

## Chapter 229 Estelle's Misery

After driving from Half Moon Bay for about an hour, Westley and Gabrielle arrived at a vast orchard.

As they entered the gate, they saw people guarding the orchard. It seemed that the orchard also grew fruits. Gabrielle glanced at their surroundings, seeing peaches, pears, and all kinds of fruits. It was not easy to see them clearly in the dark.

Does this wonderful place also belong to Westley?

As if confirming her thoughts, Westley spoke.

"This orchard belongs to Morris family. We have all kinds of fruits that can grow in Antawood." Westley's eyes beamed with pride. He seemed like a king introducing his kingdom to his wife. "We have a full-time staff working here. If you want to eat fruits in the future, you can come and pick them up."

Gabrielle was slightly surprised, and then nodded in silence. "This place is huge."

The Morris family was indeed the most powerful family in Antawood. Their wealth was unimaginable.

"The Morris family has an exclusive orchard. This extends to the grassland, am I right?" Gabrielle asked casually.

"Yes, there's a pasture at the foot of the south mountain. It's a little far from here. I'll take you there in the future if you want to go." Westley offered, his tone relaxed.

Gabrielle's jaw dropped and she looked at Westley in surprise.

"Gosh, I don't think we have enough time to see everything." Gabrielle thought the Jones family was a small, rich family. They lived extravagantly under Wendy's management. Now, Westley made her realize Jones family is nothing compared to the Morris family.

Nothing at all!

"Every year, the extra fruits and food of the current season will be donated to some welfare organizations in the name

of the Morris Group. The Morris family's motto is we can't waste any food," Westley said, explaining like a serious teacher.

Gabrielle felt kind of surprised; she didn't expect that Westley was warm-hearted.

"I know. Miley told me that we grew up eating grains. These are given by heaven and earth. Farmers worked hard to harvest them, so we can't waste food." Gabrielle still remembered what Miley had told her.

"Yep," Westley answered flatly.

He didn't expect that Gabrielle would remember Miley's words so well. No wonder Miley liked her so much. She was as sweet as sugar.

After they passed through the orchard, there were two rows of bungalows and two large warehouses. This should be the place where the workers lived and where the fruits were stored.

However, there didn't see many workers today. Instead, they saw seven or eight bodyguards in black. More of them were scattered around the orchard's vicinity.

Of course, Gabrielle knew that these bodyguards were not here to guard fruits. They were sent to watch over Estelle who was locked in a small cottage.

Last night, Alvin asked someone to bring Estelle over. Certainly, the two men who kidnapped Gabrielle were also brought here. They fed the three of them and locked them up together for a night.

For the whole night, the room was filled with the sound of angry men venting their frustrations and the cries of a tortured woman.

It was not until dawn that the chaotic sound finally died down. In the morning, Alvin sent someone in to take the two men away. Estelle was lying on the ground, dying like a discarded rag doll.

The scene was harsh and disgusting, but Alvin and his men couldn't care any less. After all, they had seen more brutal scenes compared to this.

Before Westley took Gabrielle here, he had called and informed Alvin to clean up. Westley didn't want to frighten her.

Alvin had arranged everything as instructed.

So, when Westley took Gabrielle to see Estelle, they found her bruised all over, lying on a tattered mat, covered up in a blanket.

She looked very miserable. Gabrielle felt sorry for her. After all, no one could ever expect that a spoiled and arrogant lady like Estelle would lie in a shabby room looking like a beggar.

But when she thought of Sloane who lay in a hospital bed after getting harassed, Gabrielle's sympathy vanished in an instant.

She only had hatred for Estelle and nothing else.

"Was she beaten?" Gabrielle eyed Alvin curiously.

Alvin was a little embarrassed to answer. She was not only beaten, but also abused.

Alvin looked at Westley for help. He knew what Alvin meant.

"Gabrielle, didn't you come here to see Estelle? Now that you have, let's go back.

" Westley didn't know how to explain it. After all, as a man, he didn't want to say

it out loud.

How could explain to her that two men had raped Estelle the whole night?

Gabrielle would be devastated.

"Bring me a bottle of water." Gabrielle was here for another reason. She wanted to let Estelle know that Benny never loved her at all.

What could destroy a person the most was not the wounds on her body, but the affliction in her heart.

Alvin obediently handed Gabrielle a bottle of water, but Westley swiped it away. Gabrielle and Alvin looked at him in curiously. Westley casually unscrewed the cap and handed it to his wife.

Alvin was even more surprised. What was going on? When did the aloof Mr. Morris turn into a sweet man?

Gabrielle took the bottle of water and poured it on Estelle's injured face.

Estelle who was unconscious woke up immediately. The wounds all over her made her cry out in pain.

"Are you awake?" Gabrielle coldly threw

the empty bottle on the ground.

Witnessing this, Alvin was shocked. He'd always thought Gabrielle was meek.

He was amazed to see her lashing out. 'Damn!' She was the type of woman who could change Westley's personality.

Enduring the pain, Estelle opened her eyes and sneered at Gabrielle and Westley. "Gabrielle, well, you, you...

Are you satisfied now?! Why don't you just kill me already?!" Estelle roared madly. If she wasn't too weak to stand, she would have torn Gabrielle apart.

