

Chapter 41 I Miss You

Gabrielle had consumed a lot of alcohol. Though half sober, she could not walk a straight line. She was too eager to get to Westley. After just two steps forward, she almost fell over.

To protect her from getting injured, Westley stepped forward and wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Thank you..."

"Gabrielle, you are such a cheap woman. You flirt with any man at any given opportunity. It's sickening." Westley shoved her away, staring at her with disgust. ②

Gabrielle was heartbroken. Westley's words were hard to take for her.

Westley had moved into the car. He became enraged even more as he noticed Gabrielle was still standing there, dumbfounded.

"Gabrielle, get in the car," Westley screamed angrily.

Westley's treatment of Gabrielle was unbearable for Lance. 'What did Westley take her for? She is, after all, his wife. He may choose not to love her, but he shouldn't be so cruel to her.'

"Gabrielle, let me drive you back to the Jones' residence," Lance said as he approached her.

"No, thanks. I'm messed up; I can't go back now." Wendy would scorn her if she went back reeking with alcohol.

"Then come with me to my house; I don't want you to go with him and be mistreated; you don't have to.."

"Gabrielle, don't make me repeat myself. Do you still want to rescue the Jones?" Westley was irritated by Lance's zealous defense of Gabrielle.

'Lance likes Gabrielle. Would he be happy if everyone is aware?'

Gabrielle bit her lips and walked towards Westley's car after a brief moment of hesitation. Lance grabbed her hand.

"Gabrielle, don't go with him."

Gabrielle was perplexed as he looked at Lance. "I have to go, Lance. Thank you for having barbecue with me tonight."

Gabrielle hurried back to join Westley. She couldn't avoid provoking him any longer, or else she and the Jones family would suffer the consequences.

She could afford to offend this man.

"Gabrielle, you're well aware of Westley's unfavorable treatment of you..."

"Don't put me in a pickle, Lance. I had been a victim in this marriage. My brother and the Jones will be in serious trouble if I don't listen to him." Gabrielle had a troubled expression on her face as she looked at Lance.

She simply wanted to be honest with Lance. She considered herself guilty so she couldn't resist Westley.

She couldn't risk Bryce's life and tarnish the reputation of Jones family. 6

"It wasn't your fault, Gabrielle. Bryce is to blame. Why do you take responsibility for him?"

"I offer to help."

Lance had a lot to say to Gabrielle, but he was choked by those words and let go of her hand.

Gabrielle turned back and ran to the car. She shivered as soon as she opened the door.

"I apologize for keeping you waiting for too long."

Gabrielle nervously stared at Westley.

"Just let me know if you wish to spend the night with Lance, Gabrielle. I will let you." 6

Westley gave her a stern look.

"It is not what you think. Lance is my cousin. Can you stop seeing everyone as a bad guy?" Gabrielle didn't force it, knowing full well that she would never be able to defeat Westley in an argument.

"If he is what you call him, he shouldn't have held you in public, and if you are as half-decent as you claimed, you shouldn't have been on a date with him. You are my wife, and you should behave yourself." Westley expressed his displeasure violently. Gabrielle's blood ran cold at the sound of his unfriendly voice. 1

It seemed that she was the only victim in this marriage. 2

"I see." She didn't have a choice but to comply.

"Don't be so obstinate, Gabrielle. Pressure the Jones to locate Bryce as soon as possible so we can end this." Westley asked Alvin to drive after giving her an unsympathetic look.

Gabrielle felt uneasy on their way back. She felt nauseous and vomited even before the car arrived at the Vineyard Villa's entrance,

most likely because she had consumed too much roasted beef and drunk too much ice beer.

Alvin immediately stopped the car as the odor in the car became unbearable. Westley's expression had darkened and he was on the verge of going insane.

"You're so disgusting!" With a disgusted expression on his face, Westley pulled the door open and exited the car. He blamed himself for having a ride with a drunk woman. He should have just dropped her at the snack stand.

Gabrielle hurriedly exited the vehicle, squatted on the roadside, and puked. She felt worse and was too weak to stand.

Not long after, she fainted.

"Miss Jones seems to have passed out, Mr. Morris." Alvin and Westley stood a few meters away from Gabrielle and watched her as she vomited. The scene was hilarious.

"Let me help her up!" Looking into Westley's blank gaze, Alvin assumed that Westley despised Gabrielle too much and would be uninterested in her. As a result, he decided to assist her to regain consciousness.

"Alvin, take the car to the carwash and get rid of the unpleasant odor." After instructing

Alvin, Westley moved closer to Gabrielle.

Westley had already taken Gabrielle in his arms and walked towards the Vineyard Villa before Alvin realized what had happened. 2

The Vineyard Villa was only a few hundred meters away, while Westley's residence was a thousand meters away. Would Westley carry her to the house? 5

"Mr. Morris, should I carry Miss Jones to the house?" Alvin was concerned that Westley would toss Gabrielle into a parterre or a fish pool halfway to the house.

"Didn't I just make myself clear, Alvin?" Westley walked towards the Vineyard Villa, casting a stern look at Alvin.

Alvin stood still, staring at Westley's big, powerful figure as he walked slowly into the villa.

'That may have been the first time he has held a woman in his arms like that.

What kind of luck does Gabrielle have? Westley seems to despise her, but he is not ready to abandon her. He has never held a woman before.' 6

Gabrielle felt uncomfortable. She had a vague sense that someone was holding her, just as Bryce used to when she was sick. She

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comfortably rubbed her head against Westley's chest.

However, it seemed that her brother hadn't held her in a long time, and he even hated her getting close to him.

"Bryce, I feel uncomfortable," Gabrielle leaned against Westley's chest with her eyes closed, and whispered, "It's been a long time since you held me.

I like it when you hold me.

Please don't leave me. I miss you..."

Chapter 42 Beg Him

Gabrielle's voice wasn't particularly loud, but her every word rang clear in Westley's ears.

Silly girl. Here she was, lying in his arms with her eyes closed, yet she was thinking of another man. She even called out his name.

How could she miss Bryce then, when he was out having fun with Nellie?

Westley gritted his teeth and stifled the urge to throw her into the pond or the flower beds in front of the villa. Gingerly, he carried her inside.

"You're back, Mr. Morris," Neil remarked when he saw him. "What's wrong with Miss Jones?" Of course, the butler would be surprised to see him come back so early, and with Gabrielle in his arms to boot. More to the point, Neil was wondering why they hadn't even bothered to take a car.

Westley walked past the other man and strode over to the staircase.

"No one is allowed to come upstairs without my permission," he ordered in his usual cold manner before disappearing into the second floor landing.

Neil gaped after him, stunned. What on earth

could have possibly happened? Westley looked furious, and he thought he had smelled alcohol wafting from the lady when they passed him. It was quite a worrying situation, so he hurriedly called Alvin.

"Tell me, Alvin, why has Mr. Morris returned with Miss Jones in his arms? Didn't you drive them back home?"

"Well, Miss Jones threw up in the car just before we reached the gates of Vineyard Villa. The car is sullied, believe me, and Mr. Morris is mad about it. I'm going to have it washed to get rid of the stench."

Even as he spoke, Alvin was opening all the windows and the overhead hatch of said vehicle. The foul odor was still there, and it was starting to disgust him.

"Is that really all? I mean, I can tell that Mr. Morris is indeed furious..."

But Neil didn't think that Westley would get so worked up over such a matter, especially given the man's temperament. The way he had looked earlier, it was as if he were about to flay her alive.

"Look, Neil. I advise you to stay out of Mr. Morris' personal affairs. Just pretend you haven't seen anything. He has a deep sense of propriety, you know." Alvin leaned back against the driver seat, wondering if he might

as well drive the car into the nearby moat before getting it to an automobile service shop. If he didn't rinse this machine any time soon, he just might find himself suffocating in its odorous fume.

