

Chapter 125 Fight For Her

As Macy looked at Gabrielle, she understood what Gabrielle meant by her statement. She had never given a thought to what she would do with Vice Mr. Hughes.

To Macy, he would always remain Vice Mr. Hughes. Nothing could change that as she was not interested in him in any way.

"You don't need to bother your head over this, Gabrielle. I'm just grateful to him for saving my life; there's nothing more than that. I know for a fact that we are not from the same world. I'm just an average girl, and for this reason, the kind of person he is has nothing to do with me," she said calmly.

Staring at her face closely, Gabrielle found that she didn't lie. She had a very serious look on her face. Macy was far smarter and was very conscious of herself and how she reacted to different situations. ¹

Because of this, Gabrielle felt very relieved.

By the way, everyone knew that it was a disaster to fall in love with someone like Lawrence. It was like intentionally kindling a fire trap that was bound to explode. You wouldn't escape no matter what.

Macy and Lawrence were completely

different people from two separate worlds. If they tried to enter each other's world by force, they would get hurt easily, especially Macy as Lawrence could easily get away with anything. Besides, she and Macy were classmates, and so she didn't want anything bad to happen to her.

Just then, they waved each other goodbye and went their separate ways. At the same time, Macy saw Gabrielle get into a black luxury car and it drove off immediately.

As soon as Macy saw that, she concluded in her heart that Gabrielle had a very good family background.

It didn't matter whether she was from a rich family or just an adopted daughter, it was obvious that they were not in the same class and nothing could change that. If not, she wouldn't have known Vice Mr. Hughes and it was clear that from the lunch they had in Fragrance Restaurant, he was in love with Gabrielle.

If he could get Gabrielle to be his wife, Macy would be happy for them and wish them a happy married life. 3

By the way, according to Macy's understanding of Gabrielle in the past three years they'd known each other, Gabrielle was low-key, gentle, and easy to get along with.

She was a good girl.

At that moment, Gabrielle, the good girl, was sitting straight in the car and caught a glimpse of the man beside her. She became edgy all of a sudden.

She didn't expect that there was another passenger in Harry's car. This person was no other person but Westley, the big boss. The moment she opened the car door, she felt a strange chill coming from the car. When she saw the arrogant devil from whom the chill was from, she wanted to bang the door in his face and leave right away. But as soon as he took one look at her, she entered the car subserviently.

Since she got in the car, the temperature in the car kept getting lower and lower. None of them wanted to speak first and this frightened Harry, who was driving in front. He prayed silently that they wouldn't fight.

Ten minutes before she came, Mr. Morris got into Harry's car with cold air around him. He even restricted Harry from calling Gabrielle on purpose. Then Mr. Morris waited for her to come by herself as if she was entering into an unknown net.

But it turned out that Gabrielle was caught in the net, so Harry didn't know how Mr. Morris was feeling now.

"Why are you here, Mr. Morris?" she asked as she decided to break the ice first.

Westley was a man of great composure, he knew how to compose himself well. Even when he was angry, he did his best not to talk immediately.

"Hope I didn't interrupt your date?" Westley asked coldly with a sneer on his face.

She became speechless and didn't know what to say.

What did he mean by interrupting her date? Who was she on a date with? It was now very clear that he ordered those green dishes on purpose.

This man was just so childish.

"I didn't have a date with anyone, Mr. Morris. I just had lunch with two of my friends in Fragrance Restaurant. Were you the one who ordered some extra green dishes for me?" she asked him politely. She didn't want to quarrel with him because it was going to be meaningless.

"Questioning me?" He raised his eyebrows. These two simple words were enough to make her cower.

"I didn't mean to question you. I just..." she

tried to explain herself.

"Gabrielle, I just want to remind you that you need to eat more green food; it is very healthy for you. But then, it's not a good thing to be a cheat. You're married to me and I need you to know that I don't like being cheated on," he admitted frankly.

'He was the one who sent me the dishes when I was in the restaurant. What am I going to do?' she reasoned.