She had never been humiliated like this. Last night was the worst. The moment her body was torn apart, she wanted to die. However, she was not willing to die like this.

## Chapter 230 The Woman In Your Heart

Seeing Estelle all beaten up, Gabrielle knew that Alvin took care of matters for her. She didn't need to get her hands dirty.

"Estelle, are you blaming me? Why don't you look at yourself? Haven't you realized that you've done so many bad things? Even if you die a hundred times over, it will never be enough for what you did to Sloane. If you really want to die, I think no one can stop you. You've survived till now because you're not willing to die like this." Gabrielle's gaze was extremely sharp. She looked at Estelle coldly, as if she was stabbing Estelle's face with icy knives.

Estelle's eyes widened and she looked at Gabrielle in disbelief. She felt as though the woman before her was reading her thoughts. If she really wanted to die, she would've bit her tongue and committed suicide last night.

But she didn't want to die so miserably.



All this, just because she slapped Gabrielle twice?

She had to survive, no matter how much humiliation she had to bear.

She swore to herself that she would revenge on Gabrielle tenfold.

"I wanted slap you like what you did me. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But they saved me the trouble." Estelle looked at her wide-eyed, but Gabrielle couldn't tell if she was frightened or pained.

She couldn't care less. Estelle only has herself to blame. If she hadn't been so evil and malicious, none of this would have happened.

So, it was all Estelle's fault. She did it to herself.

"Aren't you quite smug?" Estelle raised her head, looking at Gabrielle with terrifying resentment in her eyes.

Now she was at the mercy of Gabrielle and others. She was in no position to resist nor challenge them.

"I'm not. I'm just telling you a fact. Don't

think that your actions bear no consequences. You will get punished for your malicious behavior. You owe it to me and Sloane," Gabrielle coldly said.

"I hope you can reflect on yourself. There are some people you can't afford to offend." Gabrielle sneered.

"The person I shouldn't offend?" Estelle scoffed, smiling. Do you mean Westley?" Estelle glanced at the man behind Gabrielle. Westley stood dignified and poised, his face emotionless.

This man was the devil incarnate that the whole Antawood was terrified of. As the master of the Morris Group, he could influence the economy of Antawood so easily.

No one dared to cross him, including the Johnson family.

"By the way, didn't you want to know the relationship between me and Westley? Let me tell you now. This is my man." ④

Gabrielle graced Estelle with a sly smile.

Then, she turned around put her arms around Westley's neck and tiptoed to

kiss him. ②

Westley didn't expect it. It was the first time that Gabrielle took the initiative. He lost himself in shock for a moment, and then he held Gabrielle's waist and wrapped his hands around her. ③

Estelle stared at them, mouth agape in shock. At the same time, Alvin who was standing beside her, turned his head away with embarrassment.

'Damn it! Miss Jones, that's so bold of you. In front of us, how could you...!' ①

Alvin felt it was too much to take, but deep down, he was envious of his boss.

After all, such a scene was torture for a single man to witness.

"Do you get it now, Estelle? If you cross me, you're offending Westley too. If you slap me, you're actually humiliating him. The last person who dared offend him had been dead for quite a long time." Gabrielle smiled sinisterly. "You're lucky to still be alive. If you want to die, I have a hundred ways to torture you to death. You're free to choose any method."

"No, it's impossible. How could this be?"

Estelle was completely dumbfounded. She couldn't believe her eyes.

How could Westley be Gabrielle's man? How could he fall in love with Gabrielle? He was the last man who'd ever be tempted.

But here he was.

If Westley was reluctant, Gabrielle wouldn't dare to kiss him.

So the two of them were really together? "This is the truth. I don't care whether you believe it or not.

I'm Westley's woman. From now on, stay away from me if you won't want any trouble." Gabrielle took Westley's hand in hers, marking her ownership.

Westley laced his fingers between hers as if it's the most natural thing.

"Gabrielle, you..."

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you one more thing. About the project of the Johnson family, Westley did block one or two for me, and the rest were all blocked by Benny. You can listen to the recording, and then maybe you can wake up from

your delusions." Gabrielle tapped the recording on her phone.

"Benny, honestly answer one question.

Who is more important in your heart, Sloane or Estelle?"

"Gabrielle, Estelle can never equal Sloane.

Of course, Sloane is more important for me," "Did you block the projects of the Johnson family, Mr. Hall?"

"Yes, I blocked the projects."

"I've never been together with Estelle..."

Estelle knew the man's voice so well. She had loved Benny for many years and could tell every change in tone and pitch.

It really was Benny.

How could he say that Sloane was more important than her?! And that they had never been together!

Then how about all the time they spent together?

No wonder he never touched her. He liked Sloane. That bitch! Why didn't she

just die?!

'But she's in coma now. She would never wake up for the rest of her life.'

"Estelle, can you hear me clearly? The Johnson family went bankrupt because Benny, not Westley. If you want to avenge your family, then get better. I hope you two bastards die together." Gabrielle gave a malevolent curse.

"No, I don't believe it! How could Benny not love me? He told me that I'm the most important woman in his heart!" Estelle was in denial and on the verge of breaking down.

Gabrielle didn't want to see it anymore. He already taught her a lesson and didn't want to stay any longer.

"Westley, I want to leave." Gabrielle frowned.

