

Chapter 91 Learned It For Bryce

After lunch, they spent time resting in the villa before heading to the flower market.

"Miss Jones, how is it you are good at this? You've done an excellent job. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it. You are the daughter of the Jones, but your work in the garden rivals that of an experienced gardener." Remy was sitting on an armchair by the window, admiring Gabrielle's handiwork.

It was only a few days ago that he and Westley were here in the garden which was overrun by weeds. It was desolate and barren. Remy immediately asked Westley to find someone to clean up the property.

He didn't expect that Gabrielle, of all people, would clean it up herself today.

"Doctor Remy, please don't flatter me. I didn't do much at all. I just made use of my ability. I'm skilled at removing weeds because I've done it a lot at home. Don't treat me as a rich lady who needs others to do all her work. I'm not like them," Gabrielle said bitterly. 6

After all, she was just an adopted daughter of the Jones. She never got the treatment that a rich lady had.

It was more than enough for the Jones to raise her as their own. Gabrielle knew in her heart that they had done nothing wrong to her.

Even if she married Westley because of Bryce's wrongdoings, she was still willing to do anything for him.

"It's true that no one can compare with you. You are such a capable woman. Does Westley know about this?" Remy always felt with such clarity that Gabrielle was different from other girls, especially better than those who couldn't do anything but had a nasty temper.

"Westley?" After a few moments, Gabrielle came to her senses and smiled meekly. "I don't want Westley to know what's going on with me. My actions have nothing to do with him. It would be best for him to remain out of the loop and I trust you not to mention anything."

Gabrielle thought she had only done what a servant should do, which was also what Westley expected from her. After all, he had said that no idlers were allowed around him.

If Remy were to tell Westley about this, he would think that Gabrielle was deliberately asking for credit, which would make him utterly sick.

"Miss Jones...."

"Doctor Remy, we've seen each other twice already. You are welcome to call me Gabrielle as Miss Jones sounds too formal. What do you think?" She raised her eyebrows at Remy.

"Okay then, I shall refer to you as Gabrielle while you can call me Remy and take me as your brother." Remy looked at her cheerfully.

"Remy, it sounds very dear." Gabrielle agreed without hesitation, which pleased Remy. She took him as her brother, and from now on, Westley would be considered as his brother-in-law. He would have to call him brother together with Gabrielle.

"Remy, would you like me to make you some coffee?" Gabrielle asked out of the blue.

A whole set of coffee tools in the kitchen had caught Gabrielle's eyes in the past, so she had an impulse to grind and make coffee. When Sophie went out to buy food, Gabrielle asked her to buy a bag of beans in the coffee shop, just in time to try grinding them for Remy.

"You're knowledgeable in making coffee?" Remy looked at her in astonishment.

'What a treasure this lady is!'

Westley was an idiot. Why didn't he cherish such a good wife? •

"Yes, quite a bit. I started as a charlady back when I interned in a studio, so I learned a lot of small skills. I'll make you a cup of coffee first, and then we go to the flower market," Gabrielle said.

She proceeded to the kitchen promptly.

In fact, Bryce was the reason why she learned to make coffee. This man only drank handmade brew and didn't drink the instant variant, so she decided to find out his favorite mix of specialty beans to make the perfect drink for him.

However, Bryce didn't appreciate it. He knocked over the coffee that she had made in public, and it spilled directly all over her body. Gabrielle's arms and legs were scalded for a long time.

Later on, Gabrielle cooked it herself many times, but she couldn't personally bring it to Bryce. She could only ask the servants to bring it to him; otherwise, he would overturn it once he knew it was made by her. ②

Gabrielle soon finished making three cups of coffee, one for herself and the other two for Sophie and Remy. "Remy, try this one. It's the new bean of the year. Let's see how it

tastes."

Remy picked up the cup and took a sip. It had a bitter and fragrant sensation. If people found it too sour, they could add a little sugar and milk. But Remy preferred the original flavor.

"It's actually good. It's ground very carefully. You must have been making coffee for a long time now, haven't you?" Remy inquired curiously.

If this wasn't concocted by a professional barista, it must be made by someone who had been fixing coffee drinks all her life.

Gabrielle felt her cheeks flush. "There is a professional coffee machine in the Jones' residence. I make use of it when I am free.

The machine was specially ordered from Italy by Bryce. He likes to drink so much that I often make a cup for him."

Remy flashed a smile. "It seems that I was right. Do you know that Westley also likes coffee? But it must be freshly ground with a little sugar but no milk. Keep that in mind." 2

Gabrielle looked at him in confusion. What did he mean? Why was he telling her this?

"Remy, what do you mean by that?" Gabrielle asked.

"Gabrielle, you don't have a clue what I'm talking about? I hope you remember Westley's preferences and cook it for him. It would be impossible for him to find fault in you then." He took another sip of coffee and smiled.

It was smooth and fragrant. A faint bitterness filled the whole mouth, slowly followed by an aftertaste. This feeling was very delightful and pleasing.

He was sure that even a picky man like Westley would like it.

"Why should I cook for that man?" Gabrielle was still a little grumpy. Westley hadn't paid her a visit for quite some time and hadn't even bothered calling her. Why should she make coffee for him?

He certainly didn't deserve it!

Amused by her childish behavior, Remy took a photo of the coffee and sent it to Westley.

Westley instantly replied. He just ended a video conference and hadn't had lunch yet. When he received the WeChat message from Remy, he felt quite jealous.

'It seems that doctors nowadays have nothing better to do. How do they find time to drink coffee during working hours?'

"What's the matter, Remy? Why did you send me this picture?" 12



Chapter 92 Hateful Women

Remy almost burst out laughing as he read Westley's message. He could imagine how angry Westley was. Remy could barely contain himself because nothing in the world delighted him more than infuriating Westley.

Then he replied, "The coffee brewed by our new barista is out of this world! It's so smooth and delicious. So, naturally, I thought of telling you first. It's definitely your cup of tea, Westley. Or rather, your cup of coffee."

Remy sounded smug, and his condescending attitude really got on Westley's nerves. The man's teases were annoying, but Westley found him almost unbearable when he started bragging.

"That's great, Remy," he wrote back. "Just great. "Does that mean you're going to send over a complimentary cup of this amazing drink for me?"

"Sadly, no," Remy answered, pretending to sound sorry. "We don't do deliveries, I'm afraid. Our customers are more than happy to come to us. That's how good our coffee is, as you know."

Westley gripped his phone. Remy was really starting to piss him off.

"Then stop wasting my time," Westley replied, and angrily turned off his phone.

Remy smiled with satisfaction. The more annoyed Westley was, the more entertaining it was for him. Even Gabrielle seemed to find it vaguely amusing.

"Remy, what happened?" she asked with a puzzled smile. "Why are you looking so happy?" Gabrielle curiously asked.

"Oh, nothing." Remy winked. "It's just a little mission I've accomplished." Gabrielle looked bemused. "Never mind," said Remy, waving a hand as if swatting away a fly. "Come on, it's time to get ready. We're going to the flower market." Remy slipped the phone inside his pocket and finished his coffee. "Come on, Gabby," he said, striding confidently out of the room. "Time waits for no man—or woman."

Without another word, Gabrielle and her silent chaperone, Sophie, prepared themselves for the day ahead.

Remy was waiting in the car when Gabrielle and Sophie showed up twenty minutes later. Despite his jokes earlier, he had coffee and dessert in a takeaway bag on the passenger seat.

"Remy, let's go!" Gabrielle and Sophie

climbed into the back seat of the car. Gabrielle's broad smile and sparkling eyes told him how overjoyed she was to be visiting the flower market.

