

Chapter 101 A Creature From Another World

"Sure thing, but is today your actual birthday?" Sophie went around the room in search of a lighter.

"No, it's just I have never received such a pretty cake on my special day. No one knows when my real birthday is. In the Jones family, we only celebrate the day that they took me in. Although they are reluctant in throwing parties for me, I'm still thankful and glad to call them my family," Gabrielle said, her eyes gleaming with contentment.

She most likely would still be living in an orphanage or hustling on the streets if Tobias and Wendy hadn't taken her to the Jones family.

Under their wing, Gabrielle didn't have to worry about meeting the different needs in her life. It didn't matter to her what other people have said, she was extremely grateful for everything that had been given to her.

Sophie felt a tear fall down her cheek as she smiled happily at Gabrielle upon hearing her touching story.

Gabrielle's words caught Westley's ear. He stopped to look at her through the French

window.

She had put on a white cartoon nightdress after her shower. It gave off a girlish appeal instead of the usual sexy tone. Westley had found it rather attractive.

Gabrielle was all smiles as she picked up a candle and inserted it eagerly into the cake.

She turned her head expectantly towards Sophie.

"Have you gotten the lighter yet? Did you find it?" Gabrielle was getting distressed.

Sophie inspected all the cabinets in the living room and the kitchen but was unable to locate one.

After all, Sophie was new to the villa. She had yet to familiarize herself with the surroundings, let alone know where a lighter was being kept.

"Gabrielle, I apologize as I couldn't find any. It might have been hidden away or there's simply none at all in this house." Sophie approached her with a sorry face.

She was truly disappointed to have come up with nothing after seeing Gabrielle filled with excitement and expectation to finally light the candles and make a wish.

Without a lighter, Gabrielle couldn't do either. She was feeling downcast as her eyes fell to the floor. ①

But she didn't want Sophie to feel any ounce of guilt, so she mustered up a forced smile. "No worries, Sophie. It's not necessary anyway. Let's just cut the cake and then we can eat it."

"Gabrielle, I'm really sorry for letting you down." Sophie was still feeling at fault. If only Mr. Morris were here, he would have a lighter with him as he was a smoker.

"Oh dear, I remember where I can light the candle..."

"Excuse me, Sophie, I heard that you're in need of a lighter." Westley's voice was heard coming from the door.

As soon as Sophie laid her eyes on Westley, she felt a glimmer of hope and trotted towards him. "Mr. Morris, I thought you had left? Why are you back here all of a sudden?"

Gabrielle looked at Westley and waited for his answer. Sophie had told her that he had left immediately after giving the cake.

Why did he return? ①

Gabrielle's comfort and inner peace was

compromised with Westley's presence.

And she certainly didn't need his lighter. Gabrielle realized she could light the candles instead by using the fire on the kitchen's gas stove.

"Gabrielle, we finally have a lighter. You can now use it for your candles." Sophie handed the lighter with a dark silver pattern over to her.

Gabrielle paused briefly to think if she should accept.

"Sophie, you go ahead and do it for me please."

It was obvious that Gabrielle didn't want to take it.

She always had a feeling that anything Westley owned would go against her like its master. If his lighter broke, she had no money to pay for it.

"I'm afraid it would be better if you do it. These candles are yours to make a wish on. It will more likely come true if you light them yourself," Sophie said cheerfully.

Upon hearing her words, Gabrielle was convinced that it was a huge setup. Since when did Sophie become so superstitious?

"Gabrielle, is it because it's mine? If you don't want to take it, then be my guest. Don't even bother with the cake. I was the one who brought it here after all." Westley's jaw tightened.

The hesitation in Gabrielle's face was as clear as daylight. He quickly assumed that her behavior was driven by the fact that he owned the lighter.

Westley slowly felt bitterness creeping into his heart. ③

After seeing his darkened demeanor, she snatched the lighter from Sophie's hand. "You make a good point. I should light the candles myself as it is my wish. In this way, God will see my sincerity and hopefully grant my heart's desires."

Wearing a big smile on her face, Gabrielle glanced at Westley to make sure that he approved. She looked at Sophie and secretly let out a sigh of relief. ②

It was common knowledge that one should not get in Westley's nerves. Gabrielle knew that doing so would come at a high price.

She hurriedly lit the candles and closed her eyes solemnly. "I shall make a wish now."

Gabrielle bowed her head and whispered

fervently, clasping her hands together.

Westley took this moment to study her small and fair-skinned face. There were still a few scars here and there. Fortunately, there was nothing too serious, or her beauty would be tarnished.

Besides, she hadn't had a proper birthday celebration in the Jones family all her life and didn't even know her date of birth. It must be a very depressing thought to live with.

Despite all that, Gabrielle remained positive and happy every single day. Was she simply being a hypocrite or was this just a public facade? ⁴

"I've made my wish. We can cut the cake now." She opened her eyes and looked at Sophie with a beaming smile.

Gabrielle wanted to call on Westley's attention and thank him for the cake but she saw that he just wasn't interested.

"Mr. Morris, you and Gabrielle should cut the cake together since you bought it for her," Sophie enthusiastically suggested to Westley. ⁴

Gabrielle was caught off guard. Where was she getting all these ideas?

"Sophie, this isn't a wedding. We... We don't have to do this at all." This reminded

Gabrielle of their wedding day where they didn't even touch the cake. She was sent back to the Vineyard Villa after the ceremony proper and wasn't seen after that.

Consequently, she and Westley didn't need to do this symbolic act. It was nonsensical.

They were a fake couple and men like Westley didn't care about these trivial traditions.

"Where do you want to cut our first slice?" Westley asked nonchalantly. His cold and indifferent tone startled her. ④

She was not afraid but rather baffled at his question.

The Westley she knew would have stormed off the place fuming instead of proceeding to cut the cake with her. ①

This wasn't like him at all.

Gabrielle was perplexed and stared at Westley in astonishment as if he was a creature from another world.

Chapter 102 Sleeping In The Same Room With Westley

The night was still quite young. Everywhere was silent as Sophie and Westley stood waiting for Gabrielle to cut the beautiful cake that he had brought to the Villa. Gabrielle kept staring at her husband as if she didn't hear what he had said. "Gabrielle, don't you understand what I said? Have I become so terrifying that you have to look at me like I'm a monster?" he asked her. He didn't like the way his wife stared at him like he was an evil beast. 7

Even the most wicked person in the world wouldn't feel good if he or she was being gazed at in such a manner. 2

She quickly regained consciousness and took a quick look at him, and also tried to control the rush of emotions coming from the bottom of her heart at the same time. "Of course not, you don't look like a monster. If at all you were one, you would be called the most handsome monster in the universe," she said with a smirk on her face. 8

For a moment, he almost believed that she was showering praises on him.

'What does she mean by the most handsome monster? She is indirectly trying to say I am

still a monster, isn't she?' he mused. ⑥

Who gave her the audacity to make fun of him in such a manner? He had left her alone for just a few days and she had become unbelievably bold.

"Gabrielle, cut the cake or just forget about it!" he fumed in anger. Why was she taking till eternity to cut the cake?

Actually, he wasn't happy about the words she spoke to him some minutes ago.

"Let me have a look at it again." She began to examine the cake with utmost care.

It had a pink base and a pretty pink crystal princess house on it. Beside it, a beautiful little princess was wearing a pink princess dress made of chocolate and a silver crown, befitting only a princess. Right in front of her, there was a piece of land made of berries and some pink cream roses. No matter how she cut the cake, she would feel sorry.

"This cake is just so beautiful. How about we leave it?" she asked as she looked at him pleadingly.

'Didn't she want to eat it?' he thought to himself.

All of a sudden, he didn't understand what was on her mind. No matter how beautiful a

cake was, it was meant to be eaten. It was not to be kept for long because it would go bad in a couple of days.

"If you don't want to eat it, you have to throw it into the trash can tomorrow," he told her. He wasn't threatening her. He was just telling her the truth.

It would go bad by tomorrow, and then, it must be thrown away.

