

Chapter 435 Bonnie's Family

Westley didn't want to give in at all. It was as if he didn't want Gabrielle to know more about the Campbell Family.

"Bonnie, Wilson won't be here until later. How about we go to the coffee shop nearby and wait for him?" Gabrielle tried to lighten the atmosphere. Her smile was overly bright, and she was desperate to defuse the tension.

The friendly atmosphere became embarrassing and awkward because of Westley. Gabrielle bit her lip; it was getting unbearable.

"Okay, let's go. I want to have a cup of coffee too. It will be more comfortable to sit down and chat." Bonnie nodded, took Tammy's hand in hers, and headed towards the café. The little girl bounced with each step.

Westley and Gabrielle walked a little behind them. Gabrielle pulled on Westley's arm to grab his attention and whisper to him. She tried to keep her voice low.

"Westley, why didn't you let Bonnie tell me her family background?" Gabrielle thought that Westley did it on purpose. There was always a reason behind his actions.

What the hell was going on? Was it supposed to be a big secret? Why didn't he let her listen to Bonnie? In Gabrielle's view, Westley had gone too far this time around.

"Do you really want to know?" Westley looked down at her, his eyes intense and serious.

"Yes, Westley. I do." Gabrielle returned his stare. She saw him sigh heavily and run his fingers through his hair.

Gabrielle wanted to know more about Bonnie. It was a good thing because they were family after all. They had to get along well with each other. That was why it surprised her that Westley deliberately interrupted them. Gabrielle found it a little excessive and unnecessary.

"If you want to, you can please me first. How are you going to do that?" Westley had a smile playing on his lips. His meaning was crystal clear—he wanted to take advantage of her. That was so like him.

Gabrielle gave him the side eye and tutted. "Then, I'd better just ask Bonnie directly."

Gabrielle was a bit annoyed. 'Please him? Fine. Whatever. If he won't tell me anything, then so be it.'

Westley saw that Gabrielle let go of his arm and was about to catch up with Bonnie, so he quickly grabbed her hand and pulled her back to him. "All right, all right. Don't be angry. I'll tell you."

Gabrielle raised her eyebrow at him. She noticed several girls stealing looks at Westley and whispering. Gabrielle; she wanted to avoid them. She probably should get used to it by now, but she just couldn't find it in her.

Her handsome husband always attracted women's attention wherever they went. Even if he was

with no shame. Why should I let them keep on looking at my beautiful wife?" Westley stared daggers at them. He looked so jealous, which made Gabrielle's heart flutter.

"Westley, I think it's better for us not to show up in public together. I'm afraid that we can't hide our relationship anymore, and people will figure things out. What will others think of you, then?" Gabrielle was not afraid for herself. She had been slandered and spoken ill of so many times that it wouldn't have that much effect on her anymore. What she was worried about, however, was Westley's reputation. ¹

"Well, who would dare to badmouth me? I want to see who's bold enough to do so." Westley's eyes narrowed and turned cold. When he got into this mood, he wasn't someone to be trifled with.

Gabrielle smiled softly. This was typical of Westley. He was arrogant and proud, and he didn't appreciate people speaking ill of him.

"I just think..."

"Gabrielle, you worry too much. I won't let anything you don't like happen. I promise, okay?" Westley took her hand and eyed her seriously.

Gabrielle knew that wasn't an empty promise. If photos of the two of them leaked and she told him she still didn't want the public to know about their relationship, Westley could make all the pictures and articles disappear in less than five minutes.

He was Westley. He could do whatever he wanted.

"I believe you. So, what does Bonnie's family do?"
When the two almost reached the door of the coffee

shop, Gabrielle suddenly remembered and asked Westley.

She was so curious about what the Campbell Family was doing in Italy. She really wanted to know.

"Have you heard of the Angie family in Italy?" Westley asked her.

"I've heard that it's the biggest and the most mysterious family in Italy, and that they're related to the royal family. They rank at the top, and they're involved, business-wise, in several fields. They have several enterprises scattered all over the world, and they also make profits from illegal activities. Is Bonnie's family the same as the Angie family?" Gabrielle's face was full of raw fear. Her mouth opened slightly, and she peeked at Bonnie from the corners of her eyes.

Gabrielle knew the Angie family because they were also engaged in the jewelry business. As what she told Westley, they were involved in so many money-making activities.

"No!" Westley was shocked and shook his head vigorously. His brows furrowed, and he scrunched up his face.

"Then why did you mention them?" Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief. She held herself back from beating her husband. If they weren't even related, why did he mention it in the first place? What was the point?

"The Campbell Family is almost the same. They're the largest foreign clan in Italy, and they have a good relationship with the Angie family. So you now know how powerful the Campbell Family is, right?" Westley asked Gabrielle seriously.

She nodded slowly. Of course, she understood. The Campbell Family turned out to be a great one—powerful, influential.

They sounded pretty amazing.

