

Chapter 393 The Crystal Palace Under The Sea

Westley drove them directly to the Hotel Crystal Palace. It was the only one in Antawood which had an underground restaurant.

Other restaurants preferred to build a large aquarium in their hotel. In it they would raise all kinds of marine creatures. Visitors could enjoy watching the creatures and have delicious food at the same time.

But Hotel Crystal Palace was different. They had built the main part of the hotel under the sea.

The whole sea had become their aquarium. It provided a serene ambience to the visitors to watch the marine creatures in their own habitat. How splendid the scene was!

There was an underwater corridor of nearly a hundred meters, which led from the main part of hotel to the restaurant. Walking through the glass corridor, they

could see a variety of fish swimming over their heads.

The scene was so spectacular that words failed to describe it. The splendid view astonished Gabrielle.

"Westley! This is so beautiful. Just incredible!"

Gabrielle exclaimed when she saw the fish swimming above their heads. Suddenly she was startled, when she saw a shark lurking above her head.

"Eh? Are you scared?" Westley asked gently. He was holding her hand firmly.

"No! I think it's too spectacular." Gabrielle wasn't scared at all. She found it indescribably beautiful and stood wide-eyed.

Gabrielle had been to various aquariums earlier. But for the first time she saw marine creatures at such a close distance.

The underground marine restaurant of the Hotel Crystal Palace was an amazing place. As she stood watching it all, she was mesmerized. Being a part of the wonderful scene, she couldn't help

marveling at it.

A few years ago, when the hotel was completed and opened, people needed to book their tables three months in advance. Besides, it was not affordable for ordinary people.

For a common person like Gabrielle, there was no chance to make a reservation.

If it weren't for Westley, she would never have been able to get into the hotel and marvel at the wonders she saw.

"Do you like it?" noticing the smile on her face, Westley asked. He knew how much she liked this place, but wanted to hear it from her mouth.

"Yes! I like it a lot!" Gabrielle beamed with excitement as she replied to him.

"Great. But which one you like more, me or this place?" Westley asked her in a mischievous tone.

Gabrielle was taken aback as she hadn't expected him to ask such a question. She was stunned at first, and then chuckled.

"Well, the answer has to be, you!"

Westley was satisfied with her answer and held her hand more tightly.

The restaurant was divided into small portions like ball rooms. Each of them had a table, and was enclosed and private. They looked like huge transparent bubbles in the sea. It looked very beautiful from a distance.

People would feel quite comfortable in such a romantic space.

"C'mon, let's have a seat first." Westley pulled the chair out for Gabrielle in a chivalrous manner. He was being the perfect gentleman.

Gabrielle didn't want to sit down at all. She thought it was a waste to sit and not observe the beauty of their surroundings. She would rather stand to get more of the spectacular view of the sea and its creatures.

But seeing Westley waiting for her to be seated, Gabrielle sat down.

The room seemed like a crystal ball hanging in the air. It was made of glass, which was even at the bottom. The ball room seemed to have transparent ceiling and floor.

Therefore, as soon as people took their seats, they could see the fish swimming under their feet. It was a very new experience for Gabrielle.

"Westley, look! There's a clown fish under my feet."

There were lights sparkling in the glass ball, so the fishes were attracted to the balls.

"I saw an octopus! ①

There! See there! It's a shark. Do you think it can hit and damage the glass?" Gabrielle started to feel worried now.

Westley was amazed by her simplistic behavior. She was really a girl with fertile imagination. How adorable!

"Don't worry! It's a special glass which can resist the impact. They would not have taken the risk and put it in the sea, if they didn't have the capability." Westley comforted her and tried to put all her worries to rest.

"You are right! But it is actually thrilling. The idea of a shark coming and hitting the glass is enough to give anyone goose bumps." Though she was scared a bit,

Gabrielle's face hardly carried the fear. With eyes wide open and a grin across her face, she seemed to be filled with excitement only.

Westley was glad that he picked the right place. He had been worried, while he drove all the way, that Gabrielle wouldn't like it.

Now, he could tell for sure that she loved it more than he had imagined.

"So, what would you like to eat?" Westley asked as his eyes started scanning the menu.

"You can go ahead and decide. You know that I'm not a picky eater." Gabrielle was not in the mood to order anything now. She couldn't keep her eyes away from the fish floating all around her.

Thus, she didn't care about the food or anything else.

Seeing that she was too engrossed with the view, Westley didn't ask her any more. He ordered a couple of dishes for them.

From the time Gabrielle had stepped into the restaurant, she did not spend even a

single moment to talk with Westley.

As moments passed, it started to make Westley very upset. Indeed, he wanted her to be happier, but he also wanted her to show some care and concern for him.

