

## Chapter 271 I'm Really Not Important To Him

Gabrielle was recommended and specially invited to participate in the jewelry design seminar. This really excited her, and she couldn't wait to tell Westley all about it when he got home.

However, when she got home at Half Moon Bay that night, he wasn't around.

Gabrielle felt slightly disappointed. She went back to her room to shower and change her clothes, before going downstairs for dinner.

"Miss Jones, dinner is ready."

Sophie served the dinner to her.

Gabrielle took a look at the tableware. "Sophie, will Westley come back for dinner tonight?"

"Mr. Morris went on a business trip this afternoon. Didn't he tell you?" Sophie looked at Gabrielle in surprise. ①

Westley had come back home in the

afternoon in a hurry, packed his bag and left. He said that he was on a business trip, but he didn't say where he was going or how long for. Sophie didn't question him too much because she thought Gabrielle would know about it - she was his wife, after all.

However, it seemed Gabrielle had no idea at all.

"No, he didn't. I was working in the studio this afternoon. Maybe he didn't want to disturb me," Gabrielle said, mostly trying to comfort herself.

In Westley's mind, Gabrielle wasn't his real wife; she was just an outsider. Why did he need to report his whereabouts to her? ①

She was giving it too much thought.

Nevertheless, Gabrielle couldn't help feeling disappointed and low when she thought about it all.

"Well, don't worry about it. I'm sure Mr. Morris will definitely give you a call when he is free later. In the past, he was used to just leaving home and running away on business trips without telling anyone because he was not married. But

now it's different because he has a wife. He will definitely keep you updated on his travel movements," Sophie attempted to comfort Gabrielle, noticing the disappointment on her face.

"I know, Sophie. I will wait for his call. But even if he is too busy to call me, I can understand that," Gabrielle said virtuously, noting her submissive duties as a wife.

"I've always said that you are such a considerate woman - we all like and admire you over here. Why don't you have dinner for now and let me know if you need anything?" With that, Sophie left the dining room.

Gabrielle had a good appetite and wanted to share today's good news with Westley, but when he had just left for a business trip without informing her, she felt inevitably down.

She was not at all in a mood to eat now. She quickly finished eating her rice and picked on some of the other dishes.

"Thank you for the meal, Sophie, I'm done. If there's nothing else, I'm going to go upstairs and draw a little bit. Please don't disturb me if you can help it."

Gabrielle headed upstairs.

Sophie hurried out of the kitchen to clean up. Sure enough, she saw that Gabrielle's bowl was empty, but the dishes were barely touched.

'How could she be full? Maybe she was upset because Mr. Morris didn't tell her about his business trip,' she guessed.

However, even if Sophie had an idea, it was inappropriate for her to voice her conjectures. She cleaned the table and put the food away.

Gabrielle returned to her room and sat in front of the dressing table, with a pencil in one hand and a design book in the other - but she couldn't actually focus on her tasks for a long time. She looked into her reflection in the mirror, and saw that her face was full of disappointment and discomfort. She didn't realize how affected she was by Westley's actions until that moment.

'Gabrielle, Westley doesn't care about you at all. Why are you still bothered about him?

He can go for any amounts of business trips, whenever and wherever he chooses

to. It is not my concern. His business is clearly not mine - he didn't even bother telling me about it. Why am I feeling sad about this?'

Now that she had the chance to be recommended for the seminar, she would try her best to design a few drafts. Maybe she could even receive some help from the teachers in the seminar. This was a very rare opportunity, and it might be the only chance for her to meet these esteemed international jewelry designers.

Gabrielle forced herself to draw some rough designs, but she was not satisfied with it. She tore one paper and then another one, and finally lost her motivation altogether. She put down the pen, took her phone and looked at the time. It was half past ten.

She hadn't received any phone calls or messages from Westley - it seemed that he didn't forget and that he had no plans of calling her and letting her know at all.

And Gabrielle didn't want to be upfront and ask him either, so she just switched her phone off and went to bed.

Gabrielle thought he was probably

abroad. He had taken a long flight and he was most likely jet lagged, so it would take a while for him to contact her. He would probably contact her on the second day there.