Gabrielle turned to look at Bonnie, who didn't have an air of arrogance. So, it turned out that Bonnie was far from ordinary. Gabrielle admitted to herself that she underestimated Bonnie.

"Does Bonnie's family have a wide range of businesses?"

Gabrielle had to ask. She had some pretty terrible thoughts, and she knew that gangs always did nefarious things on the side.

For example, smuggling and other illegal activities.

"Don't worry. All their businesses are legit. They don't like to dirty their hands by getting involved in anything illegal. If they did, my brother wouldn't stay in Italy. He's currently the director of the Campbell Family and the second-in-command to their leader." Westley was speaking matter-of-factly. 2

"Well, I'm relieved. Wow, I can't believe it. Bonnie's family is that powerful. I have to be careful around her." Gabrielle admired Bonnie's family a lot. As a child, she used to watch TV shows and series that featured powerful gangs, but she had never seen any gang member in person.

She just met a core member, someone from the inner circle. More importantly, Bonnie was her sister-in-law.

"You don't need to be careful, you know. Bonnie is

a nice person, and I can see that she likes you too. I have no doubt you two will get along well." Westley chuckled. He couldn't help but laugh when he saw Gabrielle's cautious look.

His wife was becoming more and more lovely every single day. And the more he knew her, the more he liked everything about her. He wasn't wrong in marrying her.

"Gabrielle, you're forgetting that you're not a nobody. You're also the daughter-in-law of the Morris family. On that front, there's no difference between you and her. You don't have to treat her differently or be extra cautious around her—that will only make her unhappy. She doesn't like it when people talk about her family or even mention them. Plus, she doesn't want to use and take advantage of her status. Do you understand, little thing?" Westley crouched a little low and playfully pinched her nose. His face was only inches from hers.

"I'm sorry, what? Who are you calling little thing?" Gabrielle was irked by the way he addressed her, but Westley's eyes only crinkled in amusement.

Wasn't little thing used to describe a child? Why did he call her that?

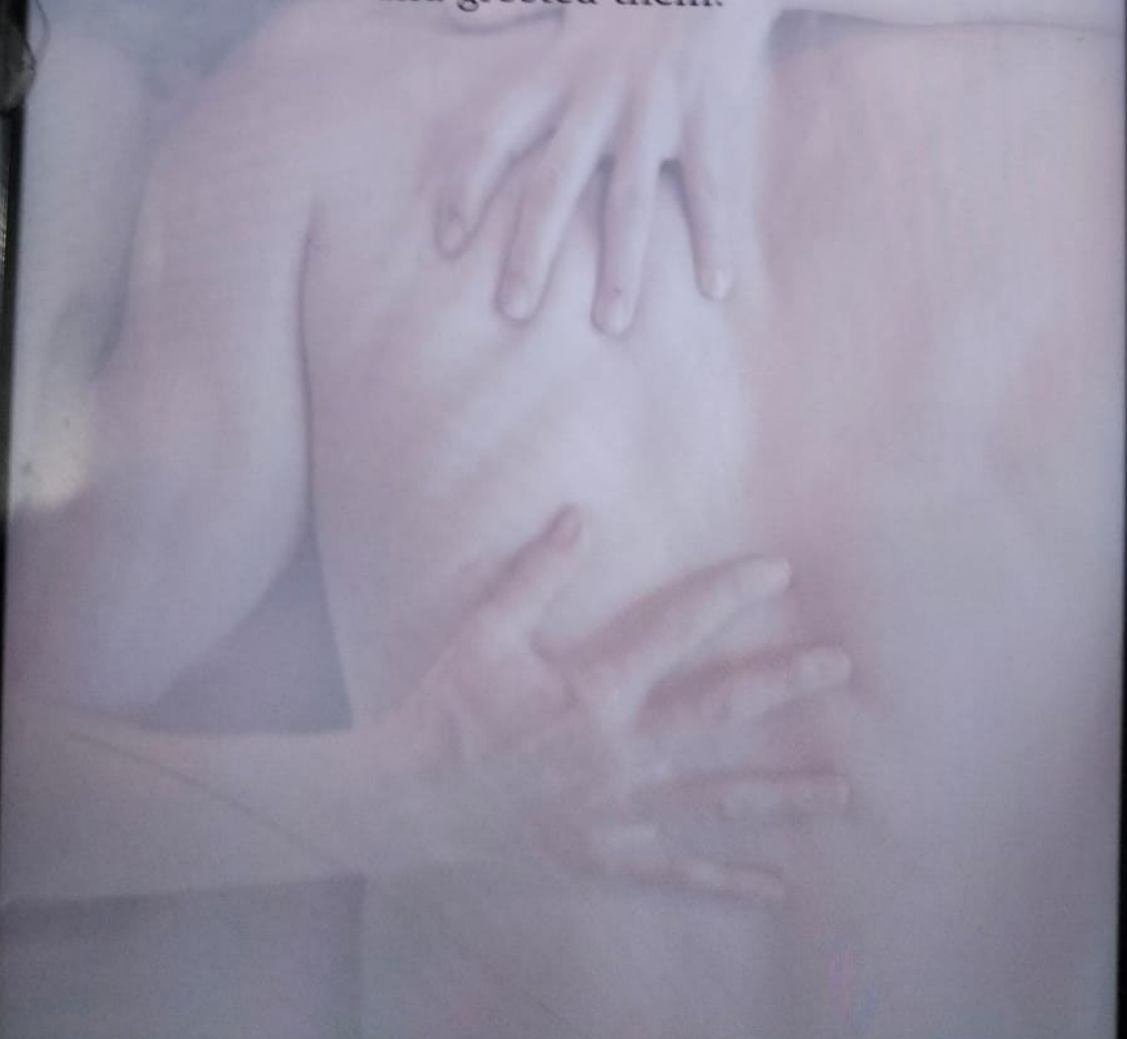
"Well, some part of you can't be described as little thing anymore." Westley winked at her and grinned wickedly.