"Well, Gabrielle, the dishes have been served. Let's have dinner first. We can check it later when we go back to the room." Westley cut a slice of steak from the tray and placed it on a plate. Then he handed the plate to her. ①

Instantly, Gabrielle stopped staring at the fish and began eating the steak.

"Thank you, Westley!" she said. Gabrielle was grateful to him for what he had done for her.

Westley had taken so good care of her. And she understood why he was so concerned about her.

"If you really want to thank me, fix your eyes at me instead of others," Westley replied. There was a hint of grievance in his words and tone.

'Well, this man is jealous of the fish now.'

①

Gabrielle couldn't help giggling to herself silently. 'How can Westley be so cute but stingy?'

"Okay. Actually, it's the first time I have been able to see such a beautiful and spectacular sight." Gabrielle expressed her feelings seriously.

To be honest, she realized that she had paid too much attention to the fishes.

'How could he blame me for that? Fishes are adorable.' ⓘ

"Well, I can bring you here whenever you want to." Westley promised Gabrielle.

Westley was the man who wouldn't make any promise arbitrarily, but once he did, he would definitely fulfill it.

He was a man of his word.

"As a matter of fact, many things give a fresh feeling when you feel them for the first time. They bring people the experience of direct excitement. But if you do it or face it too much, you'll get bored. Anyway, we don't need to come over here often. It would be nice to keep it fresh." Gabrielle analyzed rationally and spoke in a thoughtful manner.

What Westley liked the most in her was the manner in which she was rational. Even if she lost control of herself for a few moments because of the excitement, she was able enough to quickly recover from it with her rationality.

"I respect your thoughts, Gabrielle. So, whenever you want to come over, just tell me." Westley wanted to match up to all her needs and fulfill all her requirements.

In Antawood, no other man could satisfy others' every need and requirement, except Westley.

Gabrielle certainly knew about that.

"Great! I will surely let you know, if I want to come here in future." Gabrielle nodded her head in agreement.

She wondered about Sloane. Next thing to do was to bring Sloane there for the wonderful scene.

She remembered the time when the place was putting advertisements on hoardings in the city. The two girls didn't even want to blink their eyes after watching the advertising video. Both of

them had decided that they must come and see it in future.

It was a pity that in all these days, they hadn't been able to make a reservation. They couldn't because they did not qualify as they belonged to the not-so-high social status.

But now things were different. Gabrielle had Westley so she could bring Sloane there anytime.

She was extremely happy by just thinking about it. Now, she just hoped that Sloane would get better soon. 2

It had been so long, after all!

Chapter 394 He Would Be With Her No Matter What

This moment was supposed to be romantic and heartwarming.

But the moment Gabrielle remembered what happened to Sloane, she felt saddened.

The smile on her face disappeared, and her eyes were laden with uneasiness. She couldn't even taste the steak anymore, no matter how delicious it was.

Westley could see exactly what she was feeling.

"What's the matter, my love? Is the steak not good?" he asked.

"No, it's great, actually. I just wanted to ask you if it's okay for me to bring Sloane along next time." The way Gabrielle looked at him showed that she was hopeful of an affirmative answer.

'So, she's thinking of Sloane, huh? No wonder she seems so sad,' Westley thought to himself.

Naturally, he would never refuse her.

"No problem."

"Thank you so much, Westley," she replied with glee.

"You silly girl!"

"Sloane is in a coma right now. I hope she wakes up soon. I don't want her to stay like that forever. I'm worried that..." Gabrielle couldn't bring herself to finish that sentence. She was afraid that saying it out loud would make it come true.

'Sloane is such an unlucky girl. Why does she have to suffer through something that she doesn't deserve?

God is so unfair. Why is he punishing someone as kindhearted and lovable as Sloane instead of all the evil people in the world?' she wondered.

"There's no reason to be afraid." Westley held her hand to offer comfort.

"I've gathered the best neurosurgeons in the world to treat her. It won't be long until she recovers." In reality, he couldn't guarantee Sloane's recovery.

After all, this was not his field of specialization.

Moreover, it was apparent that Sloane had no will to survive her condition.

It would be difficult to bring her back to life even with all the best doctors in the world.

However, Westley knew the truth that it would be difficult to make Sloane recover, but he couldn't tell that truth to Gabrielle.

"I know. Honestly, Sloane has to cooperate with the doctors. If she doesn't have enough will to survive, it'll be fruitless even if the doctors are the best in the world. Westley, I think we'll need to let Benny see Sloane. Perhaps he could be the key to helping her regain the fervor for life. What happened back then was all because of him. Whether it's love or hatred, he may be the only person who can wake her up." As a matter of fact, Gabrielle had long thought of this possibility.

If it weren't for that reason, she would never let Benny see Sloane again. It would be better if they didn't see each other for the rest of their lives.

"Have you made up your mind, Gabrielle?" Westley looked serious when he asked the question.