Gabrielle truly was a troublemaker. ①

"Are you absolutely sure that Mr. Morris is only angry at Miss Jones because she puked in his car?" Neil asked again, his voice laced with worry.

"Stop fretting, Neil. That's exactly how it is. Well, I need to hang up now. I have to get this car cleaned as soon as possible." Alvin hung up without waiting for a response. Now that he thought about it, the nearest 4S shop might be close now; it was the middle of the night after all. He sighed. He probably had to drive this stinky car back and give it a preliminary wash before bringing it to the professionals tomorrow.

He was a little relieved at that. 'It might appease Westley to some degree, and he wouldn't have to punish Gabrielle too severely.'

But then Neil was grossly mistaken about the reasons for Westley's rage. It was never about the car. It was because she was blatantly yearning for Bryce in his presence.

Which was why Westley practically threw

her on the bed the moment he walked into his bedroom.

Gabrielle had been weak and out of sorts, but the impact somewhat sobered her. She looked around and saw the man looming over her from the side of the bed. He was glaring daggers at her, causing her to instinctively curl into herself.

This scene was achingly familiar to her.

"Westley, what are you doing?" she asked in a horrified voice.

Westley stood in place, silent and unmoving. After a few beats, he began to unbutton his shirt.

His movements were slow, almost calculated even. And that was what alarmed Gabrielle the most. She swallowed a lump in her throat.

Her thoughts went back to what had happened at noon, and she found herself wondering if Westley was about to do the same thing again.

They had spent long hours having sex earlier, all while under the drug's influence. That was different, though; Westley had needed her at the time. But now he was sober. Surely he wouldn't do anything reckless?

"Are you so short of men, Gabrielle?" he asked in a low voice.

He had taken off his shirt and had proceeded to get rid of the rest of his clothes. Then he climbed onto the bed.

"What are you even saying?" she asked, her trembling voice barely above a whisper. "I don't understand what you mean." Why was he asking her such a vulgar thing? She didn't want this kind of issue tailing her, regardless of their truth or lack thereof. She scooted over on the bed, trying to put some distance between them.

Before she knew what he was up to, Westley had grabbed her by the leg and was dragging her close to him.

"Stop acting like you have no idea what I'm talking about. If you didn't lack men in your life, you wouldn't be looking for them everywhere you go." Westley bit out the words, glaring at her as he spoke. He made sure his message came across, hoping to elicit some guilt and provoke her.

"I'm not! I already told you, Lance is my cousin. That's the extent of our relationship, nothing more." Gabrielle had been trying to explain her connection with Lance since a while back. She didn't want any unnecessary slander from Westley, of all people, over a

groundless matter.

"Unfortunately, I find that I am no longer interested in your reasons or whatever. I only know that you are short of men!" Westley's eyes were burning with an ominous fury. It was evident that no amount of explaining was going to get through to him. In fact, he wanted nothing more at the moment than to teach her a lesson. He wanted to drill into her that she was his wife now, and she needed to behave herself and remain faithful to him. This was the least she could do.

"I'm telling you again, I have no need for men." Gabrielle eyed him warily. She feared him more than she had ever feared anyone in her life, and the ominous aura around him told her that she was in for an even worse torture than she had taken during noon.

"Calm down, Westley. You're neither drugged nor drunk. Don't do anything you might regret," she coaxed, trying to pull him back to his senses.

It had no effect whatsoever. If anything, he looked even more like an excited beast in front of its prey.

In the blink of an eye, he had pounced on her and pinned her down by her arms. She was unable to move.

"My darling Gabrielle. Should I remind you

exactly whose wife you are right now?' Westley rasped, his face dark.

All the alcohol in her system seemed to disappear in an instant. Gabrielle turned stone cold sober.

"I know, okay? I'm your wife—your fake wife. And your go-to scapegoat. When Nellie comes back— Mmfh!" ②

Her words were interrupted as he swooped down and kissed her. She was effectively silenced after that. ①

Still, they were both conscious and within the realm of reason this time around, so she tried her best to resist him. Her struggles were futile as expected, since she was no match to Westley's strength. ②

For his part, he was rather enjoying getting hit by Gabrielle. Her punches were so weak it was almost cute. ①

In the end, she gave up and gave in, letting him have his way with her. ⑩

It was a totally different experience compared to when they had been suffering the effects of the drug. Everything was more pronounced this time, and they were able to draw out true, unadulterated pleasure from each other's bodies. ①

Much later, Gabrielle fell back against the pillows in exhausted slumber. Westley propped himself on one elbow and gazed down at her. They were both drenched in sweat. There were no traces of his anger anymore, but something uncertain still flickered in his eyes.

What had this woman done to him? How could she seduce him over and over again? The first two times he could blame on the drugs, but he had to take responsibility for tonight. He could have stopped any time; he had the power and the reason to do so. Instead he indulged himself and succumbed to pleasure. 8

Chapter 43 You Are Not That Valuable

Gabrielle didn't sleep well and had a lot of exhausting nightmares. In her nightmares, she was followed by frightening monsters or crushed underneath massive stones, unable to breathe. Throughout the time, she felt uneasy.

Finally, she dreamt that her brother, Bryce, had returned. He apologized to her and pleaded for her forgiveness in the dream, but he still planned to leave with Nellie. He confessed to her that he had feelings for Nellie.

Gabrielle screamed and wailed, but she couldn't catch up to Bryce.

"Bryce, please don't leave me here!"

She kept calling out his name but to no avail.

Gabrielle awoke with a jolt. A powerful shaft of sunshine streamed in through the window. It took her some time to adjust before she opened her eyes and looked about.

She was in her room at the Vineyard Villa, which also served as her and Westley's marital residence.

What had occurred the night before was

running through her head like a movie sequence.

She remembered Westley bursting in rage towards the end, and how she pleaded with him in vain. Despite the fact that both of them were in their right minds, Westley made love to her.

How was that possible?

Gabrielle ripped the quilt roughly and with conflicting feelings. It was impossible for her to get a hold of herself.

The two of them had sex twice before as a result of Wendy and Miley's scheme, but Westley did it last night in a rational frame of mind.

What was Westley thinking?

Gabrielle's phone rang while she was deep in thought. When she grabbed it, she saw a phone call from Mia.

It dawned on her that she had made a dinner reservation with Micheal for six o'clock in the evening today, and it was already half past two. Westley viciously tormented her the night before, so she was fatigued and didn't get up till today.

"Miss Robinson," she acknowledged. Gabrielle attempted to regain her composure

and answered the phone calmly.

"Hi, Miss Jones! I've reserved a table for you at a restaurant. You may go to the location specified by the address. I sent you a message on WeChat but received no response. I was concerned that you could have missed it, and so I phoned you. Did I disturb you?"

Mia and her brother both liked Gabrielle, so Mia was prepared to arrange for Gabrielle and her brother to date.

"No, you didn't. Thank you very much." Gabrielle was pleased that Mia had saved her the hassle of picking a restaurant.

Mia was, after all, Micheal's sister, and she was well aware of his preferences. She would undoubtedly choose his favorite restaurant.

"Why are you being so formal with me, Miss Jones? After all, I'm to blame. You wouldn't have fallen into the river if I hadn't acted carelessly that night. You may also call me Mia like my brother does. Please don't address me as Miss Robinson, otherwise, I'll feel as if I'm a stranger." Mia had a flexible personality and had no problems getting along with the others.

"All right."

"Are you feeling ill, Miss Jones? Your voice

sounds somewhat different than normal," a concerned Mia said.

"I'm perfectly well. I had just taken a snooze. My throat is a bit scratchy."

"That's excellent! In advance, I wish you and my brother a wonderful dinner." Mia hung up immediately after she uttered that.

She checked the address Mia sent her and saw the restaurant's name was Beautiful Encounter Restaurant.

She thought it was a lovely name, and she liked it.

Gabrielle dressed simply in an ankle-length skirt and a black lace top. She wouldn't seem too boring or seductive if she dressed this way.

