

Chapter 311 No.1 Goddess

Michelle was so generous with her autographs, it took everyone in the company by surprise.

In an instant, people in the building flocked to the hall on the second floor where Gabrielle was. On the spur of a moment, Michelle had a fan meeting.

People asked for autographs and photos. It was as if there was a party being held at the hall.

The moment Vivian came out to see the commotion, her eyes turned into vicious slits.

Michelle had told her that she did not have the time to give her an autograph, but now, she was handing them out like pancakes. She was even taking photos with people. Seeing the scene upset Vivian.

"Vivian, did you come here to ask for Michelle's autograph as well?" A colleague passed by and asked her.

Vivian sneered at her workmate's inquiry.

"I'm not a fanatic!"

'Besides, I'm not interested in someone as deceiving as her!'

She initially wanted to curry favor with her so Michelle would consider wearing her jewelry designs. Despite the fact that Vivian was already well-known and established in the jewelry designing industry, she still had not inaugurated a brand for herself. Needless to say, she still was not very famous.

The situation would definitely turn around if a woman as esteemed as Michelle wore her jewelry. After all, she was the queen of fashion. She had quite the following and naturally, they would buy whatever she recommended.

Popularity was to be expected from everything Michelle had worn. ①

That was exactly what Vivian intended. With full knowledge that Michelle would come to Jason for jewelry, Vivian wanted to take advantage of the opportunity.

However, it came as a surprise that

Michelle had an awful temper and was extremely difficult to please.

Back in Jason's office she seemed like a completely different person. Now she was smiling at everyone who laid eyes on her.

"Vivian, Michelle's autographs aren't easy to come by. Don't you want one?" A male colleague who had just gotten an autograph seemed to be floating as he asked her.

"I don't need one!" Vivian turned to her heels and walked to the elevator.

Gabrielle had gone back to her work partition but there was still no reply from Westley. She had been waiting to hear from him for a while now but thinking that he might be busy, she let it go.

Putting the phone down on the table, she began to meticulously read on the design draft. She was going to attend the seminar so she had to catch up on document reading. Gabrielle did not want to look like an idiot in front of Melissa, the goddess of jewelry design. This time, she was going to be their mentor. It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and she was determined to meet her. ①

After signing for everyone, Michelle went back to her van. She texted Gabrielle, informing her that she had gone. She also sent her a restaurant address and requested Gabrielle to be there for dinner after she had finished working.

As soon as Gabrielle had finished replying to the message, she saw Jason walking her way.

"What's up, Jason?"

Gabrielle threw Jason a glance.

"Not much. I just wanted to check up on you. Don't be too nervous. It's a seminar, not an exam." Jason took a gander at the documents on her desk. He always knew that Gabrielle had always been careful and efficient.

"I'm not nervous, Jason. I just want to be at my fullest potential when I get there." Gabrielle gave him a shy smile.

"I know. Read carefully. Don't put too much pressure on yourself." Jason had always put his faith on Gabrielle.

"Did Jackson drop by?" She turned to look at Jason and asked.

"He didn't. Do you want to talk to him?"

"Michelle wants to see him."

"Yeah, Michelle did mention that she fancied Jackson's designs. Sad to say, he has a lot on his plate right now and did not intend to meet her either. It was pointless for me to persuade him. That was his nature. No one can force him to do something he doesn't want to do." It was true, what Jason said.

Jackson's awful temper was common knowledge, there was nothing anyone could possibly do to change it.

There were a number of young girls in the company who had secretly fallen in love with Jackson. It took them a while but they all gave up eventually. Up to this day, queries about what kind of woman could win Jackson over was still the talk of the town.

No woman could hold a candle to him. It was horrendous.

"I understand what you mean." Gabrielle felt sorry for Michelle. Jackson wasn't into her so she couldn't get on his good side.

"Well, don't worry about Michelle. If Jackson doesn't accept it, I will help her come up with a design. The rest will be turned over to you." Jason's intention for dropping by was to tell her that.