Before the little thing was about to lose her temper, Westley put his arm over her shoulder and pulled her inside the coffee shop.

"Little daddy, little mommy, you're so slow! We already placed our orders. Come and sit here."

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When Tammy saw them come in, she raised her hand in a wave and greeted them.



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Westley took Gabrielle's hand as they sat down. Luckily, there weren't a lot of people in the airport café so nobody paid attention to them.

The tension in Gabrielle's nerves seemed to have relaxed. At ease, she sat next to Westley. Her eyes were overwhelmed with admiration when they travelled towards Bonnie's direction.

After all, Bonnie was the daughter of the Campbell Family, one of the most powerful names in their circle.

It was Gabrielle's first time being this close to a well-known figure from a powerful gang. Excitement filled her nerves.

"What's wrong with you? Why are you looking at me like that?" The way Gabrielle stared at Bonnie felt familiar. ①

It was exactly like how her gang members would look at her. There was reverence and fear in their eyes.

"Bonnie... I didn't know you were..." Gabrielle did not finish her sentence. She turned to look at Westley.

Tammy was feeding Westley mouthfuls of cake. He did not fancy desserts very much. However, he gave in since it was Tammy feeding him.

Only one thought crossed Gabrielle's mind. Westley

would be a great father. He would do anything for his daughter.

Just like what Bonnie said, the men of the Morris family treated their daughters like princesses.

Gabrielle couldn't help herself from wondering if Westley would spoil their daughter if they ever had one in the future.

Somehow, she was looking forward to that moment.

'Why the heck would I want a daughter with Westley?! I need to stop thinking about weird things.'

"Ah, I see. Did Westley tell you about our family's business?" A faint smile lifted the corners of Bonnie's lips. She finally understood why Gabrielle looked at her that way. Because of Gabrielle's newfound knowledge, she regarded Bonnie as the daughter of the Campbell Family.

"Yeah. I just found out about it. Quite frankly, I have been ignorant of your powerful background." Gabrielle felt a little embarrassed.

After all, she knew nothing about Bonnie until now.

"Don't think too much of it. What my family does has nothing to do with who I am. Although I am part of the Campbell Family, they are all the way in Italy. In Antawood, I am merely the Morris family's daughter-in-law. You could just treat me like how you would treat any other sister-in-law. If you keep looking at me like that, I don't think we'd get along well," Bonnie said as she gazed at Gabrielle with calmness in her eyes.

She was extremely fond of Gabrielle. Bonnie did not

want to burden her with her family's background.

As the daughter of the biggest foreign clan in Italy, Bonnie had been incredibly spoiled growing up. Her identity brought the jealousy and insecurity out of the people around her. On top of that, her social status also brought her trouble.

The higher she was on the social ladder, the less likely it would be for her to make a true friend.

The first time Bonnie saw Gabrielle, she already knew that she wanted to be close to her. She was the woman Westley wanted to marry. Naturally, Bonnie would want to be friends with her.

For that reason alone, she didn't want Gabrielle to treat her differently just because of who she was. If that happened, it would only create a barrier between the two of them. Bonnie was determined to be friends with her.

"I get it. I just think it's awesome. I've always thought that mafias only existed on TV. I didn't expect to be this close to someone whose family runs a mafia. It's beyond amazing!" Gabrielle did not mean to flatter Bonnie. She merely gave a voice to the words in her heart.

"I know you have the urge to feel like you want to worship me. But honey, we are in Antawood. If you want to show your reverence, do it when we're in Italy. Here, I'm merely your sister-in-law," Bonnie explained.

"Alright. I understand." Gabrielle nodded with obedience.

"Gabrielle, just do as she says. She is the daughter of the Campbell Family but their influence only goes

as far as Italy. We're in Antawood. You are equals. Besides, you are the wife to the president of Morris Group. You are on an even higher pedestal in comparison to Bonnie," Westley said. His voice felt calm.

With her mouth agape, Gabrielle glanced at Westley. She was rendered speechless.

'Wife to the president of Morris Group? How could he just proudly blurt it out?!

