Westley might see her.

Seeing the man disappear out of her sight, she blew out a loud breath. 'Why was I hiding when he was the one who made a mistake?'

"Are you sure?" Jackson asked, examining her face. After all, Gabrielle had been acting strange ever since she saw them.

'If I'm not mistaken, the man is Westley. The CEO of Morris Group. Does Gabrielle really know him?'

"Good. It's time to leave." Melissa never expected she'd like Gabrielle so much right in their first meeting. There was an instant connection, and she wanted to spend more time with her.

"Come on, Ms. Glyn. Let's go!"

Jackson had booked a restaurant for Melissa near her hotel, thinking she could rest right after having lunch.

Just as they arrived at the restaurant, Gabrielle's phone turned off because her battery had died. For a moment, she was worried that Westley might freak out if he couldn't contact her. But soon, the image of Westley with the woman and the little girl flashed in her mind. Her concern and worry for the man disappeared in an instant.

"Gabrielle, is something wrong?" Melissa noticed that Gabrielle looked upset, and she was a little concerned about her.

"Nothing, Ms. Glyn." Gabrielle shook her head, forcing a smile.

"If you have something important to do, go ahead with it. We can catch up another time." Melissa's voice was soft and tender.

"Don't worry about it, Ms. Glyn. It's nothing. Why don't we get started? I would like to propose a toast to you." Gabrielle lifted her wine glass and smiled.

"Okay, Gabrielle." Melissa clinked her glass with hers and drank the wine.

Gabrielle found it difficult to drink after the hangover. Her head began to throb, and she soon became dizzy.

"Are you feeling alright, Gabrielle?" Melissa was worried at the sight of Gabrielle's flushed face.

"I'm okay, Ms. Glyn. I don't mind having another drink because I'm so happy. I finally met my idol today." Gabrielle poured another glass of wine.

Although she was thrilled to have drinks with her idol, she was more worried about what she saw at the airport. The way Westley smiled at the woman and the little girl was ingrained in her brain. She couldn't shake off the image. After all, they looked like a perfect family.

'Why did I not have the courage to find out the truth right then and there? What if Westley isn't the father of the girl or the husband of that woman? What if I had misunderstood the whole thing?'

But thinking about it now was pointless because it would only lead to more questions. After all, she didn't know anything about it.

"I don't think you can drink anymore, Gabrielle. Let's just eat something, shall we?" Melissa put some food on her plate. She was impressed at how excited Gabrielle was to see her but was equally worried at how she was drinking even though she couldn't.

Chapter 365 What Else Do I Not Know

Gabrielle decided not to drink anymore. She thought it wouldn't be good to seem like a drunkard in front of Melissa.

"That's so nice of you, Ms. Glyn! You must've been exhausted after coming all the way from Ensfield. Please, have some more of the dishes. I insist." Gabrielle talked Melissa into it instead of taking the initiative to put food on her plate, fearing that she might choose the wrong dish.

"How thoughtful of you, Gabrielle. Your parents must be so happy to have such a considerable daughter like you." Melissa was wondering how delighted Gabrielle's parents must be to have such a lovable daughter.

"Actually, I'm not as good as you think I am. Sometimes, I make them worry about me," Gabrielle said in a hushed voice.

As the adopted daughter of the Jones family, she never got that much attention from them.

So, as time passed by, she gradually became independent, and she tried her best not to trouble anyone no matter what could happen.

Envy flashed through Melissa's eyes, but it disappeared before anyone noticed.

"That's normal. It's inevitable for parents to worry about their kids, but I believe you're an exception, Gabrielle." Melissa put on an amiable smile.

"Thanks for saying that, Ms. Glyn." Gabrielle could feel that she got much closer to Melissa because of this interaction.

Even though she once thought of Melissa as stern and composed in real life, given that the latter was such a big name in the field of jewelry designing, and was a role model for Gabrielle. It actually surprised her to know that Melissa was so friendly.

She now had a better impression of Melissa.

After lunch, Jackson and Gabrielle escorted Melissa back to the hotel. When they were about to leave, Melissa told Jackson to drive Gabrielle home out of concern. It seemed that Melissa now held Gabrielle even more important in her heart than before.

"Jackson, Gabrielle is a girl, you know! As a gentleman, it's your duty to escort her home, whether you're merely colleagues or friends," said Melissa.

"Don't worry about it, Ms. Glyn. I promise I'll drive her home safely. Please get some rest. I'll

pick you up tomorrow morning." Jackson had no idea since when Melissa began to care so much about Gabrielle.

Other people might assume that they were mother and daughter. But little did they know that this was the first day they met.

"Okay, then. See you tomorrow." Before leaving, Melissa held Gabrielle's hand, reluctant to let it go.

"Gabrielle, if Jackson does anything that upsets you, just tell me, okay? I'll teach him how to properly behave!" Melissa declared while smiling at her.

"No worries, Ms. Glyn. Jackson has always been kind to us," replied Gabrielle. She was telling the truth about Jackson.

"Anyway, it's getting late. You should be on your way. It's really good to see you, Gabrielle," said Melissa.

"Farewell, Ms. Glyn."

When Jackson and Gabrielle walked out of the hotel, the parking valet had already arrived at the entrance. Jackson immediately entered the car.

"Come on, Gabrielle. Am I supposed to ask you to get in before you actually enter the car?" Jackson glanced at Gabrielle as she stood there, unwilling to do as he said.

'Just because Ms. Glyn favors her, does she think highly of herself now?' he thought.

"I'm sorry, Jackson, but I may not be able to go to the studio this afternoon. You don't have to send me back, by the way. I'm feeling a little migraine after the drink I had, so I want to take a walk by myself." Gabrielle made up an excuse.

She hadn't planned on taking Jackson's car in the first place. Right now, she was feeling a little uncomfortable, and she wanted to speak to Westley about the whole matter.

Once something crossed her mind and she couldn't figure it out, it would make her suffer. It was as if she was being pricked by needles over and over.

"I've promised Ms. Glyn that I'll take you home. Don't make this difficult for me,"

Jackson stated as if there was no room for negotiations.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes at him in secret. "I know you're bound to do whatever she asks of you, but let's think of it this way; if we both don't speak of this matter, then she'll never find out."

Jackson ignored whatever she said, casting her a frigid glance. "Did you not hear me the first time, Gabrielle? Get in the car."

Jackson was becoming more and more frustrated, and the way he spoke made her feel that he would probably lift her into the car the following second.

"Okay. Please take me to the commercial street. I want to go shopping." Gabrielle chose a place that was near the Morris Group.

Fortunately, Jackson didn't hesitate to take her there. "Good. Hop in. I'll take you there."

"Thank you." Gabrielle sat in the backseat silently, glancing over at Jackson with a calm expression.

Once she was settled in the backseat, he immediately started the car. The atmosphere inside the car was tense and awkward because neither of them spoke to each other.

Gabrielle was the one who didn't want to say a single word. The entire time, she just looked outside the window in silence.

After a while, Jackson could no longer stand the silence. "What on earth are you capable of, Gabrielle?"

His question flummoxed Gabrielle. She looked over at Jackson with curiosity. 'What does he mean?'

"Jackson, I don't understand what you mean. Could you be more specific?" she asked.

"Don't you know what kind of person Ms. Glyn usually is?" Jackson snorted.

'What kind of person was Melissa?' Gabrielle wondered.

To her, Melissa was a goddess; one who was very sincere to people, and serious about her career.

'The thing is, I haven't even gotten the chance to get that close to Melissa. Jackson, on the other hand, is her apprentice and he can communicate with her more often.

So, how could I possibly know what kind of person Melissa is?'

"I'm sorry, but I actually have no idea what Ms. Glyn was like before. But after today's meeting, I now know what she's like. She's kind, friendly, and a warmhearted person," Gabrielle replied calmly.

Upon hearing that, a smirk appeared on Jackson's lips. "Ms. Glyn has always been a stern individual, Gabrielle."

Normally, Melissa didn't smile that much. Jackson thought that there was no need to explain that to Gabrielle. The chances that Gabrielle would become close to Melissa seemed really small.

"I think it's normal for her to be that way. After all, she's one of the most well-respected jewelry designers in the industry, and she's admired by all of us," Gabrielle responded with firmness.

Jackson didn't say anything more. He thought Gabrielle wouldn't understand it. They had only met once, but he had spent hours upon hours with Melissa.

"Please pull over there. Thanks for driving me here, Jackson." Gabrielle pointed at the intersection ahead.

Chapter 366 Not Allowed To Get In

Without saying anything, Jackson drove away after waiting her out of the car.

Gabrielle bought a cup of iced coffee at a coffee shop nearby. Then she sat beside the window, trying to calm herself. After drinking half of the coffee, she finally did it.

It would take her less than ten minutes' walking to Morris Group, so she needed to be cool enough to face Westley later.

At the airport, when Westley held the little girl in his arms and followed by the beautiful woman, she didn't ask him about it. Could she do it now?