"Okay." Holding her hand, Westley strode out of the dark, damp room, leaving Estelle alone crying hysterically. 2

"Benny, you said you love me!

You said I was important!"

## Chapter 231 Getting Tricked Again

Gabrielle quietly walked with Westley in front of the room. Dimly lit, the faint yellow lights of the corridor softly glimmered on them, casting their shadows at their backs.

Gabrielle was so cruel a while ago that it felt like she would not mind burning the whole place down. But the moment she stepped outside, her coldness and ruthlessness vanished into thin air. What happened back there was enough to make her suddenly change colors. Timidly and uneasily, she looked at Westley with consideration. 4

She had done the most overbearing and crazy thing of her life just some moments ago. Feeling awkward, Gabrielle again shuddered, thinking about the hug and the kiss she forced on Westley. 'I went too far. Westley must be so shocked. Maybe, upset too.'

She didn't want to think about how Westley perceived her behavior earlier.



But she couldn't seem to stop herself either. 'Maybe, I am a shameless and permissive woman for him, now.' Gabrielle felt upset by this thought. This wasn't how she wanted things to turn out.

"Westley, I... I just..." Gabrielle stuttered, trying to explain herself in words. But soon, she realized, it was too hard to give reasons for an uninvited kiss. Also, she didn't know what to say at all.

"If you want to say something, Gabrielle, then don't falter." Gabrielle's hesitant expression and shy, stuttering lips made her look like a cute kitten. Westley could see that she wasn't domineering anymore.

'Is she bipolar or something? How can she switch between polar opposite personalities in just a blink?

She was so tyrannical before that I thought she'd blow Estelle's head off. And now she can't even speak well out of nervousness!'

"I..." Finally, mustering up every ounce of courage in her, Gabrielle started speaking. "I'm sorry, Westley. But I swear, I kissed you only to irritate Estelle! I



didn't want to annoy you. Please, don't be angry with me at that!" Gabrielle tried to put on a sweet smile, masking her embarrassment.

Her smile stretched across her face as she lifted the corners of her mouth. Raising her eyebrows along, Gabrielle looked overloaded with cuteness. Firstly, no one could stand being angry in front of her cute face. Secondly, who said that Westley was angry? It was rare for Gabrielle to take the initiative and come closer, and Westley was glad that she did. But of course, he would never show her his true feelings.

"Well, how would you make it up to me if I was to be angry?" Westley was in a good mood, trying to gain some benefits from her by playing along.

"In that case, how about I take you to a restaurant and treat you to dinner tonight?" Gabrielle smiled brightly, coming up with an excellent place to invite Westley for dinner.

For Gabrielle, that place offered delicious food at a suitable price. The beautiful scenery around there was a plus point, making her believe that Westley would

like it.

"Well, okay. But where are we going?"  
Secrets are always appealing to human curiosity. So, Westley was naturally interested to know about the restaurant Gabrielle had in mind.

"It's a secret. You'll find out soon."  
Smiling proudly, Gabrielle shrugged and walked towards the car.

'A secret, huh?

Well, okay then. Let it be.

A little surprise won't hurt, after all.'  
Westley smiled inwardly.

Looking at her watch, Gabrielle excitedly got into the car with Westley. It was already eight o'clock, the best time to go there.

"Mr. Hughes, take us to Lane Island."  
Gabrielle showed the way to Alvin, who revved the car engine right after she finished speaking.

Lane Island was a famous food spot in Antawood. It was near a fishing village, along the river of Antawood. After fishing was prohibited, the fishermen

opened food stalls and supper restaurants here. So, for foodies, this place became a partial paradise at night. Because only they knew about such a cheap place that rich people weren't aware of.

"Miss Jones, you know that place, too?" Being surprised at her words would be an understatement for Alvin. He knew this place because his primary school was nearby. But Alvin never took Gabrielle as someone who had been there.

"Yes, I know. I'm a foodie, after all." Gabrielle smiled awkwardly.

'Well, it's not a secret anymore.'

However, as she realized the amazement in Alvin's voice, Gabrielle suddenly became a bit worried. It was true that Lane Island had many crowded food stalls, rich with choices. But, even though the management was a lot better now, Gabrielle wasn't sure whether it would level Westley's standards or not. He had always lived in luxury. Even when he traveled, he went to five-star hotels, and the meals he had were all delicacies.

Gabrielle felt uneasy, thinking about the

mistake she had just made. 'Why am I so stupid for suggesting a place like that? How can I forget Westley's elegant lifestyle?'

"Uhh, Mr. Hughes, I have a change of mind. Let's go somewhere else. Choose a more elegant western restaurant for us, please." Gabrielle immediately reversed her decision.

"No, let's stick to Lane Island!" Westley abruptly said, his facial expressions as calm as ever.

'Do they both take me as some God who doesn't eat? Are they the only ones who have a hunger motive? Or do they think that I've never been to a food stall?'

"Mr. Morris?" Alvin was surprised, looking at Westley from the rearview mirror.

"Westley. The restaurants there are all small food stalls, offering cheap food that might not suit your taste. Are you sure you want to go there?" Gabrielle asked him uneasily.