But what happened on the second day?

It was out of her expectations, again.

She didn't hear from him even on the second day, nor the third. There was no news from his end at all, the entire week, not even the weekend when she went to Macy's shop to learn how to bake a cake.

It seemed that she really meant nothing to Westley. Even if she was just a flatmate to him, it was common courtesy to let her know he was on a business trip. But he treated her just like a total stranger.

So why did she still have such high expectations from Westley? Her mood had been ruined for several days now - she didn't even feel like learning the art of baking.

"Gabrielle, you're here - I didn't expect you to be here so soon." When Macy saw Gabrielle, she immediately exited the cake shop to greet her properly.

They had arranged to meet at ten that morning, but Gabrielle had arrived earlier.

Macy was very happy to see her. She would come to her mother's cake shop as an assistant every weekend or whenever she had time. She had arrived at seven that morning and now was wearing the apron representing the cake shop.

"Well, I don't have much to do on the weekends, so I came earlier. I like your uniform, you look very professional." Gabrielle smiled but her smile looked pained and forced. ①

"Yes, I like it, too. I've been coming to the shop to help my mother since I was a child. This was back when we had only one shop but I always came just to eat the cakes." Macy looked down at her waitress's uniform and smiled shyly.

"That's sweet." Gabrielle forced another smile.

"Gabrielle, you look unwell. Are you tired? Did you get a lot of work? You've had lectures and interning work all day, haven't you? Are you alright?" Macy

asked her straightforwardly when she saw the tired and displeased look on Gabrielle's face.

Macy was usually a blunt and direct sort of person, who would voice out her opinions or concerns if she had any.

"Well, I guess so. I haven't been this busy for a long time and haven't got enough rest, overall. I think I will be fine in a few days." Gabrielle gave Macy a reassuring smile.

"Don't worry. You will learn how to make cakes in our bakery within two days. Why don't you try some cakes? Desserts will make you feel better - trust me." Macy pulled her inside.

Macy was so enthusiastic and active, and this made Gabrielle ease up, too. Macy first showed her around the shop, which had two floors. The first floor was a display area, full of beautiful cakes. The second place was for seating the guests and also housed a studio.

At this time, there were not many guests, so Macy could accompany her the whole time.

"Gabrielle, what do you want to eat? You



can choose anything, or I can tell you what's good. And it's my treat - you are my mother's student, after all," Macy said warmly.

"No, no. I'm not hungry now. I ate breakfast before I came." Gabrielle politely turned down Macy's offer. ①

"It doesn't matter. You can try and test it out for us. My mother will be very happy if you can make a suggestion." Macy began to offer the cakes to her.

"All these cakes are made by our staff. If you want to make the same cake or have any other ideas, you can talk to my mother. She will help and guide you. I'll take you upstairs now." Macy led her upstairs.

## Chapter 272 Who Else Could It Be But Her

Macy's mother had been an apprentice in the cake shop before she got married, so she had been involved and working in the cake industry for over twenty years. She opened her own cake shop after giving birth to Macy. It was a very impressive feat that her baking business grew exponentially over the course of ten years.

More importantly, she specially hand-made all the cakes and bread every day at the shop, so the taste and quality of the products were consistently impressive.

This made the business a sizeable success.

"Mom, Gabrielle is here!" Macy called out to her mother in the kitchen.

Shortly after, a middle-aged woman in white clothes and a white chef's hat came out. She looked gentle-mannered and seemed like a kind lady.

"You must be Macy's classmate, Gabrielle. I'm Macy's mother, Sandra Brown, but you can call me Sandra. I'm a baker in this shop." Sandra's tone was really soft and soothing.

She was the type of aunt that everyone loved - kind but also enthusiastic. It was obvious where Macy got her good manners and friendly personality from. ②

"Hello, Sandra. I'm Gabrielle. I've come here because it would be a great pleasure to learn how to make cakes from you. One of my family members' birthday is on Christmas and I want to bake him a cake myself. Sorry if I'm bothering you with this..." Gabrielle said earnestly and bowed slightly. Then, she took out a jewelry box from her backpack and handed it to Sandra.