She felt a little guilty for no reason.

All she could think about was the happy and warm picture of the three. Perhaps she had no right to ask Westley now:

Thinking of this, Gabrielle gulped down the rest half cup of coffee, and completely sobered up after all the wine she had drunk at noon.

Was she supposed to see him? It was a hard decision for Gabrielle to make.

"Have you seen that yet? The little girl in Mr. Morris's arms is so cute, although we only saw half of her face."

"And she looks quite like Mr. Morris. Is she Mr. Morris's baby?"

"Don't talk nonsense. Mr. Morris has a fiancée, second daughter of the Collins family."

Two young women in business suits came in the coffee shop.

Mr. Morris?

The baby?

Gabrielle hadn't wanted to pay much attention to their conversation, but after hearing these two words, she couldn't help thinking about it.

If she was right, what they just meant was Westley and the little girl. She hadn't expected that he took her directly to Morris Group. Did he plan to let the whole world know about that child?

This coffee shop was not far from Morris Group. Besides, it had a good name for its coffee, so, it was normal for their employees to come here.

These women should be the employees of Morris Group. What they had said must be true.

Hearing that, Gabrielle stood up at once. She had been hesitating about whether she should go there or not, but now she made up her mind and went straight to Morris Group to find Westley.

If he really had a lover and a daughter, she would leave him very soon. There was no need for her to wait for Nellie and then to divorce him. She didn't have to stay with Westley, or she might thought she was like a scapegoat.

Gabrielle came to the building of Morris Group, looking angry. When she was about to enter, a security guard stopped her.

"I'm sorry, Miss. We cannot let you in if you're not the employee of Morris Group or haven't any appointment. Have you got an appointment?"

He looked at Gabrielle seriously and indifferently.

Morris Group was under strict management and no outsider was allowed to enter. Especially for a young and beautiful girl like Gabrielle, many of whom would come here, intending to bump into Mr. Morris, they had seen lots of such vain women.

"No." Gabrielle answered directly.

She just came here without making any appointment. Of course she wouldn't be allowed to get in. Now standing outside the building, she felt a little guilty and even had the idea of leaving directly.

"Sorry. I'm afraid that I can't let you in." The security guard refused Gabrielle's request without hesitation.

"I'm here to..."

"

"Do you want to tell me that you are here for Mr. Morris?" He continued.

"I... I'm not looking for Mr. Morris. I'm here for Alvin, his assistant." Gabrielle thought she would not be able to get in if she told him she looked for Westley.

"Mr. Brooks?" The security guard was stunned for a moment, looking at Gabrielle in disbelief.

"Since you are looking for Mr. Brooks, why don't you call him?" He still couldn't believe what Gabrielle had said.

After all, Alvin was Westley's special assistant, the closest person to him. If she got in touch with Alvin very often, people would immediately think of something related to Westley.

"My phone has just died. Could you call him for me?" Gabrielle took a very sincere look at him. Her beautiful and bright eyes were showing her serious attitude. It seemed that she was telling the truth.

"Okay. I'll call him now..."

"Don't do that. People like her just try to see Mr. Morris by making up the excuse of calling Mr. Brooks." Another security guard refused directly what Gabrielle had asked for by not contacting Alvin.

Hearing this, Gabrielle felt a little relieved. It seemed that those coquettish women had no chance to get near to Westley at all.

However, his legitimate wife was stopped outside the gate of Morris Group building. The wind blew, making her feel a little cold.

It looked like she couldn't meet him today. Actually, she shouldn't have come.

Time to leave.

When Gabrielle was about to go, a black car stopped in front of her.

"Why are you here, Mrs. Morris? Are you here for Mr. Morris?" Rolling down the window, Alvin looked at Gabrielle standing outside, very surprised.

Gabrielle had never been to Morris Group before. It was so unexpected that she appeared here all of a sudden today.

Besides, it seemed that she hadn't told Mr. Morris about the visit.

"I'm just passing by. I had lunch nearby." Gabrielle tried to keep calm.

After all, she was the one who was about to question Westley, much like a wife was here to figure out the infidelity of his husband. So it was kind of awkward running into Alvin.

"You hadn't told Mr. Morris, right?" Alvin looked at her and asked.

It was pretty sure that Gabrielle hadn't said to Westley about her visit to Morris Group.

He just sent Westley, Mrs. Morris and Tammy back to Morris' Mansion half an hour ago. If Westley knew Gabrielle had come, he would definitely wait for her in Morris Group.

"Well, my phone ran out of power, so I haven't got the time to tell you. Is he here?" Gabrielle looked at Alvin. She had never been so embarrassed before.

"Mr. Morris is not in his office now. He's gone back to Morris' Mansion. Do they not allow you in?" Alvin thought she must be stopped outside by the security guard.

Mr. Morris had set rigid rules for all of them before. No one was allowed to enter Morris Group unless they had made an appointment.

So those who had intentions of getting closer to him would be forbidden to go inside.

That was why the whole security guards in Morris Group acted so strict with this.

After all, Gabrielle didn't tell Westley that she would come. It was fair enough that the guards didn't allow her in, since they had no idea of who she was.

"I haven't made any appointment, and besides, my phone died, so I didn't call Westley. Has he gone back to Morris' Mansion yet? When?" Gabrielle became anxious.

Chapter 367 The Picture Of A Woman In His Office

'Westley is probably going back to Morris' mansion along with that woman and the child,' Gabrielle thought to herself.

'They must've been taken in by the Morris family. Otherwise, they wouldn't have the courage to go back there.'

Those thoughts made Gabrielle feel so dispirited that she could hardly breathe. It was as if there was a heavy stone laid upon her chest.

Before she could even become a formal daughter-in-law of the Morris family, Westley had already brought another woman and her child to their family's mansion.

Somehow, it seemed like she, the legal wife, received a very painful slap across the face.

"I sent them back to the Morris' mansion half an hour ago. Mrs. Morris, please get in the car. I'll drive you there," said Alvin as he got off the car and opened the door for her.

Instead of entering the car, Gabrielle shook her head in refusal. "There's no need. I'm not planning to go there, anyway. I just happened to pass by. Besides, there's something else that I must do. Since Westley is already in the Morris' mansion, it's best that I leave now."

'Westley has already brought that woman and her child back to the mansion. Why on earth should I go there, too? To humiliate myself?' she asked in her heart.

She would probably get hurt again upon seeing their warm, happy family-like interaction; just like how she felt at the airport.

'Facing that is the last thing I want to do right now. It's best that I don't go.'

"I see. Then, where are you heading, Mrs. Morris? Allow me to escort you there. Please, get in the car. I insist. It's really cold outside. If you get sick or something, it's a dereliction of my duty, and Mr. Morris will spank me for that!" said Alvin. His words rendered her unable to refuse him this time.

Had she left a minute earlier, she wouldn't have run into Alvin.

"Okay, thanks. Just drive me back to my studio." This time, Gabrielle didn't turn him down and got in the car.

Afterwards, Alvin called Westley.

"Mr. Morris, your wife is at the Morris Group's building. Would you like me to drive her to your

Chapter 367 The Picture Of A Woman In His Office
place right now?" asked Alvin.

As soon as Gabrielle heard that he was asking Westley if he should send her to the mansion, she almost couldn't resist the urge to grab his phone and hang up immediately.

"That was ridiculous! He actually called Westley to ask him if he should take me to Westley's place. What am I supposed to say to Westley in that case?" she wondered.

"Alvin, please, there's no need to do that. I really have something important to do this afternoon," Gabrielle whispered to Alvin after patting him on the shoulder to get his attention.

"I understand, Mr. Morris. I'll be taking your wife to your office at once." Having said that, Alvin disconnected from the call.

Gabrielle cast him a look, which displayed how annoyed she was of him. "Alvin, if you didn't want to give me a ride in the first place, I can just get off and hail a cab. Why did you have to say that to Westley?"

"My apologies, Madame. But Mr. Morris has told me that everything regarding you must be reported to him at the soonest possible time," Alvin replied in a calm and serious voice.

Upon hearing this, Gabrielle fell silent. 'I guess Alvin has to listen to Westley first. He's Westley's assistant, after all,' she thought to herself.

"So, you're taking me to his office now, huh?" Gabrielle heard everything that Alvin said a minute ago. He was indeed taking her to Westley's office.

Truthfully, she was both expectant and worried about this matter.

She had never been to his office before, so she was looking forward to seeing it in person.

"It was your husband's request, Madame. Let's be on our way to his office. He'll be with you soon." Thus, Alvin drove to the underground parking lot shortly.

He then led Gabrielle into the CEO's exclusive elevator, and soon reached the top floor of the company's building.

This floor belonged to Westley alone; an independent private space that nobody could disturb.

Even Alvin's own office was a floor below, so Gabrielle didn't have to worry about being seen.

"Madame, this floor is exclusive to Mr. Morris alone. In addition to his office, there's also a gym and a space for leisure, along with a lounge. Would you like me to show you around, Mrs. Morris?" Alvin asked with his hands politely clasped behind his back.