"Sit tight," said Remy. "Here we go!" Remy grinned with evil delight as he imagined the look on Westley's face the moment he offered him the takeaway treats.

During the 30-minute drive, Gabrielle looked through the internet for pictures of flowers, chatting excitedly with Sophie about which ones they'd buy.

"Gabby," Remy eyed her from the rearview mirror, "why not wait to choose the real thing? We'll be arriving soon enough." ①

Despite Remy's kind reminder, Gabrielle continued to scroll through picture after picture of the most magnificent flowers and gardens.

"Oh, I know." Gabrielle nodded. "I just can't help myself. But since I have nothing to do, I might as well try to find some inspiration. Remember, I already planned to fill the garden with as many flowers as possible. Roses, tulips, jasmine, lilacs..." Gabrielle's excitement was so infectious that Remy had no choice but to laugh.

He now understood how important this was to Gabrielle.

"Gabby," he inquired, "are you planning to live there forever?" Judging by the look on her face, it seemed that Gabrielle wasn't planning to leave any time soon. 2

Gabrielle noticed Remy's inquisitive, concerned gaze. For a fraction of a second, her smile slipped. "I don't know. Westley asked me to live there for the time being. He didn't say when he'd allow me to return to the Vineyard Villa. If it's going to be a while, at least I can feel at ease doing something like gardening." 3

"That's all?" Remy pressed on. "The esteemed Westley asked nothing more of you?" He felt that Gabrielle was holding something back, and didn't understand why Westley would force her to stay with him.

"No, nothing else," Gabrielle sighed lightly. "Maybe he really hates me and doesn't want to see me in Vineyard Villa any more. Out of sight, out of mind." She was silent for a moment and then opened her mouth to speak. "To be honest, I think it's better if we don't live together."

But Remy didn't believe a word of it. He knew Westley well enough to know that he'd never allow Gabrielle to set a foot in the Half Moon Bay Villa if he truly hated her. 2

After a few minutes, Remy broke the

awkward melancholy silence. "Here we are, at the flower market—in double-quick time. You two can get out first and I'll find a place to park." He pulled over and the ladies took their exit.

The flower market was already very busy with early shoppers and soon Gabrielle and Sophie were swallowed by the crowd.

"Sophie," said Gabrielle, pulling her companion closer amidst the noise. "Let's wait for Remy in the store near the gate!" Sophie nodded, and Gabrielle took her by the arm, steering her chaperone through the sea of people and then heading toward the large store by the main gate.

By chance rather than design, this shop sold a wide variety of seedlings—just what Gabrielle was looking for.

As she gazed in wonder at the incredible array of seedlings on display, Gabrielle felt a hand gently touch her shoulder.

She turned to find a beautiful young woman smiling at her. It was Macy, one of Gabrielle's college classmates. Not only was Macy ravishingly beautiful—she was tall, lithe and very outgoing.

Although Gabrielle didn't have many friends among her classmates, she felt at ease with Macy.

"Oh Macy, how nice to see you again! Are you here to buy some flowers too?" Gabrielle's cheery voice turned heads, but Macy wasn't fazed at all, and deftly side-stepped the question.

"Gabrielle!" she said, reaching out to hug her old classmate. "It's really you!" Macy turned to Gabrielle's quiet companion. "Is this your mother?" ³

Macy looked with unabashed curiosity at Sophie, who was standing demurely by Gabrielle's side.

Since no one at college had ever met Gabrielle's parents in all her four years of schooling, it was an easy and forgivable mistake to make.

"Oh no," Gabrielle giggled. "I'm so sorry, I should have introduced you. This is Sophie." Macy waited for Gabrielle to explain further, but that seemed to be the end of the matter.

Now that she was a senior student who had few courses left, spending most of her time working outside the campus, Gabrielle had few opportunities to meet her classmates. Meeting Macy like this was delightful.

Macy didn't prod further. "Hello, Sophie. I'm a friend and classmate of Gabrielle. My name is Macy."

Macy held out a long, pale, perfectly manicured hand. Sophie paused for a moment, then hesitantly shook hands with the young woman. "It's nice to meet you."

Macy turned to Gabrielle and took both her hands. "Oh, Gabrielle, you haven't been back to school for almost a month. I was so worried. I heard that you were sick. Are you feeling better now? You look wonderful," continued Macy, "but your face..." Macy was clearly an observant girl. ①

"I had an accident in the garden. I'm perfectly alright now." Gabrielle couldn't look her friend in the eye because they both knew it wasn't true. Most of the scabs had fallen away, but pink scars on her face were still visible. Up close, other people would still be able to see it.

"A few days ago, I saw on the school forum that you had a fight with Emily and Cassie." Macy changed the topic. "Was that true?" Before Gabrielle could answer, Macy continued, "I wanted to call you the moment I saw the post, but it was deleted so quickly, and I wasn't sure if it was just a rumor. I'm so sorry!"

Gabrielle felt uneasy because she was true. She did fight with Emily and Cassie, but she didn't expect someone would ask her about it directly.

"If you really did," Macy said, eyes wide, "it was so cool of you, Gabrielle! They're mean girls who look down on others. They believe that everyone should kowtow and treat them as princesses just because they're pretty and rich. They're super flirty too, snagging handsome boys, even though they know they're taken. Do you remember Jax, the one Emily liked? It was right that Jax refused her. So you did a good job. Those two bitches need to be punished—to be put in their place." Gabrielle felt so embarrassed by all the praise heaped upon her.

"Calm down, Macy," she replied. "It's no big deal." Gabrielle wasn't too keen on talking about something scandalous.

"Their parents came to the school," said Macy. "They really tried to stir up trouble, but after that—nothing. There were some rumors that both families received threatening letters, so I guess they didn't dare visit the school again. Emily and Cassie are still studying at home. They deserve it."

The more Macy spoke, the more animated she became.

Gabrielle stared at her, confused. "Hold on," She grasped Macy's hand. "Are you saying that they received threatening letters after we fought?" 6

Chapter 93 Severe Punishment For Mr. Smith

The atmosphere around the house was calm. Macy and Gabrielle were seen discussing an issue which made Gabrielle open her mouth wide in total surprise. Just in case Gabrielle didn't believe her words, she repeated them for emphasis.

"It's true, Gabrielle. The news did not only spread in the school, but also in the circle. It is being rumored that Emily and Cassie have offended a very influential person this time around. I heard that both families have locked them up because they are afraid of revenge. It serves those pests right; they deserve all they are getting at the moment. I remembered that they threatened you and caused you a whole lot of trouble in time past. Are you not glad to hear what's going on with them right now?"

Macy smiled as she spoke to her.

Although anytime she remembered they caused her trouble in the past, she was not happy, but she couldn't rejoice to know that she had something to do with the two of them being locked up.

She could also guess who could have done something like this. She couldn't think of

anyone else other than Westley for the now. No one else she knew could be this merciless.

"Who threatened you, Gabby?" Remy disrupted her thoughts immediately he came in.

'Gabby?' Hearing this, Macy turned around to see who had walked in. She was captivated by what she saw. He looked well-built and breathtakingly handsome.

'Wow! His handsomeness is out of this world and he's way different from the schoolboys in college, ' she thought to herself as she stared at him admiringly.

"Gabrielle, is this your boyfriend?" Macy blurted out still staring at him.

She frowned her face a little bit to show how displeased she was with Macy's question. She knew he wouldn't be happy with such a misunderstanding.

"No, he is not." She rolled her eyes. "He is..."

"I'm her brother. My name is Remy Davis. Nice to meet you. Are you one of her classmates? Who did you say had bullied her in school?" he asked her like a gentleman.