"Sandra, this is a bracelet I have designed and created at the school. I hope you accept this gift from me as it is the first time I am meeting you and I haven't prepared anything else." Gabrielle handed it to her with both her hands out of respect.

"Gabrielle, you didn't have to prepare anything at all for me. It's an honor that

you want to learn how to bake cakes from me - even Macy is not interested in learning from me! She says it's too much of a hassle and it's too difficult for her, so she comes here only to eat," Sandra complained good-heartedly about her daughter.

"Mom, don't call me lazy... I've come to help you. I myself may not be interested in the art of baking cakes, but I've still brought you a girl who is." Macy shoved Gabrielle towards Sandra.

"Sandra, please accept my humble gift. I personally contributed to its design, so it would make me really happy if you accept it," Gabrielle insisted.

"Mom, Gabrielle is a jewelry designer, so it's very special that she is giving you a design she made herself. Please take it." Macy was torn: she didn't want Gabrielle to feel awkward or offended, but she didn't want Gabrielle to give her mother a gift, either.

However, Gabrielle was quite adamant. It was rude to refuse, so she hoped the gift would be accepted as it was nice to give someone a gift at their first meeting, especially when she was receiving help

from her.

"Okay, since you and Macy are classmates and jewelry designers, I'll take it. But only this time! Please don't bring me anything else hereafter," Sandra warned her with a smile. ②

Gabrielle nodded happily. "Sure. Only this time because I'm meeting with you for the first time. I won't do it again."

"Great. Let Macy give you a change of clothes, and I'll see you in the kitchen later." Sandra took the gift from Gabrielle. Since she had put so much kindness in it and had prepared it specially, she had to accept it.

"Okay."

"Mom, I'll take Gabrielle to change her clothes. Gabrielle, come."

Macy took her to the staff locker room and gave her a white chef's suit specially arranged just for her.

"Clothes and uniforms represent your tasks, Gabrielle, you look like a proper baker in your uniform!" Macy praised.

"You're making me feel shy!" Gabrielle

straightened her hat self-consciously. It was the first time she had worn such clothes. She couldn't even recognize herself when she saw her reflection in the mirror.

"It's true, I won't look as good as you. You look so beautiful when you wear it, not like me," Macy praised her genuinely.

"Okay, let's go see Sandra."

Gabrielle held Macy's hand and walked promptly towards the baking kitchen.

Sandra was happy to see Gabrielle wearing the clean and appropriate chef's suit. "Wow, Gabrielle, you look great in this uniform. You look more beautiful than Macy wearing it."

Hearing this, Macy pouted. "Oh my God! Don't make fun of your daughter like that. I know Gabrielle looks good, but she isn't your daughter, I am! Just say something nice about me for once."

"You naughty girl, if you're not going to be serious here, go downstairs and work." Sandra drove her daughter away and took Gabrielle with her into the kitchen.

"Go on, Gabriele. Although Teacher is a little strict, she is still a good teacher. She'll do the job well; you'll be learning how to make cakes in no time," Macy mocked her mother and made a gesture of cheering Gabrielle on and left quickly before Sandra lost her temper.

"Ignore Macy. I'm not that strict. Let's start from the very beginning." Sandra showed her around the room and introduced the tools they would be using first.

"Okay Sandra, I'm right behind you." Gabrielle followed her obediently.

"You are so obedient and sensible. If Macy was here, she would definitely piss me off." Sandra really liked Gabrielle's temperament.

She thought she was really a good girl.

"Actually, Sandra, Macy's great. Thanks to her, I can learn how to make cakes from you." Although Gabrielle didn't know much about Macy, she knew that she was a passionate and caring girl.

"You're the only one who speaks well of Macy. She is lucky to have a friend like you." Sandra smiled.

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Gabrielle and Sandra were busy in the kitchen until five o'clock in the evening. Finally, Sandra encouraged Gabrielle to rest a little bit. She couldn't learn all of it in one go.

Gabrielle went downstairs to find Macy and helped her greet the guests. It was getting busier and busier with customers now.

"Gabrielle, how are you feeling? Are you tired?" Macy found a spare moment to chat and check up on Gabrielle.