Gabrielle fell silent for a moment before she nodded in agreement.

"I have. It seems that this is the only way we can help Sloane wake up." She really had no other choice. As long as it could help Sloane regain consciousness, she was willing to let Benny see her.

But it still depended on fate if he could wake Sloane up.

If he failed to wake Sloane up, she would sever ties between Benny and Sloane in the future.

"Sure, I'll take care of it." Westley called Alvin at once.

"Alvin, find Benny as soon as you can and take him to Sloane's ward. Tell him to find a way to wake Sloane from her coma. If he can't do it, he will never be allowed to see her again for the rest of his life. This is his one and only chance," he said.

"Understood, Mr. Morris. I shall do that at once." Alvin never questioned any task

that Westley gave him. To him, it was his duty to obey. There was no need to ask for a reason. All he needed was to do his job well.

"No matter where he is, find him and drag him to Sloane's ward if you have to. I want this done soon." Having said that, Westley disconnected from the call. This was how he always behaved. As his executive assistant, Alvin was well aware of his master's personality.

Gabrielle just sat there, watching Westley give orders. 'Sure enough, only the cold and calculating CEO of the Morris Group would give such a crazy command,' she thought to herself.

"Gabrielle, I've already told Alvin to deal with Benny. He'll take Benny to Sloane the soonest that he can. Whether he can help Sloane wake up is an entirely different matter." Even until now, Westley had no intention of guaranteeing that this would succeed.

Truthfully, this matter had nothing to do with him. If it weren't for Gabrielle, he never would've cared about Sloane.

"Thank you, Westley. I know that you've helped me a lot. Whether Sloane wakes

up or not all depends on her fate now,"

Gabrielle said in a relatively calm voice.

Sometimes, people must resign themselves to fate.

If God wouldn't allow Sloane to wake up, then no matter what Gabrielle did, she would never be able to bring Sloane back to life.

"Come on, let's have dinner first. The food is getting cold. You've done your best to help Sloane, so there's no need to blame yourself for what happened." Westley poured her a glass of warm water.

After they ate dinner, they went back to the underground hotel through the glass tunnel.

Westley had booked a suite on the tenth floor underground. It wasn't that deep, and neither was it shallow. They were around forty meters below ground level, and this depth was a perfect level to lie down and watch the fishes.

By the time the sun would rise the next morning, rays of sunshine could reach this room. If it had been too deep

underwater, no light would've been able to reach the room.

After Westley led her back to the room, Gabrielle quickly drew the curtains, leaning against the glass wall to see the fishes swimming outside.

The fishes were so beautiful. They came in all shapes, colors, and sizes.

"Westley, I don't think I can sleep tonight." Gabrielle's face was pressed against the glass wall, and she seemed to have no intention of leaving.

Westley approached her and stood behind her. He then put his arms around her waist, resting his head on her shoulder and staring at the fishes on the other side of the glass wall.

"If you don't want to sleep, I'll stay up with you," he replied in a soft voice.

Gabrielle was a little surprised to hear him say that. After a while, she said, "No, I was just making a casual remark." She didn't want him to stare at the fishes with her all night. All she wanted to do was to amuse herself, and not burden him.

"Let's go take a shower together."
Westley held her hand, dragging her
towards the bathroom.

Of course, Gabrielle didn't want to bathe
with him, because she was far too shy.

"No, you should go and take a shower
first. I'll take a bath after you," she
answered.

Knowing that he just wanted to use this
opportunity to do something to her, she
was reluctant to go into the bathroom.

Westley noticed that she was feeling shy,
so he continued to drag her towards the
bathroom. "Don't worry. I just want to
take a shower. I won't do anything to
you. Of course, if you're the one who
wants to do some stuff with me, I won't
object to it," he said.

'What does he mean by that?

What kind of woman does he think I am?

He's gone too far!' Gabrielle cursed
inwardly.

"I don't want to bathe with you," she
shouted.

"It seems that I'll have to carry you

Chapter 394 He Would Be With Her No Matter What

there." Westley carried her without even asking for permission.

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Chapter 395 Westley Was Becoming More Romantic

This time, it wasn't like what Gabrielle was thinking. After taking her to the bathroom, Westley indeed just took a shower, showing no intention of touching her.

It appeared as though she was the only one thinking about sex.

After they finished showering together, Westley placed her on the bed gently.

They were inside an underwater hotel, so the ambiance lived up to the theme. There was a large waterbed inside their room, and lying on it felt as though one was floating on the sea.

This feeling was novel, and quite exciting.

Gabrielle rolled repeatedly around it, astonished by how exciting and comfortable it felt to be on it. Afterwards, she lay on her side and watched the fishes outside the glass wall. ①

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Their large waterbed was just beside the glass wall. If one were to lie on the bed and watch the fishes swim, they would come to realize that only a glass wall was what separated them.