"No, it's okay. I'll just wait for Mr. Morris in his office," Gabrielle replied as she swept her eyes across the spacious and luxurious office.

It was not a surprise that this was how Westley's office was set up. The entire office was the perfect juxtaposition of leisure and practicality.

She had been to the CEO's office of the Jones Group before, and there was a world of difference between that office and this one. The Jones Group's CEO's office was nothing compared to the Morris Group's.

"Alright, ma'am. Allow me to escort you there." With that, Alvin led her forward.

They passed through a long corridor and soon arrived at a grand office at the very end of the hall. The majestic black iron door showed how dignified and masterful its owner was.

"Mrs. Morris, welcome to Mr. Morris' office. Please, come in!" Alvin opened the door, gesturing for Gabrielle to enter.

"Thank you, Alvin." She obliged and went straight in.

"Madame, your husband said that you may use the facilities if you like, or eat and drink whichever you like. There are beverages and fruits in the fridge. If you need anything, just give me a call," Alvin stated.

"Got it. You can carry on with your work now. I'll just sit here and wait for him." Gabrielle didn't want to trouble Alvin, nor did she want to use anything in the office. After all, it was Westley's, and it wouldn't be right to take or use anything without permission.

Even though that was what she had resolved, the moment Alvin left, the boredom overcame her and she couldn't sit still anymore. Thus, she got up and looked around the office.

This was her first time coming to Westley's office, and it could be the last time as well. It wouldn't be wrong of her to just have a look around.

The place was large, and its décor was simple, yet luxurious. It had a noble air about it, similar to how she felt whenever she was with Westley.

'This really suits his style,' she thought to herself.

Behind the desk, there was a large bookshelf. It was the most eye-catching thing for Gabrielle. Aside from the books, there were some exquisite ornaments, and a couple of picture frames. Westley wasn't in either of them; only a woman, smiling brightly to the camera.

She was donning a white dress, had long, flowing black hair, and fair skin; a true beauty. She was the kind of woman that other people wouldn't be able to resist glancing at.

This woman reminded Gabrielle of Helena; the woman Westley once loved deeply. He even prepared a house for that woman.

Therefore, it meant that Helena was precious to him.

Even though she left him, Westley still kept the house and had a picture of her in his office. Perhaps it was so that he could see her often, and somehow feel her presence.

What he had done for Helena made Gabrielle feel insecure. She even thought that the blond-haired mother he picked up from the airport today must be Helena.

As that thought crossed her mind, Gabrielle could no longer keep her composure. She picked up the picture frame again, staring at the beautiful woman. She couldn't seem to take her eyes off the woman for a long time.

It came to a point that she didn't even notice that the door had been pushed open.

"Gabrielle," Westley uttered. Abruptly, Gabrielle turned around. The picture frame slipped out of her hands by accident.

"I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it." Staring at the shards of broken glass before his feet, Gabrielle quickly squatted down to pick it up, apologizing at once.

Chapter 368 Do You Like Kids

Gabrielle was so scared that she broke the photo frame of Westley's beloved woman. He must be very angry.

As soon as Westley saw her smashing the photo frame, he came over in a hurry. Then he stood in front of Gabrielle and pulled her up from the ground.

"Gabrielle, are you okay?" Asked Westley worriedly. He grabbed her hand and examined it carefully.

"Westley, I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to do that. I didn't know the frame fell down. I know this photo is very important to you. If you think I did it on purpose, you can punish me by using any means. I won't be against it." Gabrielle tried to calm down. In fact, she was still very uneasy. After all, she broke the frame in front of him.

"I'm asking if your hand is hurt by the glass." Westley stared at her angrily. He did a general check-up and didn't find any scratches, so he felt relieved.

Gabrielle, a careless girl, smashed the photo frame like this. Fortunately, she didn't get her hand hurt.

"I'm fine. I didn't get hurt. I'm sorry, Westley. I broke it." Gabrielle apologized to him seriously.

"I'll ask Alvin to come in and clean up this place." Westley lifted her up and put her on the sofa gently.

He brought her a glass of warm water and handed it to her. "Gabrielle, drink some water first."

"Westley, is the photo very important to you?" Gabrielle took a sip of water and looked at him uneasily.

"No matter how important it is, it's not as important as your health. What if your hand gets scratched?" Instead of answering her question, Westley called Alvin and asked him to clean up.

As soon as Alvin entered, he saw the broken photo frame that had fallen to the ground. He wasn't sure what had happened.

"Mr. Morris, Mrs. Morris, are you all right?" Alvin looked at them with a bit of uneasiness.

After all, Gabrielle was fine when he brought her in. But as soon as Westley came back, they became like this. Alvin would still feel guilty and uneasy.

"It doesn't matter. Clean up this place and put away all the photo frames on the bookshelf."
Said Westley calmly.

He really regretted that he should have put away the photo of Helena in this office.

Otherwise, such a thing wouldn't have happened.

"I see, Mr. Morris." Alvin didn't say anything more. He took a box and quickly cleaned the place and then took away all the photo frames.

Seeing that Alvin quickly took away all the photo frames, Gabrielle looked at Westley uneasily. Was he really going to do this?

"Westley, that woman... Is she very important to you?" Gabrielle looked at him in confusion and asked Westley directly.

"It doesn't matter. For me, you are the most important person now. You live in my heart."
Westley put her hand on his chest and said seriously.

She could feel his strong heartbeat through his clothes.

"Westley, are you trying to coax me?" Gabrielle didn't fully understand what he meant, but looked at him with a trace of uneasiness, and couldn't believe it.

"I didn't say that to coax you. It's my true feelings. I should have put away the photo a long time ago but I forgot it." Westley realized his feelings for Gabrielle a short time ago and it wasn't a long time since the two of them knew they loved each other. He didn't have time to put away those photos.

He didn't expect that Gabrielle would come to his office at this time and see these photos.

It was totally beyond Westley's expectation. Fortunately, Gabrielle was fine.

"Westley, can I trust you?" Gabrielle looked at him uneasily with her bright eyes.

She was both expectant and scared.

These two emotions intertwined, making Gabrielle in a mess.

"Gabrielle, it's up to you. If you want to believe me, then just do so. If you don't, I won't force you," Westley didn't want to force her to believe him.

Gabrielle had the final say.

"Westley, can you tell me who that girl is?" Gabrielle knew it was inappropriate to ask such a question, but since she saw the photo, she couldn't help feeling curious.

"Gabrielle, if you really want to listen to me, I will tell you. If you don't want to listen, I won't

say." Westley didn't intend to hide anything from her. He intended to tell her what had happened in the past, but not now.

If Gabrielle wanted to hear it now, he would like to tell her.

Gabrielle thought for a while and shook her head. "Westley, I trust you. Let's talk about it some other time. We won't talk about it today."

Westley looked at her face again and again. "Okay, we'll talk about it sometime when you want to hear it. No matter what you want to hear, I can tell you. But now I want to know why you come to the company to see me?"

When Westley heard that Gabrielle had arrived at the Morris Group, he was stunned and couldn't believe what Alvin had said at all.

After all, Gabrielle had never said that she would come to the Morris Group, let alone come without a word. Something must happen to her.

So Westley didn't ask more on the phone and drove here in a hurry.

"I said I was just passing by. Do you believe me?" Gabrielle used this lame excuse to tell Westley, which was heard by Alvin before.

"Yes, I do." Westley believed her words for no reason, although what she said was totally untrustworthy.

"Westley, do you like kids?" Gabrielle asked him.

Like children?

Westley smiled. "As long as it is our baby, I will like it very much."

Hearing this, Gabrielle blushed. What did he mean by 'our baby'?

They didn't have a baby.

"Westley, what are you talking about? Who is going to have a baby with you? I just ask you if you like it. You like it, don't you?" She stared into his eyes and asked.

Gabrielle knew that he must like children very much. When he held the little girl in his arms at the airport, he looked like a gentle father.

If he didn't like kids, how could he hold the baby so happily?

So she asked this question in vain.

"Westley, didn't you go back to the Morris' Mansion?" Gabrielle changed the topic.

Chapter 369 She Is A Disaster

Westley could tell that Gabrielle was trying to change the topic, but he didn't pay it any attention. Instead, his eyes softened.

"Well, I did go back to the Morris' Mansion. I took Bonnie, my sister-in-law, and Tammy back." Westley held her gaze and he told her honestly. His eyes searched her features.

"Did you just say sister-in-law?" Gabrielle almost choked on the word. She was so surprised that her jaw hung open.

The woman Westley mentioned was most likely the one with blonde hair, and Tammy must be the little girl.

Gabrielle knew that Westley was the second son of the Morris family and that his elder brother was already married. However, his elder brother's family lived abroad, so she had never seen them before. Unsurprisingly, Gabrielle had no idea what Bonnie looked like.