"Okay, let's cut from here!" She pointed to a heart-shaped place among the roses.

"Let's start," he said as he stood next to her.

"Mr. Morris, hold Gabrielle's hand to cut the cake. I'll take a photo of you both." Sophie had already taken out her phone and was ready to take a shot.

"Don't take any shot, Sophie!"

"Don't do that, Sophie."

The two of them said at the same time, but she had already taken the picture of such a sweet moment at the risk of being fired. 'Miley would be very happy to see this,' she thought as she smiled to herself.

"Why not? You both look so sweet in the picture," she said as she admired the picture.

Seeing that she was resolute in her decision, he gave up. "Don't show it to anyone else," he warned.

"Don't worry about that, I won't. I'll only show it to Miley," she promised.

Since she had been in the Morris family for more than thirty years, he trusted her fully knowing that she would keep to her word. Besides, she was Miley's maid. Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked her to stay here with Gabrielle to take care of her.

"Sophie, please make sure I look good. My nightwear is too childish. It's terrible." She looked down at the white cartoon nightwear she was wearing. She felt downcast.

Why did she look so horrible when her husband appeared and why did she agree to let Sophie take the picture? 'I should have resisted her,' she thought deeply.

"You do have a right judgment this time. Your nightwear is terrible." It was practically the first time that he had praised her.

Regrettably, she couldn't accept it because his comment was too mean.

"Are you expecting me to be thankful for your praise, Westley?" she said as she looked at him. Then she turned to face Sophie and

asked, "Sophie, how about I go and change into something better?" she said seriously.

"No, no, no," Sophie refused vehemently. "You look more real and lovely. You two can hold the knife now. I'll take another picture." Now, Sophie directed the couple to pose like a professional photographer.

"Sophie, it's okay. The ones you've taken are enough for one night." He was a little annoyed. Seeing that her hand was still wrapped in gauze, he didn't want to hold her hand, fearing that he might hurt her.

When Sophie saw his sudden change of mood, she got a little scared. She looked at him apprehensively and stopped taking photos. "What's wrong with you, Mr. Morris? Are you okay?" she asked with concern.

"I'm tired. I'll go and rest. Have you tidied up the guest room?" he asked.

Sophie was surprised and also happy to know that he was going to stay overnight. She beamed with smiles.

'Oh, my God! That's a good thing,' she thought as she smiled to herself.

"Mr. Morris, only Gabrielle and I live here so I only tidied the master bedroom and my room. If you want to stay, I'll tidy up another one now, but I'm not sure that there is

enough bedding. The ones available are being used in both rooms." She was already thinking of how to make them share the master bedroom. 2

"Westley, you can sleep alone in the master bedroom. I'll sleep with Sophie in her room." Gabrielle gave him a piece of useful advice to please him.

But obviously, he wouldn't take such advice. "Gabrielle, don't be wayward. Do you feel dishonored to share a room with me? Am I not your husband?"

She bit her lip slightly and shook her head. "By the way," he continued, "we are legally married. It's reasonable for us to sleep in the same room. We aren't doing anything morally wrong.

I just want you to know that." That being said, he went upstairs.

Gabrielle took a deep breath as she bowed her head. Judging from her expression, Sophie knew what she was thinking about. Besides, it was not easy for a fake couple to sleep in the same room.

"Gabrielle, eat the cake first. If you don't want to sleep in the master bedroom, I'll clean up another room for you." Eventually, Sophie couldn't be as conclusive as Miley. She couldn't force them to do what they

didn't want to do.

"No, thanks. If I don't go back to my room, he might get upset. If he has a good temper, I can just sleep on the sofa in the living room. It's an imported leather sofa and it's big, soft and cozy. It's comfortable to sleep on," she said half-heartedly. 5

"Gabrielle, please don't do this. I'll be the one to receive the blame. I will be scolded to death by Mr. Morris," Sophie reminded her immediately.

"Don't worry. I'll go back to the master bedroom later. Let's cut the cake first. I think he just doesn't want to eat the cake. He doesn't like desserts." She found a cause to comfort herself and Sophie.

"Actually, he hasn't liked desserts ever since he was a child. He doesn't eat any lollipop or milk candy like the other children of his age. Once when he was in kindergarten, other kids gave him candies, he scolded them for being too childish to the extent that he even made a girl cry." Sophie couldn't help but share something about Westley's childhood with his wife.

Just then, Gabrielle cut a piece of cake and gave it to Sophie. Then she cut another piece for herself and had a bite. It tasted sweet and heavenly. It was so soft that it melted in her mouth immediately. It was very delicious.

"Oh, Sophie, are you talking about Westley when he was in kindergarten? How could a two or three-year-old kid be so arrogant?" she asked in surprise. She just couldn't believe it. 2

This kind of man was bound to be alone right from time.

Chapter 103 Investigating Gabrielle's Past

Since it was late in the night and there was nothing to do, they sat together as they ate and savored the taste of their cake in silence. When Sophie saw that Gabrielle seemed to be interested in Westley's childhood, she became very excited and this showed in the way she talked about it. ①

"Gabrielle, do you want to know what happened during his childhood?" she asked with a smile on her face. "I can tell you if you want to hear it,"

she said waiting for her reply.

She had always wanted to tell her about Westley's childhood, but the opportunity never came for her to do so.

Besides, she didn't seem interested in her husband's affairs since he had warned her to stop poking her nose in his matters. If Sophie talked too much, Gabrielle would be more disgusted and this would make her hate Westley more.

For this reason, she tried as much as possible not to mention anything about his past. She didn't expect that Gabrielle would be very much interested in knowing what happened

to him during childhood. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity which she wouldn't miss for anything.

"Of course, yes. I would be very glad to listen if you're willing to tell," she told her happily. 'By the way, he is the CEO of the Morris Group and I am interested in his silly childhood stories.' She also wanted to know if there was something she could use against him so that if he intimidated her again in the future, she would use it to shut him up. 3

As she thought about this, a wave of excitement swept through her.

"Sure, I'd like to tell you. Mr. Morris has always been charming ever since he was a child. There are several pictures of him right from birth till he became an adult. They are all in the Morris Mansion. When next you go there, you can ask Miley to show them to you. I'm sure she will be very glad to do that.

"As soon as Sophie started talking about him, she couldn't stop. It was as if she was talking about her biological child.

After all, she had watched all the children of the Morris family grow up, so she naturally treated them as if they were her children.

"You mean there are several pictures of him from his childhood?" she asked eagerly. The younger version of her husband's face came to her mind. Although he would still be

handsome, he must have been so cute as a child.

In one way or another, she felt like going back in time to when he was a child and pinch his soft and cute little face. It must feel very nice.

"Yes, Miley has all Mr. Morris's photos, including the first photo that was taken immediately he was born." Sophie couldn't hide her joy as it showed all over her face.

"That's great," Gabrielle said. All of a sudden, she became engrossed in her thoughts.

She remembered that she didn't have any picture of herself when she was a child. She lived the first two years of her life in an orphanage and didn't take a single picture. Then she was adopted by the Jones family. At first, Wendy took pleasure in dressing her up and taking several snapshots of her. After a while, she got tired of dressing her in different ways. Besides, the ones she took in the past were nowhere to be found. She wasn't her real daughter anyway and so it didn't matter much to Wendy if she had pictures during her childhood or not.

"Are you okay, Gabrielle? What are you worrying about?" Sophie asked as she noticed the worried look on her face when she was lost in her thoughts.

She came back to the present and smiled. "Humph... Nothing, Sophie. I was just wondering how cute he must have been when he was very much younger," she said.

"He was not only cute but also very handsome and charming. From childhood to adulthood, as long as girls see him, they liked him. Many of them fell helplessly in love with him," Sophie said proudly.

"As he's getting more attractive to people, his temper is becoming colder by the day, but this doesn't make him a bad man. Although he has a sharp tongue, he's very soft at heart. He will be very loving to the person he likes and falls in love with. Even though you may seem like just a random choice to him, he is not a casual man. He had a reason for marrying you and he will treat you well," Sophie persuaded her seriously.