"You chose to go to Lane Island, Gabrielle. And you can't just randomly alter your decision. Well, you can invite

me to western food next time. But right now," Westley looked at her and continued, "we're going to Lane Island." Westley faked a cold tone.

In Westley's middle school days, his elder brother Wilson often took him to Lane Island to eat. Westley's stomach was sensitive to heavily seasoned and greasy food, which always made him sick. But Wilson's happy face made Westley come along every time. Wilson didn't look like himself, the noble eldest son of the Morris family, when he happily savored the food there. So, for Wilson's satisfaction, Westley accompanied his elder brother, which wasn't a big deal. It was just a stomachache, and after taking medicine, Westley became fine.

When Wilson went abroad after graduation, Westley stopped coming there. 'It has been ten years now. I wonder how the place has changed.' Westley recalled how Lane Island looked back then.

And, since Gabrielle suggested going there, Westley had no reason to refuse.

"Okay, I'll invite you to a western

restaurant next time. But don't leave today if you don't like it." Gabrielle gave a warning look.

After a while, as her own words rang in her head, Gabrielle could see herself stupidly tricked by Westley again. 'Now, I have to treat him to another meal? That too, a western one?'

"Westley, I am already inviting you to supper today. Do I really have to buy you Western food too?" Gabrielle looked at him regrettably.

"You promised yourself." Shrugging, Westley crossed his arms in front of his chest and leaned back. He closed his eyes, resting comfortably.

"But, I didn't..."

"Be honest with your words, Gabrielle. Don't say things that you can't, or don't want to do," Westley said seriously, his eyes still closed.

Gabrielle silently rolled her eyes at Westley. But still, she knew she was willing to treat him a couple more times. After all, he had helped her teach Estelle a lesson. It was a kind act for Gabrielle, making her feel like she owed him.

"Westley, what are you going to do with Estelle? How long will you keep her locked up?" Gabrielle asked as her thoughts trailed towards Estelle's case.

"Well, for now, there's no update from the Johnson family. So, we can talk about it after they start a furor. But... are you feeling sorry for her?" With his eyes closed, Westley felt relaxed. He was in a good mood.

"Suppose, the Johnson family comes and asks for her. What will you do? Will you let her go? Benny knows that you have locked Estelle up." Gabrielle wasn't worried about Estelle. What bothered her more, was that there were high chances of Benny and the Johnson family working together to go against Westley.

For him, the cooperation between them wouldn't be helpful or enjoyable in any way.

"Benny cannot prove that I have Estelle, since he doesn't have any evidence. So, I can say, he won't reach out to me and ask me to release her unless he doesn't want the Hall family to live in Antawood anymore. Nevertheless, I think Benny likes Sloane more than Estelle. So, he

might not try to meddle. At least, for Sloane's sake," Westley said comfortably.

Gabrielle glanced at him. Under the light of the street lamps that occasionally flashed on his face as the car drove past them, she could see a trace of inadvertent laziness on Westley's handsome face. His calmness made him look like a lone wolf, waiting for its prey to take the bait.

Westley was like the Alpha of a wolf pack. Controlling everything he desired, he wasn't the one who took careless steps. Even in Estelle's case, he was aware that for what and when, he had to take which step.

"If..." Gabrielle started after a while. "I mean, if, by any chance, Benny asks you to negotiate, can you ask him to tell you the location of Sloane's mother's grave? The reason why Sloane didn't leave Benny's side is that he is the only one who knows the location of her mother's grave. I want to give Sloane a gift when she wakes up. So..." Gabrielle trailed off, staring at Westley's face.

And just as Gabrielle was taking in every



detail of his face, Westley suddenly opened his eyes, looking directly into her eyes with his dark orbs. It was so sudden that Gabrielle didn't get the time to look away. She was held captive by his mere gaze.

## Chapter 232 Gabrielle Being A Peeper

Westley's eyes were dark and distant, like a deep lake whose lakebed hid mysteriously, fascinating people to dive in.

Therefore, when he unexpectedly opened his eyes, Gabrielle was stunned under his gaze. She was staring at his face without moving! Now he had caught her red-handed, peeping at him.

"Do I look handsome?" Suddenly, Westley parted his lips and asked.

'Damn it! He really thinks I am a peeper.'

"Well, yes. You have a superstar's face and the body of a model." Gabrielle solemnly stated a fact, which was neither flattery nor ingratiation.

He was more handsome than most male celebrities. Even though he could have had a celebrity career based on his appearance, Westley became a successful businessman because of his intellect. He was so perfect that people

were jealous of him.

However, life was not always a bed of roses for everyone. God gave all kinds of advantages to the person He liked, for example, Westley. And that same God could also bring disaster to the person He didn't like, like Gabrielle.

Of course, every experience was a rare memory for Gabrielle, whether it was good or bad.

"Only you compliment me like this." The corners of Westley's lips twitched slightly. He was satisfied with her praise. Although many people admired his looks and gave him compliments, he didn't care about them at all.

"Well, are you pleased with my praise?" Gabrielle still kept a thoughtful look on her face.

Westley didn't answer such a stupid question and just kept looking at her quietly.

After their car arrived at the parking lot of Lane Island, they got off the car and walked through a big slate.