Gabrielle stretched out her hand, feeling as though she could grasp one of the fishes.

She truly loved this feeling.

"Aren't the fishes even more beautiful when you watch them lying on a bed like this one?" Westley lay down behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist.

"They really are enchanting to watch. It's like I'm staring at a moving wallpaper," she responded in a voice filled with glee.

"So, how's today's date? Do you like it?" Westley could still remember how she flirted with him on the street. ①

It suddenly occurred to Gabrielle that she was the one who flirted with him on the street, and before long, she burst into laughter.

"Westley, I love this date you've arranged for us! You're surprisingly good at being romantic. I'm curious... do you

do this for every woman?" Gabrielle turned around, staring into his eyes. The look on her face was similar to the one she had when they were flirting a while back.

Her question amused Westley to the point that he also broke into laughter.

"I've already told you that you're the only one I've flirted with. You're the only one I do things like this for. Well, now that you seem so happy with the date, what kind of reward can I get for it?" he asked. ①

Without hesitation, Gabrielle got up, and planted a kiss just beside his lip.

Westley didn't expect that she would kiss him directly, so it stunned him for a moment. Seconds later, he came to his senses and began to kiss her passionately.

The following day, when Gabrielle woke up, her body felt sore. ②

The previously opened curtains were now tightly closed. Gabrielle knew who had closed them without a second thought. Last night, while Westley was kissing her, he closed the curtains

simultaneously. Whenever he was doing intimate things with her, he preferred not to be seen by anyone, not even the fishes.

Gabrielle wore her night robe and opened the curtain. The dazzling light peered through the wall and entered the room. Although it wasn't that bright, it was still a beautiful sight to see.

There were more fish in the daytime than there were in the evening, so it was even more spectacular than last night.

As she sat on the bed, she stared at the aquatic creatures with the astonishment of a child.

When Westley got out of the bathroom, he saw that Gabrielle was sitting on the bed in a night robe and observing the aquatic creatures outside. She appeared to be in a good mood.

"Oh, Gabrielle, you're up. How are you feeling?" He then sat beside her, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her into his embrace. ③

"You still have the gall to ask me that question? Remember what you did to me last night?" Gabrielle crossed her arms,

glaring at him. She really didn't want to talk to him anymore. ①

Upon seeing how angry she was, Westley planted a kiss on her forehead.

"I'm sorry about that. You were so beautiful last night that I couldn't help myself. Please don't be mad at me. I've asked someone to bring over some clothes and some breakfast here. Do you want me to carry you to the bathroom and help you wash your face?" he asked.

'What does he mean by that?

I'm not a cripple! I can go by myself,' Gabrielle thought to herself.

"No! I don't need you to do any of that. Get out of my way.

I'm getting out of bed."

She glared at him and grunted.

Amused by her reaction, Westley stepped aside.

Once she had gotten out of bed, she walked past him. She deliberately made her footsteps heavy in order to vent her frustration at him.

"Men are all horrible!" she snarled.

'He told me that he was just flirting with me and that he wasn't going to have sex with me.

He promised he wouldn't hurt me.

Damn it! All the words that come out of his mouth are bullshit; not a single one of them is true,' Gabrielle cursed inwardly.

She had only taken a few steps when she suddenly felt her legs go weak. Just before she could fall to the ground, Westley rushed to her side and propped her up.

"Ah! Westley, I don't need your help. I said that I could do it myself!" Not long after, he swept her off her feet and carried her, causing her to get upset. ①

"Gabrielle, you're my wife. As your husband, helping you do stuff, even something as menial as washing your face in the bathroom, is my duty. Besides, it's my fault you're having trouble walking, so I have to take responsibility for my actions." Having said that, Westley carried her into the bathroom.

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"You don't have the right to say any of that, you jerk! I didn't ask you to take responsibility for it. Just get the hell out!" The moment Gabrielle was in the bathroom, she immediately commanded him to leave the room. ①

Just then, the doorbell rang. Westley instantly knew that Alvin had arrived.

He had asked Alvin to bring them some change of clothes.

"Gabrielle, you should freshen up. Call me if you need anything. I will be back soon." Westley gently placed her on a chair, turned around, and left the bathroom.

Once he was out of the room, she got up and locked the door.

When he heard that she had locked the door, Westley chuckled helplessly.

'How come I never realized how lovely and amusing she was before?

Well, no time like the present, I suppose,' he thought to himself.

The moment he opened the door, he found Alvin carrying two bags, followed

by a waiter pushing a silver dining cart.

Their breakfast and change of clothes were ready.

"Come in." Westley turned around, walked in, and gestured for the others to enter.

Once the waiter had pushed the cart in, he left.

The staff at this hotel had all been well-trained, because the guests at this hotel were part of the highest social class. None of them could afford the consequences of offending such elites.