"That's quite offensive. Wilson would have been in the Morris Group as well if he didn't choose to give up everything for me. He is, after all, the eldest son. He would have been the first in line to inherit the shares. You would have just been the vice president so don't be so proud in front of me! You've beaten Wilson's efforts when it comes to protecting a woman," Bonnie said flatly.

Despite the tone of her voice, she was ecstatic. She was in awe at the fact that a man who was much colder than Wilson had the ability to love and care about a woman so much.

Bonnie's happiness overcame the surprise she felt.

After all, it was a great achievement for such a cold-hearted man to fall madly in love with someone. As her sister-in-law, Bonnie was teeming with joy.

She had always been worried that Westley would spend the rest of his life being lonely.

"Bonnie..." Westley calmly called her attention.

"Yes? Did I say something wrong?" Bonnie looked back at him with cold eyes. There was a hint of provocation in her eyes.

"I was going to say that you were right. I really have to talk to my brother. He should take over the company so I would be at ease. I hope he can let go of the Campbell Family now. If he can, let him come back and take over the Morris Group. Then, you will have the throne of the president's wife," Westley solemnly said.

It didn't sound like he was joking at all. Bonnie knew exactly what he meant.

Westley was never one to go back on his words.

He must have been serious about handing over the company.

"There is no way in hell that that's going to happen. Wilson and I are living the dream. Don't you dare destroy our happy life!" Bonnie exclaimed as she shot Westley an angry look.

Before she married Wilson, Bonnie had him promise that they would live with the Campbell Family. As the daughter of such a powerful family, she was bestowed with a responsibility. Bonnie could never abandon their family for the rest of her life.

Wilson knew it as well. He willingly promised to live with Bonnie's family. After all, his business in Antawood could be passed on to Westley without breaking a sweat. With Westley's capable hands, Wilson did not have to worry about the future of the Morris Group.

"I'm serious, Bonnie. Can you think it over? My brother will be back in a few hours. You two can talk about it. It would be much easier to manage the Morris Group than your family's affairs." Westley was determined to persuade Bonnie. It

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sounded like nothing to him but he was serious about the matter.

Since he had acknowledged his affection towards Gabrielle, he had wanted nothing but a good life with her. Westley wanted to free himself from the responsibilities of the Morris Group. He desperately wanted to spend more time with his beloved wife.

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Knowing that Westley wasn't joking, Bonnie regained her composure at once. She sat up straighter.

"Now that you've already been made aware that it's much easier to manage the businesses of Morris Group than those of Campbell Family, you have to take good care of it and not involve Wilson in any way. He's in charge of our company and always will be," Bonnie articulated rudely, her gaze unflinching.

"Gabrielle, you have to keep an eye on Westley and let him handle all the Morris Group's ventures. That way, you can always be Mrs. President. Stop talking about things like this, and Wilson is ours. He'll never leave the company, much more the Campbell Family." Bonnie was becoming bolder and more aggressive.

Surprisingly, Gabrielle only laughed softly at Bonnie's words. Her eyes glinted with amusement. "Nicely done, Bonnie. But calling me Mrs. President is actually..."

"Gabrielle wants to be a jewelry designer, so I think it's not that important to address her as Mrs. President. That position doesn't really excite her," Westley interrupted calmly, exchanging a look with Gabrielle.

Westley knew what Gabrielle wanted to say. For her, their marriage wouldn't stop her from fulfilling her dreams. She was going to pursue them no matter

what. Besides, she was still considering the divorce.

'You dumb, dumb woman. You think you can get away from me just like that,' Westley thought smugly.

"Right. Gabrielle is a future jewelry designer. So, from now on, I'll only wear jewelry of your design. I'll buy every single collection you make." Bonnie beamed at her. She approved happily, and Gabrielle knew she would be true to her word.

"I'm not that good, Bonnie. Please don't say that. It's embarrassing." Gabrielle shifted in her seat. It made her feel awkward because she hadn't even started designing her own jewelry yet. She still had a long way to go.

And what Bonnie said made her uncomfortable, and it only served to pressure her more.

Gabrielle couldn't bear so many flattering remarks. She felt like she didn't deserve them—at least, not yet.

"Anyway, I'm happy that you now know about my family, Gabrielle. Although most of our businesses are mainly located in Italy, we have branches all over the world. If there's anything you find difficult to manage or if Westley ever bullies you, just call me. I'll definitely take your side—no matter what." Bonnie reached out and held Gabrielle's hand, squeezing it. The two women smiled at each other.

Gabrielle was deeply moved. It was nice to have someone who cared this much about her, even it was probably fake. Gabrielle would take what she could get.

"Bonnie, it seems to me that you're sabotaging our

relationship on purpose. You don't have to worry about it, though. Nothing will come between me and Gabrielle. And I won't purposely hurt her." Westley realized that Bonnie just made a vow to take Gabrielle's side in anything. He almost smiled because he didn't agree with what Bonnie said—at all.