"No, I'm not tired. Actually, Sandra is a really gentle teacher. She even kicked me out of the kitchen because she wanted me to have a rest and not overwork myself. I really enjoy making cakes, actually. I'll be properly committed," Gabrielle said, sincerely.

"No wonder my mother praised you so much. You are the perfect person to be her mentee - but don't worry, I know your dream is to be a great jewelry designer!" Macy and Gabrielle were in the same class and were learning jewelry design together. They shared the same dream of being the best practicing jewelry designers in the industry.

Gabrielle had a real knack for it - she had shown astonishing talent in design since she had been enrolled in the university. All the faculty and professors praised her.

Everyone knew such a talented designer like herself would make a great name in the future.

"Yeah, I'm going to come here to learn when I have time in the future. I promised Sandra I would." Gabrielle was really grateful to Sandra.

The two of them were enthusiastically chatting inside when an expensive black vehicle stopped by the road just outside the shop.

"Mr. Morris, is the woman wearing that white uniform inside the cake shop Miss Jones?" Alvin happened to see Gabrielle through the glass walls of the cake shop as he sat in the passenger seat of the car.

"Who else could it be?" Westley also looked towards the woman inside the cake shop.

## Chapter 273 He Is Back

Glancing at the woman in white bakery clothes, Westley knew at once that it was Gabrielle. It didn't matter at all that she was about ten meters away or that she was at the other side of the glass.

He shook his head slowly. She had become a baker in the few days he was away. She never ceased to amaze him. 9

Sometimes, he liked to imagine that his wife metamorphosed every day into things he never knew she was.

"Mr. Morris, that is Miss Jones in a baker's uniform. Is she also a baker?" Alvin asked, his forehead creased in surprise. 1

Gabrielle had always left him surprised, having changed his impression of the rich lady.

She was indeed a different species of rich lady, one he had never seen before. She was the adopted daughter of the Jones family, yet she seemed so omnipotent, so capable of doing almost everything. 1

He had seen her cook, grow flowers and vegetables and do the most common things. Now here she was, making cakes.

She seemed to know everything.

Alvin found Gabrielle quite an impressive woman.

"If you ask me, who should I ask?" Westley muttered coldly.

He had thought she would be so worried about him when he was away, but it seemed she wasn't. Instead, she looked so happy without him. ②

"Mr. Morris," Alvin called quietly.

"Do you mind if I ask you a rather personal question?" His boss was silent for a while in which Alvin bit his lips. Although he knew he ought to mind his own business, his curiosity to know more about Gabrielle and Westley was getting the better of him.

"Go on," Westley said finally, his voice cold as he gazed at the woman in the cake shop.

At first, Gabrielle was talking with another girl wearing the bakery uniform.

Then she turned to a male guest and began to chat with him.

Seething with silent rage, Westley turned to face Alvin now; he didn't want to see that scene.

"Do you ever give Miss Jones pocket money?"

Alvin asked, not looking up at Westley's face. He sure knew that this question was a reckless one and would annoy Wesley. Yet, he couldn't help but ask him. ②

"What?" Westley sat up, startled slightly. He couldn't understand what the other man meant by that question.

Why did he wonder whether he gave Gabrielle money?

"I feel, Mr. Morris, that Miss Jones is working here because she doesn't have enough money to take care of herself. Obviously, if you give her pocket money, she won't want to work to get money. I understand that the Jones family gave her only little money while she was with them. And now, you do exactly the same," Alvin lamented. ④

Anyone hearing him talk would think Westley was indeed one who treated his wife badly.

Well, it made sense – the whole picture in itself. One would only assume that this woman was working to support herself because she didn't get pocket money from her husband.

"You're married to her now, Mr. Morris," Alvin continued, scratching his head nervously. "So you should at least..."

"You talk as though I mistreat her. I'm of course married to her. She lives in my house, and I feed her. She gets all she wants in Half Moon Bay. Moreover, she should have asked me if she needed anything. For all I care, it's her own business that she wants to work. I'm sure she is only working here so that she can meet other men," he said, throwing a dark look at Gabrielle again. He shifted uncomfortably on his seat as he watched her chat on with the male guest with an eternal and flattering smile plastered on her face.