The only way they could survive in this place was to play by the rules, speak less, and do more.

"Mr. Morris, here are the clothes you asked for." Alvin put down the bags.

"I must say, sir, you are becoming quite romantic. I never thought that our Mr. Morris could be this romantic! Is your wife inside?" He could hear the sound of dripping water, and he inferred that Gabrielle must be in the bathroom, so he made sure to keep his voice down for fear that it would make her feel

embarrassed to hear him.

This was the first time that Alvin came to this hotel. He was amazed by the vast number of aquatic creatures outside the glass walls.

The thought that Westley was spending a lot of time, effort, and energy on Gabrielle made Alvin happy. 🍷

"So, how did it go last night?" asked Westley.

"We found Benny in another city, and we've already brought him to Sloane this morning. But I'm not sure whether he can wake her up or not." Alvin's only responsibility was to bring Benny to Sloane. Whether that man could wake her up or not all depended on luck and fate.

Chapter 396 I'm Your Husband

When Gabrielle came out, she saw that Alvin had left already. But there was Westley, having changed his clothes, standing before a table of delicious breakfast, grinning.

The fragrance of the food hugged the room, made Gabrielle salivate, made her forget how tired she had been last night.

"You're done, Gabrielle. You must be hungry. Come and have breakfast," Westley called, beckoning her to a chair.

Sitting on one side of the small table placed beside the large glass wall, they watched the fish wriggling through the clean blue water as they ate breakfast. It had been just like this when they had dinner in the glass ball at that time.

It was a lovely sight.

Earlier, Gabrielle had been in quite a bad mood, having been disturbed by Westley the whole of last night. But now, as she watched the water, her bad mood ebbed

away like the tiny wavelets that spread out around the swimming fish.

Watching these marine creatures had its little magic of transforming bad days into beautiful ones.

"We can stay here an extra day, or even as long as you want. What do you think?" Westley asked, munching slowly while he poured her a glass of milk.

Gabrielle held up the glass and sipped at the milk. Her eyes glinted with thrill as she stared at Westley. "You mean we can really stay here as long as we want?"

It was actually going to be fun to live here. But she knew that it would seem like living in an aquarium, and before long she would get bored.

"Of course, we can. It all depends on how long you want us to stay," Westley said seriously. ②

He neither sounded nor looked as if he was joking. He was a man who meant every single word he said.

Sensing that he was indeed serious, she decided to dissuade him immediately. She knew the kind of the person he was.

"I really don't want to live here, Westley. It's okay if we can come here once in a while to have a nice time. But if I have to see this water and these fish every day, I'll get tired of it all after a while, you know."

Westley listened, staring calmly at her and nodding slowly in agreement.

"That's fine. You can always come here whenever you wish," he said in a gentle voice. He would never force her to do whatever she didn't want to.

"Okay," Gabrielle said, smiling warmly and enjoying her meal.

After breakfast, she changed into another dress in the bathroom. Then they both left the hotel and got on the car.

Alvin was already waiting for them in the driver's seat.

"Good morning, Mr. Morris and Mrs. Morris," Alvin greeted, bowing his head slightly.

Gabrielle was often so embarrassed each time Alvin greeted them this formally that she couldn't help but bow also.

"Here's your exclusive room card, Mr. Morris," Alvin said, handing Westley a crystal card.

He had asked Alvin to rent the room where they had stayed so that Gabrielle could always return here whenever she wanted.

Taking the card from Alvin, Westley gave it to Gabrielle. "This is the card to the room we stayed in today. It's ours exclusively from now on, so you can always come here with the card or ask the receptionist to let you into the room."

Gabrielle took the translucent card. It felt heavy on her palm.

Westley was really a different man.

"I don't think I can accept this, Westley," she said suddenly, slipping the card back into Westley's hand.

She had thought he would forget about what they had talked about during breakfast.

Now, she realized that he was really serious about her staying here for a long time.

Booking this room for a single day was very expensive. How much more expensive would it be to rent it for a longer time!

"Why not? Give me a reason." Westley stared at her, his eyebrows raised.

Gabrielle lowered her eyes, flustered under his gaze.

"Well, it's - too expensive. I can't take - it," she stammered.

"Tell me. Don't you like it here? I need you to be honest with me," Westley said seriously.

His eyes were still fixed on Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was silent for a while. Then nodding, she said quietly, "I like it here."

Westley smiled, seemingly satisfied with her answer.

"That's all that matters. As long as you like it, the cost does not matter at all to me," he said in a proud, low voice.

The words pierced her like an arrow. But this arrow seemed to have been dipped in honey because, instead of pain, an

inexplicable pleasure filled her heart.

Yet, the reality still loomed over her face. So she took a deep breath and looked at him with calm eyes. "It's too expensive, Westley," she repeated.