She was surprised to find Westley seated in the living room when she walked downstairs. She expected him to leave the villa like he had done the day before, but he stayed.

"You're up, Miss Jones. Do you want to eat now?" Gabrielle was ready to leave, so Neil assumed she didn't want to have meal at home.

Westley was so angry last night as if he was about to suck Gabrielle alive, causing Neil to worry all night long. By contrast, when he

observed Westley was lively and had somewhat of a cool demeanor on the surface, he was able to surmise what had occurred the night before. In his opinion, it was a good thing.

After all, Miley had previously said that her greatest wish at the moment was for Westley's wife to give birth to a kid who would call her great grandmother. Although her oldest grandson's daughter was over three years old, she had not grown up in Antawood or lived with Miley. As a result, the two of them were unfamiliar with one another.

"No, Neil, thank you very much. I'm going to see a friend of mine. Last night, we drank together. I'd want to see whether she's all right now," Gabrielle said that on purpose when she spotted Westley.

Westley had noted that she had drunk and barbecued with Sloane the night before.

"Gabrielle, how about we talk?" Westley has always been the center of attention. He was irritated because Gabrielle had ignored him.

"What do you want to speak about, Westley?" She was furious when she realized he had sex with her without her consent last night. Now he wanted to speak to her, and she was not in the mood.

"Miss Jones, I'll get you a bowl of lotus seed porridge to soothe your throat." Hearing her scratchy voice, Neil felt sorry for her.

Gabrielle didn't want to talk just now. Her voice sounded scratchy and harsh since she had screamed wildly the night before. She, too, was repulsed by her own voice.

Westley was to blame for all of this.

"Westley, I don't believe we have anything to discuss. I have to go now. I'm short on time." Gabrielle was apprehensive about facing him. All she wanted to do now was flee as far as she could.

"Is this something you would typically think of as a hangout or your house? Do you think you have the right to come and leave as you please? And if I won't allow you to go out today, I'll see if you can still go out. Westley planned to approach Gabrielle with a better attitude, but she was so careless that she caused him to lose his cool.

He went to work in the morning, but the more he thought about what transpired the night before, the more distracted he got. He returned around midday, waiting for Gabrielle to awaken. He intended to have a pleasant conversation with her.

It was the first time in his life that he felt

uneasy for someone, but this woman didn't appear to care. 5

"All right, let's talk!" Westley's domineering demeanor irritated Gabrielle.

Westley was always arrogant and condescending. The others seemed to have no option but to obey him.

She had to listen to him now that she had become the scapegoat. She couldn't completely reject him.

"Gabrielle, about last night..."

"I want to express my thoughts about what happened last night, Westley. We're both adults and, technically, married. This isn't the first time something like this has occurred between us when we weren't in love. Take it as an accident, even if this is the first time two of us have had intercourse while conscious. Don't take anything too seriously. So long as you don't cause any problems for the Jones Group, I won't hold you accountable. I'm sure the abrupt drop in Jones Group stock has something to do with you. Is it possible for you to comply with my request? " She spoke all she had to say all at once. 2

Westley's expression suddenly darkened. He had intended to compensate her with material and money, but he didn't anticipate

her to trade it for the stock price of the Jones Group. ①

It was really ironic.

She was reared as a servant by the Jones, yet she was very devoted to them. He had serious doubts that when Wendy drugged him for the first time, she was complicit in the crime. She wasn't at all blameless. ①

"Gabrielle, do you truly believe the Jones Group can be saved now that you've slept with me? Don't be that gullible. You are not that valuable!" Westley headed to his study after he said that. ①

He had been concerned about her for a long time, but to his astonishment, she was prepared to trade her body for the stock price of the Jones Group. What a foolish woman! ⑬

Chapter 44 Disgusted At Her

Gabrielle was deeply hurt by the words "You are not that valuable!"

It turned out Westley considered her so cheap.

Gabrielle took a cab to the riverside after she left the Vineyard Villa to get some fresh air.

However, she felt cold and uncomfortable.

Westley's words still hurt her. Gabrielle had never considered exchanging her body for money, but Westley appeared to treat her like a prostitute who had sex for money. ①

Westley despised her so much. He considered her as someone willing to go to any length for her own gain.

They were, after all, not a real couple. She didn't have to make a favorable impact on him. He had complete control of his thoughts.

The Jones Group's stock price continued to fall and they would go bankrupt if Westley didn't stop. She was not going to stand by and watch the Jones Group go through such an ordeal.

What she feared most was that he didn't care

about the Jones Group and he was determined to make their stock price nosedive.

Gabrielle's phone rang at that very moment. She was scared and her eyelids fluttered when realized Tobias was calling her. Gabrielle feared there could be some bad news.

"Father, what's up?" Gabrielle said in a low tone. She didn't want Tobias to notice how frightened she was. 3

"Gabrielle, I am confident you'll make us proud. You must have made a positive impression on Westley by putting in a good word for us. Jones Group's stock price started rising ten minutes ago and someone bought a large number of our shares. That's a positive development. Thank you for your assistance this time." Tobias was so excited.

Gabrielle was concerned that Westley would once again oppress the Jones and the Jones Group would be forced to shut down.

Gabrielle didn't anticipate him relinquishing control of the Jones Group for the time being. She was surprised.

"I didn't say anything, Father. It's awesome that Westley didn't place the Jones Group in a bad spot, but it also serves as a message to the Jones. I'm hoping you'll be able to locate

Bryce as soon as possible. As you can see, Westley isn't fond of me. He despises me so much. I'm not sure I can convince him to change his mind. I'm hoping you can figure out Bryce's whereabouts before he gets totally sick of me. Otherwise, no one will be able to save the Jones," Gabrielle said without holding back.

Even though Wendy knew Westley didn't like Gabrielle, she used a deplorable way to make Gabrielle Westley's wife. She expected Gabrielle to seduce and win him over, but she got nothing in return. Instead, the action only forced Westley to make things unbearable for the Jones Group. The best way to save the Jones Group was to track down Bryce and return Nellie as soon as possible.

This time, Westley let them off the hook. They might not be so lucky next time. If he became enraged, he would wreck the Jones Group.

"I understand you, Gabrielle. Your mother was so careless the last time. She had hoped it would be helpful if you two get together, but I didn't expect Westley to be so enraged. Is he treating you any differently now since you returned?" Tobias devoted much of his time and attention to his company and neglected his family, while Wendy had the final say at home. He was also saddened by Wendy's treatment of Gabrielle. Gabrielle was

consequences would be severe if Westley decided to look for him by himself. You really cannot afford it. His methods of retaliation have always been brutal." Gabrielle's tone relaxed, but she still sounded tough.

Tobias and Wendy couldn't afford to provoke Westley any longer because if Westley decided to look for Bryce all by himself he might ended up killing him.

"Okay, I know."

"Father, I have to go now. Bye." She hang up the phone.

Gabrielle walked around the riverbank with her arms crossed after she dropped the call. She felt as though the whole universe had turned its back on her.

Despite the shining sun, she was freezing. It took a long time for the cold to dissipate as she felt the cold all over her body.

She bought a lot of food and took a taxi to Sloane's house. She thought Sloane was still sleeping with a hangover. She entered the door password and was surprised as she met Sloane in the living room drying her hair. Sloane smiled as she was surprised to see Gabrielle.

"Here you are, Gabrielle. Are you alright?" Sloane asked after putting down the hair

dryer.

She felt relieved when she saw Gabrielle was cool and free of scars or bruises.

She was concerned that Westley would beat her up after he took her home last night as he seemed very upset. Thank goodness, he didn't.

"Everything is perfect with me. But I puked in Westley's car." Gabrielle arranged the items on the tea table and appeared to be relaxed while she told Sloane about what had happened.

Gabrielle avoided mentioning the fact that Westley and she had a sexual intercourse. She felt humiliated.

"That's good. But Westley must hate you very much since you vomited in his car," Sloane said, feeling sorry for Gabrielle.