She was taken by surprise by what she heard. Gabrielle looked at Jason in utter disbelief. "Jason, you said it was... But I'm just your assistant. How could I possibly do that?"

"Don't you want the job? If you don't want to, then forget it," Jason deliberately said.

'How could I refuse such a prestigious opportunity? Of course I would take it!' "Jason, of course I want to! Is this Michelle's idea?"

"It doesn't matter whether or not she wants it. The important thing is that you should take advantage of this opportunity. Since you personally know Michelle, then you must know what she likes." Her excited stance caused Jason to burst out a boisterous laughter.

"I promise I will work hard." Gabrielle was over the moon to have been granted with a project this huge.

"I know you won't let me down. Jackson will be back in two days. If I don't hear from him, I'll start working on the design." Jason reminded her.

"Alright. Thank you for giving me the chance." Gabrielle was on cloud nine.

The happiness she had been feeling for the past couple of days was unparalleled.

"You are my apprentice. I am proud to know that you are good enough to design independently. Don't let me down." "This is an incredibly important task.

Disappointing him is not an option, ' Gabrielle thought as she nodded at him to show compliance. "You don't have to worry. I won't let you down."

"Good. I'm going upstairs. Call me if you need anything." Jason was about to leave when he suddenly asked, "By the way, were you the one who gave Vivian that poster?" It crossed his mind so he decided to ask.

Initially, Gabrielle was astounded but eventually, she understood. "Oh, Lolita gave it to me."

"Ah, I see." Jason threw a quick glance at

Lolita, who seemed ecstatic while looking at Michelle's autograph. ①

It was apparent how much she liked Michelle.

"What's wrong? Do you have the poster?" Gabrielle was aware that Vivian did not have it signed.

"It seems like Lolita adores Michelle so much." Jason gave off a deep sigh.

"Indeed, she is Lolita's No.1 Goddess," Gabrielle said with a smile.

Chapter 312 He Booked A Room Peremptorily

Westley had a lot on his plate. He had been reviewing documents and attending video meetings since the morning. He was so preoccupied that he did not even have the time to check his phone. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when he saw Gabrielle's photo and message. ①

Immediately after he saw the photo, he called Alvin in.

"What's wrong, Mr. Morris? We have booked a reservation for the hotel for tonight." Alvin thoroughly informed him of tonight's schedule.

"Cancel it!" Westley said with all the coldness in the world.

Having heard what he said, Alvin was put in a bad mood.

'Since when did Mr. Morris become so willful? Sometimes, he would leave the meeting halfway through and pass on all the responsibilities to me. There are even times when he wouldn't show up on

appointments.' ①

"But Mr. Morris, we have an appointment with Mr. Albert tonight."

"I am aware of that." Westley regained his composure and rephrased his statement.

"What hotel did you book?"

Westley asked Alvin.

"No. 1 Champs Elysees Hotel. Are you going to cancel our reservation, or would you like me to book a different hotel?" Alvin asked in all cautiousness.

Despite the fact that Mr. Morris's marriage seemed to have urged his human touch to come up to the surface, he also became more emotional. Sometimes his willfulness was too much that the decisions he made put Alvin in awe.

"No, book one more room." After contemplating for a while, Westley had finally come up with a decision.

"What would you do with the other room, Mr. Morris?" Alvin found it hard to believe.

It was rare for Westley to book hotels so Alvin was taken aback by this decision. He wondered if Mr. Morris had quarreled with Gabrielle.

The two of them were in a good place in their relationship right now. Westley even insisted that they call her "Mrs. Morris". Certainly, it must be a sign of recognition.

"Book a suite for Gabrielle and Michelle. Order dinner and have the food sent there. Remember not to get any seafood. And move up my meeting with Mr. Albert, I want it half an hour earlier," Westley said calmly.

Finally, Alvin understood what was going on. Apparently, it was all for Gabrielle. Alvin was relieved that he did not have to worry about it.

"Noted. I'll tend to it right away." Immediately, Alvin carried on with the tasks on hand.