Westley placed a palm on her shoulder. "See, Gabrielle, I really want to give you a good life. If you desire anything, just let me know and I'll get it for you. You don't have to help me save my money. I have made so much money, so much to spend on my wife and children. Or aren't you my wife?" he asked.

Gabrielle stared at him, speechless. "Of course, I am."

"Then I have the right to make you happy. And I am glad to do so. There's no need trying to save me any expense. So here's the card. You don't have to make any appointments when you want to come here," Westley said, placing the card back on her palm.

Gabrielle stared at the card in her hand, stunned. Then a smile slit her lips.

"So I will take it?" she asked, thinking of coming here with Sloane without having to ask for Westley's help.

Now, that sounded splendid.

"Well, if you still don't want to have it, I will probably consider building you an undersea hotel," Westley said slowly.

Gabrielle glared at him in shock.

She knew she had to accept the card unless Westley would do exactly as he had just said.

And that was not really good.

"I will take the card, Westley. I don't want you to consider doing that. It's actually crazy and not worth it at all," Gabrielle reminded, worried that he would let his impulse drive him to do such a huge thing.

She would always feel guilty if he undertook such an expensive project just for her sake.

"I'm your husband, Gabrielle. But you must also remember that I am a businessman and invest in things that can bring me money. If building an undersea hotel will fetch me money, then I see no reason why I shouldn't go in with it. Most importantly, if building it for you makes you happy, then I'll gladly

do it. This is called killing two birds with one stone, so there's really nothing to be worried about, Gabrielle," Westley said, his forehead creased in seriousness.

Gabrielle understood what he was up to. She knew that he emphasized on him being a businessman only to make her less troubled. ②

"Well, let's go now so that I can take the documents to the studio," she mumbled, patting his hand.

Chapter 397 Take A Step Back And Calm Down

After taking the documents, Gabrielle went back to the studio directly. Unexpectedly, she met Jackson there. He was rarely there at that time.

She was surprised at the manner in which he looked at her. He seemed quite unfriendly. Rather, he looked as if he was disgusted to see her.

Gabrielle was taken aback because she had no idea how she had offended the man. She thought for a while and concluded that perhaps she had made him unhappy yesterday, when they were together with Melissa.

She hadn't expected that he was someone who carried anger and revenge for so long. But she'd had enough of it.

"Jackson, good to see that you've come to the company. I bought two cups of milk tea, and they are still hot. Would you like to have a cup? I just bought it and haven't opened it yet." Gabrielle was

holding two cups of milk tea in her hands. Though one was for herself and the other one was for Lolita. But now that she met Jackson, as a junior, she was obliged to give her own cup of milk tea to him. Maybe it could be a compensation for what happened yesterday.

"Gabrielle, I don't need it! And you don't have to make efforts to please me. However hard you try to please me, you won't get any mercy from me." His tone was as cold as the words he spoke. ⑤

Gabrielle was distraught.

She got a feeling that things between her and Jackson had gone worse. And she knew that whenever they saw each other, she would definitely be rebuked by him. And being a junior, she could not refute him.

Gabrielle was already disturbed and now this. It just worsened her mood. She walked back to her workroom with the cups of milk tea.

"Here Lolita, I brought you milk tea." She handed a cup to Lolita and began to drink her own tea.

The milk tea, which always tasted delicious, now seemed to be bland and tasteless. Meeting Jackson at the door had been depressing and already had affected her.

Gabrielle was in an awful mood now. So, it did not matter how sweet the milk tea was. She just didn't know how it tasted as her mind and heart were disturbed.

"Gabrielle, thank you for the milk tea. But.... What's wrong with you?" Lolita was sipping the tea happily. But when she saw the angry look on Gabrielle's face, she became worried.

"Nothing! How do you like the milk tea?" Gabrielle asked curiously.

She was actually trying to make sure if something was wrong with the milk tea or her sense of taste.

"Nothing wrong with it! The tea still carries the same taste. Honestly, it's just delicious!" Lolita took another sip of it.

Seeing Lolita devouring the tea so happily, Gabrielle was certain that her mood was affecting her taste buds. And it was because of Jackson that she was in

such a bad mood. She kept the cup of tea aside and began to read the information.

From now on, Gabrielle had to begin the preparations for the jewelry designs for Michelle.

She was new but was the hottest star in advertising, and a goddess for men. Though she was Westley's cousin, Gabrielle had to treat her as an ordinary guest. She tried her best to design a set of special jewelry for Michelle.

"Gabrielle, you don't look well. What's wrong with you?" Lolita asked her. She was feeling worried.

"Lolita, I'm fine. You can go back to your own work. I've got to read these things." Gabrielle urged her to leave.

Seeing her like this, Lolita didn't say anything more. She took her cup of milk tea and went back to her seat. There was worry and anxiety on her face.