Alvin stared at Westley, shocked. What did he mean by saying he was sure she was only working here so that she could

meet other men?

Was he jealous?

"Mr. Morris, I think you have misunderstood Miss Jones," Alvin said in a calm voice. "She is not that kind of a person." Gabrielle was really not that kind of person, and Alvin knew that so well.

She was a good natured and lively person, but she wasn't promiscuous at all. Alvin could lay his head on that.

"Sounds as if you know Gabrielle so much," Westley said in a strangely suspicious voice, raising his brows.

A chill ran down Alvin's spine at once. He had to be careful not to exasperate his boss who already was angry. It would be so disastrous to annoy him further.

"Okay, Mr. Morris," Alvin mumbled, afraid to say anything more.

"Drive me back and don't sit there talking nonsense!" Westley barked.

After the black commercial vehicle drove off, Gabrielle packaged the cake and handed it to the male guest. Then still

smiling, she bade him goodbye.

Gabrielle looked up straight at the road when the guest had left. All the while she had been attending to him, she had had this strange feeling of being watched. Yet, all she could see now were cars speeding off across the road and strangers strolling past.

She sighed, trying to wave off the feeling. Maybe, she was only overthinking and no one had really been watching her.

When it was six o'clock, Gabrielle changed from her work clothes. Carrying her bag, she went in to say goodbye to Sandra and Macy.

"I'm impressed by your efforts today, Gabrielle. Patient people like you are difficult to come by. When you get home, take your bath and have some rest. Standing all day is not an easy thing at all. And here, have these cakes for you and your family," Sandra said, handing Gabrielle two boxes of cake.

"Thank you, Sandra. But I can't take these." Gabrielle shook her head, embarrassed.

"You should have them, Gabrielle. Let



your family try them out," Sandra insisted softly, pushing the boxes into Gabrielle's arms.

Gabrielle smiled weakly. She knew she couldn't refuse the cakes anymore. So she took them and said, "Thank you, Sandra."

But when she remembered that Westley wasn't at home and wouldn't eat the cake with her, her face slightly registered disappointment. Her mood lightened up a bit when she thought about Sophie. She could always share them with her.

"You are welcome, Gabrielle. Well, you should get going now; it's getting quite dark. And always remember you can come here whenever you wish. I'm always here," Sandra reminded her.

Grinning, Gabrielle nodded obediently. Then she went downstairs with the boxes of cake, Macy accompanying her.

"My mother seems to like you very much," Macy whispered as she led the way out of the cake shop.

"I like her, too." Then Gabrielle gasped out, "But, Macy, you have a very good mother! I really am jealous." There was a

nuance of dismal solemnity in Gabrielle's voice.

"I believe your mother is also very good, Gabrielle." Macy smiled, not taking Gabrielle's words seriously.

Gabrielle forced a smile. "I should be on my way now. Goodnight, Macy" she said and hurried off with the boxes of cake in her hands.

In the taxi as she headed back to Half Moon Bay, Gabrielle leaned her head against the backseat. She thought about Sandra and Macy, about their interaction. That was perhaps how real mothers and daughters ought to talk to each other. A foster mother and an adopted daughter were of course nothing like that.

Sandra seemed to be the kind of mother who didn't mind showing her love for her daughter even in the presence of outsiders. In that moment, Gabrielle had felt slight envy. How she wished Macy had known how serious she was when she had said she was jealous.

All her life, Gabrielle had never experienced a mother's love. Her own mother had abandoned her a long time ago and had never come back to look for

her.

Not even her foster mother, Wendy, had cared to show her such love. They had always been distant from each other, and things between them had worsened especially after Bryce's issue.

When Gabrielle stepped out of the taxi, she inhaled the warm air of late evening. She walked up to the porch and opened the door.

"Sophie, I'm back!"

It was then she saw a black commercial vehicle and a black off-road vehicle parking in the yard.

Westley was back! That was the first thought that rang in her head as her heart pounded with excitement. She had been pretending to be happy before. But now, she indeed was happy.

At once, she hurried into the room with the boxes of cake.