Macy was completely enchanted by his good looks and appearance. Furthermore, he behaved like a gentleman. Grace and

elegance oozed out from him as she felt her heart flutter. He was a Prince Charming.

'Gabrielle's cousin is so hot!' she thought as she gazed at him still. Without thinking, she thought of him as Gabrielle's cousin. A brother who had a different surname must be a cousin.

"Nice to meet you, Remy," she said as she offered him a handshake. "I'm Macy, Gabrielle's classmate. Your sister was bullied earlier by two girls because one of them liked the most handsome guy in our school. But he wasn't interested in any of them; he liked only Gabrielle, and so, they felt frustrated by her. Because of this, they tried to make school unbearable for her," she explained to him as quickly as possible.

Gabrielle wanted to stop her from talking, but it was already too late. She said everything so fast.

"Remy, it's not as serious as Macy made it look," she explained to him hurriedly pouting her mouth.

"There is no need for any explanation, Gabby. It's a very normal thing for a lot of boys to like someone as beautiful as you, right?" He winked.

"That's very correct. This sister of yours is quite popular in school. She has many people

crushing on her both among the seniors and juniors, but she refused to date any of them. She even turned down the most handsome guy in the school!" Macy was completely hypnotized by Remy's good looks and told him everything in a heartbeat. 7

Remembering how Jag sincerely confessed his love to Gabrielle and how she rejected him in public made Macy suddenly feel sorry for him but then, one couldn't help it. Gabrielle didn't like him after all and couldn't pretend she did.

On the other hand, she appreciated and respected her decision. She also held her in high esteem. If she didn't like someone, she rejected him out rightly instead of playing with his feelings.

"It seems like she is popular." He laughed so hard. Gabrielle looked at him, surprised and was dumbfounded. She couldn't understand why he laughed in such a manner. 6

"Remy, don't forget we are going to the flower market today. I need to pick up some flowers before the shops close for the day." She was thinking of a way to make Macy leave before she told everything about her to Remy.

"Hold on for a moment, Gabrielle. Did you know that something happened to Mr. Smith some days back? You know he has sexually

assaulted many girls in the school, but he soon met his match and was badly treated. They tortured him severely and wouldn't let him go or kill him instantly. After two days of constant beating, he was thrown into a police cell, badly defaced and mutilated all over. He was barely gasping for breath. As of now, he has been expelled from the school and is going to be in prison for no-one-knows-how-long. His sentence would either be death or life imprisonment. He can't escape any of the two, considering what he put innocent girls through in the past. He deserves the treatment he's getting right now. I used to think he was a kind and nice person. Humph, I take back my statement. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing," she said with resentment, without noticing that Gabrielle had become uncomfortable. ③

Each time she thought about that day, she was filled with dread. A strange feeling of helplessness enveloped her which got her very scared.

She felt it was like a nightmare that would soon be gone when the morning light came. Every time her mind went to the incident, she would be terrified and her whole body shook involuntarily.

"Are you fine, Gabrielle? What's wrong with you? You look like you've seen a ghost," Macy asked her with so much worry written

all over her face.

Gabrielle came back to her senses and shook her head. "Nothing serious, Macy. I'm fine. I'm happy that the old bastard finally got what he deserved. This is sweet justice for every girl he has molested in the past." She smiled.

"Yes, he deserves it," Macy said seriously.

"Macy, let's call it a day. We need to buy some flowers to beautify the garden. I'll make sure I prepare something for you to eat next time we meet." She took the bold step to end the conversation. She didn't want to continue, which would make her feel helpless.

"Okay, let's talk about it next time. I'm working as an intern in the High-Tech Zone. It's not far from your studio. Let's meet when we are both free." Macy was a carefree and bubbly girl, and so she didn't notice that Gabrielle wasn't in the mood to talk to her anymore.

"Okay, bye."

She walked forward in a hurry and Remy followed her. He could guess why she left in a hurry.

"Gabby, has that beast abused you sexually in the past?" he asked her without mincing words. He was known for being

straightforward in his conversations

She stopped and turned around to look at him with hesitation. Then she nodded affirmatively. "The slap on my face was from him. Unfortunately for him, he didn't succeed."

From her words, he could imagine what had happened. That idiot must have slapped her when she tried to resist him. He had hit her so bloody hard.

He had thought that it was Westley who did it, but now it seemed that it had nothing to do with him. Instead, it should be him who had saved her from the hands of that shameless fool. Then, it was not difficult to guess who had caught and tortured him with so much severity.

'It must be her husband who did it. He had always been this decisive and ruthless with anything that with his happiness or that of anyone related to him,' he reasoned.

"Gabby." His face changed suddenly. He wanted to comfort her, but he didn't know what to do to cheer her up.

She looked at him with a smile of relief. "Remy, don't try to comfort me, it's been a long time. Let's not talk about it anymore. I'd be very grateful if you don't mention it again."

"It should be Westley who is making him pay for what he did. Have you ever thought about that?" he asked as he looked at her.

"It doesn't matter. He deserves what he's getting right now. I'm going to pick the flowers now. It's getting late already and they'll soon close for the day." She didn't want to talk about her husband right now.

Without saying anything more, he followed her to pick up the flowers.

He didn't expect that Westley would become so protective of Gabrielle, having done so many things secretly in time past. 2

Chapter 94 Carol White

They had gotten to the flower market just in time. Gabrielle got the flowers she needed and paid for them. Remy followed her diligently, and even helped her in carrying some of the flowers. On their way back, she became apprehensive when she thought about how the families of Emily and Cassie had been threatened and also how Mr. Smith had been brutally beaten. If she had guessed correctly, all of these should be connected to Westley.

She knew that her husband was well-known for his cruel nature and his domineering way of handling issues. But then, he had never for once told her all he had done on her behalf.

Remy, staring at her from the corner of his eyes as he drove, knew what she was worried about. Just in time, they arrived at the Half Moon Bay Villa. He parked the car carefully and they both came out.

"Gabby, by now, you should know the kind of person you got married to. He believes more in action than mere talk. I'm sure he hasn't told you the things he has done for you, right?" he asked her with concern.

She paused for a while as if contemplating whether to reply or not. Then she answered, "No, he hasn't. If Macy hadn't told me today,

I wouldn't have ever known."

"That's just how he is. As I said, he believes more in action than mere words. Don't worry, I'm sure you will get used to him in the future. If you want to appreciate him, you can call him or send a text to his phone. He would like that very much." He felt that he had done what he could do for them as a couple. It was now up to them to either take his advice or throw it out to the dogs. 3

"I understand. Thank you, Remy," she told him sincerely. An idea popped up in her mind.

"Speaking of which, since you like making coffee so much, I can recommend a place for you. It is my friend's coffee shop. If you're chanced, you can go there and see how that place looks like. You could even become a barista if you like." He took out a business card from his car's compartment and handed it over to her.

The name of the cafe, as written on the business card, was Taste Bud.

She had heard about this coffee shop in the past. It was ranked among the top three cafes in the Antawood. They made coffee excellently well and her friend, Sloane, liked it very much and for this reason, they often spent a lot of time there.

"I appreciate your concern, Remy. But my ultimate dream is to be a jewelry designer, not a barista. Making coffee is just a hobby for me. I don't intend to use it to make money." She declined without beating around the bush. She didn't want to disappoint him or take his kindness for granted. Besides, Taste Bud made very good coffee and she might not fit in well since she was just an unprofessional coffee lover.