Although she listened to what Sophie said, she didn't think this man had a soft heart. He was a man of iron and steel, but if he liked someone, she believed he would be very good to her.

Judging from the cloakroom in Vineyard Villa and the decoration of this villa, the woman he liked would be very lucky. He would do everything in his power to show her how much he loved her.

Unfortunately, it couldn't be her because she knew who she was. She was a sinner to him, a bloody substitute for Nellie, whom he was supposed to be married to. ³

How could he be friends with a sinner? She should already be grateful that he didn't torture her to death. ²

"Sophie, please tell me something interesting about him when he was a child. I want to hear it," she said as she quickly changed the topic. She was more interested in how he was as a child than how he was now.

"Okay, I will tell you something interesting about him. Let me think." She tried her best to recall the past.

After taking a shower, Westley came out, wrapped himself in a bathrobe, and tied the knot loosely. Then he went to the balcony to call Alvin.

When he picked up the call, he said to him with a time of finality, "Alvin, investigate Gabrielle's past." He leaned against the railing and looked at the furnishings in the room.

"Mr. Morris, haven't I investigated her for you before? Is there any problem right now?" he asked thoughtfully. Alvin had just finished the repair of the car tires and got back to his apartment. When he received the phone call

from Westley, it was like he was facing a frightful opponent. ①

"I need you to investigate what happened to her in the orphanage where she was picked up from. It's better to find out who her biological parents are. I want to know her exact date of birth," he ordered cruelly. ②

When Gabrielle had told him that she didn't know her real date of birth and only celebrated the day the Jones family adopted her, which he felt was completely meaningless, he had a heartache for no particular reason. ④

As a result of this, he wanted to find out who her real parents were and by so doing, also discover the accurate day that she was born.

At first, he thought that as the adopted daughter of the Jones family, they wouldn't be too mean to her, but now it seemed that they didn't pay her any attention. They just raised her and used her as collateral in exchange for benefits for the Jones family. Tobias and his wife, Wendy, were crafty. They planned the financial future of their family and used her as the bait.

Hearing that Westley wanted to know about Gabrielle's past in the orphanage, her real parents, and her date of birth, Alvin wondered if it meant that he had started getting interested in her.

Without knowing why this made him very happy.

"Mr. Morris, don't worry. I will find out about everything for you. But why do you suddenly want to know about her biological parents?" asked Alvin with so much curiosity. He wanted to know if it was because of love or something else entirely.

"Alvin, since when did it become your duty to guess what I'm thinking? Do as you are told and stop talking nonsense," Westley barked at him. He was a little upset with the numerous questions being asked by him.

Seeing this, Alvin stopped asking him questions to avoid provoking him. Or else, he would pay dearly for it.

"Mr. Morris, I will investigate it immediately and give you the feedback as soon as possible. I hope you are not angry with me about the car tonight?" Alvin asked him one more question with caution. 3

His anger, which had been successfully abated, was ignited again. Alvin was simply asking for trouble. 'Can't he just do as I've instructed him instead of bombarding me with irrelevant questions?' he thought to himself as he tried not to unleash his anger on him.

"Alvin," he said calmly. "Investigate the matter carefully. You still have a chance to make up for your mistakes. If you don't do it well this time, you'll get sacked with immediate effect." As soon as he said that, he hung up the phone. 4

Chapter 104 Life Worse Than Death

Westley had just ended the call. With a cigarette tightly trapped between his index and middle fingers, he leaned against the balcony. He put the cigarette butt between his lips and took a deep, lingering drag on the smoke. White smoke covered his domineering face as he puffed it out, thus concealing his facial expression.

All he could think of at that moment was how he seemed to care so much about Gabrielle.

For no obvious reason, he could feel anger, distress and sadness build up from within him. He had hoped that smoking a cigarette would ease his mind, but now, he seemed to be getting more upset. Without much ado, he put off his half-finished cigarette. Full of thoughts, he exited the balcony to get a glass of water.

Maybe he just wanted to be a nice man. After all, she was still his wife. He thought to himself as he approached the second floor.

Just as he arrived the second floor, he could hear the obvious laughter from the two downstairs.

"Sophie, are you serious? He looked so cute when he was a child. But why was he so difficult?"

"Mr. Morris simply liked to be alone. He didn't like to be disturbed, so he treated other children like that."

"No wonder he always looks so serious now. It turned out that he was born this way. What a pity that as handsome as he is, he always put on a cold face, as if someone owes him money!"

As a child, he was so cute and handsome. Why did he change completely when he grew up?

Westley grew from a cute, handsome child to a very serious and frightening man. Hence, Gabrielle really did not know how to face him.

It never ended well for anyone who offended him. Such person either turned out dead or very miserable. Hence, everyone from the outside world regarded him as undoubtedly cruel and cold-blooded.

Gabrielle shivered at the thought of Mr. Smith being tortured. It was too horrible for her to imagine.

The thought got her so scared, sending fears down her spine.

"Miss Jones, please don't say that. He is not a bad man. You will know when you get along well with him," Sophie said in his defense.

After all, he was her master. She had watched him grow up and understood his temper.

Westley was a good-natured man. It would only be unfair to think of him otherwise. ③

He really was a nice person! Attempting to present him as a bad person made no sense.

Regardless of what others thought or said about him, he was always unbothered. He wasted no time trying to explain or clarify matters about people's perception of him.

After all, a clean hand, they say, needs no washing.

"Sophie, you work in the Morris family and you have watched him grow up. Of course, you are on his side. I..."

"You what? Am I an evil in your heart?" Westley interrupted Gabrielle in a cold voice. ④

She turned around and looked at the noble man in a white robe. She was lost for words for a moment and looked very awkward.

She was awash with embarrassment. He had walked in right when she was complaining

about him. He had caught her red-handed.

She could not dare to face Westley anymore, as she drowned in shame.

"Why, why are you downstairs? Have you taken a shower?" Gabrielle tried to calm down and look at Westley with much effort, but the more she tried, the more she found that she dared not to look into his cold and sharp eyes.

She never thought that Westley would come downstairs after taking a shower, hence, she had been chatting with Sophie without restrain. However, the man suddenly came down, and caught her unawares

He caught her speaking ill of him. She could not dispel the embarrassment as if she had done something wrong to him.

"Are you blind? Can't you see whether I've had a shower or not?" Westley said with a cold tone.

At that, she wanted to keep quiet.

How could she have known whether he had had a shower or not? After all, he was wearing a night robe.

"Mr. Morris, what can I do for you?" Sophie was eager to leave the two of them alone.

"Sophie, please make me a cup of coffee."
That was a smart excuse made up by Westley to send Sophie away.

Sophie hurriedly left the couple alone and dashed into the kitchen.

There they were, just the two of them, in the living room. The once lively atmosphere suddenly became weird and cold.

Could it be true that Westley was really an iceberg?

It always feel so cold around him.

She eventually mustered up courage to take a carefully look at him. Coincidentally, he too was looking at her. However, she drew back her neck.

"Well..."

"Gabrielle, is the cake delicious?" Westley suddenly interrupted her thoughts, drawing her attention to the pink cake box in the distance. It seemed that she had eaten up the cake.

Obviously, the cake was delicious. Otherwise, she would not have eaten it all at once, he thought. He felt a little comforted.

"It's delicious. The cake is not big and it seemed that you don't want to eat it, so I

have finished it with Sophie. Mr. Morris, do you want to eat now?" Gabrielle asked cautiously

She actually forgot to save a piece of cake for Westley.

After all, he didn't like it. She and Sophie thought it was delicious so they ate it up.

If Westley wanted to eat it now, there was nowhere she could get him the cake.

"Gabrielle, is it your hobby to gossip behind people's back?" Westley asked, staring at her. His voice wasn't nice. ④

She could feel the great anger in his voice. ①

She suddenly realized that he must have heard her talking about his childhood with Sophie, hence, the question.