Westley phoned Michelle.

"What can I do for you, Westley?" Michelle was sipping coffee in the dining room while she was waiting for Gabrielle.

Her attitude became serious as soon as she received Westley's call.

"Did you drop by Gabrielle's studio?" Hand in his pocket and standing tall by the huge French window, Westley talked to Michelle.

"Yeah, I went to her studio. I said that I would ask for her help with jewelry design. Don't worry, I didn't disclose the truth about my relationship with her. We're just friends," Michelle explained in all seriousness. Being a burden to Westley was the last thing she wanted to be. She didn't want to upset him.

"Okay."

"I'm going to have dinner with Gabrielle, by the way. Are you okay with that?" She was not certain whether or not Westley would be upset if she did not give him a heads up.

"Go to No.1 Champs Elysees Hotel. I booked a room for the two of you," Westley said with a tone of command in his voice.

Hearing this, Michelle's mouth fell wide open. She asked in confusion, "What are you talking about? You want us to go to

No. 1 Champs Elysees Hotel?"

It was one of the most renowned hotels in Antawood, known for its warm and romantic vibe.

Usually, people went here for dates or business meetings. After all, the hotel held confidentiality at a very high standard.

"I've already asked Alvin to book the room. All you have to do is go there," Westley said straight to the point.

His word was the law. There was nothing Michelle could have possibly said to contradict his decision. There was one thing she could not quite put her finger on, though. "Westley, how did you know that we were planning on having dinner? I just told you and instantaneously, you had a hotel booked for us. Isn't this a little too much?"

Michelle knew that the room in that extravagant hotel cost approximately 10 000 dollars. It sounded like a lot but in Westley's world, that was barely anything.

She did not feel the need to book an expensive suite only for a measly dinner.

An ordinary restaurant would have sufficed.

"Stop talking nonsense and just go. Let Gabrielle go first." Westley abruptly hung up on her after that.

Michelle was in a daze. Westley had been the boss for a long time. He was always so domineering. He had always managed to organize everything so well, he never cared whether or not others agreed. 5

Despite of it sounding like a demand, Michelle was dying to have dinner at the prestigious hotel.

After all, the food there was extremely succulent and luscious. There was no reason for her to decline when everything had been arranged by Westley.

On her way to No. 1 Champs Elysees, she texted the address to Gabrielle.

The sudden change of venue made Gabrielle wonder so she asked why.

With full composure, Michelle said that she had lunch at the restaurant they were supposed to be meeting at and did not want to have dinner there again.

Hence, the modification of the location.

Naturally, Gabrielle did not doubt Michelle one bit. She had decided to go there immediately after work.

At six in the afternoon, she clocked out of work.

Gabrielle had yet again passed by Lolita ogling at the paraphernalia signed by Michelle. Having seen the obsessive look on Lolita's face, Gabrielle couldn't stop herself from laughing.

"Lolita, it's time to get off work. Stop obsessing over Michelle's photos. Are you going to cradle her photo in your arms all night?" Gabrielle poked fun at her.

Lolita looked up at Gabrielle and smiled at her sweetly. "Gabrielle, I am going to sleep with my goddess in my arms. I am over the moon."

Her reverence and obsession came as a shock to Gabrielle.

"Next time, I'll make a life-sized pillow that looks exactly like Michelle for you to hold on to while you sleep," Gabrielle said.

All of a sudden, Lolita's mood changed into seriousness.

"That's an amazing idea, Gabrielle. I'll buy a human-shaped pillow next time," Lolita exclaimed with exceeding happiness.

Gabrielle shivered at the sound of it. "I was joking. Don't take it seriously, Lolita."

"I really think it's a good idea. It seems like you like Michelle as well. Let's be her fans from now on!" Lolita excitedly held Gabrielle's hand.

'A fan? I am her sister-in-law.'

Gabrielle felt like she needed to find an opportunity to let Lolita know about her real relationship with Michelle. She wondered if Lolita would go crazy over it.