"It doesn't matter, Gabby," he tried to persuade her. "You can still take it as your hobby. What I meant is that my friend has a full set of coffee machines, most of which he isn't using at the moment. You can go there to practice in your spare time, and you can polish up your coffee-making skills, you know. He will teach you quite a whole lot about coffee making. You don't have to take it so seriously so that it doesn't interfere in your jewelry designing." He found her to be a gifted barista and so he didn't want to see her talent go to waste just like that.

"Thank you, Remy." She nodded eventually.

She hadn't been going to the jewelry studio for some time, so she wanted to go there today if possible.

"You don't have to be so formal with me. I'll be leaving now. Don't hesitate to let me know if you need anything. I'm just a phone call

away," he reminded her.

"Okay, thank you for accompanying us to the flower market today. I'm grateful. Please, drive carefully on the way." She waved at him.

He started the car and drove off. Instead of going back to the hospital or his own villa, he took the road that led to the Morris Group building.

Someone from there had sent him a message, asking him to come to his office right away. He received the message when he was still at the flower market. And now, it was more than two hours. He wondered silently if Westley would torture him to death for not responding to the message as quickly as possible.

By the time he got to the floor where Westley's office was located, he could feel that the whole atmosphere was tensed up. If he guessed correctly, Westley must be in a rage right now.

"Oh! Dr. Remy. Thank goodness you are here. Please go in and pacify Mr. Morris. He is very angry right now," Alvin said to him as he walked past him with a large tray of some snacks and drinks which he knew was not what Westley liked to eat.

'Is it the food and drink I ordered for him this

afternoon that inspired his strange taste in snacks and juice?' he asked himself silently.

"What happened in there?" he asked Alvin curiously.

"It is Carol. She is in Mr. Morris' office. She must have pissed him off with her devilish attitude," Alvin said in a low tone.

"Since Carol, the little devil is here, I'd better leave quietly. She will only make more trouble for Westley, anyway. I think it will be better to avoid her." He was about to slip away as soon as he said these words.

All the same, Alvin moved faster than him and pushed the door of Westley's office open making him stop in his tracks. "Mr. Morris, Dr. Remy is here to see you," he said loudly.

"Remy, come in and eat up the food you sent to me," said Westley in a resentful voice.

Carol White was the daughter of the White, and also the sister of Jonas White, who pampered his younger daughter excessively. So none of them could scold her. ②

Now, Westley's anger which was ultimately caused by Carol was thrown to Remy.

Remy regretted why he didn't call Alvin first to ask about what was going on in the office. Maybe it was just not the right day to come

and see Westley. He would have chosen a better day if he knew that Westley was very angry.

"Remy, you're here! Come on in. I've brought you a lot of delicious food," Carol said in a sweet voice.

Both Remy and Westley knew very well that under the angel-like face of Carol lay the soul of the devil, full of deceit.

She had been troublesome, arrogant, and self-willed since she was a little child. She was prone to several bouts of mood swings. At the age of ten, she fell in love with Westley and started haunting him ever since. When she was eighteen, she had already made up her mind that she would be the one to marry him whether he liked it or not.

Westley was almost driven crazy by her. Remy, who also suffered a lot from the girl could do nothing but show sympathy. Carol was too smart. The two men would have been in much more trouble had they not been on alert for her.

"Oh, it's you, Carol. Why did you return home all of a sudden? Aren't you supposed to be in school overseas?" Remy asked her as he walked in with a smile.

The beautiful and lovely-looking girl was sitting on the sofa. In front of her, there was

a set menu of afternoon tea. Remy recognized that those were sent by him to disgust Westley as he ordered the set menu for girls. Now, coincidentally, it satisfied Carol.

"Remy, did you order this cake? How did you know that I would come back today? It's like it was specially prepared for me," she said with a smile on her face. "It's delicious." She took another bite from the cake and swayed her head from side to side.

It was true that anyone who took a look at her would fall for her beautiful and innocent face.

But who would expect that there was a bag full of tricks behind her beautiful and innocent-looking face.

"Well, maybe I have a connection with you without knowing it." Remy managed to think of a reply. Then he turned around and saw the man sitting on the leather chair with a tight face.

"Westley, you didn't eat. Don't you want to try this sweet piece of cake?" He looked at him with a big smile on his face.

Westley intentionally threw a document at him in a playful manner, which he caught instantly.

"Remy, stop acting so sick. Don't you know

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"that I don't eat sweet foods?" He looked at him coldly.

When the afternoon tea was sent here, the pink takeaway box was an eye-catcher. Most of the staff kept looking at it when Alvin took it from the delivery clerk downstairs to his office. Ultimately, they wondered what could be inside the box and who had sent it.

Chapter 95 I Want To Be Your Substitute Bride

Remy was incredibly annoying. Why did he want to make the other employees think Westley had a special hobby?

"Westley, the coffee was amazing. I should have brought some for you. To make it up for you, I brought you these desserts. Good friends should share delicacy." Remy sounded calm and reasonable. ②

He looked pissed off. "You're being unreasonable, Remy."

"Remy, what kind of coffee do you have? I would love to go next time." Carol joined the conversation. She had never liked being ignored.

"I'll take you next time." She probably wouldn't have the time and would she really want to drink coffee made by Gabrielle?

And would Gabrielle want to make coffee for her love rival? ①

"Really? Thank you!" Carol smiled.

"You still haven't told me why you returned. Does your brother know where you are?" Remy noticed the white suitcase next to him. The boarding pass was still attached to the

handle. Carol had come straight from the airport. ❷

She had always liked Westley. Every time she came to town, she went to see him first.

How would Jonas, Carol's brother, react if he knew? ❶

"Of course not. If he knew, he would have picked me up from the airport. Then I wouldn't have seen Westley at all. I couldn't miss the chance." Carol stood and walked towards Westley. Instinctively, he stepped backwards, but his back pressed against the wall.

"If Jonas knew what you said, he'd be angry. You've always been so heartless," Remy said with a glare.

The young girl was madly in love with Westley and desperate to marry him. Nobody took her affections seriously. ❶

"My brother will understand," Carol replied with a smile. She got closer to Westley.

"If you take one more step, I will make sure you'll never be allowed in Morris Group again," Westley warned her.

She had always been clingy. ❶

He tried to avoid her as much as he could. ❶

Her smile vanished as soon as the words left his lips and she stopped. "Westley, why do you treat me like this? Don't forbid me from coming to the Morris Group to see you, please?"

"Then sit back down!" Westley ordered her.

If he followed through with his threat, Jonas wouldn't be pleased.

The man loved his sister very much. An insult to her was one to the both of them.

"I'll go back now." It didn't matter if her feelings were hurt, she still listened to him. She sat on the sofa but her eyes were wide, shiny with unshed tears. ③

Remy put the plate of food in front of her.

"Carol, why don't you have something to eat? You'd be so much happier if you moved on from him. You know that, right?" Remy said, hoping his words would be listened to.

Carol had always been a stubborn girl. When she set her mind on something, nothing could change it. She used to tell Helena that she would marry Westley when she grew up. The other woman had never seen Carol as anything but a child.

She never lost hope and pestered him every

day. When Helena died nobody could get close to him. It didn't matter what he said, she insisted on accompanying him.

Later, under the threat of the Collins, Westley took Nellie as his fiancée. He had hoped Carol would stop pestering him and she ended up studying abroad.

"Dear Remy, you're so kind to me. If only I could feel the same way for you. But Westley is the only one I love," Carol said wistfully.

Her words sent a chill up his spine. He didn't want to be worthy of her affections.

"I don't need or want your love. I think it's probably for the best if you continue to like Westley," Remy told her. 10

Westley shot a glare at him. The man was no help at all.