What she saw when she got into the room made her freeze. ①

## Chapter 274 Westley Got Hurt

When Gabrielle walked in, she saw Westley sitting on the sofa in the living room. He had taken off his clothes, and his left arm seemed to be injured. Remy was kneeling next to him and treating his wound.

Gabrielle couldn't believe what she was seeing. 'How did Westley get hurt? Didn't he go on a business trip? What happened?'

And the wound didn't look like a minor one, either!

"What happened, Westley? Weren't you on a business trip? Where did you go? How did you get hurt?" Gabrielle worriedly came over to Westley and asked him in a panicked voice.

Westley seemed indifferent to her worry, and just looked up at her calmly.

It didn't seem like he wanted to talk to her, particularly.

Gabrielle was upset to be ignored by him.

'What's wrong with this man? I'm worried about him but why is he so cold to me? What happened?' she thought.

"Westley, are you okay?" Gabrielle asked again in a low voice.

"I'm fine. I'll live." Westley was mad at Gabrielle because she hosted a male-guest while wearing white inside a cake shop.

But, Westley would rather die than admit he was jealous. He would appear weak and stupid if he were to admit it.

However, Gabrielle knew that Westley was on a business trip and had no idea that he had seen her in the cake shop. She seemed to be enjoying her work.

Westley had to admit, though, that Gabrielle looked very beautiful in the baker's clothes. Westley was more attracted to her when she wore uniforms, rather than her normal clothes. It held a different kind of temptation for him.

"Remy, what's wrong with him? Is he okay? This looks pretty serious." Gabrielle was still worried. If Westley

wasn't going to respond to her, she had to ask Remy.

"Don't worry, Gabby. Although the wound looks a little serious, I can assure you that it's just some trauma on the skin and he just needs a longer time to recuperate. You will have to take care of him during this time. And what do you know, I've come to the house not to treat your wound, for once, but Westley's." Remy kept the mood lighthearted as he joked and tended to Westley's wound. Gabrielle didn't know what to say in response. 4

But what he said was true. Every time Remy had been called after their marriage, it had been to see to Gabrielle.

So when Gabrielle heard Remy's words, she didn't know how to react.

"Remy, please don't say that." Gabrielle felt embarrassed by Remy's comments and blushed.

"Gabby, I'm serious. Although Westley's injury is not too serious, I've given him a few stitches. Be careful not to let the wound tear open, or it will have to be stitched again. Even though you don't feel sorry for him, I hate having to stich

up this boss. My hand is hurting, I feel very sorry for it!" Remy said jokingly.

"Well, I feel sorry for Westley. Don't worry, Remy. I will take good care of his arm and make sure the wound doesn't open," Gabrielle answered obediently with a serious look.

"Well, I did my best. You don't need to change the medicine or the dressings, I will come to change it every two days. As long as you take care of him and keep his wound closed and dry, everything will be okay. Also you'll have to help him shower to keep it dry, okay?" Remy instructed Gabrielle. This time he wasn't joking.

"Yes, sure." Gabrielle began to blush when she pictured bathing Westley.

"Well, that's settled. Westley, don't go to work this week. Just stay at home, okay?" Remy advised Westley seriously.

"Shut up! My work is none of your business." Westley glanced at Remy in disgust.

"Yes, you're right. It's none of my business, I don't personally care for you. I'm just reminding you that if you end up

getting your wound open if you go to work, don't ask me to sew it back for you." Remy firmly tied the knot for him.

His arm was finally dressed.

The wound was in his forearm. Although it did not majorly impact his movement, it still made it inconvenient to move about.

"Gabby, these are some painkillers and anti-inflammatory drugs. Make sure he takes the pills twice every day." Since Remy had refused to communicate with Westley, he handed the medicine to Gabrielle and asked her to keep an eye on Westley so he would take the medicine.

"Thank you, Remy, I'll keep this in mind and let him take the medicine as you said," Gabrielle promised Remy and took the medicine from him.

"Gabby, let me give you a friendly reminder. Making this man take his medicine is as much of a task as asking him to kill himself. Please be prepared for his tantrums," Remy reminded Gabrielle.