Soon, the phone on Gabrielle's desk rang. Her hand instinctively reached out and she answered it without hesitation.

"Hello. This is Gabrielle..."

"Come to my office!" A cold voice seemed to shout into the phone.

"Who is this?" Gabrielle was confused. She felt that the voice was a little familiar, but she couldn't remember to whom it belonged. So, the best thing to do was to ask.

"Jackson!" Then, the man on the other side hung up.

Gabrielle sat there in a daze for a long time. There was an uneasy look on her face, while she was still holding the phone that had been disconnected.

Did Jackson ask her to come to his office?

They had just run into each other at the door and he hadn't seemed very happy to see her. Now why was he calling her to his office? From his voice, he seemed quite upset and unhappy.

Quite naturally, she was scared and didn't want to go there at all.

"Gabrielle, who called you? Why did the person sound so angry?" Lolita leaned over and slowly asked Gabrielle. Although there was a distance between them, the voice was so loud that Lolita

had been able to hear it. And she was able to conclude that it was unfriendly.

"Jackson wants to see me. I'll go and check. Take care of things here till I return. You can call me if anything happens." Standing firmly, Gabrielle took a deep breath. Then she ran upstairs with her phone clutched in her hand.

It was not that Jackson had a bad temper. The problem was that he had a very strange temper. No one could figure out what kind of person he was, or what his mood could be.

However, Gabrielle knew that she had to listen to him without asking any unnecessary questions.

Soon, Gabrielle reached Jackson's office. She steadied herself and knocked on the door. ①

"Jackson, it's me, Gabrielle!" she said like an obedient student.

All the official designers had their own personal offices. And there was one especially for the design director, Jackson. He had a luxurious office, but many people felt that such an office was simply a waste for him.

when she had pushed the door open and walked in. She wouldn't have come upstairs if it weren't for Jackson's shouting on the phone.

However, there was no escape. Even if Jackson had a bad temper, she had to endure it. ①

After all there was nothing she could do. He was the director, while she was just a design assistant.

In this world, people always see the famous people.

Who would want to see those obscure people? They didn't even have the right to speak.

When she was strong, capable and famous enough, who would scold her like that?

She didn't need to show respect to anyone.

Her designs and ability were enough to prove it all. ②

Gabrielle didn't have any of her own designs on display. She felt that it allowed others to scold her in that way.

So, she had to work hard. When she would become famous in the future, she would be on an equal footing with Jackson. She would never be afraid of him?

If she would use her own work to convince Jackson, she was sure that he wouldn't be so picky about her in the future. She didn't owe him anything, after all.

As of this moment, only one thing seemed to be stuck in her mind. She had to calm down and be patient. ①

"Jackson, what can I do for you?" Gabrielle prepared herself to face them all. She gently asked.

Chapter 398 Becoming Jackson's Assistant

When confronted with Gabrielle's calm demeanor, Jackson was somewhat taken aback.

After all, his attitude toward Gabrielle had always been so bad that he sometimes despised himself. He didn't even understand why seeing this woman made his temper very bad.

Therefore, he was kind of worried that she might treat him with the same bad attitude. Turned out she didn't get angry at all and even asked him sincerely and humbly.

This, however, did not change his opinion of her. In his eyes, she was still the woman with the fake attitude.

She used her fake attitude to deceive others and get everything easily, just like she did to deceive Jason and Melissa.

However, Jackson felt that he was not naive enough to believe that.

"I'll take over Michelle's order," he declared coldly.

'He wants to take over Michelle's order?' Gabrielle couldn't help but question those words in her head.

Her eyes, wide with amazement, quickly turned to meet Jackson's. Earlier, when Jason was planning to assign the work to Jackson, he had no desire to accept it.

It hadn't been long since then. Now, Jackson had changed his mind about taking over the order. Gabrielle couldn't help but wonder why he had such a change of mind.

However, Jackson's interest in taking over Michelle's order was good for Gabrielle. After all, Michelle had wanted it.

It was just that she didn't understand why Jackson asked her to come and tell her about it specifically.

"I see, Jackson. Did you ask me to come up to tell me about this? Is there anything else?" As she questioned, she couldn't help but hope that there would be nothing else.

"Am I that unreasonable, Gabrielle? Do you think I asked you to come here only to tell you that news?" Jackson glanced at Gabrielle unkindly, with an indescribable indifference in his eyes.

'So, he didn't?' Gabrielle thought to herself.

Indeed, in her eyes, Jackson was such a boring and unreasonable person.

So, for her, it did quite make sense that he called her over to merely inform her about it.

"So, do you have anything else to tell me?" Gabrielle looked at him seriously, trying to keep her emotions calm.

"You'll be my assistant, Gabrielle. I heard that you and Michelle are close, and besides, I don't like talking to strangers. So you will be responsible for all the communications in the future." Jackson gave out a firm instruction.