At that time, the whole place was

brightly lighted and bustling with a big crowd of people. Gabrielle cautiously stole a glance at the expression of the tall and handsome man next to her. Westley was wearing a pair of sunglasses on the bridge of his tall nose. Although Gabrielle couldn't see the emotions in his eyes, she knew he mustn't like it here.

The more Gabrielle thought about it, the more she felt she had made a mistake, bringing him here for dinner. Westley was way too elegant for a place like this. Even watching him walk here was weird.

"Westley, how about... We go somewhere else?"

"Which restaurant are you taking me to?" Westley noticed the carefulness in her eyes. So, he asked, kind of assuring her that he was fine.

He knew what she was up to, but it wasn't right. 'How can she change her mind after we've already arrived at the place?'

"Akiba's barbecue restaurant is the best barbecue stall on this island. It has been serving for almost thirty years that makes it older than me." Gabrielle chuckled. "Akiba is the best cook, and his

barbecue stall is the best among all the stalls I've eaten from here. So, that's where we are going. Let's go." Gabrielle happily led him forward.

After a while, it became more crowded, and people stumbled and bumped into them. Gabrielle was carefully avoiding them until she was pulled closer and held tightly by a hand. ②

"Westley, I can walk by myself." Gabrielle was visibly embarrassed.

Fortunately, the people there didn't pay much attention to the upper class. So, they had no interest in Westley's easily recognizable face or the way he was holding Gabrielle. Food was more important to them.

"You will get knocked into the river. I will have to go down to save you. We both will get wet. It's all too troublesome, actually. So, I'll hold you, for you to lead the way." Westley calmly found an excuse. ④

Gabrielle felt like she was just being regarded as an idiot. 'How the hell will I get knocked into the river while walking?' Nevertheless, holding his big hand indeed made her feel warm and

safe. 'Just hold it, Gabrielle, ' she silently convinced herself.

Alvin, the bachelor, who was following them, felt that Westley and Gabrielle's behavior mentally abused him. If not for hunger, he would not have got out of the car or followed them to eat. 2

Akiba's barbecue restaurant was a famous barbecue restaurant on the island. It was at the end of the island. Akiba had been a fisherman before, and he built a two-story building after fishing prohibition. So, he turned the ground floor into a barbecue stall and started living on the second floor with his wife.

Over the years, the island was vigorously renovated. The outcomes were pretty good, bringing in a clean place without garbage, not like the way it had been scattered everywhere before.

Only after the cleanup did Gabrielle think that it was acceptable to bring Westley here. If the place would still be messy and dirty like the way it was when she worked here, she wouldn't dare to bring him here.

"Here we are, Westley." Gabrielle led him towards Akiba's barbecue restaurant.

Both the inside and outside of the restaurant were bustling with people.

The smell of the barbecue was so pleasant that Gabrielle couldn't wait anymore. She had been starving, and on top of that, the smell of food made her mouth water.

"Wait a minute. I'll check if there is any table available." Gabrielle was about to let go of Westley's hand, but his firm grip stopped her.

"Alvin, go and find a table. If you can't find one, don't eat anything," Westley ordered Alvin.

"I'm on it, Mr. Morris." Alvin immediately took the order to find a table, but Gabrielle stopped him. <sup>1</sup>

"Let me, please. I know this place and the owner here, Akiba very well. Even if the restaurant doesn't have any available seats, he can find us the best ones." With a mysterious smile, Gabrielle gently let go of Westley's hand and went inside to look for Akiba.

Looking at Gabrielle's happy expressions, Westley was confused. She seemed to be quite familiar with this place.

The Jones family appeared to have nothing to do with this kind of place. But even after being the adopted daughter of the Jones family, Gabrielle knew how to grow flowers in Half Moon Bay and vegetables in the Isido Mount. She was also aware of barbecue stalls. 'What else is left that she can't do?'

Gabrielle was like a mysterious Pandora's box. Westley wondered that what more about her he was going to find out. ①

Gabrielle happily ran straight into the kitchen to look for Akiba, who was busy barbequing. He and his wife managed this restaurant. Their children worked in other cities after they graduated and seldom came back.

"Akiba, I'm here!" Gabrielle shouted happily.

"Hey, isn't this our little Gabrielle? It's been a long time since you've been here. I thought you forgot us." Akiba was glad to see her. He talked with her, his hand never leaving the barbecue.

"Oh, how can I possibly forget you? By the way, I brought two friends with me here today to eat your barbecue. But,



there's no empty table downstairs." Gabrielle pouted and looked at him innocently.

While she was showing her grievance, Akiba's wife came out with food. She was also surprisingly happy to see Gabrielle. "Gabrielle, you are here! Oh, it's been so long. Come and eat something. Ask Akiba to make barbeque for you."

"Gabrielle, take your friends upstairs and order whatever you and your friends want to eat. There is a soup cooked in the pottery jar and porridge too. If you are in a hurry, come downstairs and serve them yourself." Akiba smiled at her.

"Okay, let me settle my friends in, then." Gabrielle happily walked out of the kitchen.

"Westley! Alvin! Let's go upstairs." Gabrielle led the two of them upstairs through the main hall.

There were four rooms on the second floor. Gabrielle knew which one they could use to sit in and eat. Without hesitation, she opened the door of one room. It was a small living room, with a

sofa, a tea table, a TV, and no other furniture.