"Let's get off work. It's getting late." She gave Lolita a pat on the hand.

Jason came walking towards them with a pile of documents in his hand. 3

"Are these for me, Jason?" Gabrielle assumed that the documents were for her. After all, Jason was her mentor.

Naturally, he would come to her for tasks.

"No, I'm actually looking for Lolita. I know you have something to do tonight." Jason threw Gabrielle a grin. 5

Chapter 313 Call Me Jason

Upon hearing what Jason said, Gabrielle immediately understand what he meant. She was going to have dinner with Michelle tonight.

"Well, I have something to do tonight. Are all these documents for Lolita?" Gabrielle gave Lolita a strange look.

"Yes, they are for her." Jason obediently put the documents on Lolita's desk.

"Mr. Foster, I can assure you that I will take these home tonight and read them carefully. I will make a summary and turn it in tomorrow morning." Of course, Lolita would accept the task.

She actually felt honored that it was Jason giving her the documents in person.

So, Lolita would really take this matter seriously.

"Who told you that you can take these documents home?" Jason raised his eyebrows at Lolita, looking quite

dangerous.

"Ah," Lolita replied as she looked at him in confusion. "Mr. Foster, I understand that these documents contain vital information about the company that's why you want me to go over them here in the office. I will not bring them home anymore then. I'll leave all these here on my table, and I'll just come very early tomorrow so that I could check on them immediately," Lolita promised sincerely.

The seriousness on her face was undisguised.

Jason couldn't help but be amused by her reaction. Lolita was speaking seriously and yet she still looked cute. ②

"Lolita, how long have you been in this company?" Jason asked calmly, without any hint of arrogance.

"Four, going five months," Lolita answered her boss's question very seriously, fearing that her answer would make a bad impression on him. Although she was already a regular employee, she could still get fired once she irked Mr. Foster.

"Do you know that employees sometimes

work overtime?" Jason asked while grinning.

Of course, Lolita knew that.

In fact, for people like her who were in the field of creative design, it was normal to work overtime for a few days, especially when a project was urgent.

"I know that. So, Mr. Foster, do you want me to work overtime today?" Lolita asked cautiously while looking at Jason.

"Well, that's exactly what I meant. Lolita, are you willing to stay and work extra hours today?" Jason asked her.

But Lolita was hesitating, "Of course, I do. But..." It was so sudden that she kind of felt trapped. Her boss came to her with a pile of documents in his hands, a few seconds before her shift was supposed to end, and asked her to work overtime. Lolita was not happy at all. It was as if he did it on purpose.

"Do you have a prior appointment tonight?" Seeing her hesitation, Jason thought that his idea of working extra hours might keep Lolita from having a date.

Lolita repeatedly shook her head. "I don't have an appointment. It hasn't been long since I got back here so I don't really have many friends. Gabrielle is actually my only friend at the moment."

Lolita's answer made Jason happy. "Then stay and work overtime. Besides, I need to discuss something with you."

"What do you mean? Are you also staying and working overtime with me, Mr. Foster?" Lolita asked confusedly.

As she watched them converse with each other, Gabrielle finally understood why her mentor didn't look for her. It was not because she had an appointment with Michelle later in the evening, but because Jason wanted to work overtime with Lolita.

'Does he have a crush on Lolita?'

Gabrielle felt horrified by just thinking about the possibility.

Forget it! It would be better not to overthink things.

After all, Lolita was really a good girl, talented and good-tempered. She was also beautiful, so it was just normal for

people to like her.

"Yes. I took Michelle's order. I know you are her super fan, and I want you to help me analyze her preferences. Later, I will ask Gabrielle to help me finish the jewelry. So, are you willing to help us?" Jason was finally including Gabrielle in the group, and he turned 'me' into 'us'.

By including Gabrielle in the picture, Lolita could not refuse.

For the sake of her boss and Gabrielle, she would work overtime. More importantly, she had to make contributions to her idol's jewelry design. Upon thinking of it, she immediately felt the willingness to stay for extra hours.