She didn't even expect that he would admit it so easily. She looked at him in surprise, shook her head, and said, "You are really..."

She left her words hanging. She wanted to say the word 'childish', but she didn't dare to as she was being stared at by him with big and wicked eyes.

"What is the matter? Complete your statement." His eyes darkened as he looked at her without affection.

"Actually, my date was meaningful, I remember it now. But then, I just got to know Lawrence. The last time I saw him, he brought his girlfriend to our studio to order jewelry. I received them for a few minutes. He wanted to make friends with me, but I refused. I told him that it's strictly business," she explained to him immediately. No matter how angry she was, she would become a

coward when she faced her husband.

"Stay away from him when you see him next time," he told her point-blank. He understood what was going on now.

It was obvious that Lawrence the Playboy liked Gabrielle and was chasing after her to get her attention.

"It's all right. I have heard you," she answered him as she lowered her head.

She had tried her best to avoid him, but sometimes it was not easy for her to completely avoid him. He was like a plaster, and he stuck to her as soon as he saw her.

Just like he did today. He didn't set her free until they had lunch together with Macy.

"I asked you to avoid him when next you see him, and you feel like I'm doing something wrong to you? You surprise me, Gabrielle." When he saw that she lowered her head after what he said, he was in a bad mood.

"No, I just..." She paused for a while to think of a better way to say what she had in mind. "In the long run, he is the second in command of the Hughes family and for this reason, I can't do anything to him. It is useless to hide from him because I still have work to go to," she complained bitterly to him. She felt angry and also helpless at the

same time. This showed in her eyes as she looked at him.

The way she looked hurt Westley. He didn't like it when she was unhappy.

"The second in command of the Hughes family? Ha-ha. That's quite funny, Gabrielle. Well, I'll let you know that I also know the first and foremost master of the Hughes family. We've been business partners and also friends for some years now. If Lawrence dares embarrass you again in the future, just let me know and I will deal with him on your behalf," he told her easily.

"Seriously?" She stared at him in shock. It felt like a fairy tale that this man treated her so well all of a sudden. This made her suspicious.

"Of course, I'm very serious. As long as you don't seduce him on your own, I will solve every issue for you if he looks for trouble." Looking at her dazed face, he felt that she was a little cute. 4

In the beginning when they first got married, he hated her with passion and did a bad job of hiding it. But right now, he didn't seem to be so hateful. Was it because of her difficult-to-swallow dinner?

"All right, Mr. Morris. I'm not used to your sudden kindness and it's making me quite

uncomfortable," she said in a low voice, but he heard her.

What did she mean by saying that he suddenly treated her well? Was she trying to say that he had been bad to her all this while?

He thought he was being good to her, at least he didn't torture her badly as other people would have.

"If you don't like my suggestion, I'll take it back. If someone pesters you again, I'll deal with the both of you together," he told her angrily as he sucked his teeth and looked away. He felt a little frustrated by what she said. 'Is she trying to make trouble for me on purpose? Can't she see that I'm just trying to be nice to her?' he mused. 8

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They were still on their way back from Fragrance Restaurant where Westley had caught Gabrielle having lunch with Lawrence. Harry drove the car while they sat at the back. Now that Westley wanted to help her for her good, she felt that he had bad intentions towards her. ④

He just pitied her and wanted to give her a helping hand, but she thought he was doing something bad. 'Does she think that I am so idle and that I like meddling in other people's affairs? Why am I even helping someone who doesn't even appreciate it?' he thought to himself silently.

If not that she was his wife, he wouldn't have looked in her direction twice, even if she was being beaten to death. By the way, he had always been an unsympathetic businessman. He didn't care about anybody who wasn't his family. He had never been a humanitarian who doled out money to people and also didn't have so much love in him to give out.

So why should she treat him like he was the bad guy when all he had for her were good thoughts towards her? This wife of his was just a heartless woman.

