

## 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.



Although she had female colleagues who would happily call him sweetheart in private, Lolita wanted to steer clear of such idiotic behavior.

"It's nice to hear you call me Jason. From now on, you can address me the same way Gabrielle does." Jason was very pleased with the way she said his name. Her voice was as soft as her features. It was warm and mild, and pleasant to the ears.

"Jason, should we discuss the materials now, or can we go and eat first?" Lolita's cheeks warmed with embarrassment as she looked at him.

Jason was a little startled when he heard her question. Then a smile spread on his lips and he looked back at her. "Are you hungry? Didn't you eat lunch properly?"

Lolita was mortified. She was too excited to eat when she heard that Michelle was here at noon. She had happily rushed back with Gabrielle and hadn't been in the mood to think about what to eat. All she could think about was Michelle.

She thought she would have a big meal after work, but her plans had changed.

She was forced to work overtime by her boss, so she had to remain hungry.

She was starving now.

"Yes. I was too excited when I found out that Michelle was coming here at noon, so I didn't eat enough. I had planned to have a big meal after work and reward myself, but..." Lolita's voice trailed off and she didn't dare to complete her sentence, fearing that Jason would be offended.

"But I asked you to work overtime?" Jason completed her sentence with a raised eyebrow.

Lolita nodded shyly.

"Let's have a look at the materials first. Then I will treat you to a big dinner," Jason said and gave her a calm look.

Lolita's eyes lit up at the mention of food, but soon dimmed again. "Jason, forget about the big dinner. I'm fine."

'Fine?' he thought and cringed inwardly. He didn't want her to refuse.

"You look over the documents first. I'll be in my office." He turned around and



left Lolita's cubicle.

As soon as he left, Lolita heaved a sigh of relief and sent a message to Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, why did Mr. Foster ask me to work late and ask me to call him Jason? He said it's because you and me are good friends. I'm starving right now and he has said that he will treat me to a big dinner tonight. Do you think I should accept his offer?" Lolita typed a long message as her stomach churned with uneasiness.

Gabrielle was about to go to No. 1 Champs Elysees, when she saw Lolita's long text. She didn't know how to reply to her.

'It was strange enough that Jason specifically asked Lolita to work late and used me as an excuse. Now, he is also asking her to address him as Jason,' she thought, perplexed.

This... She couldn't figure out what was going on in his mind.

It was very puzzling.

"Just follow his instructions. Thank you for your hard work tonight." In the end,

Gabrielle had no choice but to reply professionally.

'It's doubtful that Jason has suddenly started caring so much about Lolita. But I shouldn't dwell too much on this.

It's his business.

Maybe he really is interested in Lolita.'

However, Gabrielle immediately dispelled this idea. It was too appalling to think such a thing.

Lolita was a little nervous, but she didn't know what to say. "Gabrielle, I don't think I have offended Mr. Foster. You don't think this is a prank, right? He asked me to work late when I was about to leave. It's terrible. Please help me figure out if he really wants to give me a hard time."

Gabrielle was shocked by Lolita's message. Jason had said that he would work overtime with her, had invited her to dinner, and asked her to call him by his first name.

Everything was weird. It was natural for Lolita to feel worried.



"Lolita, trust me. It's okay. Don't you know what kind of person Jason is?" Gabrielle could only comfort Lolita.

Lolita contemplated this for a while. It looked like she had read too much into his request today. She had even thought that Jason wanted to flirt with her. She was overthinking.

'I am seeing things that aren't there.

I shouldn't think so much, ' she told herself sternly.

"Gabrielle, I think I have overanalyzed this situation. I won't stay preoccupied by it now. I'm going to try and finish my work as soon as possible." After sending the message to Gabrielle, Lolita breathed a sigh of relief.

'I shouldn't be thinking like this, ' she chided herself.

'Jason is giving me a chance to improve my skills. I'm a horrible person to misunderstand his kindness.'