"Lolita, I'm sorry for bothering you." Gabrielle was now helping Jason.

Lolita couldn't turn Gabrielle down. Of course, she would agree. "It's not a big deal. Michelle is my idol, I will be pleased to help in designing her jewelry. I'm more than willing to stay."

Seeing Lolita's excitement, Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief and turned to look at Jason.

"Then, I'll go first." Gabrielle didn't want to be the third wheel and hurriedly walked away, bringing her bag.

Lolita was now feeling relaxed. She looked at Jason happily and said, "Mr. Foster, we are really going to design Michelle's jewelry, right?"

Jason couldn't help laughing as he saw her beaming with excitement. "Of course, I have never lied to you. But Lolita, you don't really have to call me Mr. Foster."

'How should I call you then?' Lolita thought.

It had been almost five months since Lolita joined the studio, and she was always calling him Mr. Foster.

"How about Manager Foster?" 'Did he find the name 'Mr. Foster' dull so he wanted me to change the way I call him?'

"Are you Gabrielle's good friend?" Jason really thought that Lolita was lovely, but she was too straightforward and couldn't control her tongue. Nonetheless, this was one of the many things about her that he appreciated.

"Yes, Gabrielle and I are best friends in this company. Why are you asking, Manager Jason?" Lolita asked him uneasily.

He was the boss of the company and this was the first time that they had been so close to each other. She could even feel his breath.

It made Lolita feel very nervous, and so she was trying to speak with Jason more carefully.

'Oh my God! What am I going to do now that I'm left alone with my boss and we're working overtime?' Lolita thought, her mind was in chaos. She needed to ask someone.

But Gabrielle ran away already.

Lolita felt that there was something wrong with her.

"I know you are good friends. Of course, I have no question about that. I am Gabrielle's mentor, and since you are her friend, you can call me in a more casual way," Jason explained.

"Should I call you 'teacher'?" Lolita's mind went blank and she couldn't

properly think of what to say. ②

Jason found her so funny. Was this woman really too honest?

"Do you want to call me by how Gabrielle was calling me in private?" Jason almost asked her to just call him by his first name.

"Jason?" Lolita looked at Jason and asked confusedly.

"Well, you can call me that if it's only us," Jason answered seriously.

Lolita stared at him in surprise. She couldn't completely process what he just said. ①

"I don't think it's a good idea, you are my boss. Gabrielle is only calling you with your name because you are her mentor, but you are not my mentor," Lolita said firmly. ②

Chapter 314 She Thought He Wanted To Flirt With

Jason finally understood that when he spoke to a woman who was so simple, direct and lovely, he could not beat around the bush.

He would have to be straightforward. Otherwise, Lolita might misunderstand him. He was aware of it.

"Lolita, you're correct. I'm Gabrielle's mentor, and you are her good friend. You can call me Jason like she does in private from now on," Jason said, clearing up the matter.

Lolita still gave him an awkward look. He was her boss. It was not appropriate to address him directly by his name.

"Mr. Foster..." she tried.

"Jason!" he insisted.

Lolita hesitated for a few moments and finally opened her mouth. "Mr..."

"Just Jason!" Jason encouraged her.

Lolita believed that it would be disrespectful towards Jason to call him by his name. After all, he was her boss. It was improper to call him that.

"Lolita, I'm your boss. This is my request as your boss. Can you agree to it?" Jason used his position as her boss to coerce her.

Lolita had no choice but to relent and nod her assent.

"I'll call you Jason. But you can't let anyone else know," she finally agreed.

Jason's lips curled up in a small smile. Although it was barely noticeable, it was enough to let his happiness shine through. ②

"Well, in private, I'll allow you to call me that." Jason respected Lolita's thoughts.

"Okay, Jason." Lolita had never been a shy woman. She had spent five or six years abroad, so her thinking was progressive.

'My boss just asked me to call him by his name, not sweetheart or something like that. There's no need to feel embarrassed,' she reassured herself.