"Yes. Bonnie, Wilson and Tammy have been living abroad for years, so you haven't met them yet. But they're back now, so it's great if you finally get to see them. I'll take you back to the Morris' Mansion later and let you get to know each other." Westley held her hand as he said this. Then, he brushed his thumb lightly over her cheek.

Shame and guilt flooded Gabrielle's veins. She was at a loss what to say, and she couldn't even begin to describe what she felt in that moment.

She didn't know who that woman was, but Gabrielle instantly got jealous of her. Gabrielle just wanted the floor to swallow her whole.

She was so ashamed that she wished she could disappear or evaporate. She hung her head low and couldn't look Westley in the eye.

The only bright side was that she didn't rush to them at the airport to question or accuse Westley when she was at the height of her jealousy. If she did that, she would have been embarrassed in public.

"So, the people you picked up at the airport today were Bonnie and Tammy?" Gabrielle immediately regretted asking the question. She clamped her mouth shut and silently admonished herself.

If she didn't ask, Westley might not have known what she had seen at the airport.

She basically just exposed herself.

"Airport?" Westley heard the word, and something tickled at the back of his mind.

"So you were also at the airport when I picked them up?" Westley's eyebrows were drawn, and he was staring hard at her with an unreadable expression.

"L..." Gabrielle looked around as if she could find a way to escape the hole she just dug herself in. She felt her face burn red with embarrassment.

"So Melissa arrives in Antawood today?" It suddenly occurred to Westley that Melissa was coming to Antawood today. Gabrielle mentioned it before, but he didn't pay too much attention to it.

Melissa was an important figure in the jewelry industry, but Westley had no interest in her. She had no business with him, she didn't directly influence his personal life or his business—that was why Westley didn't bother knowing anything about her.

"Yes. When I went to the airport with Jackson to pick up Melissa today, I saw you..." Gabrielle's voice trailed off, and she gnawed on her lip.

"Did you think I had another woman and daughter when I picked them up and carried Tammy in my arms? Did you then hide yourself? Afraid that I might spot you?" Westley knew what was on her mind. Besides, it was written all over her face.

She must have found a place to hide after she saw him with Bonnie and Tammy. No wonder Westley had a weird, unexplainable feeling at the time—that someone was staring at him. He even felt the small hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

So now, he found out that it was Gabrielle. He didn't see her because she hid—all because she thought he had another family.

"I didn't want to bother you at that time, so I hid myself." Gabrielle looked at a spot on his chin because she still couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze. What she didn't admit was that she didn't have the courage to question him.

It hadn't been that long since they realized their true feelings for each other. For Gabrielle, it was heartbreaking to see him fetch another woman and child without telling her.

Gabrielle had always felt like happiness eluded her for most of her life.

Once she became happy, she would be abandoned by her loved ones. The day she was born, her biological parents left her in an orphanage. Then, she was adopted by the Jones family. There, she fell in love with her foster brother—and it resulted to humiliation and indifference. In the end, it was Bryce who essentially pushed her towards Westley, who was the devil's spawn—at least at the beginning.

She and Westley naturally hated each other at the start of their marriage. As the days passed, however, they got to know each other better. For Gabrielle, she found out that he wasn't as vicious as other people made him seem. He did have his moments, but he also had soft spots—all of which made her fall in love with him.

Their actual relationship only began recently, and then, she saw him with someone else. How else would she react?

"Gabrielle, you still don't want to believe me, do you?" He had an intense look on him, as if he was tamping down his anger.

"Westley, it's not that I don't trust you. I just don't want to trust myself. I was abandoned on the day that I was born, and I never thought of myself as someone who was lucky. I always feel like I'm a disaster waiting to happen and that I will never be happy. Whenever I encounter any form of betrayal or misfortune, I'm always convinced that it's somehow my fault." Gabrielle finally raised her eyes to meet his.

There was so much bitterness and pain in every word, which made Westley's heart ache. He felt a lump in his throat at the helplessness in her voice.

"Gabrielle, you're not a disaster. Don't say that again. Do you understand? If it wasn't luck that brought you to me, then what is it? You're not a disaster." Westley wasn't superstitious. He was a realist, and he never believed that the universe dictated what people deserved or not.

Of course, in his opinion, what Gabrielle said didn't make sense. She had a different way of looking at her life and at fate.

The past twenty years had been tough for her, which made her feel inferior and even think of herself as the cause of the catastrophes. Westley understood why she felt that way.

"Westley, what I said is true. I've been living like this for the past twenty years. Whenever I'm close to achieving happiness, it disappears almost instantly. It's as if the world has decided that I don't deserve it." Gabrielle had never admitted that out loud to anyone. But now, she confessed it all to him.

It wasn't easy for her to arrive at such conclusion. And it made her afraid of being happy.

Westley knew that children who had been abandoned by their biological parents at a young age were insecure. Even so, he didn't know just how much the abandonment messed up Gabrielle mentally and emotionally.

Perhaps he didn't pay that much attention to her. Now, her feelings just came pouring out.

"Gabrielle, please believe what I say. The happiness I give you will always stay with you; they won't ever disappear. Trust me on this. As long as you're with me, everything will be fine."

Westley pulled her to him and held her in his arms. He ran his hand up and down her back to comfort her. He felt her shudder at his touch.

He thought it was enough to provide her with a sense of security and meet all her material needs. But he didn't expect that he needed to do more for her as she was so worried about their relationship. She had so many insecurities that she didn't believe she deserved to be happy.

"Westley, I think I'm not entitled to any of this," she murmured—her voice muffled by his shirtfront. She pressed herself closer to him.

For her, she had always been ignored and easily abandoned. It had become such a common occurrence in her life that she no longer questioned when it happened.

"Gabrielle, you're such a fool!" Westley put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her back a little so she could look at him. He saw the unshed tears and her trembling lip, and he felt utterly powerless. He had to resist the urge to shake her just so she would believe him.

Sometimes, he really didn't know what to do with this woman, and it frustrated him to no end.

He wanted to scold her, but he didn't have the heart to do so. She looked so broken, and all he wanted to do was protect her with everything he had.

"I... I'm not a fool." Gabrielle was confused. Westley was staring intently at her.

Why did he call her a fool?

Chapter 370 The Rights Of A Legal Wife

Gabrielle was a person with high self-esteem. Thus, it was really unfair for her to get called silly by Westley.

"Of course you are stupid. You know how many people in Antawood want to marry me. But, you are the only one who can marry me and become the wife of the president of the Morris Group. You are luckier than so many people. What's more, you are the most important person in my heart. So, do you still think that you are the bane of my life? Don't say such words again in the future. Isn't it silly to defame yourself like this?" Westley locked his gaze on Gabrielle and couldn't help but utter a thorough comment.

Gabrielle felt Westley's words made sense when she heard them. She was, in fact, luckier than many people, so she was not the bane.

"Yes, there are so many women in Antawood who want to marry you, but you insist on marrying me. You don't have to do this," Gabrielle said with a mix of anger.

Back when she was forced to marry Westley, she felt that she really was unlucky. After all, her initial impression of Westley was that he was really terrifying, ruthless, and extremely indifferent.

"But I married you in the end. Now you are my legal wife. If you encounter something like this in the future, you can question me as my wife. This is your right," Westley said with a touch of softness in his voice.

Westley genuinely believed that it was Gabrielle's right as his wife, and she deserved it as well.

"I see, Westley." Gabrielle acquiesced in her right.

In the future, whenever she saw any woman beside Westley, she could question him as his wife.

Thinking of the power she held, Gabrielle felt a little refreshed in her heart.

"Don't be so jealous and angry next time. If you get angry, it will affect your health. It's not worth it," Westley said as he gave a gentle pat on Gabrielle's head.

"I know. I won't do that again," Gabrielle promised, expressing seriousness.

When she reflected on how she had previously misunderstood Westley, a sense of guilt swelled in her heart, making her feel a little stupid about her own thoughts. The more her mind reminisced about it, the more stupid she thought she was.

"I'll take you back to the Morris' Mansion to see my sister-in-law and Tammy. Tammy knows that she has an aunt and long wanted to see you. I think she will definitely like you very much." Westley comforted Gabrielle to clear the remaining negative thoughts in her heart.

"Really? I've never had much interaction with children before, so I'm not sure what they'd like. Do you think Tammy will like me?" Gabrielle looked at Westley with a trace of uneasiness in her eyes.

After all, Tammy was Westley's niece. Since this would be their first meeting, she wanted to prepare some gifts for the little girl. However, she didn't know what gifts she should buy.

She was visibly nervous, so she looked at Westley with a worried expression on her face.

"Westley, how long will they stay? If it takes a long time, I think I'll see her next time when I am fully prepared. Then she won't dislike me." After all, Gabrielle was still nervous about Tammy's first impression of her.

This was the first time seeing Westley's niece. So, she wanted to leave a better impression on her. After all, she had previously misunderstood Tammy as Westley's daughter.

Tammy was Westley's brother's daughter. Therefore it was no wonder that she resembled Westley. It was normal for the niece to look a little like her uncle.