He was always going to be with Gabrielle—now and forever. Bonnie's comments were unnecessary, and there was no need to ask Bonnie for help. Even if Westley and Gabrielle fought, they would make up at the end of the day.

"Wow, I admire the determination." Bonnie smiled at Westley, then her eyes landed on Gabrielle.

Bonnie wasn't mocking or making fun of him; she was just happy for Westley. She could see it—anyone could—that Gabrielle turned his life around.

He was once a man who seemed incapable of love. He was cold and distant, and he never attached himself to anyone—at least, emotionally. Now, he was an entirely different person. He became a passionate and attentive husband, doting on his wife in full view of others. It was such a wonderful thing.

"I just want Gabrielle to know that if there's anything I can help with, she can always come to me. I'm more than happy to do the favor, except when it comes to matters between you two, of course." Bonnie treated Gabrielle as her own sister. Bonnie already decided that whatever Gabrielle needed, she would do her best to help.

"You don't need to concern yourself with any of that. All the troubles Gabrielle may get involved in in the future, I think I can take care of that."

Westley shrugged and turned to look at Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was his wife, and it was his job to look after her. He didn't need help from others. He could do it all on his own.

"Have some cake, little daddy." Tammy sliced another spoonful of cake and handed it to Westley. She was beaming at him.

Westley briefly stared at the piece of cake before opening his mouth to eat it. He chewed slowly.

"I'm full, Tammy. Why don't you give some to little mommy? She likes cakes." Westley couldn't take it anymore. He didn't particularly enjoy stuffing his face with sweets.

He could eat two bites at most, only for Tammy's sake. He didn't want her to be disappointed. But now, he could no longer pretend he liked eating the cake.

"Okay, sure!" Tammy was delighted to share with Gabrielle. So she slowly sliced a big piece with her spoon and fed it to Gabrielle.

"Little mommy, it's delicious. Here, try it." Tammy happily moved it towards Gabrielle's lips.

Gabrielle didn't even hesitate. Unlike Westley, she enjoyed desserts. She ate it and smiled with her mouth closed.

"How does it taste, little mommy?" Tammy looked at Gabrielle expectantly. She leaned on the table and waited.

"Yummy."

"Little mommy, how about one more bite?" Then,

Tammy sliced an even bigger piece to hold up to Gabrielle.

"Please stop doing that, Tammy. It's you who wanted the cake, so you have to eat it all. You don't need to force it on them. We're going to pick up your daddy later. Are you coming with me or not?" Bonnie appreciated how Tammy shared her food, but she didn't approve of not eating what was on her plate and letting others finish it for her. Bonnie didn't want to spoil her like that.

"Of course, Mommy. I'll come with you, and I'm going to eat it all now." Tammy bowed down her head obediently and finished the cake quickly. She grabbed the paper napkin and wiped her mouth with it.

They went straight to the exit to wait for Wilson. As soon as they arrived, they saw him separate himself from the crowd and walk towards them.

"Daddy!" Tammy ran to Wilson excitedly and threw herself into her father's arms. Wilson responded with a hearty laugh.

Gabrielle was a little surprised. Now that she knew how important Wilson was, she assumed there would be security or bodyguards surrounding him. But, apparently, Wilson traveled like an ordinary person.

Even as the vice director of the Campbell Family, he only had one companion who carried his luggage. That was totally unexpected.

"Gabrielle, is it a bit different from what you expected?" Looking at the slightly disappointed expression on Gabrielle's face, Bonnie smiled. She touched the other woman's arm to get her

attention.

Bonnie knew what was on Gabrielle's mind. She just found out what they did and what position Wilson held in the company. Bonnie understood that Gabrielle thought there would be more pomp and open display of power than she had expected.

"A little bit." Gabrielle didn't try to hide it. It was written all over her face, and she was genuinely curious why it was so.

"Ah, I see. You thought that Wilson would appear with a dozen people behind him, right?" Bonnie grinned kindly. She looked at Wilson and Tammy.

Gabrielle stole a peek at Bonnie. 'She's right. I expected more than this.' Gabrielle bit the inside of her cheek. She felt a little awkward and uneasy.

"Sorry, Bonnie. I'm overthinking it." Gabrielle smiled sheepishly. Bonnie easily saw right through her.

Gabrielle should've known it from the start. Bonnie—despite her wealth, power, and status—was a simple woman. She usually stayed low-key, unlike celebrities who always had an entourage of people following them wherever they went—from bodyguards and assistants to stylists and drivers.

"Being important members of the Campbell Family, we do have a couple of bodyguards when going out. However, they don't normally show themselves. They try to stay back and blend in so as not to look too obvious. We're not going to fight anyone, silly girl." Bonnie liked Gabrielle so much. She was so innocent, pure, and cute. There was something about her that was untainted.

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"Oh. Is that so?" Gabrielle didn't know what to make of it, and she found it fairly confusing.