"No, no, no. I'm willing to do that. It's an honor to have you help me, Mr. Morris. If I have any other issues in the future, can I still ask for your help?"

she asked as she looked at him with doubtful eyes. She still didn't understand why he would help her.

"It depends on the situation," he replied her. He became puffed up immediately.

Besides, it was easy for a woman like her to be unsatisfied. He couldn't just let her do whatever she wanted and just give her a little benefit.

Other than that, she would elevate herself and treat herself as his real wife. With such status, she could do whatever she wanted and he didn't want that.

"Well, it's all right. Thank you very much, Mr. Morris. I didn't know that you could help me in this way." She looked at him with a bright smile.

Gabrielle was very beautiful when she didn't smile. But when she smiled, she was even much more attractive and charming. Maybe she didn't notice it, but he did. 'Was this woman using this smile to capture the hearts of other men when I am not with her?' he reasoned. She smiled sweetly on purpose, but seduced men unintentionally. 5

"Don't smile so much in the future, Gabrielle," he told her emotionlessly and looked straight ahead.

The bright smile on her face disappeared immediately, and she looked at him skeptically. "Why did you say such a thing, Mr. Morris? Do I look ugly when I smile?" she asked gloomily before she continued, "But all the people in our studio say that I look beautiful and sweet when I smile, and it's easy for our customers to get close to me because of that." 3

The blue veins on Westley's forehead bulged. She was always smiling every day. No wonder even Lawrence fell for her charm. 3

"Is that why you are going to the studio? To pick up customers with a smile or to design jewelry? If the first one is your answer, then you don't have to go there again. Just stay at home." Westley had finally found an appropriate excuse. He had been worried that there was no reason to stop her from going to Jason's studio. Austin always went there to look for her whenever he was less busy. As he thought about this, he boiled with anger. 'Can't Austin just leave my woman alone?' he gritted his teeth. 20

"You misunderstood me, Mr. Morris. I'm not going there to smile and laugh all day long. The studio has a full-time receptionist and

also a front desk. But sometimes when they are too busy with other things, I stay there temporarily to receive our customers," she tried to explain to him. She was afraid that he would tell Jason that she shouldn't go to the studio anymore. After all, this job was found for her by Austin, and it had been approved by Jason. When she got her graduation certificate from the Alorith University, she would become an official employee at the studio.

She had put so much effort into achieving what she had today. Why would she give up now when she was at the peak of reaching her goal?

"Come on, don't show me what I'm going to do to you. If you work hard on jewelry design in the studio, I won't have any objection to you staying there. But if you stay in the studio all day long, showing off your smile, then there's no need to stay there any longer. It would be far better for you to come back home and cook for me instead of whiling away over there," he said indifferently. 7

She looked at him in surprise as she opened her mouth wide.

"What did you say, Mr. Morris? Cook for you? Does that mean that you were satisfied with the dinner I cooked last night?" she asked as she looked at him with sparkling eyes.

"What gave you the impression that I was very satisfied with your dinner? Comparing your meal to the one cooked by Sophie, your meal was not just good. It was very bad," he replied bluntly without mincing words.

Her bright eyes dimmed instantly. "I know that my cooking skills cannot be compared to that of Sophie. But even at that, you don't have to rub it in my face."

Seeing the aggrieved look on her face, he didn't say anything more.

"But, Mr. Morris, you can rest assured that I will work hard to improve on my cooking skills. The aunt who taught me how to cook before said that I have a certain talent for cooking," she said to him as she took a deep breath.

"Who is that aunt of yours that is so blind to see that you know nothing about cooking?" he sneered. 3

"She is the aunt of the Jones family," she replied to him and lowered her head a little. She felt that if things continued like this, she wouldn't be able to raise her head in front of him at all. No matter what she did, he was never satisfied. He always found a way to beat her hands down.

She felt so embarrassed.