"It's fine. I'll get everything Tammy likes ready. All you have to do is to go there. Tammy only needs to see you in front of her," Westley said calmly.

Seeing the nervous look on Gabrielle's face, Westley could totally sense how anxious she would be inside. Thus, he reached out his hand and patted her head lightly.

As Tammy's uncle, he knew Tammy's preferences better than anyone else. Naturally, he knew how to prepare gifts for her, so Gabrielle didn't necessarily need to worry about those.

"No, I'm going to prepare gifts for Tammy. We need to go to the shopping mall first, and then you can accompany me to choose some gifts. In this way, I can make sure she will like them. After all, it's the first time for me to see her. So, I personally want to pick gifts for her." Since it would be the first time for them to meet each other, Gabrielle thought it would be more sincere to choose gifts for Tammy in person.

"Okay, let's go to pick up gifts together." Without any hesitation, Westley stood up and pulled Gabrielle up, implying that he would help in picking gifts.

"Well, but if we go downstairs like this, won't the people in the company notice us?" Gabrielle said with a trace of uneasiness.

After all, they hadn't made their relationship public. Gabrielle was worried that if others saw

them close to each other, it would have a negative impact on Westley.

"So what? No one in my company dares to gossip about my private affairs unless they don't want to stay in Antawood anymore," Westley said with arrogance in his tone.

However, what he claimed was also what he was capable of. He had the ability to drive anyone who dared to offend him out of Antawood.

Moreover, everyone in his right mind was fully aware of this that no one dared to provoke Westley. Gabrielle was also well aware that Westley had the ability to do so.

"I know, but now is not the time to let them know." Gabrielle shook her head firmly.

They just expressed their true feelings to each other and hadn't stabilized their relationship yet. How could they make it public directly? It was not the right time yet.

"Did the security guard embarrass you when you came in?" Westley suddenly remembered something, and thus he asked Gabrielle.

Gabrielle naturally didn't doubt how Westley knew it as she knew that he should know everything about the Morris Group.

So, it was not surprising that Westley knew she was embarrassed by the security guard.

"It's fine. It means that the company is very strict in management. No woman can come in and find you in usual times," Gabrielle said with ease.

"Are you jealous?" Hearing Gabrielle's words, Westley burst into laughter.

For Westley, Gabrielle's words clearly showed that she cared about him very much. Otherwise, why would she say that?

"Who is jealous? I am not. Aren't we going to buy gifts now? Let's go!" Gabrielle quickly changed the topic and left with her stuff.

Westley hurried forward to chase after Gabrielle, reaching out and holding her hand. "Let's go to buy gifts for Tammy."

Going down from Westley's exclusive elevator, they reached the underground parking lot of the Morris Group and then got into the car.

"Westley, isn't it inappropriate of me to come over to look for you like this today? I won't do this again." Gabrielle was still fidgeting as she sat on the seat, feeling a bit guilty for her reckless behavior today.

"It's okay. It's natural for a wife to come to find her husband. There is nothing inappropriate about that. The Morris Group will welcome you in the future. As long as you want to come, you

can come over at any time, and make sure to call Alvin or me. If you still don't want to make our relationship public, then we won't," Westley said as he leaned over to fasten her seat belt.



Chapter 371 Wife First, Child Second

Westley approached her. The moment Gabrielle felt the warmth of his breath on her skin, her face turned red, making her look tempting.

"What's the matter, Gabrielle?" He knew why she was blushing, but he asked the question to fluster her even more. In turn, her face became even redder.

"Westley, you didn't have to fasten my seatbelt for me. I could've done it myself." Gabrielle forced herself to calm down. She didn't want to give in to Westley's temptation. No matter what, she had to calm herself down.

"Okay, you can do it yourself next time." Westley kissed her forehead, then he sat back down the driver's seat. "The kiss is your payment for what I did."

He helped her fasten her seatbelt, so that he could have something in return.

It was normal for a shameless man like Westley to do something like this.

Soon, the car arrived at the Aud Square. It had all the top brands in the world. Tammy grew up abroad, so she was more familiar with the foreign brands.

That was the reason Gabrielle asked Westley to take a detour to Aud Square.

Naturally, he didn't have any objections and just drove there at once.

"Westley, you should wear your sunglasses, and we should go one after the other.

If someone recognizes you, it'll cause a commotion here." Before Gabrielle got out of the car, she kept on staring at Westley's face. To the people of Antawood, he was a sort of celebrity. If someone were to recognize him, it could spell trouble.

"Relax, Gabrielle! Your man isn't as famous as you think. I'm not a star, and there are no advertisements and posters of me everywhere. Not everyone will recognize me. Come on! Let's go together." Westley got off the car first, opening the door for her. He then offered his hand to her like a gentleman to help her out of the car.

Upon hearing this, Gabrielle didn't hesitate. She followed him to the shopping mall's elevator, hand in hand.

The children's products were located on the seventh floor. Westley was quite familiar with the layout of this place, because the products he used were mostly from Aud. He had also brought Tammy here several times to buy some stuff for her, so he was already familiar where the

Gabrielle seldom visited this floor. After all, she didn't have a child, nor did she have any relatives who had children. Thus, she had never needed to buy children's products before.

The second they arrived at the seventh floor, Gabrielle was immediately attracted by the variety of lovely children's products in front of her. The products ranged from food to toys; all of which could make any child feel satisfied.

Every woman had a maternal instinct, and Gabrielle was no exception. The mere sight of the children's products brought light to her eyes. She was even happier than she normally was whenever seeing something that she liked.

"Westley, there are too many beautiful things in here to choose from! I love every single item being sold here," Gabrielle stated.

Westley never imagined that she would be this happy.

"If you want to, we can buy them all," he said, displaying his generosity.

Gabrielle was so surprised that she burst into laughter. "I know you're rich, Westley. You can easily buy out the entire Aud, let alone all these things. But why do we have to buy so many children's products? Tammy will never be able to use them on her own."

She just couldn't understand what was going on in Westley's mind.

'He said that I can buy whatever I like, but what am I going to do with the stuff after buying something impractical?' she thought to herself.

"I know Tammy won't be able to use them on her own, so we'll have to work hard to make a little brother or sister for her." It was an easy question for Westley to answer.

'We're... going to have a baby?' Gabrielle was completely dazed.

It took her a long time before she finally calmed down, and her face was now as red as a ripe apple. She just couldn't keep up with this man's thought process.

A second ago, they were merely speaking of buying all the products in the store, and now they were discussing having a baby.

Gabrielle was at a loss for words.

"Westley, do you have any idea what you're talking about?" she asked, trying to calm herself down.

"Of course, I do! Isn't that what you wanted to say as well? When we were in my office earlier, you were asking me whether I liked children or not. Isn't that your way of hinting me to have a

baby with you? Well, now I've made my answer clear. I am fond of children, especially our own, and I'm willing to have a baby with you. I promise you that I'll be a good father, and that I'll love our child with all of my heart," Westley said in a determined voice.

Upon hearing how serious he was, Gabrielle sensed that something was amiss.

"I never asked whether he wants to be a good father or not!"

"Westley, I think you misunderstood me. What I meant to say was..."

"Don't worry. Just because I'm going to love our baby so much, doesn't mean that I'll love you any less. You'll still be the one I love most. You will always come first, and the baby, second," stated Westley.

Gabrielle didn't know whether to laugh or cry about this. After all, she never asked for any of this in the first place.

"Let's just drop this topic, Westley. Come on, let's pick up a gift for Tammy!" She immediately changed the topic because she didn't want to talk about having a baby anymore. It would only make Westley probe into the matter further and further, and that would not be good.

"Sure. Let's go pick out a gift for her." Westley took her hand and led her around. Soon, they found a gift that Tammy would certainly like.

Gabrielle picked out a Princess Barbie doll, and a beautiful princess dress for Tammy. Once the gifts were packed, she caught sight of some baby products next to her.

They were all delicate, and lovely, attracting Gabrielle's attention.

If she were ever to have a child in the future, she would certainly dress up her little baby in the best outfits she could find.

"Do you like that one?" Westley came over, staring at a pair of shoes for infants in her hand. The shoes were pink in color, and they were quite beautiful.

"No, I don't." Gabrielle immediately put the shoes back onto the shelf, and walked away.

Westley then asked one of the staff to place a reservation on the shoes. They would need a pair in the future, so preparing it for their baby in advance would be a good thing.

Later on, anything that Gabrielle picked up, Westley placed an order. He bought all of them without hesitation.

As Gabrielle strolled around, happily picking out baby products, she had no idea that Westley had bought everything she had her eye on.

If she were to find out, she would definitely scold him.

Once the staff had packed up all the gifts for Tammy, Westley and Gabrielle left the store. He then spoke to Alvin and told him to take care of the other items that they bought for their future baby later.



Chapter 372 Bonnie Morris

Tammy was a three-year-old beautiful mixed race girl. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to call her a beautiful doll-like girl. Her eyes were as beautiful as sapphires, and she had a smile that could make all others smile as well.