The embarrassment and shame overwhelmed her as she tried to explain herself.

"No, I don't have such a hobby. You misunderstood me. I just..."

"Just what? I heard every word you said. If you are really interested in my things, you can come straight to me instead of asking Sophie." Looking up, Westley stared at Gabrielle with a wicked smile.

Dejected, Gabrielle glanced at him. She had no interest in knowing it and even though she did, she would not dare to ask him.

She knew how horrible Westley could be.

"I am not..."

"Gabrielle, I'm hungry," Westley said, staring at her red face. ③

"Okay. I'll go ask Sophie to cook something for you." Gabrielle just wanted an opportunity to leave him as soon as possible.

Chapter 105 Salty Noodles For Westley

The atmosphere between them was tensed. No one spoke for some minutes as none of them wanted to submit to the other. Westley had heard what she said and wanted to make her pay. Gabrielle, on the other hand, wasn't willing to succumb to what he was telling her to do. He took a quick look at her and sneered, "Gabrielle, this is the only chance you have to make up for what you have done. Are you sure you don't want to make judicious use of it?"

She knew what he meant by that statement. She had spoken ill of him behind his back. If she wanted to placate him and make him forgive her, she had to cook for him by herself, without the help of anybody.

That was basically what he wanted. Nothing else.

"What do you mean, Westley?" she asked, pretending not to understand what he had said. 3

'Do I look like a maid to this man?' she thought silently. She felt bad and bowed her head for some seconds. 4

"Gabrielle, are you trying to tell me that you

can't cook?" he asked her as he peered into her face.

"I can cook, but as you can see, it is not convenient for my hand."

She raised her hand, which was still wrapped in gauze. It looked pitiful. If he had a little sympathy, he would not insist on her cooking for him to make up for what she had said. But she was wrong because Westley was ruthless and as cruel as death.

"Cook me some noodles," he ordered her like a boss.

"Fine! I'll do that now." She had no choice but to cook the noodles. She found her way into the kitchen.

"Gabrielle, I want you to do it by yourself. Ask Sophie to bring me the coffee when she's done," he said after her. What he meant was very obvious. He wanted her to cook the meal by herself without any help from Sophie. ③

How could she refuse? She answered him with a murmur and a nodding of her head.

Not long after she went into the kitchen, Sophie came out with a cup of coffee in her hand. She walked up to him and tried to make him see reasons with her. "Mr. Morris, the injury on Gabrielle's hand hasn't fully healed yet. It's not good for her to cook in

such a state."

"I know, that's why I asked her to cook something very easy." He spoke as if there was nothing wrong with what he had asked her to do. ①

Sophie could tell that there was more to this from the way he talked about it. She felt his emotions. "Mr. Morris, correct me if I'm wrong. I think you want to be closer to Gabrielle. But you can use a more tender approach. This method isn't the best for you both." ①

She was very sincere in her statement because from the bottom of her heart, she had hoped that the two of them could get along with each other.

"Sophie, who told you that I want to be closer to her?" he asked her in surprise. "I never said or insinuated anything of such. Well, there's nothing for you to do here. You can go back to your room and rest." He urged her to leave.

"Mr. Morris, it is difficult for her to cook with her hands. What do you want to eat? Just tell me and I'll cook it for you,"

Sophie suggested cautiously trying not to ruin the relaxed atmosphere between the both of them.

But her subtlety wasn't appreciated by him at all, because he would never let anyone influence his decision, not even her.

"This is a chance for Gabrielle to prove herself. Let her do it. Go back to your room and rest," he said calmly.

She knew that he wouldn't do anything stupid to hurt his wife, so she didn't say anything else.

"Okay, Mr. Morris. I'll go to my room now. But in case you need anything, let me know," she said with concern.

"Sophie, what I need you to do is that no matter what happens, no matter what you hear, don't come out unless I ask you to. Do you understand?" Westley planned to teach Gabrielle a lesson later. It was not a good habit to speak ill of others when they were not within earshot. ⑥

When she heard this, she was a little scared.

'No matter what I hear? What is he planning to do to Gabrielle?' she thought to herself silently. ①

"Sophie, are you hesitating to follow my order? What are you still waiting for?" He contorted his face in a frown when he saw that she still stood where she was, not willing

to move.

"Of course, I am willing. I'm going back to my room now," she said as she turned around and went back to her room.

He sat where he was quietly and sipped his coffee. Then he waited for Gabrielle to come out of the kitchen with the noodles.

Gabrielle stood with a wave of resentment in front of the stove, waiting for the water to boil before she could put the noodles in.

The more she thought about Westley's authoritative attitude towards her, and the way he treated her like a servant, the angrier she became.

She threw a handful of salt into the pot.

By the time he finished his coffee, she came out with a bowl of noodles in her hands. The noodle was bland. It was purely water and noodles without any vegetables or eggs.

When he saw how the noodles looked, his appetite died instantly. He looked away from the bowl of noodles and glanced at her indifferently. "Gabrielle, can you cook? Is this how good you are?" he asked, looking at her in disdain.

"Didn't you ask me to cook you some noodles? This is the best I can do!" she said without

feeling sorry.

The main issue was that she had thrown so much salt into it. 'It must be very salty,' she thought to herself. 2

Westley didn't respond. He picked up the chopsticks and tried a bit. It was so salty that he almost spit it out. But he was too smart to do such a shameful thing, so he didn't spit it out. Instead, he endured the uncomfortable taste and swallowed it painfully. Then he put down his chopsticks.

"Is the noodles not well cooked? Well, I told you that I am not a good cook. You can't compare this to the one made by a professional chef," she shrugged. Gabrielle thought the noodles were not as salty as she thought seeing that he didn't spit it out.

"Gabrielle, do you have any news about your brother, Bryce?" Westley said nothing about the noodles, but indirectly threatened her with Bryce.

She knew exactly what he was trying to do. If she dared to be disrespectful to him, he would make Bryce's life worse than living in hell.

"Mr. Morris, let me cook another bowl of noodles for you." She became apologetic and tried to take the bowl of noodles back into the kitchen.

He stared at her coldly. "Don't you dare!" he screamed. "Just finish this bowl of noodles. You have no news about where your brother is. I can tell you a way to find him as soon as you finish the noodles. Now start," he commanded her. ⑥

He was such a bad guy, but she couldn't refuse him. She picked up the bowl and had some noodles.

It was disgusting. The salt in the noodles almost cut her tongue.

She wanted to throw up.

"Gabrielle, swallow it. I swallowed mine and so, you must also swallow yours," he said spitefully. He wouldn't allow her to throw up. He wanted her to feel the pain he felt when he ate it. ④

She had no choice but to swallow the salty noodles subconsciously out of fear.

"Drink some water," he said as he handed her a glass of water.

She drank the whole glass without hesitation, completely forgetting that he had also drunk out of the water.

"Thank you for the water," she said as she dropped the glass on the table.

"I just want you to remember that he who is unjust is doomed for destruction. If you try anything funny again, you'll die! Get me another glass of water now," he thundered.

1

With the glass in her hand, she went to the kitchen and filled it with water. All of a sudden, she remembered that he had drunk from the water earlier.

So when she drank from it just now, it wasn't just that she drank the water alone, but it was like an indirect kiss!

'Damn it! This man is as crafty as a fox,' she thought to herself.

Chapter 106 Carry Her Back To The Room

When Gabrielle came to him with a glass of water, Westley was on the phone answering a call. He frowned and had a cold demeanor. During the call, he hardly spoke much but just listened and replied with monosyllables from time to time.

He was a natural leader.

When Westley stretched out his hand, Gabrielle quickly handed the glass to him. Westley then took a sip from the glass.

"Okay. I want you to keep investigating. I want more detailed information, not just some general stuff." With those words, Westley hung up the phone. He glanced briefly at Gabrielle. ①

"If you have anything to say, I am all ears." Westley kept sipping from the glass of water. He crossed his long legs as he looked up at Gabrielle.