He didn't anticipate such thing.

"It's so annoying. Perhaps, he wants me dead." Gabrielle sat on the sofa and opened the lunch box for Sloane.

"It isn't overly dramatic. He personally picked you up last night. He doesn't appear to despise you as much as it looks." Sloane was very drunk; she couldn't recall Westley's facial expression when he came, but she

knew Westley was angry.

Gabrielle was careful not to bring up Westley. She was still angry about what he had said before. He despised her so much.

not his biological daughter, but she had been raised in the Jones for the past two decades. She was much more responsible and well-behaved than Bryce. Gabrielle and the Jones would not have had to worry as much if Bryce hadn't taken Westley's fiancée away. ①

"Let go of the past, Father. I'm not going to say anything about it right now. My marriage with Westley is a ruse. We'll get divorced as soon as Nellie returns. From then on, we are strangers. So please don't coerce me into being with him; it's pointless. It would only increase his hatred for me and the Jones. If you want him to destroy the Jones sooner, you are free to do whatever you want." Gabrielle still felt bad because of Westley's unkind remarks, so she was very upset while talking to Tobias. ④

Tobias had always known that his adopted daughter was obedient and gentle, and couldn't disrespect others. Now that Gabrielle sounded so angry, it seemed that she was really annoyed. ③

"I am sorry, Gabrielle. I and your mother apologize for putting you in this precarious situation at this time. We'll be more cautious in the future and won't pose any problems for you."

Tobias confessed his guilt. ⑨

"Please look for Bryce, Father. The

Chapter 45 I Would Have Followed Mom To Heaven

"Have you eaten yet? No, I thought so. Me neither. I grabbed something to eat on my way here. For both of us," Gabrielle said, opening all the takeout containers.

She had brought four or five different dishes and some appetizers, which were more than enough for two people.

"Wow! You are the best friend anyone could ever ask for. I just rolled out of bed and I am starving. You know, you do live in the Vineyard Villa. Westley has surely hired one of the best chefs. It's such a pity you won't be eating there today, isn't it?" Sloane picked up the chopsticks and helped herself to a piece of chicken.

When a girl is starving, any food seems like heaven itself. Especially such a variety of delicacies.

"Westley hired the chef, not me. It wasn't my decision." Gabrielle passed a bowl of rice to Sloane, and they sat down to eat, opposite to each other.

Sloane had always felt that there was something bothering her friend, but Gabrielle didn't seem eager to discuss the matter, so

Sloane never asked.

After all, Gabrielle was one of the most capable people she knew. She could handle anything that came her way, so Sloane felt that there really was nothing she could help her friend with.

Before they were even done eating, Sloane's phone chimed. As she picked it up and saw it was a message from Benny, her face immediately fell.

"What's wrong? Is it Benny?" This was the very first thought Gabrielle had, after seeing the serious look on her friend's face.

Of all the people in the world, Benny was the only one who could make Sloane feel miserable and anxious in the blink of an eye.

"Yes, it's him. He asked me to meet later." Sloane didn't want to keep any secrets from Gabrielle. After all, her friend had always known how things were between her and Benny.

"Sloane, are you really considering seeing him?" Gabrielle looked at her wide-eyed. She knew for a fact that Benny was just as crazy as Westley.

The two of them could be described as a demon and the devil respectively. Was that description doing them justice? Probably not.

They were far worse than that.

"I really don't want to. I'd rather I never had to see him again for the rest of my life! But I have to go." As she finished her sentence, Sloane popped a piece of sweet and sour pork into her mouth, hoping that the flavor could help temporarily lessen the bitterness she felt.

That was what Benny had always brought in her life. Bitterness and pain. But she couldn't leave him.

Because he was the only person in the world that knew a secret Sloane would do anything to find out: the location of her mother's grave.

He had always been dangling this piece of information over her. When Sloane's mother and Benny's father had died in an airplane crash, she was still a child. And it was Benny who had to arrange both funerals.

Benny had never liked the fact that his father remarried. He never really accepted Sloane's mother as his stepmother and a member of the Hall family. So he didn't put her to rest next to his father, but he chose another grave for her.

As to the location of that grave, Benny had never revealed it to Sloane. She had begged him endlessly, but it was no use for her to

scream, cry or even refuse to eat a bite and let herself waste away. He wouldn't tell her anything other than to be a good girl and do as he said. And if she didn't give him a hard time, maybe she would find him in a good mood one day; good enough for him to spill the beans.

But it had been four, almost five years since the tragic accident, and Benny still hadn't told Sloane a thing. So she had no choice but to live under his thumb.

Gabrielle knew exactly how depressed and helpless her friend felt. After hearing that her mother was dead, Sloane was devastated. She ended up collapsing and it was like she was comatose for several days. When she finally woke up, her mother had already been put to the ground.

Benny never even mentioned where Sloane's mother was buried. He just reminded her, frequently, to be nice, or he would send her to meet her mother.

In an attempt to find the grave, the two of them had searched every cemetery in the city, checked every single headstone, but it was pointless.

There were just so many nameless graves. But then again, that was probably Benny's plan all along. He never put a name on the headstone on purpose, to keep Sloane from

finding it by herself.

After a while, Sloane gave up looking for her mother's grave altogether. She knew that as long as Benny didn't want her to know the location, she would never find it.

Even with Gabrielle by her side, she could not go against Benny.

"Sloane, I swear I will do anything to help you find your mother's grave. And as soon as we find it, you'll never have to put up with that horrible man again." Gabrielle promised her friend, in an attempt to comfort her.

But they both knew that no matter what they did, they would never find the grave. They had already tried everything. If they could do it, they would have found it years ago.

"Gabrielle, as long as I have you by my side, I know that one day I will finally get Benny to tell me where my mother is buried." Obviously, Sloane was the more optimistic of the two.

Even after having tried everything to get Benny to give her what she wanted. Even after all her attempts had been thwarted by that ruthless brute.

Over the years, Sloane had stopped trying to push Benny. He would tell her whenever he wanted to. It didn't matter anyway. Her

now.

"If you weren't by my side supporting me, comforting me, I am sure I would have followed my mother a long time ago. To be with her forever in heaven," Sloane said as she leaned back, looking calm and collected.

Sure, she was talking about herself, but it seemed as though there was a double meaning to her words. Like she was also talking about someone else.

It was good seeing Sloane calm like she now was, but her words filled Gabrielle with sadness.

"Sloane, are you crazy? What do you mean you were going to follow your mother? Do you think that's what she would have wanted? Well, I think she would have been furious to hear you talk like that." Gabrielle walked up to Sloane and held her hand.

"Don't be silly! I just said that would happen if I didn't have you. But you are here. How could I ever leave you alone?" Sloane smiled at Gabrielle and pulled her in a tight hug.

"Sloane, all your mother ever wanted is for you to be happy. I am sure that's what she still wants. So, be happy and your mother's soul will be at peace. Never give up on yourself," Gabrielle told Sloane. But in truth, it wasn't just her friend she was trying to

convince. It was also herself. 4



Chapter 46 I Don't Want To Find My Natural Parents

Children who grew up without parents are usually because of two reasons. Either the parents died in a horrific accident, or they abandoned their child at a young age. Gabrielle was the latter. Despite this, Sloane still wanted to let them know that their daughter was all grown up and living a wonderful life.

"Gabrielle, have you ever thought about looking for your actual parents? Were you ever curious about what they looked like?" Sloane asked out of the blue.

It wasn't the first time that Gabrielle was asked such a question. After all, it was well known that she was the adopted daughter of the Jones.

Being abandoned in an orphanage, Gabrielle often thought about what truly happened to her parents.

If they were already dead, it was a straightforward thing to accept it. But if they were still alive, it was natural for someone like her to want to know what they were like.

"No, I don't want to look for them. I don't think that there's any need to figure out what

they're like. Also, if they're still alive to this day, they probably wouldn't want to face me after being away for so long. I don't want to go through so much trouble just to cause problems for everyone involved," Gabrielle calmly replied. A hint of sorrow could be seen in her eyes.