When Gabrielle was at the airport and she saw the little girl's face from a distance, she thought that Tammy was indeed a sight to behold. Now that she had taken a closer look at her, she found her to be much more beautiful than she initially thought.

Although Tammy had never seen Gabrielle before, she wasn't timid around her. With eyes as lovely as gems, she stared at Gabrielle with a friendly smile on her face.

She held onto Westley's hand, locking eyes with Gabrielle.

"Little Daddy, is she my little mommy?" asked Tammy.

Gabrielle was much more beautiful than Tammy had initially imagined. She liked Gabrielle very much. In the past, she had requested Westley to introduce her to Gabrielle, but he always refused to do it.

And now, she finally had the chance to meet Gabrielle. Naturally, she was excited about it. Moreover, seeing that Gabrielle was incredibly gorgeous, Tammy was even happier.

'Little mommy?'

It was the first time someone addressed her this way, and it felt a little weird to her.

After all, Tammy should call her "auntie", since she was her uncle's wife.

Instead of doing that, she called her "little mommy" instead. It was very unique, and it was endearing.

But since she called Westley "little daddy", she should be called little mommy.

"Tammy, this is my wife, your aunt. Go on. Introduce yourself." Westley ruffled Tammy's hair.

"It's nice to meet you, little mommy. I'm Tammy Morris, but you can just call me Tammy like my little daddy does," Tammy said as she looked straight into Gabrielle's eyes.

"It's nice to meet you, too, Tammy! Oh, I brought you some gifts as a commemoration of the first time we're meeting." Gabrielle hurriedly brought out the box of Barbie dolls and handed them to Tammy.

"Thank you so much, little mommy! I really love Barbie dolls. They're so beautiful!" Tammy flashed her a bright smile.

Gabrielle was relieved to see that the little girl loved the gift she had bought.

"And I also bought you a princess dress. I hope you like it." She then took out another gift box and gave it to Tammy.

The little girl happily received it, still wearing a pretty smile on her face.

"Thank you, little mommy! I love it." Tammy embraced the gift, showing just how happy she was to receive it.

"I'm glad you like it," said Gabrielle, feeling satisfied to see the girl enjoying her gift. This was the first time she had bought gifts for a child. Before today, she really had no idea what kind of stuff children would like. Although Westley was there with her when she bought the gifts, she was still very nervous.

"I really like it. Thank you, little mommy," Tammy said in a sweet voice.

"You're more than welcome, dear. I'm happy to know that you like it." Gabrielle was in a chipper mood.

Before this moment, she was worried that Tammy wouldn't like her gifts. But seeing the smile on the little girl's face made her feel at peace.

"Tammy, have you thanked Gabrielle for giving you such wonderful gifts?" Bonnie Morris, Wilson's wife, was the daughter of the Campbell family residing in Italy. She was half-Italian, so by that logic, her daughter, Tammy, had a quarter of Italian blood in her.

From a distance, it was hard to tell that Tammy was of mixed race.

"Mommy, I already thanked little mommy for the gifts! Look, Mommy, she gave me a lot of gifts and I love them all!" Tammy stated with glee.

"Hi, Gabrielle! I'm Bonnie, Wilson's wife, and Westley's sister-in-law. It's a pleasure to meet you." Bonnie reached out her hand to Gabrielle, hoping to shake hands with the latter.

Not long after, Gabrielle shook her hand. "It's an honor to meet you, Bonnie. I'm Gabrielle."

"You know, when you got married, we didn't come back to the country. I've been looking forward to meeting you for a long time. Now that I'm finally back in the country, it makes me so happy to have finally met you!" Bonnie wore a gorgeous smile, similar to Tammy's.

Gabrielle didn't know much about Bonnie's family background, but she could see that her foreign characteristics were more obvious than that of Tammy's. Bonnie was a perfect

juxtaposition of mixed blood beauty.

The moment she laid eyes upon Bonnie, she already liked her.

"It's my pleasure to meet you, Bonnie," said Gabrielle.

"I'm glad we're getting along well with each other. Funny, this is the first time we've met, but I already feel like we're old friends. Westley, you found a good wife," Bonnie stated with a chuckle.

In her opinion, Gabrielle was perfectly suited to be Westley's wife. Gabrielle looked gentle, intelligent, and pleasing to the eyes.

She was so unlike Nellie. Bonnie had seen that woman many times over, and she just couldn't bring herself to like her. Although she couldn't seem to like her, it didn't necessarily mean that Nellie was a bad person.

It was just that Gabrielle was that much different. Bonnie instantly liked her the moment she laid eyes on her.

"Thank you, Bonnie." Gabrielle, on the other hand, felt a little shy around Bonnie.

She had always been a beautiful, attractive woman. Most men would instantly like her, but women didn't share the sentiment. "When did any woman ever like my face?" she wondered.

"I'm a blunt person, Gabrielle. When I like someone, I say it. And when I do hate them, I tell it right to their faces. I'm not saying any of these just because you're Westley's wife," Bonnie explained.

"Gabrielle, Bonnie is telling the truth. She's not just saying that because you're my wife. She really does like you," Westley concurred in a calm and firm tone, wrapping his arm around Gabrielle's waist.

"I see." Gabrielle nodded happily in response.

She felt honored that someone liked her at first sight.

"Anyway, let's stop chatting out here and head inside, shall we? Grandma and the others are already waiting for you," said Bonnie.

They had been speaking in the yard and hadn't entered the house yet.

"I thought you would come inside after chatting for a little bit." Unbeknownst to any of them, Miley was already by the door, staring at them.

Naturally, she didn't expect that Bonnie would get along so well with Gabrielle. They already look like bonafide sisters despite the fact that this was their first time meeting each other. It

made Miley happy to see them this way

Back when Nellie was Westley's fiancée, Bonnie could never like her. It worried Miley that Bonnie would feel the same way about Gabrielle.

Miley didn't expect to see them interact so harmoniously like this. It was beyond her wildest imaginations. But perhaps it was due to the fact that Gabrielle was charming and likeable, and it wouldn't be that surprising for Bonnie to like her so much.

"Grandma, I'm sorry for keeping you waiting. It's just that Gabrielle and I are like old friends for some reason. The moment I saw her, I already felt fond of her, so I couldn't resist the urge to chat with her for a while," Bonnie explained as she hurried to hold Miley's hand.

Chapter 373 My Assets Are Yours

Bonnie's trick always worked on Miley, mostly because the latter had always been fond of her.

Although Bonnie was born into a wealthy family, she was always modest and gentle - especially in front of Miley.

That was the reason why she didn't disagree when Wilson decided to manage the Campbell's business after they got married in Italy.

After all, Bonnie and Wilson were crazy about each other, and Bonnie respected the elders of the Morris family.

The couple would visit them several times a year, which was enough for Miley.

"You always know the right thing to say to please me," Millie playfully complained and patted Bonnie's hand.

"Great-grandma, look. This is the gift little mommy bought for me. It's my favorite Barbie dolls! Do you see the princess dress she bought for me? It's so beautiful. I love it." Tammy showed the dolls to Miley, bouncing on the spot.

Miley looked at the dolls and beamed with joy at how adorable the little one was. She leaned forward and gently stroked Tammy's head. "It seems like Gabrielle really likes you."

"Yes, I like her, too." Tammy glanced at Gabrielle and smiled.

"Grandma." Gabrielle and Westley walked up to Miley.

"Gabrielle, have you been eating properly? God, look at you! You have lost too much weight!" Miley's brows furrowed as she looked at Gabrielle up and down.

Gabrielle looked at herself and smiled. "No, grandma. I've actually gained weight lately."

"Nonsense! Do you think I'm blind? I don't see an ounce of fat in your body. It's obvious you have lost weight. Have you been too busy, or is it because Westley hasn't been taking good care of you? If he is not looking after you, better move here. I will make all your favorite dishes every day and make sure you gain weight soon. Before you know it, you will become a plump girl. I promise," Miley said intently.

Gabrielle smiled. She didn't want to be a plump girl.

"Grandma, I'm fine, really. I've been eating healthy, nutritious food every day. I haven't lost weight," she explained.

"Grandma, Gabrielle isn't lying. She doesn't put on weight easily." Westley tried helping her, but it didn't seem to work.

"I am sure she has lost some weight. Are you not taking good care of her?" Miley thought it was all Westley's fault.

"You are right, Grandma. It's all my fault. I haven't been taking proper care of her. I should have made her eat more." Westley shook his head.

"I knew it. It's all because of you. If you can't take good care of Gabrielle, she can move and live with me," remarked Miley.

"Grandma, I'm fine. I don't have to move in here," Gabrielle refused right away.

Miley was only kidding. She didn't want her to move into their house. After all, how would she have a great-grandchild if Gabrielle lived with her?

"I know. I obviously don't want you two to be apart. But I want to know why you have to move to Half Moon Bay? Why can't you just stay at Vineyard Villa?" Miley asked.