His legs were also white. One could almost see his crotch.

Gabrielle drew her breath and swallowed some sputum.

Westley had caught the amazement in her

look. Gently, he pulled his nightgown to cover his thigh and said in an unmistakable voice, "Do my legs look good?"

"Yes, your long, white legs are irresistible." She immediately realized her words were absurd. Gabrielle stopped herself and quickly changed the topic. "Well, remember you promised me you'd tell me how to find my brother. I am eager to know."

"That is a straightforward thing to do. Check Bryce's expense record, and you'll immediately know where he is. Or you could ask the Jones family to freeze his credit card. He wouldn't last long without money, and that would make him come home," Westley advised her. His face was looking grave.

Gabrielle's focus was not on what Westley was saying. Her mind was on something else. It was on the fact that Westley cared about Nellie. Even though Nellie had abandoned him and run away with another man, he still looked forward to her return.

That knowledge made her feel sour, but the feeling left her within some seconds. "Thanks, Mr. Morris. I will tell my parents and ask them to do so."

"I hope the Jones family takes this matter seriously. My patience is thin. Don't exhaust it." Westley's tone was cold.

"What if my brother has not used his card? Is it possible to check Nellie's bill? After all, you can do that." To Gabrielle, this was a serious matter. She wanted Westley to consider the possibility.

"If Bryce lives off Nellie, then he is a loser." Westley's voice was full of disdain.

After all, deep within him, Westley had always considered Bryce to be a useless man.

When Gabrielle heard what he said about Bryce, she felt a little uncomfortable. "Westley, Bryce is not like what you think. He..."

"You don't have to defend him. It doesn't matter to me. I don't care about what kind of person he is or is not." Westley stood up, intending to go upstairs.

He didn't know why, but when Gabrielle started defending Bryce, he became upset for no reason. 3

He didn't want to hear the name from Gabrielle's lips, probably because his hatred for Bryce was deep-rooted.

"Westley, what about Nellie? Does she not have a special place in your heart? No matter what she did to you, you are ready to forgive her, aren't you?" Gabrielle mustered up the

courage to ask him that question. It suddenly came from deep within her.

If Westley didn't care about Nellie, he wouldn't be waiting for her to be his new wife.

"That is none of your business, Gabrielle." The coldness in Westley's voice could have frozen Gabrielle.

As he stared at her, the courage she had found suddenly disappeared. She couldn't hold herself up under his gaze.

"I..."

"You've been expecting Bryce's return, not so? You would do anything for him." Westley sneered.

Gabrielle looked at him. She looked like a child who would not obey his command. "He is my brother. Naturally, I should be on his side."

Her reply stunned Westley. His eyes turned cold. "Gabrielle, you fool yourself. Who will believe you?" 3

After saying those words, Westley hurriedly went upstairs without even a glance backward. Gabrielle was alone.

She stood still for some time, recalling

Westley's harsh words. He had wronged her by those words, making her sad.

She did like Bryce. He was not her biological brother, and no blood relationship bound both of them. It was a normal thing for families to adopt girls and marry them to their only son. Gabrielle didn't believe there was anything wrong with liking Bryce.

When she had calmed down, she lay on the sofa. Westley could have the master bedroom to himself for today. Although they had already lain together, she was not in the mood to share the same bed with him. She wanted to avoid it as much as she could.

In his room, Westley spent the time reading through two documents. Then he dealt with a plan for a foreign project. It was perplexing that Gabrielle had not joined him in the room. He hated the fact that Gabrielle liked being stubborn.

In retrospect, he thought he was a little harsh on her. After hesitating for a while, he decided to go downstairs to check on her.

When Westley went downstairs, Gabrielle was curled up on the sofa. She had fallen asleep on the couch with her back turned to him, and her hair was falling on the carpet.

He admired the sharp contrast between the white carpet and her black hair.

Westley was about to wake her when she suddenly turned around and frowned in pain. His heart stopped. He didn't feel like waking her any longer.

Sophie was awake, and she dared not come out. She listened and guessed what was happening from behind her door. When sputum no longer heard any sound, she quietly opened the door and peeped through the crack of the door. What she saw made her happy. Westley was carrying Gabrielle upstairs as Gabrielle lay in his arms.

Suddenly, Sophie was in a good mood. Westley and Gabrielle had made up. What a great thing! If it were not so late, she would have shared the news with Miley.

Westley carried Gabrielle to the bed. When he saw Gabrielle rolling comfortably in the middle of the bed, he regretted what he had done. He felt it was a bad idea to have brought her upstairs. ②

While she was on the sofa sleeping, she looked like an abandoned kitten. The sight touched his heart, and he wanted to care for her. ①

Westley wondered what magic Gabrielle had over him. She kept making him waver again and again.

First and foremost, Gabrielle was his wife. She was his responsibility. Nothing should happen to her while under his roof. ①

Westley decided that was why he had feelings for her—just because she was his wife. ②

Chapter 107 Win Over Westley's Heart

Gabrielle couldn't sleep too well last night. She always had trouble sleeping at nights that were accompanied by awful nightmares. Only when she felt warm arms to hold on to, did she finally fall sleep.

The sunlight was dancing all over the room when she woke up. It cheered her up to begin the day.

Gabrielle stretched her body in the warmth of the room. She intended to get out of the bed, when a thought struck her. She distinctly remembered sleeping on the sofa. Sleeping in the living room was a better option than to share the same room upstairs with Westley. So how did she end up sleeping in this room then? Did Westley do that?

Were they together last night? In the same bed?

At the thought of this, Gabrielle's face turned red all of a sudden. But there was no sign of Westley in the room now. Perhaps he didn't sleep in the room last night. After all, he really hated her.

She quickly freshened up and went downstairs. Sophie was arranging breakfast

when she saw Gabrielle walk down the stairs, giving her a joyous look. "Good morning, Gabrielle."

"Good morning, Sophie." Sophie kept staring at Gabrielle, and that was freaking her out a bit.

"Sophie, what's the matter? Is there something on my face?" Gabrielle hesitantly asked.

"There is nothing on your face, Gabrielle. It is pretty as always. Did you sleep well last night?"

Sophie couldn't give up that joyous look from her face. Her impression was that Westley carried Gabrielle back to the room, which meant that the two must have spent the night together.

"I believe I slept well. By the way, Sophie, where did Westley sleep last night? Have you seen him?" Gabrielle inquired.

Sophie wasn't smiling anymore. All of a sudden, she gave Gabrielle a puzzled look. "Gabrielle, don't you have any memory of Westley carrying you back into the room last night?"

Gabrielle shook her head while taking a bite of the deep fried dough stick. "Actually, I don't remember anything. All I know is that I

was sleeping on the sofa, and then woke up in the room. I didn't see Westley anywhere."

Sophie felt downhearted after hearing that from Gabrielle. Nothing had happened between the two like how she imagined it would. 4

"What's wrong, Sophie?" All that joy on Sophie's face disappeared, and was replaced by a sullen look.

"That's all right. Mr. Morris had left before I got up," Sophie answered.

"Oh okay," uttered Gabrielle. She was right about Westley hating her. He probably left early because he couldn't be in the same room with her.

"Gabrielle, it looks like Mr. Morris cares about you." Sophie continued talking about Westley.

The conversation didn't excite Gabrielle at all. She didn't even bother to think about it. She just accepted it and quickly had her breakfast. She then left to her room to call Wendy.

"Gabrielle, dear, what's up?" Wendy sounded calm and cheerful.

There was still no news about Bryce's whereabouts. How could she be so relaxed? 5

"Mom, did you get any information on where my brother might be?" Gabrielle straightaway asked.

Unsurprisingly, Wendy's tone changed. "Gabrielle, why are you making a haste? Your father has already hired someone to go after Bryce. It doesn't happen overnight; all this takes time. It's not an easy task to find your brother, who, by the way, could be anywhere. So, be patient." ①

Wendy's words were sharp-edged on Gabrielle.

"Mom, Westley doesn't give me much time. I..."