"Please don't tell Mr. Foster about this. Just pretend that I didn't say anything, okay?" Lolita texted Gabrielle worriedly. She didn't want her to read too much

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into this.

"Don't worry, Lolita. I won't tell Jason about it. Come on!" Gabrielle's car arrived at the hotel. After sending off her reply to Lolita, she got out of the car and went in.

With all her doubts cleared, Lolita began reading the documents peacefully.



Lolita was a smart girl. How could she not know what Jason had on his mind?

Gabrielle thought, 'What is Jason planning?'

Just then she got another message. It was from Lolita.

"Gabrielle, do you think Mr. Foster has some problem with me? Am I just thinking too much?" ⑤

After thinking for a while, Gabrielle thought, 'Surely, it's not any problem that he has with her. It's obvious that he's interested in her.'

"Don't think too much. Go ahead and do what Jason asks you to do. Don't ask anything that you shouldn't ask." Gabrielle had mixed feelings as she sent her reply to Lolita. ④

She didn't want to think too much about it, but couldn't stop herself.

"Alright! I won't go against Mr. Foster's will. Maybe he really likes my strength, not my beauty. Do you think so?" From her message, Gabrielle could feel that Lolita was confident about herself.

On reading the message, Gabrielle couldn't help laughing. Sure enough, she knew that Lolita was quite smart and by now she would have guessed something.

Now that she knew Lolita would be able to guess it, she didn't have to worry.

And another huge factor was that she believed in Jason's moral quality. She knew he would never misuse his power or authority to exploit others.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. Michelle stood up and ran to open the door. Gabrielle put down her phone deliberately. She craned her neck to check out who had come inside. She wondered if it could be the person who had invited them to dinner tonight. Behind Michelle were two young men pushing the dining cart. They were wearing white clothes, like a chef.

It seemed that the dinner had arrived now.

When she didn't see the one who invited them, Gabrielle felt a little disappointed.

"Gabrielle, our dinner is here. Wait a moment. Our dinner will be served soon. We can have it. It's really a big meal."



With her face beaming with happiness, Michelle walked towards Gabrielle.

Just looking at the number of dishes on the cart, they could tell how wonderful the dinner would be.

"Well, so did you order this?" asked Gabrielle curiously.

"No. It had been ordered by the big boss, who invited us to dinner." Michelle didn't want to hide anything. Anyway, she knew that it was Westley who had ordered it. She had nothing to hide.

"Well, so when will he come?" Gabrielle became more and more curious about that man.

Hearing what she said, Michelle smiled. "You'll know in a minute. The dishes are ready. Gabrielle, let's go to have dinner."

Gabrielle and Michelle went ahead and took their seats.

"Miss Michelle, your dinner is ready now. Please enjoy." Saying so, the waiter had taken off all the lids. The smell of the dishes was very tempting.

"Thank you. Hopefully we will have a

good dinner." Michelle thanked them politely.

"Miss Michelle, I'm actually a big fan of yours. Can you please give me an autograph?" One of them couldn't stop himself and asked for her autograph.

Hearing it, Michelle agreed and smiled. "Of course I can sign it. But I hope you can keep it a secret that I'm here for dinner. After all, I don't want to be disturbed."

"Of course, I will keep it a secret, Miss Michelle." The waiter agreed happily.

"Where do you want me to sign?" Michelle asked deliberately.

The waiter excitedly handed over the pen to her. "Please sign on my shirt. I'll keep it forever."

Michelle took the pen and gently signed on it for the waiter.

"Well, thank you so much for being my fan." Michelle was a nice person, polite and gentle. But she was not the same for everyone.

"Great! Thank you so much for the



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autograph, Miss Michelle. We'll leave now. If you need anything, please do let us know." The waiter pushed the dining cart and left happily. The aroma of the food filled the room, making Michelle and Gabrielle feel hungrier than they actually were.

## Chapter 315 The Secret Big Boss

Gabrielle stepped out of the car and looked at the gate of No. 1 Champs Elysees. She knew the luxurious facilities of the hotel.