If her parents were still out there somewhere, Gabrielle felt that she didn't need to look for them anymore. Additionally, she knew it was more troublesome to track down her real parents than to deal with Tobias and Wendy.

Even though Tobias and Wendy had done some questionable things in the past, they did a good job raising Gabrielle as their adopted daughter.

The couple's kindness and generosity bore fruit to a wonderful woman.

Something like that definitely deserves a lifetime of gratitude.

"I'm sorry, Gabrielle. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable." Sloane quickly apologized when she noticed Gabrielle's gloomy expression. It wasn't her intention to bring up such sad memories for her friend. She was just curious.

Looking for parents who abandoned their child was a task full of uncertainty. That was why Gabrielle had made up her mind not to

look for them. There was a big chance that meeting them would end badly. The act of leaving someone at such a young age made it clear that her parents had no intention of having a daughter.

"You don't have to apologize. Why would I feel sad? I've already accepted the fact that my real parents didn't want me. There's no use trying to understand their actions. Especially when I haven't even met them at all," Gabrielle said while trying her best to calm down. Even if she denied feeling down, she knew how miserable she looked at that moment.

"Alright, I won't talk about it anymore. By the way, do you have any plans for later tonight? I'll go out in a bit to look for Benny. Do you want to come with me? Go back to the Vineyard Villa? Or stay here?" Sloane quickly changed the topic.

Benny asked Sloane to meet him at half past five. Having known the man for so long, she knew that if she arrived late, even by a little, Benny would have a fit of rage.

"I can't go with you. I have something to do later. Why does Benny want to see you? Did he give you a reason?" Gabrielle asked.

"He didn't. He just told me to meet him at the company at 5:30. One time, he got so drunk that I had to clean up his mess. When

he sobered up, he still found a reason to be mad at me. That's just how he is. I'm used to it," Sloane answered with a sorrowful look on her face.

No matter how bad it was, Sloane wasn't the type of person who would complain.

"If you can't take it anymore, leave him, Sloane." Gabrielle couldn't bear to be in the same room as Benny. After all, he would always treat Sloane poorly. One would think that after living under the same roof for ten years, the siblings would learn how to treat each other better. However, Benny was still as rude as ever to his sister.

"If I ignore him, he'll come to find me and cause trouble. Don't fret. I'm used to being bullied. I can handle it." Sloane reassured Gabrielle that there was nothing to worry about. 4

Hearing this, Gabrielle gave in and tried to stop looking so concerned.

Around half past five, Gabrielle arrived in front of the Beautiful Encounter Restaurant.

Although their dinner reservation was at six o'clock, Gabrielle left with Sloane, so she arrived a bit early.

But since she was there to show her gratitude, she didn't mind waiting for him at all.

When she walked inside the restaurant, she noticed that there were a lot of couples there. Some held each other's hands on the table. Others would act lovey-dovey while eating. But the most eye-catching of them all was the couple who paid no attention to their food and just longingly stared into each other's eyes. 3

At that moment, Gabrielle couldn't help but think if she was in the wrong restaurant.

"Good evening, Miss. Do you have a reservation?" a waiter politely asked.

"Yes, I do. I think it's under the name, Gabrielle," she quickly answered, thinking that Mia would reserve the seats under that name.

"Ahh, yes. You have a reservation for two at six o'clock. Please, follow me to your table." The waiter led her inside.

The closer they got to the table, the more confused Gabrielle became. It was like the restaurant was made purely for couples. There wasn't a single table where it was just friends or a family celebrating something.

"Here we are, Miss Jones. Would you like to order now or later?"

"I'll order my food in a little bit. For now, I'll

just have a cup of ice coffee, please. By the way, I'm just curious, is this a restaurant specifically for couples?" Gabrielle couldn't resist asking after what she saw.

"No, we do not cater to couples only. But because of the restaurant's name, they always come here for dinner. On any given night, about 70% of our customers are lovebirds."

Hearing the waiter's explanation, she couldn't help but feel a little anxious.

Would Micheal misunderstand her intentions if he saw what this place was like?

Since Mia was the one who chose their meeting place, it was hard not to think that she did it on purpose. ③

Because of that, Gabrielle took out her phone and sent a text to Mia. "Miss Robinson, I'm at the restaurant right now. Did you make a mistake with the reservation?"

Mia replied in less than a minute. "I don't believe so, Miss Jones. Their chef is famous for having worked at multiple three-star Michelin restaurants, and their reviews have all been phenomenal. Is there something wrong?"

After reading Mia's explanation, Gabrielle was left speechless. ①

It seemed that Gabrielle had completely misunderstood the situation. Mia wasn't trying to be a matchmaker. She just wanted them to go and try one of the best restaurants nearby. 4

A few minutes later, Micheal arrived. When he saw how many couples there were in the restaurant, he couldn't hide his shock. But because of all the harsh things he'd been through in life, he managed to keep his composure and casually sat in front of Gabrielle. 1

"Miss Jones, sorry to keep you waiting." Micheal greeted her politely and confidently. 2

"No problem, Mr. Robinson. I just arrived a little earlier than you. Would you like to order our food now or drink something first?" Gabrielle responded courteously, but her eyes were filled with distress. Having dinner in such a restaurant made her feel tense. To make matters worse, they were surrounded by lovey-dovey couples which could lead to Micheal misunderstanding things.

Feeling a bit hungry, he chose to order right away. He took the menu and started looking through it. While doing so, he asked Gabrielle about her favorite dishes. As a fine gentleman, he knew how important it was to give ladies the freedom to choose whatever they want.

"I'm alright with anything except seafood. Just order what you want. I'm not a picky eater," Gabrielle meekly answered.

"You're allergic to seafood?" Micheal asked with a doubtful look on his face. ①

Chapter 47 See Westley With Someone Else

Noticing the way Micheal stared at her unnerved Gabrielle and made her look at him uneasily. Was it a bad thing to be allergic to seafood?

"Mr. Robinson, what's wrong?" Gabrielle asked in a low voice.

"You didn't book the table in this restaurant, right?" Micheal fixed his eyes on Gabrielle for a while.

The most popular dish in this restaurant was made of seafood. Why had Gabrielle selected this particular restaurant if she was allergic to seafood? She had placed herself in an awkward situation. ¹

"What?" Gabrielle sipped on her cup of ice coffee. She was taken aback by his question.

She didn't book the table; she had asked Mia to do that. Would Micheal think that she was not sincere to invite him to dinner?

"Miss Jones, you may not be aware, but this restaurant's most prominent dish is the lobster. What's the point of dining here if you can't enjoy its signature dish?" His voice was not loud, but firm. Gabrielle blushed at his remarks. ²

"Mr. Robinson, I'm sorry. I asked Miss Robinson to book the table for me, as I had no idea which restaurant is better. Don't you like the food here?" Gabrielle felt a little embarrassed.

She had wanted to thank Micheal for saving her life, and she thought choosing a restaurant would be a great way to do so. Little did she realize she would end up feeling embarrassed.

"Yes, it's a nice restaurant, but I don't think you'd enjoy the food here, seeing as you can't have seafood," Micheal responded in a calmer voice.

"But it doesn't matter. There are many other dishes here, apart from seafood. Don't worry, I can eat something else. The most important thing is that you have a hearty meal here and enjoy your time." Gabrielle smiled at Micheal and breathed a sigh of relief as she relaxed a little.

As long as Micheal enjoyed the meal, it didn't matter whether the food was according to her preferences or not.

After all, Micheal was the one she invited to the dinner tonight, and not the other way around.

"You can serve the dishes now. And please,

this lady is allergic to seafood so be mindful to keep the dishes separate. If there is a mess-up, I'm afraid your restaurant will be responsible for it," Micheal reminded the waitress seriously. ³

"I see, I will definitely inform the chef. Please wait a moment." The waitress casted a quick glance at both of them, admiring Micheal's charm in expressing his concern for the lady. ⁴

She was very envious of her! ¹

'Sure enough, the other women's boyfriends are better than mine,' thought the waitress.