Carol had said it wasn't easy to stop loving someone. How could anyone transfer their feelings from one to another?

He was loathed to admit it, but she was right. Westley couldn't do it and neither could Gabrielle. For Bryce, she had ended up marrying a man she didn't love.

Would Gabrielle ever stop loving the man she couldn't have?

"Dear Remy, don't you like me?" Carol looked at him, her brow furrowed.

"You rushed back here in such a hurry just to take a look at Westley. What were you thinking?" Remy changed the topic. What would happen if Carol decided she was in love with him instead? He would never know peace.

"I have to protect him," Carol told him, her expression serious.

"What do you mean?" Looking between the two of them, he wondered if something had happened before he'd arrived.

"I know Nellie ran away! So, I came back," Carol informed him.

Westley's eyes turned cold. "Who told you that?"

The news of Nellie and Bryce eloping was a closely guarded secret. Even Jonas didn't know. How did she find out?

"Westley, why are you so mean to me?" Carol asked, her voice broke and Remy thought she might cry.

"Who told you?" Westley asked again.

Carol wouldn't let him know the truth.

She was thrilled when she found out what happened. It didn't matter why Nellie left. Westley no longer had a fiancée, which was great news for her.

"Westley, it doesn't matter how I found out. All that matters is that I'm here to help you. You are the master of the Morris and the CEO of the Morris Group. The newspapers will have a field day when they find out. I couldn't let that happen to you, so I came to take her place. I'm old enough to be your bride and I love you very much." Carol looked so happy, as if she had answered all his prayers and saved his honor.

"I will never marry you!" Westley said with a scowl. 6

Chapter 96 Who Is The Bride

When Westley said, "No need," Carol could not help but start crying. Those two words hurt her deeply. 4

"Why, Westley, why not? Why do you dislike me so much?" As Carol shed tears, she became more resentful.

"Westley, how could you? You are bullying Carol again, and this time behind my back! She went back without informing us and came immediately to you when she arrived. How could you do this to her? Do you want me to beat you up?" The moment Jonas arrived, he saw Carol crying and thought that Westley had bullied her. Jonas became annoyed and angry. He rushed immediately to Westley, intending to beat him. 4

"Jonas, if you dare punch Westley, you have my approval. I will surely applaud you!" Was Remy always idle? Did the sight of people fighting make him excited?

Jonas only rolled his eyes at Remy. He walked up to Carol to comfort her, holding her in his arms. "Carol, please stop crying. Why are you crying? What did Westley do to you?"

"Westley didn't bully me. It's not what you think." At last, Carol stopped her tears. She was full of grievance as she looked at her

brother.

"If he didn't bully you, then why are you crying like this? You came to see him immediately you arrived. He must have bullied you. That is why you are crying. What happened?" There was unhappiness in Jonas' tone. He wanted to beat up Westley. Jonas knew, though, that he could not match the strength Westley possessed. 2

"I said I would marry Westley. Has Nellie not run away? I want to be the substitute bride. That is why I am here. But Westley, he, he doesn't want me. I am aggrieved. Am I not as good as Nellie? He would rather wait for this fleeing bride than accept me!" Carol's resentment increased as she lingered on those thoughts.

"Carol, you are better than Nellie. She is nothing compared to you. Our Carol is the most beautiful girl." Jonas gently coaxed Carol.

Carol's mood improved, although she knew that Jonas was only trying to make her happy.

"I want to ask you, Westley. Is Carol not as good as Nellie? A while ago, you insisted on agreeing to the ridiculous request of the Collins to engage Nellie. I told you she was not suitable for you. Not at all. You cannot compare her to Helena. But you didn't listen

to me. Now that she has run away, allow her to go. The Collins would find it hard to blame you for it. Your opportunity to abandon her has come, and then to choose another wife." On cue, Jonas made Carol stand in front of Westley for Westley to take a good look at her.

Carol was now an adult. She was a beauty to behold, and also pretty and cute. Most importantly, she loved Westley deeply. It was better to marry for love than otherwise.

"Jonas, when did you change? Carol is thoughtless, and so are you right now. How could I hurt her?" There was sadness in Westley's eyes.

"Am I thoughtless? That is not true. I just..."

"I said no, Jonas. I mean it!" Westley didn't want to continue the discussion. Jonas didn't know he was pushing his sister into trouble.

"Westley, what do you mean? Is Carol not good enough for you? I wonder why you dislike her. Why?" Jonas's self-esteem was hurt.

For Westley to reject Carol meant he was also rejecting the White.

"It's not that Carol doesn't deserve me. I am not worthy of her. Do you have time tonight? Let's go and have a drink." Westley had a

headache. He didn't want to inform Jonas so early that he had married Gabrielle. But he had to tell him now. Otherwise, Jonas would be hurt and end their friendship.

"Fine! First, let me drive Carol home." Jonas had a resentful look on his face. He would pay Westley back by getting him drunk. That would vent his anger.

"I'll ask Alvin to take Carol home!" Westley called Alvin.

"Mr. Morris."

Alvin came in immediately.

"Send Carol back,"

Westley ordered.

"Okay, Mr. Morris."

"I'm not going back. I also want to have a drink with you." Carol was unwilling to be so dismissed and sent back to the White.

"We are going to the bar. There are so many men there. It would be best if you didn't go there, little girl. It's not suitable for a good girl like you," Westley said in a flat tone.

"But..."

"No buts, Carol. You just arrived. It would

help if you had time to rest and get over the jet lag. Do be a good girl and allow Alvin to take you home," Westley ordered. There was a coldness in his voice.

"Okay, then, I'll be going back. But, can I invite you for dinner with me? Tomorrow?" Carol had a pitiful look on her face.

Before Westley could reply to her, Jonas spoke on his behalf. "Carol, I promise you that Westley will have dinner with you tomorrow. Is that okay?"

"Okay. It's a promise, Westley." The smile on Carol's face widened. Her face began to glow.

"Well, first, you have to go back." Jonas rubbed Carol's head affectionately.

"I have no problem with that. I'm going. See you tomorrow, Westley." Carol left happily after waving goodbye.

"Alvin, please take Carol back. Be safe, okay?" Jonas's tone was firm as he warned Alvin.

"Okay, Mr. White. I promise." Alvin pulled Carol's suitcase and went out. She followed behind him.

The three men went to their usual bar. They ordered a private room and began to drink.

"Westley, can you now tell me? I want to

know what you mean. Why do you dislike Carol so much?" Immediately Jonas was seated, he opened a bottle of wine and poured a large glass of wine for Westley.

Remy opened another bottle. He poured half a glass for himself and took a sip. He then took a hard look at Jonas. "Trust me. Westley didn't agree to her ridiculous and willful request because he wanted Carol's good."

"Why do you say her request is ridiculous and willful? That woman, Nellie, has run away from the wedding. She has dumped Westley. Carol is trying to restore his honor by agreeing to marry him. But he refused decisively. That is what broke my sister's heart!" Jonas wouldn't agree to Remy's suggestion.

"So, Jonas, you told Carol that Nellie ran away from the wedding?" Westley narrowed his eyes. He just stared at Jonas.

Some guilt came over Jonas. "Well, what I told her was that there was no news of your wedding. On the wedding day, nothing held, and the Collins did not make any trouble. I did a little investigation, and I realized that Nellie had run away from the wedding."

"Then you should have been more detailed in your investigation. On that day, I didn't cancel the wedding. I got married that day. We did not make the news public." Westley

took a big gulp of the wine. His voice was cold and calm.