"Of course. I don't have to lie to you about this. Members of our family don't go out and do things alone. It's dangerous. After all these years as we continued to expand our business, we accumulated our share of enemies. Detraction pursues the great. Even though we don't go out of our way to provoke these people, they seem to always find a reason to get pissed off at us." Bonnie smiled sadly and shrugged her shoulders helplessly.

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A person who held a high position was liable to be attacked! The more powerful one was, the more enemies one was bound to have.

Indeed, it was a universal fact. Gabrielle wasn't naïve about society and knew this very well.

If one was the best, beautiful and powerful, others would definitely begrudge and hate him. It did not matter if he provoked them or not. They had their own reasons, theories and justifications.

Gabrielle too had borne the brunt many a time. She was born with a fair complexion and perfect features. These had brought her a lot of trouble ever since she was a teenager. A boy, who would confess his affection for her and ended up being rejected, would turn to smear her. And a girl, who was not as pretty as her, would get envious and plot things to get Gabrielle in trouble.

Indeed, Gabrielle knew how it felt to be the object of someone's jealousy.

Besides everything, it was a fact that the Campbell clan was such a big name that its business and profit was guaranteed to make many people jealous.

It was not uncommon to hear the news about the assassination of the person who was in charge of such huge enterprises or who owned them.

"Bonnie, thank you for everything. You've really had rough day today." Wilson came over with Tammy in his arms. He stepped closer to Bonnie

and kissed on her forehead affectionately.

"Not at all! I'm glad to see that you arrived on time. It was a long flight. You must be tired, right?" Bonnie gently kissed him on the cheek and smiled warmly.

Gabrielle was touched at the sweet display of affection. She really believed that the couple loved each other very much.

"I am not tired when I have you and Tammy around me!" Wilson smiled at Bonnie. There was such warmth and gentleness in their interaction.

Only then did Gabrielle notice that the handsome man, who resembled Westley in appearance, had a very gentle face. She wondered if it was a trait of his great personality, or because he had his little daughter in his arms.

It is often said that it does not matter how serious and hard a man is, he becomes soft and gentle after he has a child, especially if it's a daughter.

"Mr. Morris! Well, I must say that I didn't expect you here. Being such a busy bee, it surprises me that you came to pick me up in person." Wilson smiled at Westley.

"Well, you are wrong there. Westley didn't come for you. He came because of his wife, Gabrielle." Bonnie mercilessly exposed Westley's intention of coming to the airport. She just blatantly gave Gabrielle the credit.

"Oh! Hello, Gabrielle! It's really nice to meet you. I'm Wilson, Westley's brother." Wilson looked at her tenderly. There was such gentleness and warmth in the man that Gabrielle felt like she had

met a member of her own family.

He really looked like a kind brother who would always be around to look out for you. At the same moment, Gabrielle felt that except for the hereditary characteristics and features the two brothers shared, they were completely different in their personalities.

"Nice to meet you too, Wilson!" Gabrielle greeted politely and smiled nervously at him.

"So, does Westley treat you well, Gabrielle?" Wilson asked her directly about his brother's behavior.

On hearing his words, Gabrielle laughed out aloud. "Oh yes, Wilson! Westley is very kind to me, indeed."

"You too! You asked her this as soon as you return and meet her. Well, you are the being like Bonnie instead of being my brother. I'm starting to think that both of you don't want me to lead a happy life, do you? Well, you don't have to worry about my relationship with Gabrielle. Since you are reunited with your family, you may go back home by yourself. I'm leaving with Gabrielle!" Westley retorted instantly.

'Are they envious that my relationship with Gabrielle is going good?

They are making me look like I am a scumbag. Do they think of me like that? Is that the place I have in their hearts? Didn't they go too far?'

"I've told grandma that we will all come home for dinner today. So, I was thinking, can we go together?" Wilson glanced at Westley and asked.

Westley didn't response but just looked away. Gabrielle felt a flutter in the pit of her stomach.

What were these men doing! The two brothers hadn't seen each other for such a long time. And now that Wilson had come back, they were behaving like strangers. She felt that it would be good for them to have dinner together.

"Well, I want to spend more time with Gabrielle!" Westley bluntly said and refused the invitation.

Wilson was not surprised. But he quickly turned his eyes towards Gabrielle. "Gabrielle, wouldn't you like to return to Morris Mansion to have dinner with us?"

"Wilson, I..."

"Gabrielle, let's go!" Westley quickly held her hand. He was just ready to walk away and leave them all.

Who wanted to have dinner with them?

"Okay! Since you are reluctant to have dinner with us, I won't force you. Have a nice candlelight dinner!" Wilson was not aware of the affairs of the couple, but he knew very well about Westley's temper. It was known to him about how Westley would do what he wanted. So, Wilson didn't want to worry about him anymore or put Gabrielle in any difficult position.

"Of course, we will have a nice time. Come on, Gabrielle, let's go." Westley held Gabrielle's hand firmly and started walking.

"See you guys later!" Gabrielle could hardly say a goodbye to them. She was abruptly pulled and taken out of the airport by Westley.

After Gabrielle sat on the passenger seat, Westley fastened the seat belt for her.