She'd been there earlier. It was a year ago. An international jewelry design exhibition had been organized there. That time, Gabrielle and Sloane had come together.

Gabrielle remembered how Sloane had said that in the future if she could have a birthday party in the hotel, she would die without a regret.

Gabrielle had never thought that this time she'd come to such a renowned hotel for dinner.

The thought of Sloane pained Gabrielle. Sloane hadn't woken up yet, and that made her feel sad.

Gabrielle decided when Sloane woke up she would be holding a party in celebration. And it would be No. 1



Champs Elysees where she would celebrate her rebirth. Surely she would book the most luxurious room for her.

All that would happen, only when Sloane would wake up.

Once she entered the hotel, Gabrielle went to look for Michelle. The room number had already been sent by her.

They had booked a presidential suite. Gabrielle would have to reach there by elevator.

Being a popular star, Michelle was adept at choosing the best restaurants. She always knew the best places in whichever city she visited.

It was a cumbersome process to get the best rooms. But Michelle seemed loving the luxurious life she had. It was no issue for her to book a presidential suite for only a meal. It was a fact that she was a celebrity and needed privacy. However, there really was no reason to book a presidential suite.

Gabrielle was amused by Michelle's preferences. She stepped out of the elevator and walked towards the door of the suite. She took a deep breath to calm

herself and rang the doorbell.

The door was opened sooner than she had expected. Standing at the door with a beautiful and bright smile on her face was Michelle. "Hey Gabrielle! You're here. Come on in."

Holding Gabrielle's hand, Michelle dragged her into the room. "Well Gabrielle, look at this presidential suite. It's so luxurious."

Gabrielle looked around the whole suite along with Michelle.

She couldn't help admiring the luxurious interior.

After the walk around the suite, Michelle pulled Gabrielle back to the big sofa in the living room. They sat down comfortably. From her side, Gabrielle could have the scenic view of Antawood outside the glass wall. She could see half of the city at a glance. The lights were on and neon lights were flashing. It looked so beautiful.

"Gabrielle, isn't it so beautiful here?" Michelle looked at Gabrielle with a broad smile. She looked very happy.



"It is really beautiful. But, it's just a dinner. Is it necessary for us to have it in this presidential suite? Are you going to stay here tonight?" Gabrielle looked at her curiously.

"Well, I don't need to stay in a presidential suite. I have a house in Antawood. There's actually no reason for me to stay in a hotel." The corners of Michelle's mouth slightly curved and formed a smile.

It was a fact that she didn't want to stay in such a place even for a night.

Gabrielle was taken aback by her words. She looked at Michelle with questioning eyes. "In that case, if it's not booked by you, then what are we doing here?"

"Someone else has invited us for dinner here!" Michelle said. There was a mysterious smile on her face. ①

"What? Who will invite us to dinner here?" When she got to know that someone else had booked it for them, Gabrielle found it extremely strange. She started to feel a little uneasy. ④

"Hey Gabrielle! C'mon now, don't be afraid. You'll know soon." Michelle didn't

intend to inform Gabrielle about the one who would pay the bill.

Since Michelle didn't seem to be ready to say anything, Gabrielle didn't ask much. There was hardly anything for Michelle to be afraid of. Then there was nothing for her to be afraid of.

Even in terms of social status, Michelle was much more powerful than her.

Gabrielle thought that the person who had invited them to dinner must be very important to Michelle. ③

Gabrielle didn't say anything more. She just sat there and kept waiting for dinner. Then she took out her phone and saw the message from Lolita.

"Gabrielle, Mr. Foster ordered milk tea and cake for me. I'm eating them now, and he's drinking coffee next to me. He even invited me to a big meal after work. Don't you think I'm lucky this month?" ③

When Gabrielle saw this, she couldn't help but think about it. What Jason did was not simply because Lolita had stayed back after her shift and completed the work.