"By the way, you are an adopted daughter of the Jones family. How could you live like a maid instead of a daughter? You did both the cooking and the cleaning of the house when you were with them. Couldn't they hire a servant to relieve you of those duties? Or did they treat you as a maid on purpose?" he asked as he took a close look at her.

Regarding how she was treated by the Jones family in the past, Alvin had already told him what he needed to know. As an adopted daughter of the Jones family, she was not publicly recognized as being part of them. Instead, she had always been used as a temporary maid.

And that was why she could weed a garden full of grass, cook, and do a lot of other housework, which were things that other rich girls would never think of doing. Gabrielle did almost everything, though she didn't do some very well.

"I... I think it's good for me to learn to do a lot of things on my own. Not only won't I bring trouble to others, but also help others. By the way, what I have learned is completely good for me," she said seriously.

Although Wendy had asked her to learn these things at the beginning, she had indeed asked her to be a temporary servant of the Jones family. She had done every house chore such

as wiping tables and chairs, sweeping and mopping the floor, and also removing weeds.

But later on in life, she discovered that these were completely good for her, and she also learned them happily.

"If you want to learn how to cook well, you can ask Sophie to teach you. She has cooked for the Morris family for forty years now and I'm sure that she will be very happy and willing to help you." After listening to her, he gave her a suggestion. ②

"I know I'll learn very well from her. I'll talk to her about it when we get home." She nodded like a good student.

"What was your original intention of learning how to cook?" he asked her with curiosity. ①

"For..." she paused. She wanted to learn how to cook because of Bryce. When she was younger, she heard a saying that if she wanted to win a man's heart, she had to go through his stomach. So she wanted to study the art of cooking well, and then use delicious meals to conquer Bryce's stomach first, and then also use love to win his heart.

Unfortunately for her, he didn't even give her the chance to conquer his stomach with food, let alone use love to win his heart.

"What is it? Why is it so hard to tell me? Very

well then. If you don't want to say it, don't bother about it anymore." It seemed like he faintly guessed what her original intention of learning cooking was, and it must have something to do with Bryce, and for this reason, he didn't want to hear it anymore.

"Actually, it's not that difficult to say. I thought that if I've learned how to cook when I leave the Jones family one day and no one wants me, at least I won't starve to death," she said helplessly. 4

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Gabrielle had so many reasons to learn how to cook. After all, she was not the daughter of the Jones family. If they were to throw her out on the street later on, she would not starve. That was why she persevered to be skilled in the kitchen.

After he heard that, Westley's eyebrows shot up while his lips slightly twitched. His face also abated a little, indicating that he found her words amusing.

"Don't worry. No one will starve to death so easily nowadays," he uttered lightly.

Gabrielle didn't argue with him. She simply took his words as a way of saying that society had evolved into a much better place to live—where no one would die quickly from hunger no matter how poor a man was.

Knowing that the two of them were not talking about the same problem, Gabrielle just kept her mouth shut instead of forcing Westley to understand her.

More than that, she didn't know what to say for a while. So, she just gazed at the window to entertain herself with the scenery. Then, she saw the car driving away from the city,

heading to the suburb. It was not the way back to Half Moon Bay or Vineyard Villa or the Morris Group.

Where was Westley taking her? She didn't have time to ask him before as they were busy discussing other things. In fact, she meant to inquire about their destination, but the topic was shoved off at the back of their heads when they began conversing about her smiling and cooking.

"Westley, where are we going?" Gabrielle finally managed to ask him. ²

He glanced at her and saw a hint of worry painted all over her face.

Wasn't it too late? He had already taken her out of the city, and yet she only asked him now. ⁴

"Gabrielle, if I sell you to some goons, will you help me count the cash? You are really dense, aren't you?" Westley's words were not very pleasant to hear. He could just answer her directly, and yet he resorted to implying that he was kidnapping her. ¹

"Don't make it sound so insulting. Do you think I am an idiot? Am I that stupid and gullible to you?" Gabrielle couldn't help asking with a hint of dejection in her tone. ⁴

"No." Although Westley denied it, in his head,

he thought, 'I think you are stupid.'