"Married? I don't understand. Damn it! What do you mean you got married? Westley, don't talk nonsense. Am I still your best friend? How could you keep me in the dark?" Jonas still didn't believe Westley had married. ¹

"I didn't lie," Westley said calmly. Jonas could see that he was not kidding at all.

"Then tell me who the bride is?" When Jonas heard what Westley said, he thought Westley was mad.

Chapter 97 When Did Westley Get Married

They were still sitting in Westley's office. The air in the office was tensed. Jonas was still in total shock, wondering when Westley got married without his knowledge. 'This can't be true. When exactly did this happen? Who was the bride?' he asked himself silently. 8

Without a doubt, the bride being talked about was Gabrielle who was made to atone for the sins of the Jones. But it was very obvious that he didn't know her. Holding a glass of wine, Westley stared at him silently with a troubled look all over his face.

"Westley can you stop staring at me in that manner?" Jonas said. "You're staring at me like a lion who wants to mount on his prey. It's very creepy and you're making me feel uncomfortable." He felt uneasy with the way Westley peered at him. 'Why should he look at me in such a manner as if he wants to eat me up?' he reasoned.

"Actually, he is a fox, not a lion. They are two different types of animals," Remy said to Jonas as he took a sip of his wine and looked at him knowingly.

'Remy is right. Westley is as cunning as a fox,' he reasoned. 'He looks fierce and had a lot

of evil plans going on in his head. Whoever got in his way and was chased after by him would be unlucky.' He shook his head.

He took a mouthful of wine from his glass and looked at Westley sadly. "Westley, you must be lying to me by telling me that you're married. Well, if truly you're married, where is your wife now? By the way, who is she? I'm sure you can't tell me because there is no bride, right? You're just a liar!" Jonas yelled angrily. "If you don't want to marry my sister, Carol, I would understand. I won't even blame you at all because I've always known that you both are not compatible. She is too beautiful and innocent to be associated with a cunning and frightening man like you."

He wasn't drunk yet, but he was already talking like someone who was.

"Gabrielle Jones," Westley said calmly. ②

"What did you say? What Jones?" Jonas didn't hear the name. ①

"Gabrielle Jones. That's the name of his wife," Remy repeated the name on behalf of Westley when he saw that he didn't want to say it again.

"Gabrielle? Why am I just hearing about her for the first time? Where did you find her? How did you both meet? I don't want to believe that you, Westley, will just marry a

woman out of nowhere. What's the connection between you two? We've been friends for a long time and you should know that even if you can fool Carol, you can't fool me," he said with a wave of the hand. How could he believe that Westley got married and he wasn't aware? 2

He knew Westley very well and knew that it was not possible for him to just marry a woman out of the blues.

"Look, Jonas. Gabrielle is my wife, not 'a woman out of nowhere'. She has an identity. The sooner you understand that, the better." He was upset about how Jonas kept saying "out of nowhere". 4

Jonas looked at Westley in utter amazement. He drank up the wine in his glass and looked at him again, still in shock. "Westley, are you still the same Westley that I know? I'm surprised because the Westley I know will never defend a woman. Never! Tell me who this woman is. I want to know her. Which Jones is she from?"

Jonas had tried his best to search for her but failed.

So which wealthy family did this woman come from?' he thought deeply. Because he knew that his friend wouldn't marry someone from the lower class.

'Thinking about the whole issue now, I'm sure he wouldn't have married a woman out of anywhere because he has a very high taste. Besides, the Morris won't agree,' he mused.

But with the way Westley behaved now, it was obvious that he not only married her but was also defending her. It looked as if the woman held a very special place in his heart.

The more he tried unraveling the mystery in his mind, the more curious he became. He wanted to see this woman. He wanted to know who she was and how she had captured the heart of his friend. All of a sudden, he thought of something and turned towards Remy's direction. "Tell me the truth, Remy. Did you know about this from the very beginning?"

Remy didn't say a word, but stared at him with an evil-looking smile on his face.

"I just need to know the truth, Remy. Did you know all about this?" he asked him once more. In the blink of an eye, Jonas stood up angrily and shouted at Remy. He didn't have the guts to shout at Westley, so he poured his anger on Remy. Besides, he had a much better temper than that of Westley.

"Can you stop laughing already, Remy. I asked you a question and I need an honest answer. Do you know the woman Westley got

married to?" He hated it when Remy just smiled without saying anything and this made him upset.

"Not only do I know her, but I have also seen her several times," Remy said casually.

This made him very angry and he shouted at him in annoyance.

"What do you mean, Remy? You met her before, and you didn't bother to tell me? Are we friends or just strangers?" He pushed a large glass of wine in front of Remy urging him with his eyes to drink it up in one gulp.

"Do you think I met her because I wanted to? It's because she got hurt. I went to treat her injury." Remy didn't refuse the drink; he took it and drank it.

Jonas turned to face Westley. "So, what was your plan? Were you ever going to tell us? Forget about the drinks we had today. What about the Wilson and Alexis? Do they know about this or am I the only one just getting to know?" Jonas asked Westley expecting an answer.

They were a group of five friends. He would take it as long as he wasn't the only one of the five of them that didn't know. If the other two didn't know either, he wouldn't feel so bad.

But if they also knew about this, he would leave the group.

Friends don't hide things like this from each other.

"Not at all. Except for me alone, all you three don't know about this. I think he didn't want to tell any of us, but the nature of my occupation made me know about the existence of Gabby. I hope you can understand now. Are you feeling better now?" Remy asked, looking at Jonas calmly. 3

With that, he comported himself. As long as he wasn't the only one who didn't know, he felt better.

But if it was the other way around, he would surely fight with Westley.

"It's fine then. No problem." Jonas drank a glass of wine comfortably. 1

Then he quickly poured out a glass of wine for Westley. "This is your punishment for having secretly married a wife, and not sharing her with your brothers," he said.

Westley looked at him coldly. "Share? Who in his right frame of mind would share his wife with his friends?" he asked with a sneer on his face. 7

"My bad. It's just a slip of the tongue. I was just wondering why you didn't tell anyone when you got married. Is it because your wife is too ugly and you don't want her to be seen with you? I thought you said you'd marry Nellie? What happened? Why did you change your mind so quickly? And this happened all because of a woman we haven't seen or heard of before. When are you going to stop hiding her so that we can see her?" Jonas urged him to take his wife out more so that people could see her.

Westley didn't say a word. He just took a sip of his drink with a straight face.

'He wants to see Gabrielle?' he thought as he shook his head.

He hadn't seen this woman for days and wondered how she was faring in Half Moon Bay.

As he thought of this, he suddenly felt like seeing her. ③

"Westley, I was at the Villa to see her today. She has almost recovered and the swelling on her face is gone," said Remy calmly. ①

Chapter 98 Go Astray To Ladyland

Westley cared a lot about Gabrielle, and Remy knew it all too well—that was why he continued to tell him about her. He knew that Westley couldn't hide his concern for her.

If Gabrielle didn't mean anything to Westley, then he wouldn't have saved her from the old beast she was trapped with, neither would he have personally tortured him.

That was more than enough evidence to prove to Remy that he wouldn't just shrug it off.

And so he came clean and told Westley everything.

"What do you mean, Remy?" Westley glanced over at him.

Remy replied with a small smile, "I just told you what happened to Gabby. You can do what you like with that information."

"Yeah, whatever." Westley kept quiet and decided to ignore him.

The silence made Remy realize that he was waiting for him to continue.

"What? What are you talking about? Westley's wife was injured and is still

undergoing treatment? Who did it? Was it a case of domestic violence? And Westley asked us to get drinks instead of going home to his wife! What an idiot!" Jonas commented loud enough for Westley to hear him. ④

Westley was pissed at the comment. He knew that Jonas was one of the few people who would dare call him an idiot to his face.