## Chapter 316 An Unwanted Third Wheel

After the two young men left them, both Michelle and Gabrielle began setting their napkins. Looking at the served dishes, Michelle picked up her chopsticks and started filling Gabrielle's plate.

"Eat, Gabrielle. This is the top-grade beef, and believe me, it's amazing!" To her best, Michelle was trying to take good care of her cousin-in-law, not to disappoint Westley in any case.

"But, Michelle," Gabrielle hurriedly said, looking at her almost filled plate, "shouldn't we wait for the big boss?" Nevertheless, Michelle already had the food in her mouth, and not so surprisingly, she was munching on it with delight.

'She said that we were invited by someone, but...' Gabrielle tilted her head, looking at Michelle eating her food effortlessly.

'She's eating without the presence of our

host. It's not polite.'

"Don't worry about him. He's having a business dinner outside. He will come later. So, till then, have fun." Michelle winked while chuckling at the secret she held.

Westley told her earlier that he might not be able to join them for dinner. He said that he would be having dinner with a business partner. Also, he asked Michelle to take care of Gabrielle for dinner.

'She's so lucky to have Westley. He's so nice.' Michelle pouted internally. 'I'm jealous.'

"Oh, okay. Then, let's eat." Gabrielle then started to eat.

"Gabrielle, treat yourself with more. The chef who made it all is outstanding. I've heard he had been cooking for the royal family of the UK before."

Michelle said, gulping down another bite, "It's delicious. The food materials they use are imported from around the world every day. So, relax and eat well. And! If you want to order something more for yourself, feel free to do so." Michelle's



tone was slightly exhibiting.

Nevertheless, Gabrielle was intrigued to think about what she would want to eat, 'Everything is present on the table, more than enough for three people. What else can I ask for?'

"I am fine. You should eat more too." Watching her plate full of all that was available on the table, Gabrielle had to find a way to stop Michelle from stuffing it more.

In fact, her plate was fuller than she could eat.

"I'll do. Don't worry about me. And, there's no seafood here." Michelle flashed a small mysterious smile. "So, you should feel free to eat all the dishes without being anxious." Her kindness melted Gabrielle's heart.

Though Gabrielle was allergic to seafood, she didn't deem this as a problem of a magnitude big enough to tell everyone.

However, watching Michelle care about her after knowing her sickness, Gabrielle was sincerely touched.

"Michelle..." Sincerity was even evident

in Gabrielle's tone and her eyes as she spoke. "Thanks."

"Oh, don't thank me. I did nothing. I told you earlier, the big boss in charge of all this setting considered everything." Michelle shrugged, smiling at the shocked expression on Gabrielle's face.

'Westley showed his deep love for Gabrielle this way. I can't just take any credit.

It will be unjust for him.'

"So..." Gabrielle gulped in confusion. "You mean the big boss knows about my preferences?" Her confusion was turning into doubt and then into guesses.

Her suspicion was at the edge, irking her that whoever invited them to have dinner in the presidential suite was someone Gabrielle knew personally.

And not just that, she could guess that he might also have a good relationship with Michelle. ①

To reason this whole theory of potential possibilities, Gabrielle could only think of two people. Westley, or Austin.



They were the only ones who knew about her seafood allergy.

"But, Michelle, is the big boss..."

"Don't dwell too much into it, please. Let just continue eating." Michelle pretended as if she weren't, but she was aware that Gabrielle had started guessing. Gabrielle must have known who it was, so Michelle was not going to answer her question.

The indirect hushing gesture by Michelle proved to Gabrielle that her guesses were right. She was now sure that Michelle's so-called big boss was either Westley or Austin.

But surely, she preferred it to be Westley.

Putting her guesses aside, Gabrielle silently started eating. She had just emptied a semi sphere of food in her plate when the door opened and her ears pricked up.

The way the door closed gently, followed by the sound of heavy but elegant footsteps, Gabrielle could say without even looking that it wasn't a waiter.

Her heartbeat accelerated as she turned

her head around, glancing at a tall man in his black tailored business suit. From the living room to the dining room, his long legs kept his sophisticated pace as he progressed towards them.