Gabrielle was stunned as she noticed the way the waitress scanned both of them. Had she misunderstood something? ²

"Mr. Robinson, I appreciate it, but you don't have to show consideration for me. I invited you to dinner just to express my gratitude to you,"

Gabrielle said seriously.

"Miss Jones, you fell into the river because of Mia's playfulness. Of course I saved you; it was the only way! Our Robinson family owe a debt of gratitude to you, so it should be me who invites you for a meal as a way of thanks." Micheal shrugged, as a matter-of-fact.

"Mr. Robinson, it's my treat today,"

said Gabrielle immediately, as soon as she understood Micheal's insinuations.

"Okay, but the next time I invite you to dinner, I will suggest a restaurant without seafood." Micheal didn't like to owe favors to others. He drew a distinct line between himself and people, because he preferred not to be burdened with unnecessary worries.

"Mr. Robinson, I think you may have misunderstood something." Gabrielle looked at him with a trace of hesitancy in her eyes.

"Oh, Miss Jones, tell me what it is I misunderstood." Micheal took a sip of water and looked at her expectantly as he waited for her response.

"Here's the thing, Mr. Robinson. I'm married. I invited you to dinner just to thank you for saving my life, and Miss Robinson helped me book the table in this restaurant. That's it. I'm afraid that you may have misunderstood my intentions," Gabrielle calmly explained. ⁵

Upon hearing that, Micheal didn't seem surprised at all. Instead, he wore a slight smile on his face. "I know."

"You know?" Gabrielle stared at him in disbelief.

"I'm sorry, Miss Jones. I'm afraid I shouldn't have mentioned such a matter. It's your private affair with Westley after all." Noticing Gabrielle's continued silence, Micheal made an apology at once. No wonder why they married, but still, it was none of his business.

"Mr. Robinson, it's okay. You don't have to apologize to me." Gabrielle hurriedly waved her hand. She felt embarrassed that he was apologizing to her, and wanted to move on from this topic.

"As Mia's friend, please feel free to treat me as your brother from now on. If you have anything you need help with or want to talk about, I'm here. You know I'm able to settle matters easily." Micheal seamlessly changed the topic. ⑥

The dishes then arrived, and they were momentarily distracted from their conversation. Gabrielle turned her head around the restaurant and she looked out of the window. Her eye caught a familiar black Cayenne driving towards the parking lot of the restaurant. Her curiosity was aroused as she continued to stare at the vehicle in anticipation.

When she saw the man getting out of the car, her eyes widened in surprise.

It was none other than Westley!

After unloading a barrage of unkind words to her in the afternoon, here he suddenly appeared, at the same restaurant she was having dinner at. Could he know she was dining with Micheal and had come to whisk her away? ①

Gabrielle trembled with fear at the thought of that. But then ... she saw a slender woman in a blue dress get out of a white car nearby to the Cayenne. She walked directly to Westley. Although Gabrielle's view was somewhat obscured, it seemed as though they knew each other well—almost too well. ③

"Miss Jones, what are you looking at?" Micheal noticed Gabrielle's gaze out of the window. He knew she seemed distraught, because she hadn't even realized all the dishes had been served.

Chapter 48 A Dead Person Could Always Be Forgotten

"I'm sorry. I thought I saw someone I know." Gabrielle felt nervous as she looked away.

It seemed that Westley had no idea that she was having dinner here. Not that he wanted to be informed of her every move. He went to that restaurant to have a dinner with another woman, and not to give any attention to Gabrielle. But unconsciously, Gabrielle was somewhat uncomfortable. 4

"The food is ready. Let's eat first before anything else," Michael said while glancing at her.

Gabrielle picked up her chopsticks to eat. As they ate quietly, she could not stop herself from secretly glancing at the entrance of the restaurant for unknown reason. And she found out why when she saw Westley entered the entrance with a woman walking beside him. The woman was wearing a blue sophisticated dress. Westley looked like he was assisting the woman, but Gabrielle noticed the small distance between them.

Fortunately, Gabrielle was sitting in the far part of the restaurant, and there were big plants to cover her. Westley didn't notice Gabrielle which made Gabrielle feel relief in

her heart. 'He can't find me anyway. I guess it is for the best, ' Gabrielle said to herself while looking straight at Westley.

But it was too early for Gabrielle to feel relieved about not crossing a glance with Westley. The man she was looking at intently, took a sit sideways on the other row aligned to their seat. Westley suddenly looked up at Gabrielle making the woman feel a sudden shock to her heart. 'Our eyes met!' she screamed at her brain. ②

She immediately looked down at her chopsticks. She tried her best to act that she didn't see Westley, but it was too late.

Fate was really something. The two of them went to the same restaurant to have dinner with their different partners. They even sat across to each other, which made their situation unbelievably funny. ⑤

'This coincidence was so dramatic!'

Gabrielle could not stop her eyes from wondering at the sudden changes on Westley's expression. At that moment, Gabrielle immediately knew what he was thinking. So she picked her phone in her purse and typed a message for him.

'Let's talk after this dinner.' Gabrielle then sent the message to Westley.

Westley's phone vibrated for the message, but instead of unlocking his phone, he ignored it. He didn't have any intentions on talking to Gabrielle even for a second, because he noticed it was Micheal that sat opposite to Gabrielle.

He was thinking that Micheal was the one who saved Gabrielle from that cold night. He thought that dinner was a reward Micheal deserved a little.

Besides, Holly was sitting in front of him. He couldn't afford to give his full attention to the woman far from his side.

"Westley," Holly called him. He immediately gave Holly his curious look. "What do you want to eat? I heard that the restaurant's specialty was lobster. They said it was delicious enough to be the best lobster food in the place. I think we should try that," Holly said to him as she was glancing at the menu.

When Westley heard the word lobster, he immediately thought of Gabrielle, who was allergic to it. Unconsciously, he immediately refused Holly's suggestion. "Anything is okay, but not seafood." 4

Holly looked at Westley as she lowered the menu. She was confused at what Westley said. "Are you okay? Last time we ate seafood,

you liked it very much. Is something bothering you? Are you stressed at your work? Or maybe..." She trailed off before looking at Westley seriously. "You don't want to have dinner with me? Or this restaurant is not to your taste?"

"No, that's not it. I'm sorry. The restaurant is good. I think I'm just a little tired from work like what you've said." Westley's eyes were uneasy. He kept on glancing secretly at Gabrielle's seat from time to time.

'Why did that woman chose a restaurant like this? To have dinner with that Micheal and to look like a couple in the eyes of others? What was she thinking? Hooking up with that man? I bet she lost her mind already if that was the case.' Westley couldn't stop his mind to have thoughts that made his heart uneasy. 12

Westley threw a glare at Gabrielle, who was busy eating her food with Micheal. 'Does she think she's divorced? She's making me crazy, really.' 4

"Then, shall we order steak instead? I am also not in the mood to have seafood so this works fine," Holly softly said as she noticed Westley's spacing out. She was admiring Westley as she was looking at him. Her heart was loud, but she tried her best to stay calm and collected in front of the man she liked.

'This man is really perfect. For sure, he is

living now.

"Holly, you don't have to apologize to me. You are the closest friend of Helena. She will be very happy in heaven when she knows how you still remember her after so many years," Westley said in a serious and firm tone.