"Westley, why are you mad at your brother?" Gabrielle asked cautiously after he sat down before the steering wheel.

"There's nothing like that. I'm not mad or angry at him. I don't know why, but his question about my love and behavior with you made me unhappy. It's still necessary to stay away from him. We need to keep away unless I'm sure that we are completely safe and protected!" Westley said in a flat tone. 2

"Do you mean, Wilson might be in danger?" Gabrielle was quite curious about that now.

"He's relatively safe as long as he is in Antawood. I just want to be with you alone. Do you want to spend time with the three of them?" Westley asked in a weird manner.

Gabrielle finally realized that there was nothing much on his mind. He had just wanted to stay with her alone.

"So, tell me what do you want to eat tonight?" Gabrielle asked him. She was curious now.

"Whatever you want to eat! We will go with your choice today." The decision was totally on Gabrielle now.

"Let's have some barbecued dishes. The barbecue restaurant located at the downtown is very nice. Let's go there and try something." Gabrielle set the location on his GPS.

She chose that place deliberately. There was a commercial street nearby. She could make an excuse to visit it and buy a Christmas gift for Westley. After sending off Melissa at the airport in the afternoon, she didn't get time to go shopping.

Upon arriving at the restaurant, they were guided into a private room. A few moments later, Gabrielle excused herself saying that she needed to go to the bathroom. Seeing the chance, she rushed towards the commercial street.

After walking and seeing the items on display for a while, she finally found the lighter shop. Without hesitation, she picked up the lighter which had number 12 engraved on it. She found it apt since the number represented the month of Westley's birthday.

She quickly paid for it and got it packed. As soon as Gabrielle stepped out, Austin suddenly appeared outside the shop. Catching a sight of her, Austin strode towards her with a big smile on his face. ①

"Hi Gabrielle! What a coincidence! Are you here for some shopping?" Austin glanced at Gabrielle and asked casually.

The gift she had bought was already in her bag, so he hadn't seen it.

"Hi Austin! Well, I was out on a walk. How about you? Doing some shopping?" she asked as if she was curious to know what he was doing there.

"Oh! I just came back from a business trip. Tomorrow is Christmas, so I came here to hang out. I really didn't expect to meet you here, Gabrielle. Are you busy? How about we have dinner together?" In fact the truth was that Austin had come there to buy a Christmas gift for Gabrielle.

Earlier, he used to get a Christmas gift for Gabrielle and invite her for a special Christmas dinner.

But this year it was quite different. Gabrielle had

become Westley's wife and his cousin-in-law. Besides, Christmas was also the day of Westley's birthday. So, he knew there was no chance that she'd celebrate Christmas with him.

Nonetheless, he still wanted to spend some time with her. And he wanted to get her a meaningful Christmas gift.

And he had never expected that he'd meet her there.

Although they couldn't have dinner together tomorrow, he wanted to see if they could have one tonight.

"Sorry! But Gabrielle is not free tonight!" A big hand came up to hold her by the shoulders. Before Gabrielle could react, she was swiftly taken in his arms. ①

Chapter 439 I Will Protect Their Relationship

Gabrielle had known Westley well enough to have a good grasp on him. Without even looking, she could detect his presence once he got close to her.

Therefore, even right now, figuring out who was hugging her from behind was not a hard process. She could tell who it was without even looking back.

It was just that she didn't understand why Westley had come out so soon. He should still be in the barbecue restaurant.

"Westley, why are you here?" Gabrielle asked, a sense of guilt still lingering in her heart.

She sneaked out to buy a gift, yet she still got caught. But luckily, she had already put the gift in her bag, so Westley couldn't see it.

Additionally, her encounter with Austin was purely a coincidence. If Westley didn't believe her, it might cause a misunderstanding between her and Westley, leading him to think she was secretly seeing Austin.

Thinking of this, the guilt in her heart grew even worse.

"If I didn't come out, my wife would have gone somewhere. I thought you were lost. It turns out you went shopping. What did you buy?" Westley rubbed her head and spoke very earnestly.

There was no sign of anger or jealousy, which made

Gabrielle feel a little relieved.

"I... I just want to go out and buy milk tea. Barbecue and milk tea are a perfect match. I haven't found my favorite milk tea shop yet, and I came across Austin." Gabrielle hurriedly gave out an explanation.

Even though Westley didn't look angry or jealous now, Gabrielle was willing to explain to him and didn't want him to have any misunderstandings.

After all, honesty and trust were what kept a couple's relationship stable and strong. Those were the foundations that held the connection alive. Without those, the built relationship could easily go wrong.

Gabrielle was well aware that Westley really didn't like Austin, let alone seeing him with her.

So, she felt that it would be better to take the opportunity to explain first.

"Let's go. I'll accompany you to buy milk tea." As he said, Westley naturally held Gabrielle's hand.

Gabrielle subconsciously tried to avoid his action and reminded him, "No. Many people are watching."

They were on a commercial street, so there were many people coming and going.