To say the least, Gabrielle just needed a mere glance at him to know who he was.

"What are you doing here, Westley?" Gabrielle was visibly surprised, even though she had been guessing Michelle's big boss to be Westley a moment ago. ②

"Why? You want me to leave?" As if moving by instinct, Westley sat down beside his wife.

"No, I didn't mean that. I..." Gabrielle opened her eyes wide, realization dawning over her. "You purposefully booked this suite?" Gabrielle looked him in the eye. Under the crystal, shimmering lights, Westley's deep orbs held Gabrielle captive with the help of his gorgeous face.

"Westley, you don't know my intellectual cousin-in-law. She had already guessed that it's you." Boasting about Gabrielle, Michelle took a bite from her plate before continuing, "By the way, this dinner is honestly so delicious!" After praising



Gabrielle, Michelle tried to flatter Westley along.

"Then enjoy it silently. Will you?" Westley replied tauntingly, considering Michelle's uncontrollable tongue.

"Sure, cousin." Michelle grinned. "I will obediently eat my food and silently play the role of a third and useless wheel." Michelle tried to tease Westley, but through the rest of the conversation, she decided to stay as much invisible as she could. Surely, she didn't want to affect their date.

Despite the conversation between both siblings, Gabrielle's brain was still stuck at why had Westley booked a presidential suite for dinner.

"Why did you invite us for dinner in a presidential suite, Westley?" Gabrielle spoke as soon as Michelle stopped talking. "Isn't it unnecessary?" Westley's brain was like an unspoken riddle for her, for she couldn't understand his motives behind those several things he did until and unless he explained them himself.

She could feel this deeply that she still lagged in understanding Westley at several points. 'What could be the

possible reason for this lavish booking?"

"Tell me first, do you like here?" Westley counter questioned instead.

"Well... Yes, I do." Gabrielle nodded. Her answer was sincere because even though it was a waste of money for her, still, it was peaceful, luxurious, and an amazing place to sojourn at.

It wasn't like Gabrielle was granted presidential suites often. So, she naturally liked the sophisticated setting of the suite.

"And it's your first time here, right?" Asking her, Westley's gaze went over Gabrielle's empty plate. His hands instinctively raised the chopsticks and started putting food into her plate even before he noticed.

"Yes."

Gabrielle shrugged. Being an adoptive daughter of the Jones family, it wasn't easy for her to live in such a place with the mere money she had.

"In conclusion, you're here for the first time, and it suits your taste, so I hope you won't bother asking again that why



did I book this room. Also, not to let it go to waste, we are going to stay here tonight." Westley put his chopsticks down with a gentle hint of a smile on his lips.

'What?! Why stay here tonight?!' ⑥

Gabrielle suddenly whipped her head in his direction, confused.

"And why are we doing that?" It was already useless to book a presidential suite. So for Gabrielle, spending the night at home was far better than staying in such an expensive place.

"Because we can't let it go to waste." Westley mimicked her words. "Besides, it's our first time staying in a hotel, right? Why don't we enjoy it?" Westley's eyes were calm like forever. ②

Michelle could feel her redundancy being a third wheel between the couple. Of course, she couldn't stop her ears from listening to their conversation, which was continuously getting heated. She was bound to listen and witness their love anyway.

Westley's public display of his affection towards Gabrielle made Michelle more

uneasy. She finally decided to avoid them, wanting to disappear.

"Uh, hello! I'm still here!" Michelle spoke, trying to pull them out of their romantic world. She was declaring that she still, unfortunately, existed on the same table before Westley could become bolder. ②

Their dinner didn't come out as planned, making her quite worried.

"Then eat quickly and don't be here. You're free to leave early," Westley retorted. ③

'God! Is he driving me away? Just like that?!'

'Sure enough.' Michelle had already seen through her cousin's nature. 'Waah! After he got a wife, he doesn't care about me anymore.' ⑤