"This is the one. Come on. We are enjoying the VIP room, and it's our privilege." Gabrielle proudly entered the room and asked them to join in.

"Miss Jones, is this the owner's private living room? Are we really allowed to come in?" Alvin became a little uneasy.

"Don't worry. It's okay. I'm familiar with this place. It's just like home for me." A bright smile appeared on Gabrielle's face.

"Why are you so familiar with this place, Gabrielle?" Putting one hand in his pocket, Westley patronizingly looked at her in a commanding manner.

'How could a barbecue stall have anything to do with Gabrielle?' He couldn't stop the confusing thought.

## Chapter 233 A Different World

Gabrielle was stunned. The smile on her face slowly faded away. 'Why am I so familiar with Akiba's barbecue stall?'

When she was in her first year in high school, Gabrielle had to save money to buy a birthday gift for Bryce. So, she came here to work on weekends without telling the Jones family. 8

Although the Jones family was nice to her, Wendy was very strict with Gabrielle's pocket money. Bryce could buy whatever he wanted. But Gabrielle was only allowed to have money for buying essentials. Most of the time, it was Sloane who paid when they came out to eat.

Therefore, to buy a decent birthday gift for Bryce, Gabrielle had to do a part-time job. But no one accepted a high school student as a part-timer. At last, Akiba and his wife gave her a job. Fortunately, Gabrielle was pretty, talented, and diligent. Akiba and his wife liked her and

treated her as their daughter. They would pay her a few hundred dollars extra every month, assuming that her family was poor. What they didn't know was that she was an adopted daughter of the Jones family.

Throughout that time, Gabrielle worked very hard. She was happy while working here. The only thing that made her sad was that when Gabrielle went back every night, Bryce disliked it that she smelled like barbecue. And on top of that, he gave the game console that she gave him as a birthday present to others. This really was hurtful for Gabrielle. 4

Later, Gabrielle didn't do the part-time job here anymore. But on weekends, she came here with Sloane when they had time. She worked for Akiba for a whole day in exchange for a free meal.

As time went by, this place became like a home to her. So, that made her naturally be quite familiar with it.

"Well, most students do part-time jobs to earn money. Do you not know?" Gabrielle awkwardly smiled, taking Westley to sit down.

It was like she showed her past life to

Westley, little by little. But he looked kind of unwilling to know, which upset Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle." Westley was confused. "Were you in a financial bind?" Westley had already investigated how the Jones family treated her before. Although they didn't give her a super luxurious life, they didn't treat her unfairly either.

"No, only to gain experience and freedom. I've worked here as a part-time worker for a few months. Or you can say that I like barbecue. Anyway, you two should sit down. I'm going to order now. Well, is there anything you can't eat?" Gabrielle hurried to get some food. She was almost starving, and the barbeque smell was enchanting her already.

"Mr. Morris can't eat..." 5

Alvin wanted to say that Westley can't eat extremely spicy food with multiple seasonings. But, before he could have started, Westley interrupted him, "No, don't worry. We are fine. You are the one who needs to take care the most here." Westley glared at Alvin, giving him a warning look, indicating him to shut up and seal his lips.

Understanding Westley's glare, Alvin obediently shut up. But he felt wronged in his heart. 'I just wanted to look after my boss. What is wrong with that? Mr. Morris's stomach is sensitive, and he can't eat food with rich flavor.'

"You're right. It seems that I need to worry about myself. I'm going downstairs, then." Gabrielle went out quickly.

Westley couldn't stop the thought that Gabrielle was obsessed with barbecue. He had seen her eating barbecue and drinking alcohol with Sloane and Lance before.

"Mr. Morris, why didn't you let me tell her? Miss Jones can order something else for you if we tell her about the food you can't eat. What if..."

"What if what? Do you consider me that delicate?" Westley coldly stared at Alvin. He didn't want to cause more trouble for Gabrielle by telling her about his eating habits.

"Well, go downstairs and help Gabrielle with bringing the food upstairs," Westley indirectly asked him to leave.

Gabrielle was in the kitchen. While helping her take the soup cooked in the pottery jar, Akiba's wife asked about her face worriedly. "Gabrielle, what happened to your face? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. I just fell by accident," Gabrielle said casually.

It was obvious that the wound wasn't caused by just a tumble. But, since Gabrielle showed that she didn't want to tell her, Akiba's wife didn't ask further.

"I saw the two young men you took upstairs. They both are tall, handsome, and quite elegant. Is one of them your boyfriend?" Akiba's wife began to gossip, changing the topic.

Gabrielle suddenly burst out laughing. 'What? Boyfriend? He is my legitimate husband. Of course, I'm afraid it will frighten her if I tell her the truth.' She stood in silence for a while.

"Not boyfriend. One is my boss, and the other one is his assistant. So, I have to treat them well, you know, or I will lose my job." Gabrielle tried to be reasonably serious. ①

And, Akiba's wife believed her. "I didn't

realize that our Gabrielle has grown up so big to start working already. We should treat your guests very well, then. Take the soup upstairs first, and I will help you bring the food up after Akiba has finished cooking."

"Okay, thank you." Gabrielle smiled sweetly.