Jonas didn't hold back at all, cursing and calling him all sorts of names.

Remy respected Jonas for his bravery. Earlier when he had heard, he thought that Westley had beat her, but he could only scold him secretly, not daring to say it to his face.

"Domestic violence? What proof do you have, Jonas?" The atmosphere made Westley decide that he didn't want to drink anymore, so setting down his glass, he got up to leave.

"I might be wrong but the Westley I know would not lay his hands on a woman, especially not his own wife. That would be truly evil. Oh come on Westley, where are you going?" As Jonas started drinking another glass of wine, he saw that Westley was leaving.

Having heard enough insults from Jonas, Westley completely ignored him and walked out of the bar.

"Hey, we're not done yet," Jonas called out, hoping it would convince him to stay back for a bit longer.

"Let him go; his wife needs him. I'll drink with you. We're bachelors, so we get to enjoy our night! Let's get wasted!" Remy grabbed Jonas's arm and led him away.

'This drunk guy needs to stop talking, otherwise Westley might just beat him up.'

"Alright, fine. But you're a doctor, don't you have any surgeries to perform tomorrow?" As far as Jonas was concerned, Remy the doctor always had work to do at the hospital.

"Nah, don't worry about my work. I've got it covered. Are you drinking or should we just call it a night?" Jonas was already wasted, and Remy could clearly see it.

"Let's get hammered!"

Outside the bar, Westley leaned against the wall, in no hurry to leave. He was smoking a cigarette and waiting for Alvin to come pick him up.

Although he had a high alcohol tolerance, and could hold his alcohol well, the few glasses of wine he had left him feeling tipsy. He had a well-built figure and looked really handsome leaning against his car, smoking.

A lot of women found him attractive and would have approached him, but the icy look in his eyes made them stay away.

He had just put out his cigarette when Alvin pulled up.

"Mr. Morris, what happened? You finished early. Or was it me who came late?" Sighting the cigarette butt Westley dropped, Alvin knew that his boss had been waiting for a while.

He should have come earlier to drive him home.

"It's okay. Is Carol home yet?" Westley asked as he got into the car, choosing to not blame Alvin for coming late.

"Yes, she is. I watched her go into the White's Mansion, so I came back. I thought you and Mr. White would be at the bar for longer, so I stopped to get some food on the way and didn't hurry back. If you had called when you were done, I would have come back sooner." Alvin felt the need to explain.

"It's okay, we can leave now." Closing his eyes, Westley leaned back with a sigh, and rubbed his brows as though he wasn't affected.

"Mr. Morris, let's go back to the Vineyard

Villa," Alvin said and started the car.

Gabrielle had been staying at Half Moon Bay for a long time, and since Westley wasn't interested in going to Half Moon Bay, Alvin didn't dare suggest it.

Because of this, the newlywed couple separated shortly after they were married.

Alvin didn't know if Miley knew this yet. She really liked Gabrielle, and if she knew, the news would upset her.

"Okay," Westley coolly replied.

Alvin kept quiet and started driving.

On getting to a crossroad, they stopped at a traffic light. While they waited, the car was beginning to feel hot, so Westley rolled down the window to let in some air. Outside, a group of girls passed the car, chatting amongst themselves.

"There's a newly opened cake shop up ahead, and it's so cute! Everything is pink, and the cakes are absolutely wonderful."

"Oh yes, I heard about the place. They have the best cakes in this city for girls. Let's head over, it should still be open at this time."

"No matter how sad you are or how you feel, a slice of the cake is sure to cheer you right

up."

As the girls left, Westley's eyes shot open.

"Alvin, drive to the cake shop and buy a cake."
"

Taken aback by the request, Alvin glanced at his boss in the rearview mirror.

What happened to Mr. Morris? Why did he want girls' cake? Did it have anything to do with the girls' afternoon tea set menu Dr. Remy got for him?

"Sir, do you mean the cake shop those girls were talking about?"

Alvin asked, to be sure he hadn't misheard his boss.

He had to tread carefully because ever since his boss married Gabrielle, his bad temper became worse. If he said something to upset his boss, he would definitely go in for it.

Truly, being in the company of a king is as dangerous as living with a tiger, as they say.

"Do I have to repeat myself?" Westley asked in annoyance.

At this point, Alvin was convinced that he hadn't misheard him. He really was going to get a cake from the cute girls' cake shop. ¹

"No sir, I understand."

Alvin drove quickly to the cake shop. It was less than two hundred meters away. On getting there, they saw the cake shop, which was as the girls described, painted pink, and despite the odd hour, the store was packed full of customers. A lot of the customers were girls and young lovers.

So when Alvin, a single young man, walked into the shop, several people turned to stare.

Drawn in by his good looks, girls couldn't help but sneak glances at him.

Alvin was really good-looking. Every day in the Morris Group, he was complimented by the ladies for his good looks, but they didn't dare make a move on him because he was the assistant of the CEO. In this cake shop however, the girls didn't know about him being the CEO's assistant, so they openly checked him out.

Unused to the attention and overwhelmed by the looks of the girls, he had a horrifying feeling that he had accidentally stepped into the ladyland.

Quickly paying for a pink strawberry cake, he dashed out of the shop and into the car. He didn't want to be in this scary place any longer. ⑥

Chapter 99 Back To Half Moon Bay To See Her

Alvin carried the cake back to the car and handed it to Westley carefully.

"Mr. Morris," Alvin said, "this is the pink-berry cake, the signature cake of this shop. The one you wanted." His voice trembled with a hint of surprise in it.

He was rather startled at Westley's choice in the cake. He had worked with the man for many years and didn't realize the reserved and somewhat aloof CEO had such femme preferences. With an inward smile, he appreciated this hidden, sweet side of his boss.

"Let's go," Westley said. He looked at the pink package and for a moment, he regretted buying it. ②

"Of course," Alvin said, "the shop assistant reminded me that this is an ice-cream cake and it's likely that it will melt if it's left outside for over half an hour, so I'll drive fast..."

"To Half Moon Bay," interrupted Westley, coldly.

Alvin had just started the car but abruptly stepped on the brake when he heard the

destination.

'Isn't that where Gabrielle was staying?' he wondered.

Suddenly, the pink cake Westley bought made sense; it wasn't for him, but for Gabrielle.

So, after everything, it seemed that Westley did really care about Gabrielle.

When Westley had not visited her for many days, Alvin figured that he didn't think so warmly of her anymore, and that their relationship was over.

And now, here he was, buying a cake that fit Gabrielle's preferences. Alvin knew Gabrielle would enjoy it.

At the thought of this, the embarrassment of buying the cake just now was all gone. Alvin was willing to buy another cake for Gabrielle.

"Yes, Mr. Morris," Alvin replied, now seemingly happier, "I'll be fast. I'm sure we can make it before they go to bed." Alvin was much happier.

Westley wordlessly looked down at the pink box on the seat next to him. The whole car was filled with the rich fragrances of the ice-cream cake.

own actions!

"Mr. Morris, why are you back?" Hearing all the commotion in the yard, Sophie hurried out to have a look. She was surprised to see Westley. She had wondered when he would arrive at his villa, but had been disappointed by his absence.

She had been looking forward to seeing Westley these days, but she had been disappointed every day. ①

It was obvious, now, that he was worried about Gabrielle, for him to be here in the dead of the night.

"Sophie, is it okay that I'm here?" Westley's tone softened a little.

He always had two signature mannerisms, quite different to each other. Gabrielle was on the receiving end of his coldness and indifference; almost treating her like an enemy.