"So what? You are now legally Westley's wife. There's nothing that both of you can do about it. Why can't you just seize this lucky chance and try to win him over? If that happens, then everything will be alright. You, your brother, and the Jones family. Being Mrs. Morris would only benefit you for the rest of your life." Wendy's intentions were clear.

Gabrielle was taken aback by her mother's words. All she cared about was to convince her daughter to seduce the CEO of Morris Group.

'What kind of a man does Wendy think

Westley is? Doesn't she know he's not an easy person?'

Did Wendy forget how she got Westley marry Gabrielle?

How could she forget drugging Westley last time? He was so infuriated that he could have destroyed the whole Jones family. Wasn't that a painful lesson already?

Gabrielle couldn't believe that her mother was hooked on this idea. If Westley got angry for real, he could kick the whole Jones family out of Antawood.

"Mom, what kind of a man do you think Westley is? Didn't you see him clearly last time? He warned us already about the stock price of Jones Group going down. If we provoke him, there is no way the Jones Group can survive." Gabrielle didn't mean to frighten her mother. But Westley's warnings shouldn't be taken so lightly. ①

"Which is why I'm telling you to win his heart! It's not an impossible task. After all, he is a young man. And Gabrielle, you are so beautiful. For how long can you both resist each other?" Wendy was the kind of woman who only cared about the future benefits. The lessons of the past didn't bother her at all.

"Mom, just listen to me. If father cut off my brother's finances, he will be forced to come

back on his own." Gabrielle didn't call her mother to discuss about Westley. Wendy talking about how to make Westley fall in love didn't interest her at all.

All she cared about was Bryce's return that could solve the whole problem. Once Bryce and Nellie were back, she could leave Westley.

"How could you be so unkind, Gabrielle? You want to your brother to suffer like that? If we cut him off financially he won't be able to survive outside. Is this your own idea or did someone put this heartless thought into your head?" Wendy's tone was harsh. 7

Gabrielle felt dejected. Wendy always had a way of reminding Gabrielle that she was her adopted daughter, and Bryce her biological son.

Consequently, Bryce always got away with his actions, and no one could point a finger at him. 2

"Mom, you have to understand. If you delay it any longer, Westley wouldn't think twice to find Bryce himself. And that would only mess things up more." Gabrielle's words were sharp and clear. All she wanted was to have a good chat with Wendy. But Wendy was making that impossible for her. All she wants was for Gabrielle to win over Westley. Bryce's actions didn't bother her at all.

Chapter 107 Win Over Westley's Heart

"Gabrielle, what's with the tone? Is that how you speak to your mother?" Wendy was enraged. ¹

Chapter 108 Selfish Desire

Gabrielle felt sad about what Wendy had said. She sat on the edge of her bed with her phone still pressed to her ear. She held her head in her other hand worriedly. Although she was sad and angry, she decided not to say anything more to her mother. Besides, what she had just said proved to her that she hadn't been on her toes looking for her son, Bryce right from time.

If she had counted solely on her to find Bryce, she would probably be dead by now because Westley would have tortured her to death. 'Waiting on this woman isn't worth it at all,' she thought bitterly as she shook her head.

'I'll just do what I have to do without relying on anybody to help me. After all, nobody cares if I die or not,' she muttered to herself.

"Mom, I'm just telling you this so that you can find my brother as soon as possible. If my opinion doesn't matter to you, you can as well forget about it." Her voice was filled with rage.

Wendy tried to calm her down. "I'm doing this for your good, Gabrielle. Now that you and Westley are both married, why don't you use this golden opportunity to make your husband fall in love with you? If you do, you'll enjoy endless wealth and honor. Don't

you know the kind of respect that comes with being a member of the Morris family? If you divorce him, you'll be a divorced woman for life. Which other rich family do you think will accept you?"

Her mother's way of thinking made her unable to oppose her. Her thinking was just too shallow.

'What does she mean by saying that a divorced woman couldn't marry into a rich family again? Does she think that I am like her? All she thinks about is getting married into a rich family. Is this what life is all about?' she asked herself deeply.

If she became Westley's ex-wife, no one would want to marry her again, not to even mention a rich family. But then, she didn't care.

For this reason, as soon as Bryce and Nellie came back, she would divorce Westley immediately and relocate to an entirely different city. ⑤

She was no longer comfortable being here. She was just being used for people's selfish desires. ①

When she saw that her daughter didn't oppose her, Wendy thought that she had succeeded in convincing her, so she quickly continued since it looked like she was hitting

the nail right on the head. "Gabrielle, as I said earlier, I'm saying all these for your good. Although you're not my biological child, I raised you for twenty years and I still care about you so much. Like your mother, you are dear to me and I hope that you can live a happy and comfortable life."

"I know that you are doing this for me, Mom. But I'm pleading with you on my knees, please try harder to find my brother. I can't keep staying where I'm not wanted," she said and paused for a while. "If there's nothing else to talk about, I have to go," Gabrielle said as she was about to hang up.

"Why are you in such a hurry to go? Do you have anything to do or you are not happy talking with me? Let's still talk for a few minutes,"

Wendy said, complaining.

"Mom, I am not in a hurry. We've been talking for a while already," she said weakly.

"Your grandfather's birthday is in a few days. Do you still remember?" Wendy asked, changing the subject. She didn't want to argue anymore with her.

"Of course, Mom. I still remember. How can I forget? There are still four or five days left. I will prepare the gift in advance," she said seriously.

Her grandfather was a very lively man who enjoyed the company of other people. Year in, year out, his birthday party had always been magnificent. Although Gabrielle was adopted, he treated her as if she was his biological granddaughter.

This was because she was much more well-behaved than Mindy.

For this reason, her cousin, Mindy didn't want her to go to the Carter family. Gabrielle was always called a deceitful woman by her for always wanting to please people around her, but this wasn't true as she didn't try to please her grandfather or anyone in particular. She just didn't like causing commotion anywhere she was like Mindy did. Anytime she went to the Carter family house, she would behave herself well and do as she was instructed. Adults liked obedient children because they didn't stress them. This was what attracted Miley to her.

"Are you less busy tomorrow? I would like you to follow me to the shopping mall so that we can pick a gift for your grandfather and also get you a decent dress so that you don't disgrace your husband with your shabby look during the party," her mother said bluntly.

"What do you mean by that statement, Mom?"

she asked with a puzzled look on her face. 'What does she mean by saying that I should not disgrace my husband? I am going back to the Carter family to celebrate my grandfather's birthday for heaven's sake! What has that got to do with Westley?' she asked herself silently.

She ignored her question and said, "You are married to Westley, Gabrielle and it's your grandfather's birthday. Make sure he goes with you as a grandson-in-law. Your grandma will be very happy to see him go to the house with you," Wendy said honestly.

"Mom, how did grandpa know that I am married?" Gabrielle was a little surprised. She remembered that it was only a few people in the Carter family that knew she had married Westley. Except for Mindy and Lance, no one else knew about her marriage. Or did Mindy tell her grandfather?

"Actually, I mentioned it to your grandfather..."

"Mom, why did you tell him? You know this marriage is fake right from the start. Grandpa will be sad if we get a divorce." Although Gabrielle didn't like her family very much, she didn't want to do anything to upset her grandfather.

'If he doesn't know that I am married, getting divorced would be pretty much easier, ' she

thought deeply.

"Are you blaming me, Gabrielle? If I don't tell your grandfather that you are married already, he will appoint a husband for you at his birthday party. I'm very sure of that. I believe you will be happy then, won't you?" Wendy was annoyed.

Gabrielle knew that she had misunderstood her mother, so she softened the tone of her voice. "Mom, I don't mean to blame you. But if grandpa knows that I'm married now, he will be sad when he gets to know that I want to get a divorce in the future."

"If you don't want to make him sad, you better not divorce your husband. And tell Westley about your grandfather's birthday and make sure that he goes with you," she ordered.

Gabrielle was speechless for some seconds. She didn't know what to say. She knew that her husband wouldn't agree to go with her. "Mom, he won't go with me."