"By the way, your boss doesn't look like an ordinary person. He must be someone from a big company, right? Isn't it too informal to invite him to eat at such a place?" Although Akiba's wife didn't know the management style of big companies, she knew that they were from a different class. Just by one look, she could sense that Westley was an unusual person. His intrinsic elegance and distinguished style were too incompatible with this small stall. She was worried that bringing him to a place he didn't like might get Gabrielle fired.

"Don't worry. We already had dinner in a high-class restaurant. We especially came here to have a midnight snack. Many Michelin stars have tried to learn from Akiba, but not even a single one could compete with him, right? So, I took my boss here to try it. He might look cold



and different, but deep inside, he is easy-going. So, don't worry." Gabrielle comforted her earnestly.

"Gabrielle, do you like your boss?" Akiba's wife's tone was mysterious.

'Do I like Westley?'

Gabrielle shook her head immediately. "Don't say that. Office romance is not allowed in our company. Especially, the big boss prohibits it strictly. So, I don't dare to even get close to him. Anyway, I'm going upstairs." She smiled clumsily.

When Gabrielle walked out of the kitchen with the soup, she saw Alvin coming down.

"Miss Jones, let me, please." Alvin immediately took the soup from her hand.

"What's wrong? Did your Mr. Morris kick you out? You look unhappy." Gabrielle noticed the uneasiness on his face.

"No, I just wanted to ask if the food can have less chili and oil. I..." Alvin stuttered, mustering up the courage to say, "I can't eat very spicy food. I didn't dare to say it before, so I waited till now.

" 'For the sake of boss's health, I have to take the risk to say it.'

"Oh, don't worry. I'll go and tell Akiba about it. Please, get this soup to Westley before it gets cold. Until then, I'll go get the porridge." Gabrielle turned around and went into the kitchen again.

Westley had been standing at the window all the time. Through the window of the second floor, he could see the river of Antawood. The lights on the opposite side of the river were all shining, but it was less jollification there. It was a different world from Lane Island.

Sometimes, the thriving market where ordinary people went appeared to be the real world.

'Gabrielle seems like she fits in perfectly well.' Westley really couldn't understand her.

"Mr. Morris, the soup is here. Have a try, please." Alvin put the soup down on the table.

"Which soup is it?" Westley casually asked. He actually didn't care much about the soup, as long as it was delicious.

"I don't know. Probably, ordinary pork rib soup. You should try it." Alvin handed the jar to Westley.

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After putting the soup down for Westley, Alvin immediately ran downstairs to pick up the porridge from Gabrielle. He came back with minced pork porridge with preserved egg. Gabrielle followed him upstairs, watching Westley drinking the soup.

She got close to him and asked happily, "Westley, how does the soup taste?" Gabrielle wore an expectant look.

"Well, it's great." For Westley, the soup really tasted exceptional. He thought that a small restaurant like this would not use good ingredients, but he could clearly smell fresh ingredients. 'They must have taken hours to simmer soup with good ingredients without any additives.' Being picky, Westley could tell by just tasting whether the soup was made from the best ingredients or not.

Hearing him, Gabrielle felt relieved. She was worried that Westley would complain about this place and leave if he

didn't like the food here.

She didn't expect that Westley could be so equable to enjoy in such a small restaurant.

'Sure enough, everyone likes Akiba's soup.' Gabrielle smiled.

"It's good, then. You know, Akiba cooks the best soup and porridge. Akiba's barbecue stall doesn't only sell barbecue. Many people come here for the famous soup and porridge he cooks too. Otherwise, I wouldn't bring you here only for one dish." Gabrielle sat beside him happily.

In the beginning, she didn't want to get close to him. But now, Gabrielle was used to sitting next to him. It seemed like a habit of her, happening on its own. ④

"Yes, it's good." It was a very high compliment from Westley.

"If you like it, I will cook it for you in the future. After all, I have stayed here for a few months. So, I have learned how to cook this one." ①

Gabrielle served him a bowl of porridge, smiling boastfully.

Westley stared at her for a few seconds. He obviously couldn't believe that she said that so sincerely. "Gabrielle, you must keep your promise. If you can't do it, don't say it." <sup>1</sup>

Westley raised his eyebrow, warning her. Gabrielle gave him an aggrieved look, handing him the porridge. "I'm not that dishonest, Westley. You're saying this as if I am a rascal who can't keep her promise."

"That's exactly what you are," Westley said without a pause. He felt amused.

Gabrielle was embarrassed being teased this way. 'Which girl would be happy to be called a rascal?'

"No, I am not. Don't jest about that, Westley." Gabrielle made a face.

"Then remember, the last person I'd like will be the one who can't do what he says. Since you said that you would cook soup for me in the future, you should keep it in mind and do what you say." Westley's tone was calm.

"I know! Don't worry. I'm not that unreliable." Gabrielle looked at him with

a grievance.

Akiba and his wife brought the barbecue upstairs for them. When they appeared at the door and heard their conversation, the older woman naturally started complimenting Gabrielle without hesitation. "Yes, sir. Please, trust our Gabrielle. She has always been an honest girl. She will do what she says."

In fact, Gabrielle was a good girl. She was kind, diligent, and honest. As long as she had promised something, she would fulfill her promise, no matter how hard it was.

That was also the reason why she and Akiba admired her so much. She was worth being liked.