"Of course you can come, Mr. Morris. You're very welcome here. Gabrielle and I look forward to seeing you every day," said Sophie, happily.

Hearing this, Westley narrowed his eyes at Gabrielle's embarrassed face.

"I wasn't. Anyway, I'm going back to my

room to take a shower, Sophie. I'm sweating all over." After saying that, Gabrielle almost ran into the house, escaping to her room.

"Gabrielle, how about I help you? Remy said that your hands can't touch water, remember?" Sophie called, quickly.

"No, it's fine. I'll wear plastic bags and make sure they don't get wet." Gabrielle's voice wafted out from the house.

Westley frowned at this information. He hadn't seen anything wrong with Gabrielle's hands as she was wearing gloves while she was gardening. "Sophie, what's wrong with her hands?" ¹

"She's gotten a lot of blisters on her hands after weeding continuously for the last few days. Then the blisters broke and exposed her flesh. Today, Remy noticed and applied medicine to her hands, advised her against coming into contact with water for the time-being," explained Sophie.

"Is she made of paper? Why did she get hurt so easily? What did you say? And was it just her who has weeded out all the grass in the yard?" Westley could hardly believe it. ⁴

Chapter 100 Stay The Night In Half Moon Bay

What she heard Westley say got her angry. She paced up and down in her room as she bit her lips hard and tried her best not to react to what he said. She resisted the strong urge in her to go downstairs and confront him. What did he mean by saying that she was made of paper? He felt that she got bruises quite easily which made him think that she was just too frail. 1

'Does he think that I'm not scared of feeling pains all the time? Does he think that I derive joy in having injuries all over my body?' The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

He still didn't apologize for his useless statement. All of a sudden, he appeared behind her in the middle of the night scaring her out of her wits.

Since she had a long day, she was about to go upstairs to take a shower, but she felt thirsty at the same time. She was on her way to the kitchen to get some water to drink and accidentally heard everything he said about her.

At that moment, she knew that she had such a bad image in this man's heart. 1

'He's such a bad guy, ' she thought with a sneer on her face.

"Why did you come here unexpectedly, Mr. Morris? You are worried about your wife, isn't it?" Sophie asked with a smile on her face. "You must have brought this cake just for her. She loves eating cakes. She will be very happy about it." This woman was very smart. Coming at this time with a cake in his hand, it was obvious that he came here for a special purpose and it was to see Miss Jones.

To her, there was nothing like a false marriage and so she didn't believe that there was no love between the both of them.

Gabrielle lazily drank the water and thought of the pretty cake box he was carrying.

'Did he come with the sole aim of bringing me a cake at this late hour?' she thought to herself.

'Did he come here to apologize for leaving me alone these past few days?'

If this was the case, should she consider forgiving him?

'Gabrielle, you are so cheap! A simple cake buys you off!' she nudged herself.

"Sophie, take the cake. Alvin bought it for me

and I don't like desserts. You can eat it with Gabrielle," he said as he put the cake in Sophie's hands forcefully and made her know how the cake came about. 5

He didn't buy it himself, lest Gabrielle should start overthinking the whole issue.

"Mr. Morris, didn't you ask Alvin to specially buy it for Gabrielle?" Sophie stared at the cake box and didn't believe what Westley had said.

"Sophie, I need you to understand me. I didn't come to see her. Besides, from what I can see, she is doing fine and doesn't need to be worried about at all. Don't you have money to hire workers to clean out the weeds for you? Why does Gabrielle have to weed and get hurt all over her body to have my attention?" he asked with a sarcastic look on his face. Westley was good at the irony, the cruelest kind. 6

It was exasperating.

Gabrielle heard every word he had said. She had thought that he would praise her even if he didn't feel sorry for her for weeding the garden with blisters.

But then, he didn't praise her, but teased her as if she deserved the injuries that came with tilling the garden. This man was just a heartless human being.

She couldn't stand it anymore so she went upstairs to take a shower after drinking the water.

Sure enough, she couldn't expect too much from him. This man would only make people fall into depression with the way he talked about them.

The two outside didn't know that she had heard so much of what they discussed before going upstairs. Looking at the pink and beautiful box, Sophie thought that there must be a very delicious cake in it. She was happy, thinking that Gabrielle would also be very happy to see the cake after taking a shower.

"Mr. Morris, Gabrielle volunteers to work these days and she isn't arrogant nor difficult. She even works harder than me. Just so you know, she doesn't do it for you. She just wants to clean up the whole house and make it beautiful. She said that since she would keep living here, she wants the place to be as beautiful and as comfortable as possible." She didn't want him to have any preconceptions against his wife. After all, she was a good girl.

"Keep living here?" His way of focusing on the key point was a bit unexpected.

"So, she plans to stay here forever? With whose consent? Good wishes! Her plan has

been thwarted. The Half Moon Bay was not bought for her," he said coldly. 4

Hearing Westley's angry words, Sophie wondered if she had said something wrong this time.

"Mr. Morris, you misunderstood her. She is just..."

"Well, you don't have to explain for her. I know her much better than you and I know what kind of person she is. The daughter of the Jones cannot be simple and kind. Sophie, don't be deceived by her pretense. I'm going back. Call Alvin if you need anything." Westley left with mixed feelings. 3

However, when he walked out of the gate of the Villa, there was no car or any sign of Alvin.

'Where did Alvin go with the car?' he asked himself in surprise.

Westley was so angry that he took out his phone and called Alvin.

"Where are you? Come here right now!" he thundered as he vented all his anger on Alvin.

"Mr. Morris, I thought you would stay the night in Half Moon Bay, so I left with the car."

"You thought? Did I ask you to leave? Why would you leave without asking me in the first place? Come back here in ten minutes, no, ten minutes is too much. I give you five minutes. If I don't see you in five minutes, you will never have to appear in front of me again. Consider yourself jobless!" After saying that, he hung up the phone. He strongly resisted the urge to drop the phone on the ground.

In less than a minute, the phone rang again. It was Alvin.

"Yes? What's the matter? Have you arrived?" he asked impatiently.

"Actually, Mr. Morris, the car... The tires are flat. I need to go back and take another car to pick you up. Should I still come?" Alvin asked in a low voice.

Hearing the unpleasant news, Westley was desperate. He wasn't in the mood to scold him. "No need. You can go home," he dismissed him.

"Mr. Morris, can I still come back to the company tomorrow?" Alvin asked anxiously. He hoped he hadn't lost his job.

"What do you think?" Westley gave him a vague answer and didn't tell him directly. Then he hung up the phone.

Alvin couldn't come to pick him up. He considered if he should ask Neil to come to pick him up instead of spending the night here.

Feeling a little upset and resigning to his fate, he leaned against the wall and lit up a cigarette.

As he smoked, he heard a shout from inside the room.

"Wow, Sophie, this cake is just so beautiful! I think it's too beautiful to be eaten," Gabrielle squealed with delight. She sounded very excited. It was so loud that even Westley, who was leaning against the wall outside the house could hear it.

He remembered the conversation between those children before, that the beautiful cake was magical. Even the most depressed people would fall in love with it.

Now, hearing her scream with joy, he believed that a cake had an unexplainable magic effect.

He threw the rest of the cigarette on the ground and stamped the fire out. Then he turned around and walked into the Villa.

He suddenly wanted to see the look on her face. ①

So he went straight inside.

"Getting a cake to eat isn't an everyday event. Sophie, shall we make a wish with candles? It's a waste not to make a wish with such a beautiful cake," she proposed happily, staring at the beautiful pink cake without blinking.