Westley had been living in the Vineyard Villa for a long time, and Neil was in charge of the place.

Now, Gabrielle and Westley moved to Half Moon Bay, which was just an old villa that had been vacant for five years without any furniture or decorations. They had to buy everything from scratch.

Besides, Westley and Helena had planned to move there first. Although that never happened, Miley didn't think it was a good place for Westley and Gabrielle to start their life together.

It didn't feel right for Gabrielle to live there. Miley couldn't understand what Westley was thinking. She felt it was a bad decision.

But Sophia had told her that Gabrielle enjoyed living there and also cleaned the yard and villa by herself.

She had planted some flowers and vegetables, transforming the villa into a vibrant abode.

Hearing that, Miley didn't protest further. After all, nothing mattered as long as Gabrielle was happy there.

Miley wanted Gabrielle to be happy and content.

"Grandma, we enjoy living there. I picked out flowers and planted them myself. It feels good." Gabrielle grinned happily.

Miley smiled in return; she was relieved to hear that.

"I'm glad you are happy there. Let's go inside." Miley glanced at her and went into the house.

Bonnie and Tammy walked inside hand in hand, followed by Gabrielle and Westley. On their way inside, Gabrielle looked at Westley with concern and worry in her eyes. "I don't think grandma is happy with us living in Half Moon Bay."

"It's okay. Don't worry about it!" Westley smiled reassuringly.

"I know. I'm just worried that Grandma might be upset about it." Gabrielle was a sensitive person. She grew up as an adopted daughter and was careful about the things she did and said. Therefore, she had gotten accustomed to worrying about what people thought of her.

She was afraid that the Jones family would hate her for her wrong doings.

"She won't. Both the Vineyard Villa and Half Moon Bay belong to me. You are my wife; you can live wherever you want. Grandma is just worried that you might not be comfortable there. It had been vacant for a long time, after all," Westley calmly explained.

The villa in Half Moon Bay had been uninhabited for five years. It wasn't furnished or decorated, and no one had lived there so far. If it hadn't been for the accident, they wouldn't have moved in there so fast.

"You seem to have a lot of properties!" Gabrielle shrugged.

She wasn't surprised that someone like Westley, who owned several limited edition cars, possessed many properties all around the city.

"Just a few. I'll ask Alvin to make a list for you so that you'll know how many assets your husband has. After all, they are yours too," said Westley.

Chapter 374 Are You Planning On Having A Baby

Hearing this, Gabrielle blushed.

It didn't matter how many properties Westley owned. It had nothing to do with her.

She didn't want to take anything from him even if they got divorced in the future.

"No, thanks, Westley.

I don't mean to spy on you." Gabrielle shook her head.

The Morris Group alone valued hundreds of billions of dollars, which was a frightening number.

She didn't want to know about the properties he owned.

"But I want you to know everything. After all, you are my wife. I will ask Alvin to make a list so that you know how capable your husband is." Westley puffed his chest in pride.

Gabrielle opened and closed her mouth a couple of times. She didn't know what to say, so she just followed him into the house.

"Little mommy, come and sit here. These grapes are very sweet. I'll share them with you," Tammy squealed with joy, waving a bunch of purple grapes when she saw Gabrielle.

Gabrielle walked to the little girl with a smile and sat beside her, feeling relieved that she wasn't disliked by the little kid.

"Little mommy, eat the grapes. They are very sweet and delicious." Tammy generously gave the grapes to her.

"Thank you, Tammy." Gabrielle took it happily.

"Little mommy, hurry up and eat one. I wasn't lying," she urged her.

Gabrielle picked one. Before she could eat it, Westley grabbed her hand, took the grape, peeled it, and stuffed it into his mouth.

Gabrielle and Tammy exchanged quizzical glances before turning to look at Westley. They couldn't understand why he was snatching the grape from her.

"Westley..."

"Hey, what are you doing? This is not for you. It's for little mommy," Tammy grunted as her

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brows pulled together in displeasure.

"Tammy, why are you scolding me? Have you stopped loving me because you have little mommy now? I just ate a grape." Westley smiled at her.

"I like little mommy because she is good to me. I gave her grapes because she bought me gifts. I want to be nice to her. You didn't buy anything for me." Tammy pouted.

Westley shook his head in amusement.

"I used to buy all kinds of gifts for you. Have you forgotten everything?" Westley asked, clutching his chest, faking hurt.

"That's in the past. Aren't you happy that I'm good to little mommy?" Tammy asked.

"Of course, I'm happy that you two are close to each other. I was being good to Gabrielle as well. I wanted to check if the grape was sour or not." Westley picked up another grape, peeled the skin with his slender fingers, and handed it to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was watching the sweet quarrel with an amused smile on her face. She didn't expect to become the center of focus all of a sudden.

Westley held the peeled grape in front of Gabrielle's mouth, which embarrassed her. Everyone was watching her now.

A blush flamed her cheeks.

"Westley.

... " Before she could say anything, he thrust the grape into her mouth.

"Grandma said you two are infatuated with each other, but I didn't believe it. Now I realize how wrong I was. I shouldn't have come back early with Tammy. I should have waited for two more days and come with Wilson," Bonnie joked.

Gabrielle's face turned a shade redder. Bonnie's remark embarrassed her even more.

"Of course, we are still infatuated. By the way, Bonnie, when will Wilson come?" asked Westley.

Wilson and Bonnie usually came back before Christmas and stayed with them for two weeks before leaving for Italy.

Although Wilson was now the leader of the Campbell Group and had a lot of things to deal with, he always made it a point to come back regardless of how busy he was.

"Don't worry. He will be back before Christmas," replied Bonnie.

Westley didn't bother questioning further; he understood what Bonnie meant. Wilson would come back before Christmas. After all, his birthday was around the corner. It was the time the entire family would convene.

"Okay." Westley nodded.

The housekeeper arrived and informed Miley that dinner was ready.

Miley stood up and looked at everyone. "Well, dinner is ready. Let's all eat."

Everyone moved to the dining room for dinner. Westley's eyes were on Gabrielle the entire time, gleaming with undisguised love and care.

Such an affection couldn't be faked.

Everyone could see how much Westley loved and adored Gabrielle.

He filled her bowl with food and took good care of her.

After dinner, Westley stayed with Gabrielle and decided to help her get along with Bonnie.

The only problem was his niece, Tammy, who was too clingy with Gabrielle. She had been following her everywhere.

"Little mommy, you know there are many flowers in the backyard and there is a pond in the garden. There are many fishes in the pond. I'll take you there." Tammy grabbed Gabrielle's hand and bounced on the spot excitedly.

Although Gabrielle was married to Westley, she wasn't familiar with the Morris' Mansion. Therefore, Tammy offered to take her around, for she came here every year.

She grabbed Gabrielle's index finger and ushered her inside the garden.

The garden was teeming with vibrant flowers and plants. There were also a rockery fish pool, a large garden house, and a pavilion.

During the hot summer days, the family would sit in the garden, among the flowers, and chat happily. And during the cold wintry days, they would have tea in the garden house.

After hanging around the garden for a while, they went straight to the garden house to have some tea. Miley felt happy and content. She asked the housekeeper to prepare scented tea, juice, and different kinds of desserts and cakes.

"Little daddy, I want juice," Tammy asked as she sat beside Bonnie.

"Gabrielle, these scented tea are made from freshly picked flowers in the garden. You should try it." Westley smiled as he poured scented tea for Gabrielle.

"Hmm... it tastes delicious." Gabrielle moaned in appreciation as she took a sip. The tea was fragrant and sweet, different from the ones she had tasted before.

"Tell me if you need a refill." Westley smiled at Gabrielle as he poured a glass of juice for Tammy.

"Tammy, drink slowly." He handed the juice to her.

"Thank you, little daddy." She smiled and sipped on the juice.

"Tammy, it looks like you and your uncle are very close. Instead of calling him uncle, you're calling him little daddy."

Gabrielle was curious.

"Yes. Westley has loved and taken care of Tammy right from the moment I gave birth to her. They have always been fond of each other. It's just that she learned to say 'little daddy' first and got accustomed to it. If you mind her calling you 'little mommy'; we can correct her," explained Bonnie. She smiled and walked over with a plate of fruits.

"Oh, I see. But it's Okay. It's endearing." Gabrielle smiled.

"Hey, I can see that you and Westley are crazy about each other. Are you planning on having a baby?" Bonnie asked, coming straight to the point.

Chapter 375 Prejudice

'A baby?'

Gabrielle was stunned. They had been talking about Tammy and Westley and she didn't know how the topic got diverted.

Bonnie had a more direct approach than Miley when it came to urging them to have a child.

"Well, I think kids are cute, but we just got married. We're not in a hurry to have a baby.

It's a bit too soon." Gabrielle cleared her throat and looked at Westley, hoping he would help her. She was caught off guard and didn't know what to say.

Westley understood what she meant. He put his hand on her shoulder reassuringly and looked at Bonnie.