The last time they went out together, he went to the Jones family because Miley had forced him to. How could he agree this time to go to the Carter family house to celebrate the birthday of her maternal grandfather?

'It is impossible. I know this man. He won't agree,' she contemplated bitterly.

"You haven't even asked him. How do you know he won't go? Try to ask him about it later. You never can tell if he will agree to your request," Wendy urged her.

'This girl is always as scared as a mouse. Every time I ask her to do something, she would act like I'm sending her to the slaughterhouse to get killed,' Wendy mused.

"Okay, Mom. I'll try."

She had no choice but to accept. There was no harm in trying after all.

"Okay, I'll give you a call tomorrow to know how it goes. Take care of yourself." After that, Wendy hung up the phone.

Gabrielle threw the phone aside and lay on the bed, exhausted.

After lying for a few minutes, she decided to go to the hospital to see her friend, Sloane. Although she knew that Westley's guards who were guarding her ward would not let her in, one look at her friend would be enough to put her mind at ease.

As soon as she got changed, she went downstairs. Sophie was preparing the ingredients for lunch. Seeing that Gabrielle was about to go out, she asked anxiously, "Gabrielle, where are you going?"

"Sophie, I won't have lunch at home. I have an urgent matter to sort out. By the way, I'll plant the flowers from the flower shop when I come back this afternoon," she said and left in a hurry.

She quickly hailed a taxi and it took her to the hospital directly. On her way to Sloane's ward, she saw Lance coming out of the emergency building.

"Lance!" she shouted happily from a distance. She walked closer and stopped him.

"Gabrielle, why are you here? Are you ill? What's the matter with you?" Lance asked as he looked all over her.

"I came to see my friend, Sloane. She is still in a coma. Why are you in the hospital?"

she asked curiously.

"I'm also here to visit a friend. Can you take me with you to see Sloane?" Lance asked as he smiled at her.

"Okay, it's fine. But unfortunately, we may not be able to enter her ward. We can only see her from outside." She stared at him, feeling sorry.

Chapter 109 Caring Cousin

The ambiance in the hospital was calm and serene. The hospital walls, which were painted white were clean which gave the whole environment some sort of coziness. Gabrielle and Lance made their way to Sloane's ward. Outside the ward, two bodyguards were charged with the responsibility of watching her. When they recognized Gabrielle, they glared at her coldly.

"Miss Jones, Mr. Morris hasn't allowed you to visit her yet," one of them spoke to her.

Her face turned red with anger. 'How can they prevent me from seeing my best friend?' she thought to herself. She turned to look at Lance with embarrassment written all over her face. "I'm sorry, Lance. We won't be able to see Sloane. She is still in a coma."

"I don't understand why Westley is doing this to you. Is Sloane not your best friend? So what's the relationship between the both of them?" Lance asked as he contorted his face in a wide frown. Right from time, he didn't like Westley and the fact that he lorded over people made him hate him even more.

He coerced his cousin into marrying him and now, he even banned her from seeing her close friend. What else did he want from her?

'This is just too much,' Lance thought deeply as he shook his head in pity.

"Don't misunderstand me, Lance. Westley has nothing to do with her. He just doesn't want me to see her yet... It's nothing serious. We've had little misunderstandings in the last few days." She still hadn't apologized to him yet. Besides, it seemed she offended him again last night unknowingly. 3

It was true that the last fight they had had not been settled yet, and now, a new one had taken over. With the way things were at the moment, it would be more difficult to see her friend.

"I don't understand your husband, Gabrielle. You both had a fight and he threatened you with Sloane? What kind of man is he? How can he be so petty?" he asked angrily. Lance hated men who threatened women. He even treated them with contempt. 3

At that instance, Gabrielle saw that the two bodyguards looked at her cousin with resentment. She quickly tugged at his sleeve and urged him to stop speaking ill of Westley. "Lance, stop. It's okay," she tried to stop him from talking.

She was visibly worried that the two bodyguards would beat him up to protect Westley's honor. After all, he had spoken

badly about their boss and they were to do their best to protect his reputation.

"You know I'm just saying the truth, Gabrielle. It would be better if they told him that marrying a wife is not for fun and intimidation. You're also a human being and he should respect you," he said bluntly. He wasn't scared of the bodyguards or the tough front they had put up. They could tell Westley what he had said for all he cared.

He didn't mind fighting with them and it would be better if they complained to their boss. If he tried anything funny, he would teach Westley how to be a husband to his cousin face to face. 'If he doesn't know how to be a good husband or does not want to be good to her, he should just let her go!' he thought with annoyance.

"It's lunchtime, Lance. Let me take you out for lunch," Gabrielle said as she quickly changed the topic. She didn't want them to dwell too much on her husband.

"Of course, Gabrielle.

What would you like to eat? Let me do the honors." He smiled. He didn't want to face Westley's bodyguards anymore.

He hated everything related to this man called Westley and he did a very bad job of hiding it. ③

"I want to eat beef noodles," she answered unhappily.

Of course, Lance agreed. No matter what she wanted to eat, he was willing to accompany her.

"Okay, let's go to your favorite restaurant. We can eat there. What do you say?" Gabrielle nodded affirmatively. He led her into the elevator.

"Gabrielle, do you want to see Sloane?" Lance knew the relationship between Gabrielle and Sloane. Now that the latter was lying in bed in a coma, he knew that Gabrielle would always want to be by her side at all costs.

"Yes, I do. If I didn't want to see her, I wouldn't have come here. But as you can see, with those two tall and strong bodyguards standing in front of the ward, I couldn't even see her at all." She felt a little disappointed and downcast.

She couldn't even get close to the door to catch a glimpse of her. She didn't know what was going on with her. Sloane had been in a coma for so long, and still had no intention of waking up anytime soon.

"Wait here for a minute, Gabrielle. I'll talk to the bodyguards and ask you to come up later. Just stay here. Don't move." Lance pushed

her out of the elevator and went upstairs on the elevator again.

Gabrielle was still in shock when she was pushed out of the elevator. What was he going to do?

Her eyelids fluttered. She felt it was not a good thing, so she pressed the elevator frantically. Unfortunately, there was no elevator even after waiting for a long time, so she decided to climb the stairs directly. ①

When she got to Sloane's ward, she saw that Lance was standing alone at the door with a black electric shock stick in his hand.

"What are you doing, Lance? Where are the two bodyguards?" Gabrielle asked as she looked around worriedly.

"It's settled, Gabrielle," he said with a smile. "They will leave for the time being, so you only have five minutes to see Sloane. I'll stay outside and keep watch for you," he said calmly as he looked at her. ③

She was confused and wondered what had happened before she got here. "Lance, where are they? Hope you haven't done something wrong?"

"It doesn't matter. Your time is ticking already. Just go inside and have a look at your friend, or you won't have a chance to

see her later." Lance pushed her into the ward quickly to stop her from asking him more questions.

Gabrielle didn't think too much. She thought that he might have convinced them to let her stay with Sloane for five minutes.

She hurried in and walked to Sloane's bedside. She saw that she was lying calmly on the bed with her eyes closed. She was still breathing with the aid of an oxygen mask.

"Sloane, I'm sorry. I know I'm just coming to see you, but it wasn't my fault.

The three women who hurt you are still locked up. In the same manner, I won't let Estelle go so easily. She would surely pay for what she did to you.

As for Benny, the bad man, you must not forgive him!" she said, shaking her head vigorously as if Sloane could see her.

"After all, he is on the same side with Estelle. He's the root cause of all these.

Lousy Westley asked the bodyguards to guard you day and night and didn't allow me to come in to see you. But it doesn't matter. I still came in to see you today, but then, my mind can be at rest since the bodyguards are here, so that Benny won't come in to disturb you." She put her head down for a few

seconds and prayed silently that her friend would get better soon.

Sloane, take good care of yourself and wake up early. I don't know when next I can come to see you."