Holly was not surprised at all. She thought that Westley was thinking Helena. ①

"I really miss her, Westley. I remembered the promise we both made. We talked about designing the most beautiful jewelry for each other, but I would never be able to wear the jewelry designed by Helena. This is the most regretful thing in my life. I originally wanted to design wedding jewelry sets for her when she married you, but I couldn't do it anymore." Holly bit her tongue and pretended to be sad. ②

Westley looked at her, but didn't say anything. He was giving her time to be emotional as she remembered her old friend. But he didn't have any intention to comfort her while his mind was busy thinking about other woman. He raised his head and glanced at Gabrielle. He didn't know what she was talking about with Micheal but must be a funny thing. She seemed to be in a good mood. That scene played in his mind multiple times and he got annoyed by it. ⑦

He gritted his teeth as he was shooting glares to Gabrielle and Micheal. 'What a scheming woman!' he angrily thought. 4

"By the way, Westley, where is Nellie? I should have asked her to have dinner with us. But I failed to get in touch with her. The last time you were engaged to her, I didn't come back because of work. But I promise when you two get married, I will personally design a set of jewelry for her and make her the most beautiful bride in the world. Isn't your wedding coming near? Or it's not? I believe Helena will be very happy when you marry Nellie. You will be the son-in-law of the Collins after all." Holly said it with a smile on her lips. But little did he know, she was biting her tongue to hide her disappointment and pain.

Holly didn't know what was on Westley's mind. He didn't like Nellie at all. Never in his life. The Collins was the one who asked them to get engaged, and he agreed without hesitation. Even if he wanted to repay Helena, he couldn't repay her with his whole life. 3

How could a woman like Nellie be a good wife to Westley?'

In particular, Collins just took advantage of Westley. Even though Helena was dead, the Collins wanted to have a relationship with

Chapter 49 Westley, I'm Scared

There was no need to prepare any ornaments and jewelry for Nellie since she had already eloped with Bryce from the marriage.

He would never had married her even if Nellie happened to come back. ②

"What's wrong?" Holly asked straight away.

From Westley's words, it was evident that there would be something wrong in his relationship with Nellie. If it was true, Holly's wish for their break up would be fulfilled.

"Is Nellie crossed with you? Considering her young age, it is normal for her to be willful. It is natural for a couple to have conflicts, but young girls need to be coaxed. Besides, it can also be a result of premarital phobia that she is mad at you. The best thing to change her intentions in this scenario is to make her happy and coax her." Holly gave Westley a kind look.

Young age was not an excuse to be willful.

If factor of age was considered, then Gabrielle was even younger than Nellie but she had never been so willful.

It seemed inappropriate for Nellie to run away from the wedding since getting married

is a significant event in one's life. If she was not into him, he would never have insisted on her marrying him. Back then, the Collins forced him to get engaged to her. If she was unwilling to tie the knot of marriage, she could have refused the engagement at that time.

"Let's have dinner first." When the meal was served, Westley started having it. He cut the steak with knife and fork. He was clearly not in a mood to discuss Nellie.

From Westley's expressions, Holly assumed that he might be at odds with Nellie.

For Holly, the bigger the conflict between them was, the better it would be. She wanted their marriage to be called off. She was of the view that Nellie was not a patch on Helena, so she didn't deserve to marry Westley at all.

Gabrielle felt uncomfortable all over. Although Westley cut the steak, she deeply felt that he treated the steak as her.

"Miss Jones, you don't look well. Are these dishes not to your taste?" Micheal asked Gabrielle when he noticed that she seemed distracted.

"No. The dishes are scrumptious. I ate too many snacks with my best friend this afternoon, so I do not have an appetite now. I'm sorry." Gabrielle looked at Micheal all

embarrassed.

She and Sloane had lunch pretty late, followed by fruits and snacks, so it was true indeed. At the moment, she was feeling full.

"Well, if so, you can just sit with me for a while. You will feel uncomfortable if you will overeat." Micheal was quite considerate.

If Micheal and Westley were to be compared, Micheal was much gentler and nicer in Gabrielle's opinion. Westley, she thought, was an evil demon.

Gabrielle avoided looking at Westley and resumed eating food.

Micheal wanted to give her a lift after the supper.

"No, thanks, Mr. Robinson. I can go back by myself. You can leave now." Gabrielle refused his kind offer.

The reason behind rejecting his kindness was that Westley had sent her a message, asking her to wait for him at the roadside of the restaurant.

Gabrielle had no choice but to agree.

Micheal had signs of worry for Gabrielle. "Miss Jones, I had a word with Mia that I would send you back in person."

"Mr. Robinson, if you don't tell her about this, how could she know? Besides, she must want us to be in a relationship. She doesn't know that I have tied the knot of marriage already. If I tell her that I'm married, she is probably unwilling to let you be so intimate to me," Gabrielle said euphemistically. 3

Upon hearing the remarks of Gabrielle, Micheal got in the car and drove away.

Gabrielle walked to the street lamp at the roadside and gazed at the exit of the restaurant, but Westley did not show up even after a considerable amount of time.

Westley did not tell her an estimated time when he would come out, although, just now he watched them leave the restaurant and texted her.

He did not show up even after ten minutes passed.

Gabrielle could not stand it anymore after a wait of good thirty minutes. She took out her cell phone to ask Westley about any update. When she was about to send a message, she noticed a white car that belonged to the lady who was accompanying Westley at the dinner. She lost her temper when she came to know that he deliberately fooled her, making her wait at the roadside for half an hour.

Suddenly, her phone rang and a name displayed on the screen. It was Sloane.

"Hello, Sloane."

"Gabrielle, where are you at the moment? I had been hit by someone... Come over here..."

Although Sloane could not deliver a coherent talk, Gabrielle got that she was beaten up by someone.

"Sloane, could you let me know your location?"

She stood up right away, signs of worry all over her face.

"Brilliance Hotel. Come over here... Ah..."

Sloane cried out in pain and agony, and the phone call was ended.

Gabrielle hurried to hail a taxi, but she could not find one.

She gave a call to Westley right away since he had left a short while ago.

"Gabrielle, have you called to apologize for the way you talked to me?" Westley questioned in a cold and arrogant voice.

It was once in a while that his tone seemed

pleasant to her instead of the usual annoying voice.

"Westley, where are you? Come back and pick me up. I have something urgent to deal with. Could you please make it quick?" It seemed obvious from her voice that Gabrielle was completely frightened by Sloane's cry.

"Gabrielle, what actually is wrong with you?" Westley was taken aback when he heard Gabrielle's anxious and nervous voice.

"Can you come here at your earliest? Hurry up... I'm scared..." Holding the phone in hands, Gabrielle burst into tears. She was afraid that Sloane would die if she went there a little later.

"Gabrielle, don't cry. Stay where you are. I'm coming as soon as I can," Westley said in response.

He really went quite far.

Gabrielle left the place without any more wait. She did not leave a text for him either.

After she moved a hundred meters straight ahead, Westley's black Cayenne approached her and he honked at her.

Gabrielle continued walking furiously.

"Gabrielle, get in the car!" Westley shouted at her as he rolled down the window.

"No. Westley, you've gone too far. Isn't it fun to play a trick on me?" Gabrielle flew into a rage at the moment. She was not afraid of him anymore! ②

"Gabrielle, how can you cross with me when you came here to have dinner with another man behind my back? Are you looking for a new spouse? Micheal is a man of good character. But if he has knowledge about your marriage, is he willing to marry you?" Westley snapped back furiously. ①

Gabrielle was so angry after hearing Westley's judgmental deductions that she almost went crazy. How could Westley make such rude remarks?

"Westley, what are you talking about? I don't have such an intention at all. Previously, you

lied about saving my life. It was, in fact, Micheal who came to rescue me by jumping into the river. This dinner was a token of thanks to him for blessing me with a new life. I do not see anything wrong with it. Besides, you also took another woman to have dinner with. If you can go out to have dinner with people of your choice, why can't I do that?" Gabrielle was so annoyed that she uttered those words without a second thought. 5

If Westley could utter mean and harsh words, why couldn't she? 1

She could not give him the leverage of bullying her all the time.

"Are you going to continue arguing with me at the roadside? I repeat my words. Do you want to get in the car?" Westley was not in the mood to reason with her anymore. He clearly had not expected her to have a shorter temper than him. 5

"No way!" Gabrielle replied decisively.