"It's very dark. No one will pay attention to us," Westley responded since he knew what Gabrielle meant. Instead of letting go of her hand, he gripped it even tighter the next second.

Gabrielle looked up at the sky as she heard that. Unlike his claim, it was very bright that everyone

could see his face clearly.

It just proved that the words Westley spoke were all false. At that moment, Mia rushed over and held Gabrielle in her arms right in front of Westley's face.

"Gabrielle, it's really you," Mia shouted happily.

"You didn't know it was me until you hugged me? What if you really hugged the wrong person?" Gabrielle said as she looked at Mia helplessly.

'This girl is always carefree,' she thought to herself. Anyway, she understood it was pointless to be worried about her.

"It doesn't matter. We are all girls. It doesn't matter even if we hug each other," Mia said casually.

"Hi, Mr. Morris, Mr. Foster." Mia waved at the two men next to Gabrielle.

"What are you three doing standing here? Are you shopping? Have you eaten? If not, I'll treat you. I haven't had dinner yet." Mia did all the talking and warmly invited the three of them.

Gabrielle cast an uneasy glance at Westley. She knew that the two of them had already agreed to have dinner together. But now, not only did they come across Austin, but Mia was also inviting them.

Gabrielle could refuse Austin. But she felt uneasy about refusing Mia, so she tried to come up with some words to express her disapproval.

"Mia, well..."

"Let's go, Gabrielle. Let's have dinner together. I know you want to spend time with Mr. Morris

alone. After dinner, you guys can continue. Tomorrow is Christmas. I can't invite you out for dinner, so let's celebrate Christmas today. Mr. Morris, what do you think?" Before Gabrielle could start her sentence, Mia held her hand and stated this with anticipation on her face.

Hearing that, Westley kept silent and looked at Mia with a cold expression.

"If you really don't want to, then forget it. I just want to have dinner with Gabrielle because I like her very much. Mr. Morris, are you jealous?"

From Westley's cold expression, Mia could see that he was not willing to accept her invitation. This man was even jealous of a girl. He'd been too protective of Gabrielle as if he was afraid that others would steal her away.

Mia knew her invitation was difficult for them to accept. But it was just that they happened to come across each other and had the opportunity to have dinner together. Besides, there was nothing wrong with celebrating Christmas in advance.

"We have booked a table in the barbecue restaurant. You can go first. I'll go with Gabrielle to buy milk tea." Westley finally gave in after he heard that Gabrielle and he could spend time alone after dinner.

"That's great. Mr. Foster, how about we go over first?" Mia said as she turned to Austin.

Mia understood the situation right away when she saw the reluctance in Austin's eyes, showing that he was unwilling to look away from Gabrielle.

It was apparent that Austin had feelings for

Gabrielle. He didn't try to hide it, even daring to look at Gabrielle affectionately right in front of Westley's eyes. He didn't seem to mind being skinned by Westley at all.

Only then did Mia realize that the person Westley didn't want to have dinner with was Austin. As a husband, who would be happy if his wife was so liked by another man?

"Mr. Foster, let's go first. Gabrielle can help you buy some milk tea if you want." Mia, being a good friend of Gabrielle, helped protect Gabrielle and Westley's happiness.

"I don't need milk tea. Let's go." Austin was reluctant at first, but he eventually caved and decided to go with Mia.

Gabrielle hurriedly told Mia about the restaurant and seats so that they would not be mistaken.

"I know, Gabrielle. You and Mr. Morris can take your time to go buy milk tea. Just bring me one. I'll go ahead and roast the meat first. You can eat it when you come back," Mia said thoughtfully.

"Okay, we'll be back soon." Gabrielle nodded in agreement.

After the two of them reached an agreement, Mia grabbed Austin's arm and dragged the other person along with her.

"Miss Robinson, please behave yourself. Don't you know that it's improper for a woman to touch a man? Who taught you to hold a man's hand?" Austin was completely dissatisfied with Mia's action.

Austin appeared to be a nice gentleman on the

outside, but he had a cold attitude on the inside. Especially, he didn't like being touched by women he didn't know.

Right now, the relationship between Mia and Austin was nothing more than a total stranger.

Hearing that, Mia shook off his arm and looked at him coldly. "Do you think I like to hold a man's hand? Besides, you are not my type. I wouldn't take the initiative to hold your arm for a man like you. I just held your arm to get you out of Gabrielle's face as soon as possible." ③

"Miss Robinson, I didn't expect you to be so nosy," Austin retorted coldly.

"Mr. Foster, Gabrielle is my good friend," Mia stated in a serious tone.

"So, what do you want to say?" Austin's attitude became more openly hostile, and it was clear that his patience had reached its limit.

"What I want to say is very simple. I will protect the happiness of Gabrielle and Mr. Morris. I won't let go of anyone who tries to destroy their relationship. Please keep in mind what I said, Mr. Foster." Mia expressed her seriousness. ③

"Miss Robinson, don't go too far. It's none of your business," Austin said angrily.