"Bonnie, we're not in a hurry. We just got married. Besides, Gabrielle hasn't graduated from college yet. We'll consider it when she officially graduates. It's her body and her choice, after all.' Although Westley was answering Bonnie, it was a sly reminder to everyone present not to bother them anymore.

Westley and Gabrielle had just gotten married, and he was determined to spend the rest of his life with her. Every decision and move was for them to make. He didn't want anyone to interfere in their lives.

Miley was pleased to hear Westley's answer. Although she was desperate to see them have a baby, Westley was right. They had just gotten married, and Gabrielle was still young. She had to graduate from college first. Now wasn't the right time for them to have kids.

Miley had urged them to have a baby because she thought it would strengthen their bond. However, she realized that as long as the two loved each other, they would soon decide to have a baby.

Westley was crazy in love with Gabrielle. Therefore, using the baby to strengthen the bond seemed unnecessary now.

"Well, it looks like she doesn't want to have your child," Westley's mother, Liana, grunted with jealousy. She didn't like Gabrielle.

She couldn't accept the fact that the adopted daughter of the Jones family got married to her son, the CEO of the Morris Group.

Moreover, Bryce was with Nellie now, which made her hate the Jones family even more.

She had thought Gabrielle looked innocent and harmless but realized she had been wrong all along.

Only a few months had passed, and Gabrielle had wrapped Westley around her little finger.

The way her son adored Gabrielle always annoyed her.

Liana disliked her from the very beginning, and her hatred seemed to intensify with time.

"Grandma, do you like me?" Tammy asked happily as she lay in Liana's arms.

Liana smiled and ruffled her hair. "Of course, I love you so much. You are adorable. What's not to like about you?"

Liana loved her granddaughter and was quite satisfied with her daughter-in-law, Bonnie. The Campbell family was wealthy and held a powerful position in Italy. They had control over the government and the underworld. Moreover, Bonnie's mother was the daughter of the Mafia in Italy. Everything about her was perfect.

Tammy was born into such an influential family. Therefore, she received abundant love the second she was born.

Liana was proud to be her grandmother and Bonnie's mother-in-law.

However, apart from Gabrielle's pretty face, Liana couldn't find anything good about her.

She couldn't understand why Westley liked her in the first place.

Gabrielle neither had wealth nor reputation.

She was inferior to even the wives of Westley's cousins, who were all from noble families.

"Grandma, little mommy will have a baby in the future. I think it will be very cute. Will you like the baby?" Tammy asked, cocking her head to the side.

"You are the most adorable and beautiful little girl in the world. No one can compare with you," Liana replied, ignoring Gabrielle and Westley.

She disliked Gabrielle right from the beginning. So she didn't bother respecting her.

"Liana, mind your words." Miley scowled at Liana. She knew the woman despised Gabrielle.

She respected her opinion, but that didn't mean she would sit around and watch Liana insult Gabrielle.

That would hurt Gabrielle.

"I was just telling the truth. Don't you think I'm right? Who doesn't like Tammy? Everyone loves her. She is so cute, smart, and obedient," Liana said, wrapping her arms around Tammy.

Tammy was indeed beautiful.

Anyone would adore the little girl after taking one look at her.

"Of course, Tammy is adorable. All the children of the Morris family are beautiful and cute." Miley nodded in agreement.

She was right.

Not just Tammy. All the kids of the Morris family were pretty.

Therefore, she knew Gabrielle's baby would also be beautiful.

"You're right, Grandma.

All the kids of our family are equally adorable. Gabrielle, have you met Wilson?" Bonnie asked.

Gabrielle was still immersed in Liana's prejudice against her. The woman's hatred for her was evident right from the beginning, and she didn't expect Liana to like her all of a sudden.

Gabrielle was surprised by Bonnie's sudden question.

"No. I met you and Tammy only today. I have never met Wilson before," she answered honestly.

Her marriage with Westley had only been a redemption. She wasn't even recognized as Westley's wife, so she hadn't met all the people of the Morris family.

Chapter 376 Showing Off

Wilson had been living in Italy ever since he and Bonnie got married. He had been in charge of all the Campbell family's affairs since then, and he seldom had the chance to come back.

Back when Westley and Gabrielle got married, Wilson and his wife weren't even informed of it, so Gabrielle had never met him before.

"Gabrielle, once you've had the chance to meet him, you'll know what I'm talking about. He may be handsome, but he's not as handsome as your Westley," Bonnie said half-jokingly.

Gabrielle finally understood what she meant. Bonnie was implying that her kids with Westley would be even more beautiful than Tammy.

"Bonnie, if Wilson had heard what you said, he's going to be jealous," Westley bantered.

"What's there to be jealous about? I'm only telling the truth. Your brother isn't as handsome as you are, so by that logic, your child will certainly be more beautiful than Tammy," Bonnie said in a serious tone.

Obviously, she was trying to make Gabrielle feel better. After all, Liana's harsh words earlier must've hurt her.

Fortunately, Gabrielle indeed felt better because of Bonnie. She then smiled at Bonnie as if to thank her. "Bonnie, I'll be more than satisfied if our child could become as beautiful as your Tammy,"

she said with a gentle smile.

"That's sweet of you to say that. But Tammy is of mixed race. Nobody can compare to her," Liana said in a sarcastic manner. Although she was pleased to hear Gabrielle's flattering words, she didn't want Gabrielle to have Westley's children. She thought that Gabrielle didn't deserve the right to bear the Morris' bloodline.

"What nonsense are you spouting? That's enough, Liana! We're here for a pleasant talk, and we're going to have it. Do not ruin the mood." At this point, Miley became upset.

This was supposed to be a pleasant moment, where everyone could have a good chat. Bonnie had just come back with Tammy, and Westley came back with Gabrielle. They should all be celebrating, but Liana kept on ruining the mood.

Although Liana didn't like Gabrielle, she had the utmost respect for Miley. She didn't want to anger the older woman just because of her dislike for Gabrielle.

Thus, she decided to let her off the hook for the time being.

"I'll take Tammy out to pick some flowers." Liana would rather not stay here any longer, so she invited Tammy to go out.

Meanwhile, as Bonnie took a sip of her scented tea, she glanced over at Gabrielle. "Gabrielle, I understand that you don't know mom's temper that well. She's a bit short-tempered as you can see, but she doesn't mean anything that she said. Don't take her words to heart."

It worried Bonnie that Gabrielle would be shaken by Liana's angry words and end up getting angry at Liana. After all, Liana was Westley's mother, and they must get along well.

"I'm not really mad. I understand that she didn't mean any of that. Don't worry, Bonnie. I won't get angry with her." Gabrielle put on a smile to comfort her.

Although it pained her to hear what Liana said just now, she didn't want to show it to everyone else.

"Gabrielle is a very considerate lady. She won't take those words to heart. Anyway, let's all have some tasty desserts and put this little fiasco behind us, shall we?" suggested Miley. It was a good thing that Liana had excused herself.

"I don't deserve those praises, Grandma." Gabrielle blushed because of how much Miley was praising her.

"Nonsense, my dear! You deserve all the praises that come your way, and I know for a fact that our dear Westley knows that, too," Miley said with a smile.

"Of course, I do. I know her better than anyone else." Westley held Gabrielle's hand, displaying their intimacy.

"Stop it, Westley." She glanced at him, chuckling helplessly at his remark.

She knew that she wasn't as good as they thought she was.

"I'm telling the truth, my love," Westley stated with a straight face.

"Okay, you guys, that's enough. We get it! You're in love." Bonnie chuckled along, shaking her head helplessly at the loving couple.

She had long known how aloof Westley was. Perhaps he had been like that ever since the day something happened between him and Helena. It was on that day he became distant towards women.

Even after getting engaged with Nellie, that behavior never wavered. He was still so cold to his fiancée.

It worried Bonnie that Westley would end up growing old alone.

When she found out that he had gotten married with a woman she and Wilson never met before, she couldn't wait to meet this woman.

This was the reason why she came back to the country without even waiting for Wilson.

The minute she caught sight of Gabrielle, Bonnie knew why Westley had married her. Seeing the two of them together, and how Westley treated Gabrielle, she knew in that moment, that this was the woman he would love for a lifetime.

"Bonnie..."

"In the past, you and Wilson were so much like us. Every single day, I see and hear the two of you being so sweet. Consider this as my payback!" Westley joked.

Upon hearing this, Bonnie scoffed. 'I never should've worried about this guy ending up alone,' she thought to herself.

"Westley, honey, she's your sister-in-law. Be nice," Gabrielle said with a smile.

"Gabrielle, you and I are married, so you should always take my side. You have no idea how much Bonnie and Wilson were showing off their love in front of me every day back then. You can even ask Grandma, or Bonnie herself!" Westley looked over at Gabrielle with pitiful eyes.

Upon hearing this, Gabrielle felt sorry for him.

That must've been hard for him to watch.

"Didn't you also have a fiancée back then?" Gabrielle blurted out at the thought of Nellie.