"Well, where are we going now?" At this point, Gabrielle was still sold with the idea that Westley thought highly of her.

"You'll know when we get there," he answered indifferently while keeping his eyes on the road.

"So, you are not really planning to sell me?" A smile crept on her lips as she asked that timidly.

"What if I really intend to sell you?" The very reason Westley kept teasing her was to see the reaction on her face.

"If you sell me, then you'd lose a wife." A little tenacity could be extracted from Gabrielle's voice as those words escaped her lips.

But she was only pretending. Deep down, an intense hesitation was already eating up her remaining confidence.

"Gabrielle, do you think I really need you?" Westley arched his brows to show that he was discerning her. 6

In fact, he didn't really need her.

He could even get another bride just days before their wedding. That was how

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irrelevant Gabriel was in his life.

With Westley's identity and status, a lot of women would even be on their knees just to marry him.

It would not be challenging for him to choose a woman he liked. In fact, he didn't need to chase after all at all, as they sought after him one after another.

"No, Westley, you misunderstood me. I am not so confident. I don't think I am better than other women. Besides, you have always been the man all those girls in Antawood wished to marry. It would just take a blink of an eye for you to replace me," Gabrielle honestly said.

A faint smile flashed across Westley's eyes that no one could even notice.

"So, all the women in the city hold me so dearly, huh? Since all of them want to marry me, are you one of those girls?" Westley said casually while flashing a smug on his face.

Hearing this, Gabrielle was a little surprised. However, she shook her head immediately and responded, "Westley, you misunderstood me. I am not." 3

She was not like any of those women. From the beginning, she had never wished to marry him. She was only chosen to be his

wife, leaving her no right to refuse or choose.

Upon hearing her answer, Westley's face suddenly hardened into a brood. He was aware that Gabrielle was telling the truth because this woman had been dreaming of marrying his brother. Even if all the women in Antawood wanted to marry Westley, Gabrielle was probably the only one who hated the idea. She only had her eyes on his brother. 8

At that thought, Westley felt very uncomfortable and almost shifted on his seat. Sure enough, Gabrielle never ceased to wound his ego.

"Westley, well, I didn't say you were bad. It's just that you have always been someone of high profile, and I feel like you don't deserve an ordinary woman like me," Gabrielle quickly explained after sensing the sudden gloomy ambiance in the car. She was afraid that he would be angry and threw her out of the car. Besides, they were already in the middle of nowhere, and it would be impossible to hail a ride here.

If Sloane was awake, Gabrielle could easily ask her to pick her up. But the former was still unconscious in the hospital. So, who could she call for help in case?

Being alone and helpless was really the worst feeling.

And she was aware that Westley would not hesitate to throw her out and drove off.

"It's not up to you whether you can marry me or not. Now, who occupies the status of being my wife and sits in my car? Do you think everyone has the right to do so?" Looking at her cautious and timid face, Westley found her amusing.

She was always a coward in front of him, but when she resisted, she could be very domineering too.

"I...I know. It's my honor," Gabrielle uttered seriously.

'It's not an honor.'

In fact, Westley knew that she didn't think it was an honor to marry him. On the contrary, Gabrielle felt that she was so unlucky. If it weren't for that bastard Bryce who dared to take Nellie away, Westley wouldn't have forced her to marry him. ¹

It was a disaster for Gabrielle and not a fairy tale at all. ²

This woman was really bad at pleasing people. She couldn't even tell a lie.

"Do you really think you are lucky to marry me, Gabrielle?" Even without asking, Westley

already knew what was running in her head. She didn't need to answer.

But she did and said, "Westley, if I tell you the truth, will you throw me out of the car?" Gabrielle stared at his profile intently, hoping he would say otherwise. 2

'Damn it! How can someone be so handsome from all angles? His face, nose, eyes, and even his chin are so perfectly sculpted, ' Gabriel thought, suddenly distracted from her worry of being thrown out. 2