Hearing those words, Gabrielle understood the things right away.

Turned out that her main responsibility as Jackson's assistant was to communicate with Michelle.

It was just that Jackson's justification of not wanting to talk to strangers made her a little unacceptable.

As a jewelry designer, it was unavoidable for Jackson to communicate with customers, which could also be referred to as strangers. 'So, is he telling people nothing and just concentrating on designing?' Gabrielle reasoned.

After all, he wouldn't be able to satisfy the customers if he skipped the communication process with them.

They designed jewelry exclusively for each individual customer, not like others who made it for large-scale production. So, communication with customers was a vital link.

Even if Jackson hated it so much, he still needed to get through that process.

"Jackson, how did you communicate with the customers before?" Gabrielle questioned as a glint of curiosity arose in her heart.

"I had assistants, and they did the talk," Jackson said quite domineeringly.

Alright, then. Jackson was the boss, after

all. How would Gabrielle be able to groan at his decision?

"So, you need me just to communicate with Michelle? But, what if she wants to discuss with you rather than me?" Gabrielle couldn't help but inquire as she was curious.

"Gabrielle, I think it is your job to deal with. If I can manage it all by myself, what point do I need you for? Communication is your first job, and the second is to cooperate with me when I'm designing. Do you understand?" Jackson coldly set the working lists for her. ④

Gabrielle gazed at Jackson, a puzzled expression on her face. 'I haven't said I'll be your assistant, have I?' Her expression clearly conveyed her thought.

"Jackson, about me being your assistant, is it simply your decision, or is it what Jason said?" Gabrielle eventually voiced her thoughts as she felt she needed to find an answer.

Jackson was just too difficult to deal with. Although the jewelry he designed was excellent, his temper was incredibly fiery. The more perfect his design was, the fierier his temper seemed to be.

No one knew how many assistants he had changed since just a few people could stand him.

"Of course, it was Jason's arrangement. Otherwise, why would I take you as my assistant? If you think you're not capable of being my assistant, just get your ass out of here and go back to Jason. Tell him directly that you are not that competent and take the initiative to quit." Jackson didn't show Gabrielle any mercy as he spat those venomous words right in her face. ②

What Jackson said was not only offensive, but it was also apparent that he was trying to provoke Gabrielle.

If she ended up making a scene in front of Jason, saying that she didn't want to be Jackson's assistant, it was equivalent to admitting that she did not have the ability to be Jackson's assistant.

Then she would no longer have any qualifications to be a jewelry designer's assistant.

What a horrible trap he had set!

Gabrielle couldn't help but wonder how

much hatred Jackson had for her after sensing his ulterior motives. The only reason he'd been plotting schemes for so long was to drive her out of the jewelry design industry.

"I will cooperate with your work and try hard to be a qualified assistant, I promise." Gabrielle made a serious guarantee.

Hearing Gabrielle's words of promise, Jackson was taken aback, and a startled expression flashed across his face. He couldn't tell whether Gabrielle was simply dumb or just faking again. He'd spoken such hurtful things, yet she didn't seem bothered at all.

'Is she an idiot or something?' ①

"Gabrielle, being my assistant isn't any easier than being Jason's student. Have you thought it through? Once you become my assistant, you can't just quit anytime you want before the order is done." What Jackson said was not a threat but simply just a fact. ②

"I know, Jackson. I know exactly what I'm doing. Anything you need me to deal with, just tell me." Gabrielle kept a smiling face in front of Jackson, but deep

down in her heart, she had been cursing him fiercely the whole time.

"You can leave now. Tomorrow I want you to be in my office at eight."

Jackson said this coldly.

Jackson thought he would be able to get rid of this woman easily. After all, he simply didn't want a female assistant by his side. He had only hired male assistants before because he always felt that women were simply troublesome, especially someone like Gabrielle, whom he despised even more. She pulled strings to get here by relying on Austin, and Jackson looked down on people like that. ①

However, the thing was, Gabrielle was somewhat the apple of Jason's eyes. Moreover, she had made Melissa like her so much. Thus, Jackson felt somewhat interested in her and how she managed to fool those people into trusting her.

This time, Gabrielle had an opportunity to be an assistant by his side. Naturally, Jackson would not pass up a chance like this, where he would be able to uncover how this woman was pulling strings in the back and what she was capable of.

Even after all of those intimidating and complaining moments, she didn't give up on sticking with him.

Thus, just like a saying that stated to keep the enemy closer, Jackson decided to welcome her to his side.

"Alright, Jackson. See you at eight tomorrow." After saying that, Gabrielle left immediately without wasting a second.

Once she was out of Jackson's office, Gabrielle exhaled heavily and then patted herself on the chest.

She had the feeling that if she remained in his office for another second, her soul would be out of her body.