She and Akiba especially came upstairs to greet Gabrielle's big boss. They wanted to meet him to show him respect, hoping that he would take care of the girl in the company in the future. Sure enough, he looked even more attractive when he didn't wear his sunglasses.

'This big boss is so attractive,' the older woman thought, amazed at his appearance.

"Gabrielle, your big boss is so handsome. He looks like a TV star."

She looked at Gabrielle, frankly telling her point of view.

'Big boss?'

Hearing this new word, Westley looked at Gabrielle confusedly. 'How did she introduce me to Akiba and his wife?'

"Yes. He is indeed handsome. He just doesn't talk much. Anyway, our boss's surname is Morris, and his assistant's surname is Brooks." Gabrielle smiled. 5

Finally, Westley knew how Gabrielle had introduced him to the old couple. For them, he was Gabrielle's boss, not her legitimate husband.

Although Westley didn't like the identity as the big boss, Gabrielle was still young, after all. If she told them that she got married secretly, they might get shocked.

"Mr. Morris, our Gabrielle works in your company. Please, take care of her. She is a good girl, so please, be kind to her," the older woman humbly requested Westley.



"Our company is kind to every employee and cherishes every talent." Westley's tone was surprisingly professional. ①

Emily was satisfied enough to hear this. 'This big boss is not only handsome but quite sedate and sensible too. Working for him must be a promising job for Gabrielle.'

"Mr. Morris, Gabrielle is really a good girl. She is diligent and sensible. When she worked part-time here, not only did we like her, the customers in the shop and the owners of the nearby shops also liked her a lot."

The older woman continued praising Gabrielle, which made Gabrielle feel unworthy.

In an instant, she made Gabrielle the most popular girl on the island.

Westley hadn't expected that Gabrielle was such a popular favorite that she would be welcomed wherever she went.

"Well, you're saying so many nice things about me. Don't blow the trumpet." Gabrielle made fun of it.

She knew that Akiba's was afraid that

they might unfairly treat Gabrielle. So, she said those nice words for her to let her boss know Gabrielle's worth. But the man in front of her was not her boss, but her husband. And the older woman was unaware of that.

"I know, Gabrielle is a talented employee. We will offer her proper training. We don't miss any talent. So, don't worry." Westley was really trying his best to act accordingly.

It was out of Gabrielle's expectations. She had no idea that the dignified head of the Morris Group not only had a superstar's beauty but also had impeccable acting talents.

"Yes, we know. Gabrielle fights for herself. She won't let you down." The older woman was satisfied. But Gabrielle felt quite uncomfortable.

Coincidentally, a guest called for service downstairs. Gabrielle was going to send the two elders downstairs, anyway. So, this appeared to be a good opportunity. The older woman was being way too enthusiastic.

"Well, now you know that I'm fine. The guest downstairs has called you. You can

go back to work now. Don't worry about us. I'll come downstairs by myself if I need anything." She almost urged them to go.

Before they would say something else, Gabrielle had indirectly begged them to leave. Nevertheless, the older woman liked Westley, the big boss, a lot. As long as she was not busy, she brought him a glass of water or a drink to meet him again and again.

At last, when they left, she had moved back and forth so many times. Gabrielle was worried that she would be tired. But the thought that Westley would dislike her zealous service worried Gabrielle even more.

Before they left, the older woman had already asked Westley to take care of Gabrielle several times.

"Our boss is insightful. He recognizes a good employee right when he sees one. So, if I behave well, he will definitely notice it. So, please, don't ask him to take care of me more," Gabrielle said, holding her hand.

Gabrielle was quite satisfied and happy with their service and for being cared for

by them. She had cherished their care so much.

"Okay, be careful on your way back. Come again when you have time." The older woman waved her hand and didn't say anything more. 'Young people don't like elders talking too much about their affairs. If we talk too much, they will become unhappy,' she sighed.

"Okay. See you next time!" Gabrielle hurriedly led the two away.

She wanted to escape from the heated eyes of Akiba and his wife, but the two elders kept on watching them leave with great interest.

"This is the first time that Gabrielle has brought male friends to our restaurant for dinner, right? These two young men are both handsome and young, but Mr. Morris is more attractive. He would be a better match for Gabrielle."

The older woman smiled boastfully.

"What are you thinking? He is Gabrielle's boss. Don't be their matchmaker. What's wrong with you? Are you too tired from cooking that you've started thinking of this stuff? And, you shouldn't have gone

to see him so many times. Aren't you afraid of bringing trouble to Gabrielle?" Akiba rolled his eyes at her, shaking his head.

"You don't understand. If he really is just a boss and doesn't have any interest in Gabrielle, he wouldn't come to our small restaurant with an ordinary employee. Look at him. People from the upper class like him don't come to a place like ours, normally." The older woman raised her chin proudly as if she had seen through everything.

"So, do you mean that the boss likes Gabrielle?" Akiba couldn't believe it because he had never paid attention to these things.

"If he didn't like Gabrielle, why did he open the water bottle for her? Did you not see that? When I handed the bottle to Gabrielle, her boss took it and unscrewed it for her. Why would he be so considerate if he doesn't like her?" For her, her assumptions were equitable enough.

"You are thinking way too much. Let's go back and make the barbecue." Akiba wasn't interested in gossips. He simply

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turned around and went inside.



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