Westley preferred to stay silent. He rolled down the window and drove along the road swiftly.

The black car proceeded and left her behind. Gabrielle felt inexplicably aggrieved and sat down at the roadside, tears threatening to drop.

Only a few people knew that she was married.

"Miss Jones, I'm sorry. I've checked your background and found that you're married. Your husband is Westley. Yes, it was me who jumped into the river and rescued you that night, but Westley was the one who took you to the hospital." Micheal was firm, without any hint of guilt in his voice.

Gabrielle didn't stir upon hearing this. Either way, it would've been easy for Micheal to investigate her and gauge her background.

But what surprised her was another piece of information: Westley had taken her to the hospital that night? ②

"Miss Jones, I don't know why you and Westley got married, but I can see that you are not in a good relationship. If you need any help, just let me know. After all, it's quite rare that Mia likes someone so much; she has very few friends, you see. But she told me that you are her friend and asked me to take good care of you. And I would like to honor that." Micheal didn't seem to be joking. ②

Gabrielle didn't have the courage to look into his eyes. She had married Westley as a scapegoat—there was indeed no love between them.

Chapter 50 Sloane Was Bleeding

Westley drove back to the restaurant and found Gabrielle squatting on the roadside five hundred meters away from the intersection. Her helpless and pitiful disposition made her look like an abandoned child. ①

The moment she heard Westley's car come to a screeching halt in front of her, Gabrielle looked up. She was relieved to see Westley somehow. She tried to get up and open the door but sat back immediately. Her feet were numb and could barely move.

Seeing how weak and debilitated she was, Westley pushed the door open, got out of the car, and walked up to her.

"Since when did you become so weak, Gabrielle?" he asked. His words were dripping with sarcasm, of course.

"I...I just sprained my ankle, so I had to sit down. And my legs have gone numb after sitting for such a long time," Gabrielle replied, faintly. She looked up at Westley with red eyes. It was clear as day that she had been crying.

Westley was still angry with her, but when he saw how vulnerable and pale she looked, he cooled down. What was it about women that bothered him so much?

He bent down and took her in his arms.

"Oh! You don't have to carry me, Westley. It's only a slight sprain. It's not that serious..." Gabrielle reasoned.

She wasn't used to being cared for by Westley like this. She would rather he treated her with indifference like any other day.

"Shut up," snapped Westley. "Stop wasting my time and lean on me. The rest of us haven't been sitting idle like you. We have places to be... Things to do!" Westley threw her unceremoniously into the passenger seat and returned to the driver's seat, after flashing her a cold glance. ①

Gabrielle fastened her seatbelt quietly, knowing all too well that Westley was right. He took time out of his busy schedule to come back and pick her up, after all. He didn't have to do that. She thought it best to not argue anymore.

"I need to go to the Brilliance Hotel, Westley," she said, with urgency. "Please get us there as soon as you can. And, thanks... for everything." She blushed sheepishly as she added that last sentence. Gabrielle took out her phone and frantically dialed Sloane several times, but there was no answer. This upset Gabrielle and made her even more anxious than she already was.

Sloane had told her that she went to the Hall Group to look for Benny in the afternoon. So, why was she beaten up at the Brilliance Hotel tonight? It didn't make sense.

Did this have anything to do with Benny? On that note, Gabrielle called Benny.

He didn't answer the phone either. 'What is he doing?' Gabrielle wondered.

Westley drove the car fast. He glanced sideways at Gabrielle and saw the frightened look on her face. "Gabrielle..." he started.

"I know what you want to say to me, Westley," she interjected. "I had dinner with Micheal tonight only to thank him for saving my life. It didn't mean anything else. If you are still angry with me, punish me later, okay? I have to save my best friend. I'm scared she'll be in bigger trouble if I reach too late. I'm begging you." Gabrielle's eyes pleaded with Westley's.

Westley only wanted to ask her how her leg was feeling. But now it didn't seem as important. Her friend was in danger and needed their help, so that was what he would focus on right now.

He hit the pedal to the floor and sped up. They arrived at the gate of the Brilliance Hotel in a matter of minutes.

her.

And now, he suddenly wanted to know everything, more than ever.

'Look at her go, ' he thought. Only a while ago, she had sprained her ankle. But the way she was fighting right now, it didn't seem like she was in any pain at all. 2

"Ah!" Sloane screamed in pain and collapsed after one of the women hit her arm with the sharp heel of her shoe.

"Sloane!" Gabrielle shouted. In that nanosecond that Gabrielle looked at Sloane, she got kicked hard from behind and tumbled forward. Fortunately, she recovered quickly and stood up steadily, albeit with indignation.

"Stop this at once!" Westley shouted in a cold voice. The women stopped fighting, startled to hear a man's voice out of nowhere. They all looked at him.

How ironic was this? These women, who one would expect to dress beautifully and walk daintily, were in shambles: tangled hair, smudged make-up, and torn dresses.

'They all looked terrible, ' he thought.

"Westley, go to the back entrance," Gabrielle uttered. She didn't see Sloane at the gate, so she figured the back entrance would be a good place to look for her.

'How dare she order me about? Who does she think she is?' thought Westley. He had never been ordered to do anything before. But it wasn't the right time to argue. Finding and saving Sloane was more important.

When they pulled up to the back, Gabrielle gasped. There Sloane was, in a fight with three voluptuous women. And it looked like she was losing. ¹

Before the car came to a complete halt, Gabrielle had already pushed open the door and gotten out of the car. She kicked off her shoes and ran towards Sloane's attackers. 'Those Taekwondo lessons she took with Bryce will finally pay off,' she thought.

Gabrielle could easily resist and sidestep the attackers. She didn't even need to retaliate that hard. But one look at Sloane lying on the ground with a bloody face was enough. Gabrielle went crazy. Her blood began to boil and her eyes gleamed with rage.

"Sloane! Are you okay?" Gabrielle asked as she knelt in front of her.

Sloane took a deep breath and smiled at her. "Gabrielle, you're here!" she exclaimed. "I

knew you'd come for me. I'm fine. Now, let's beat those bitches to death!"

As soon as Sloane uttered those words, Gabrielle, who was ready to cry, burst into laughter instead. "Okay. Let's get them! How dare they bully you like this?" Gabrielle growled, looking at Sloane's attackers menacingly.

"You're going to pay, bitches! Nobody beats my friend so brutally and gets away with it!" Gabrielle stood up and tied the lower part of her long dress to her waistband. She glared at the three women fiercely. She was ready. ①

The attackers were visibly worn out from fighting with Sloane, but when they saw another woman appearing, they gathered themselves and prepared to fight again.

"Looks like you have a death wish, bitch," spat one of the women. "But if that's what you want, we'll gladly help you get there."

"Who are you, anyway?" sneered another. "After all, we need a name and address to send your corpses to." Gabrielle's lip curled slightly, betraying her composed face.

Now, she was really annoyed. Not only did these women beat her best friend, but also thought they would be able to knock her out.

"You want to be reckless, that's on you,"

mocked the third one. "I guess we'll just have to send you and Sloane to the crematory today."

Gabrielle was done talking. She lifted her foot, ready to fight.

In a flash, the three women ambushed her. They were at each other's throats. Sloane, who had been lying on the floor, joined the fight with renewed energy.

Meanwhile, Westley had been a few steps behind Gabrielle. When he entered the scene, it was far from anything imaginable. The brawling women were a shocking sight indeed. He had never seen women fight so fiercely before.

It looked like Gabrielle had the upper hand, but her face was red from being slapped and her arm was scratched and bleeding.

Her long dress was tied up around her thigh, and her white, slender legs caught Westley's eye. When she lifted her leg to kick her opponent, he couldn't help but notice how agile she was. He didn't know Gabrielle could be so aggressive.

He could tell that she had practiced that kick many times before. 'What else could she do?' he wondered.

Clearly, there was a lot he didn't know about