But Gabrielle had a sinister feeling that it



wasn't a friendly reminder - it felt like it was a trap. Was Remy going to get her killed?

For a person who was very hesitant to take medicine and saw it similar to poison, surely forcing him to take it would make him very angry indeed.

How was she going to manage this, in that case? Westley was definitely not an easy man to coax. 3

It was very horrible to think about what she might have to do.

"Remy, then I..."

"Don't worry, Gabby. I know you can do it. After all, you're Gabby. There's nothing you can't do in this world. You're already Westley's wife. You're tougher than many women. Just that much is enough to put you on a higher rank than many others," Remy praised Gabrielle.

However, his praise didn't appease Gabrielle at all.

"Remy, I'm not as great as you think." Gabrielle couldn't accept such a major compliment.

"Gabby, there's no need to be so polite and unsure with me. I believe you can do it." Remy smiled at her and turned to look at the cakes on the tea table. ①

"Gabby, did you buy these cakes? They look delicious." Remy had already switched his attention on to something else.

He didn't want to talk about Westley anymore.

"Yes. I bought them from a cake shop. Their cakes are really delicious. I brought some out and share them with you." Gabrielle put the medicine aside and hurried to open the boxes.

Luckily, Sandra had prepared an extra amount of cakes and this worked out for Gabrielle as there were three people in the room, enough for all to have at least one.

"Did you buy this many cakes because you knew Westley was coming back today and I would come for a visit, too? You are so thoughtful." Remy said with a smile.

"I... Well, I guess I did anticipate that, so

Chapter 274 Westley Got Hurt

I especially bought an extra amount of cakes." Gabrielle hurriedly opened the boxes and cut the cake for everyone.

Perhaps Sandra thought Gabrielle's family was very big and so acted accordingly.

"Westley, this is for you." Gabrielle took a slice of mousse cake and handed it to Westley.

## Chapter 275 Being Humiliated

Westley sat there with his hurt arm wrapped in bandage. He looked up at Gabrielle quietly, not taking the cake from her.

His staring made Gabrielle very uncomfortable. She had no idea what was on his mind.

But then she realized that his arm was hurt, and the cute and helpless look he was giving Gabrielle made her guess that he wasn't eating the cake because his arm was injured. 5

"You're hurt, Westley. Do you want me to feed you?" Gabrielle asked straightforwardly.

It was not appropriate for her to ask him in such direct terms, though. She had to consider what he would look like in front of people. As a man, he would be emasculated and seen as weak if he let her feed him in front of so many people. She immediately regretted after thinking

about it.

"No, thanks!" Westley took it with his other non-injured hand.

"Westley, you really don't want me to feed you?" Gabrielle handed the cake to him.

"Wait. First answer me: did you buy this cake?" Westley questioned her like a teacher, not eating it.

Gabrielle didn't know how to answer. Technically she hadn't bought it - it was given to her by her classmate's mother.

And she was also learning how to bake cakes at Sandra's bakery, because she wanted to make a birthday cake for Westley on his birthday.

Of course, she couldn't tell him all that now - it wouldn't be a surprise if she came out with it.

"Yes, I did!" Gabrielle agreed without hesitation, not worried about what was going through his mind.

Westley looked up at her quietly. It looks like he wanted to read her mind.  
"Gabrielle you know I don't like to be

fooled."

Gabrielle suddenly felt low; she didn't dare to look into Westley's eyes.

Because she knew she had lied.

Still, she didn't want to tell him the truth. She had finally started to learn how to bake a cake just to surprise him. She couldn't tell him now.

"There's some cake for Sophie, too. I'll give her some." Gabrielle didn't indulge him anymore and instead went to the kitchen with a piece of cake for Sophie using it as a lame excuse. ③

Remy looked at Westley with a knowing smile as he sat next to him. "Are you making trouble for Gabby? She's really worried about your injury and she even bought some cake for you. She even offered to feed you the cake herself, but you made her leave; so now you have to do it all by yourself. Would you like me to feed you?" ⑨

"Get your hands off me. I don't want you to feed me," Westley shouted at Remy and dodged away from his outstretched hand. ①

But Remy didn't really want to feed him ... He just wanted to piss him off.