She stayed with her for five minutes and went out on time. Immediately she came out of the ward, her cousin quickly pulled her to the elevator.

"Lance, hope you've done nothing wrong," she asked him again. She was quite inquisitive because of the way he behaved.

"I did nothing wrong, Gabrielle. I just communicated with them. Westley's bodyguards are much easier to talk to than him," he said meaningfully. 3

She chose to believe what he said. By the way, in her impression, Lance was a gentleman all the time. Although he could fight, he had always been polite. He didn't take undue advantage of others.

"Let's go. We can have your beef noodles now." Lance was in a good mood now and this showed in the way she smiled from ear to ear.

He drove from the hospital to the beef noodle restaurant with a big smile on his face.

Seeing that he was in a good mood, she didn't bother saying anything more. When they entered the restaurant, she just ordered her favorite beef noodles and added some extra beef.

Lance ordered the same food she ordered for. After they had been served, he picked up the beef in his bowl and put them into Gabrielle's bowl.

"Lance, you don't have to give me out of your beef. I have specially ordered for one more dish of beef," Gabrielle tried to refuse. She felt embarrassed.

"Do you dislike the beef I'm putting in your bowl, Gabrielle?" Lance knew she didn't mean it, so he said that on purpose.

She shook her head. "I didn't mean it that way. How can I dislike it? Since you're giving me your beef, what will you eat?"

"I know that's the question on your mind. Actually, I know you like the beef here, but I don't like it so much. I just want to eat the noodles," he explained. He continued to refill her bowl with beef until there was no beef left in his.

Gabrielle felt very touched. "Lance, you are so kind to me. Thank you," she said with her eyes almost teary.

"Don't be a silly girl," he said. "If I don't treat you well, who would I be kind to?" He looked at her and smiled with so much affection in his eyes.

She did her best to avoid his gaze. She lowered her head subconsciously to eat the beef sliced in her bowl. It was filled to the brim with beef and this made her so happy.

Chapter 110 Beat Up The Bodyguards For Her

Gabrielle wasn't happy at the sound of her ringtone. Someone was calling her and she had an idea on who it might be.

In eating beef noodles, if someone could give you all the pieces of beef in his own bowl, it would make you feel special and taken care of.

Seeing the call from Westley, she realized she was right. If she had a choice, she wouldn't answer it.

However, it was impossible not to. She hesitated, but still chose to answer.

"Hello, what's up?" Gabrielle asked quietly.

"How dare you answer the phone with that? Are you getting bolder and bolder, Gabrielle? Asking for someone to hit my bodyguards?"

Westley's words were full of anger, Gabrielle could hear it over the phone. It sounded like he was in a bad mood.

She didn't understand what he meant and why was he so angry. She didn't know why he said that she asked a man to beat his bodyguards.

'Is there something wrong with Westley? It's abnormal if he doesn't pick on me for a day.'

"What do you mean? When did I do that? I don't understand what you are talking about!" Gabrielle felt irritated somehow, and soon realized what he must be saying. She might be wrong but perhaps he was talking about Lance who picked a fight and knocked down the two bodyguards.

"Westley, I ..."

Before Gabrielle could finish her words, her phone was snatched by Lance.

"It's me, Lance. I beat your bodyguards. They are losers. I just want to let Gabrielle see her best friend and I don't think I did anything wrong. This has nothing to do with her so don't blame it on her." Lance's voice was firm. ④

Gabrielle felt like she might not be able to save her life. What Lance had said would only make Westley angrier than he was before.

Lance even called Westley's bodyguards 'loser', which meant that he was also a loser.

After all, only a loser master could have a loser bodyguard.

"Lance, stop." Gabrielle asked for Lance to give her the phone back.

But Lance didn't listen. Instead, he took the chance to give Westley a lesson.

"Westley, you clearly know how important Sloane is to Gabrielle, but you still threatened her on purpose. Is it necessary for you to do this? Are you really a man?"

Westley didn't say anything while Lance talked on the other side of the line, not until he heard the last thing he just said. He scoffed, smirking even though Lance couldn't see it. "Am I really a man? Why don't you ask Gabrielle? She knows it best." ②

Hearing this, Lance was stunned. He didn't know Westley had the nerve to say those things.

What was the meaning of this?

He knew what he meant. Even if Westley just said those words to annoy him, he still felt like it was inappropriate to bring up.

After all, Gabrielle married Westley now. As a cousin without blood relationship, he was not in the position to meddle in her affairs.

"Lance, give the phone back to Gabrielle. I'll talk to you about this incident with my bodyguards another day," Westley ordered

coldly.

Lance said nothing. He did what Westley said and handed the phone to Gabrielle.

"Westley?" Gabrielle stared at Lance's pale face and wondered what her husband had said to him to make him look like this.

"Lance admitted that he beat my bodyguards," Westley said directly. His cold voice pierced into her heart, and she couldn't deny it at all.

"Westley, I know it's wrong for Lance to beat them up, but he only did it for me."

"Good for you to admit," Westley said, his voice was colder this time. "With that being said, then have you considered apologizing to me and how would you do it?"

Westley, on the other hand, was still good at playing tricks on her again. She was so used to him manipulating her.

Hearing those words, Gabrielle was frustrated. How would she apologize then? Was inviting him to dinner an option?

However, there was something else on her mind. "How about I cook for you tonight?"

Please don't get angry anymore. Don't blame Lance, okay?"

Westley hung up the phone without answering, but Gabrielle knew him so much that she understood he agreed.

"You don't have to please Westley for me," said Lance. "I will beat him real hard over and over, along with his two bodyguards. He treats you bad,"

Lance added, words filled with anger.

Hearing that Gabrielle flattered Westley in such a humble way, Lance felt sorry for her and felt provoked even more.

Gabrielle, however, didn't really care. "It doesn't matter, Lance. As long as Westley forgives you and doesn't make trouble with you, then I'm good with that," she said, smiling at him. "I'll just cook for him; it's no big deal."

Lance, of course, was a little dissatisfied. Gabrielle had never cooked for him. Why would he do it for that awful man? It was not worth it. ①

"I don't want you to suffer because of me." He didn't want her to do that.

"I promise, Lance, I'm not upset at all,"

said Gabrielle, shaking her head.

"Tell me, Gabrielle, did you already fall for

that guy? Why are you willing to cook for him?" Lance couldn't help but blurt out such a terrible thought. ③

He was stunned and wanted to punch himself. This was the last thing he wanted to happen.

Gabrielle was shocked by his words. She looked at him in confusion.

"Why do you think I fell in love with Westley? How could I fall in love with him?" she said, eyebrows crossed. "He's such a cold and terrible man. He tortured and bullied me. I was just waiting for Bryce and Nellie to come back so can I leave him. But my brother has not been found yet." Speaking about this, Gabrielle couldn't hide her disappointment and sorrow.

"I found something out about Bryce." Lance thought in silence for a moment before saying it to her.

Hearing this, Gabrielle looked at him with excitement in her eyes. "Really? Lance, did you already find him? Where is he now? "

"The last record of consumption we found was in Switzerland. There was no news about him then," he said, almost in a whisper. "I'm still looking for him, though. It seems that he purposely hides from us and doesn't want to be found." Lance felt helpless.

Gabrielle had thought that he could find some information about Bryce, but now it seemed that he couldn't.

"What should we do now?" Gabrielle became more serious.

"Don't be so worried. I will find him and bring him back," he said. "He has to pay for what he's done. How can he let you do it for him?" The more Lance talk about it, the more furious he became. There was nothing in the world he wanted right now but to beat Bryce up.

He was as unreliable as he was big. He could do nothing but get Gabrielle into trouble. Always. ¹

"Thank you, Lance." Gabrielle couldn't ask him to find Bryce right away. He had no obligation to help her, after all.

"Gabrielle, I just hope I can help you get out of your problems as soon as possible." Lance didn't want her to give him her thanks. He just wanted to make her secured and happy.

"Have some noodles first. It's going to get lumpy and cold," Gabrielle said, changing the topic.