"Do you really think I want to feed you? I'm not kind like Gabby, who wanted to feed you and got shoved away even after that. I feel sorry for her. No wonder she left so angrily." Remy smirked at Westley.

"What would you know? People who don't know the situation are not qualified to talk here. Please go back after you finish your cake. You're not welcome here." Westley wasn't in the mood to talk to Remy anymore. He was always on Gabrielle's side.

He didn't even know why he was behaving this way. How dare he have the nerve to back Gabrielle up time and time again?

'She definitely hasn't bought the cake. Maybe she made them herself - she's probably working secretly at the cake shop and didn't want to tell me she was short of money.'

Just as Alvin had reported, Gabrielle didn't receive any inheritance or pocket money from the Jones family, nor did she receive anything from Westley after they

got married. Westley hadn't offered to give her any pocket money, and Gabrielle hadn't asked him for any either. She was probably going to earn some money without making a big deal about it. 4

What a tough, pride woman. 2

"I'm not going anywhere. I promised Sophie that I will have dinner here tonight, so there's no point being mad at you. I'll go to the kitchen to look for Sophie." Not afraid of Westley's fierce face, Remy bravely took the cake and went to the kitchen.

Westley stared at the cake in his hand. The chocolate mousse cake looked good, but when he imagined Gabrielle baking the cake herself, he felt sorry for her.

He lowered his head humbly and took a bite.

Gabrielle happened to come out just then and see what was going on. She was stunned. His left arm was injured - he was barely able to move it - but he was still holding the cake with his right hand and biting into it. It was not like Westley at all.

It was remarkable that a man who cared



much about his image would do such a thing. ①

"Westley, why are you eating like this? Why didn't tell me you couldn't move your arm? I told you I'd feed you..." Gabrielle took the cake away from his hand and wiped the cake off of his mouth with a tissue, just like a mother wipes off her naughty boy's mouth. ①

"Westley, look at you. There's cake all over your mouth. Are you happy now?" Gabrielle said in a reproachful tone. She didn't mean to blame him on purpose, but she pitied him.

After all, Westley was the sort of man who would puff himself up only at his own cost, at the end of the day.

Why didn't he want her to feed him? Was he worried that she would poison him?

"Gabrielle, are you reprimanding me now?" Westley knew that she wasn't scolding him, even though her tone was slightly fierce. She was worried about him, but Westley was unwilling to admit it.

It was also the first time he ate cakes

Chapter 275 Being Humiliated

without a fork. He felt humiliated that he was found out by Gabrielle.

His only resolve was to remain cool and indifferent, now.

If anyone knew that he, the CEO of the Morris Group, ate the cake without a fork only because he was angry, and they saw him with cake smeared all over his mouth, he would be extremely humiliated.

This was a first in his life, and Gabrielle saw it. That made Gabrielle his nemesis.

Gabrielle's matriarchal attitude was gone in a flash. She looked at him uneasily. "I ... I didn't mean to scold you. You are Westley, after all! Who would dare to scold you? I'm just worried about you."

Gabrielle clutched the tissue tightly in her fist.

"Save it. Just don't piss me off again." Westley's face softened.

"Do you want me to feed you?" Gabrielle's tone softened, but her anxiety worsened. She regretted having scolded Westley just now.

"Okay," said Westley coldly.

Gabrielle immediately sat down, picked up the piece of cake with one hand, scooped up a spoonful of cake for him with her other hand and carried it towards Westley's mouth. <sup>1</sup>

"Ah, open your mouth." Gabrielle coaxed him as though she was interacting with a child. <sup>1</sup>

Westley's face darkened. He didn't want to eat the cake that Gabrielle was feeding him, one bit.

"Westley, open your mouth. Here comes the cake!" Gabrielle used the same soothing, coaxing tone that she would use with a child. <sup>2</sup>

"Gabrielle, I don't want to eat any more!" Westley snapped. He shrugged Gabrielle off, stood up and went upstairs.

Gabrielle looked at him as he walked away in a confused faze. He was the one who wanted the cake. Why was he so angry? What was going on?