

## Chapter 301 The Couple Cook Dinner Together

Gabrielle was amused by Sophie's question. Sophie would definitely laugh at her if she told her what happened. Dinner was most certainly not yet ready because Westley threw a fit after she burned her fingers while cooking.

As a result, he banished her from the kitchen.

She went to the store to buy the ingredients, washed and prepped them, and already made four dishes and a soup by herself. Then, Westley came in and drove her out. She was not even that badly hurt.

So, again, dinner was not yet ready because Westley stormed in and stopped her from finishing making it.

He blew the little burns on her fingers way out of proportion, and Gabrielle could not decide whether she found it annoying or silly.

"No. Your Mr. Morris kicked me out of

the kitchen. He said he'd finish dinner up himself." Shaking her head, Gabrielle walked over to take the garden hose.

Upon hearing Gabrielle's answer, Sophie burst into laughter. "Maybe he was just worried about you and didn't want you exhausting yourself."

"It was just one little burn. It doesn't even hurt. I don't understand why he always makes a fuss." Gabrielle opened the tap, tugged the garden hose, and began to water the flowers.

"He's not making a fuss. He simply cares about you. If he weren't, he wouldn't have barged into the kitchen," Sophie murmured.

However, the sound of the water shooting out of the hose drowned out her voice, and Gabrielle did not hear her clearly.

"What did you say, Sophie?" Gabrielle closed the tap and asked again.

"I said Mr. Morris cares about you very much," Sophie repeated and smiled. <sup>1</sup>

Growing up at the Morris' mansion, Westley seldom did things for himself. He had an army of servants at his

disposal. He did not go much into the kitchen because there were people being paid to prepare his food for him. But when he flew abroad for a few years, he refused to take some of his staff with him and lived on his own. He started doing household chores himself and taught himself how to cook his own meals. Those years alone taught him how not to depend on anyone but himself. When he returned to take over the family business, he got his own place but went back to not having to do things himself. He just let the servants do their job. Once again, it had become unusual for him to set foot in the kitchen.

"Or maybe he's scared that something really bad would happen to me and then I would haunt him for the rest of his life," Gabrielle joked and continued watering the flowers.

Sophie simply grinned and did not say anything more. Gabrielle was a considerate girl. She knew that Westley had done so much for her. She must have felt it.

Westley and Gabrielle were a smart couple. They did not need Sophie's advice, so Sophie decided to just keep quiet and stay on her lane.

"Hello, everyone! Look who's here!" A white nanny van pulled over in front of the villa, and the excited Michelle jumped out.

Michelle's popularity had been rising steadily since the misunderstanding was cleared up last time. No one dared question her anymore after the truth was revealed about her alleged sugar daddy, who was really her cousin. After that, she was right back on the wagon and was contacted by a number of brands for collaboration. Since then, her schedule had been ridiculously tight.

Of course Gabrielle knew that Westley had a hand in all this: start the rumor, let it spread like wildfire, and then stand out to clear the misunderstanding. His ultimate goal must be to increase his cousin's popularity in the process.

"Hi, Michelle. Don't you have work today?" Gabrielle was happy to see Michelle.

She did not know much about Westley's family, and she had not spent much time with them, so she welcomed every opportunity for a family bonding.

Unlike Westley, Michelle was warm,

adorable, and energetic. She was pretty difficult to hate.

"I have some time to spend with family. I brought you lots of stuff, Gabrielle. Come look." Michelle had her hands full.

She was holding a cake in one hand and a big gift box of skin care products in the other. Gabrielle recognized the brand as one of the top international beauty and wellness companies. Their products were amazing and effective and many of the rich and famous used them. Of course, the price was astronomical. The smallest bottle cost more than 1,000 dollars.

"Michelle, just come visit here next time. You don't need to bring anything, especially things that are so expensive." Gabrielle knew that Michelle did not lack money. Westley's relatives were all wealthy, but that did not mean that she would have them buying her pricey items.

She could not accept Michelle's gifts. They were too much.

"This is the cheesecake I brought for you last time, Gabrielle. It's heavenly and inexpensive. As for this set of skin care products, don't worry. It's a PR kit sent to

me by the brand. I'm doing their products' campaign in US, so I've been getting a lot of free awesome skin care stuff. I wanted to give some to you. Do you like it?" Michelle asked excitedly.

Gabrielle heaved a sigh of relief but still hesitated. "But these are yours. How can I accept them?"

"Oh, come on. I already told you I didn't pay a dime for them. Besides, I can't exactly give these to Westley even if he's the one who got me the endorsement deal. Right, Westley?" Michelle raised her eyebrows at the man standing at the gate of the villa.

"Wait. Why are you two wearing matching aprons? Is this a new couple clothing trend?" Michelle snickered.

"Dinner's ready," Westley announced and glanced at Michelle.

The woman had the worst timing. Why was she here? He had been looking forward to enjoying the food cooked for him by Gabrielle and then she showed up.

"Wow. Did you make dinner, Westley? Am I dreaming this right now? You never

set foot in the kitchen. Oh, this is even more exciting than closing ten endorsement deals!" Michelle squealed happily.

It was not at all surprising that Michelle was making a fuss over Westley voluntarily preparing dinner. Even Sophie was shocked. ①

"You're talking too much again, Michelle. Come in if you want to eat, or hand your gifts to Gabrielle and leave." Westley narrowed his eyes at Michelle.

But Michelle was completely unbothered. Smiling, she handed Gabrielle the cheesecake, took her hand, and towed her to the villa.

"Gabrielle, in case you don't already know, my brother never cooks for anyone, so I'm so happy to have absorbed all the perfect timing in the world today. I feel like I just won the lottery or something. I'm going to eat dinner prepared by my ice prince of a brother. I can't wait," Michelle said as she walked.

Gabrielle watched Michelle with mixed amusement and bewilderment. "Really?"

To Gabrielle, Westley did not do anything shocking. He did not really prepare the entire meal. In fact, he only cooked the last dish. She made all the rest.

"Well, you may not have seen Westley spending a lot of time in the kitchen, but that's not because he doesn't know how to cook. On the contrary, he's mind-blowingly amazing in the kitchen. I visited him once in Paris, and he made our meals. His food is one of the best I've ever tasted. Ever since he came home, he stopped cooking and no one could persuade him to do so. Until you showed up, that is—his beautiful, charming wife." Although Michelle's words were a little exaggerated, they were true.

But was she really his wife?

Gabrielle blushed at the thought.

"Don't get your hopes up, Michelle. I made most of the food for dinner tonight. Westley just finished up the last dish because I burned my fingers." Gabrielle did not want to disappoint Michelle, so she told her what really happened.

However, Michelle did not seem to be the least bit fazed. She believed that



Gabrielle just said that to cover up the fact that she and Westley were bonding in the kitchen now like a couple of young, doe-eyed newlyweds.

"Oh, stop it, Gabrielle. I know what's happening here. I mean, look at your little couple's aprons. You two obviously made dinner together. That's so nice! I'm so jealous!" Michelle gushed.

## Chapter 302 The Shining Third Wheel

In the eyes of her fans, Michelle was a goddess who did not share the ways of mortals, but the truth was, Michelle was just like any ordinary person. She might love pretty and expensive stuff, but she also loved enjoying simple things, like Westley's cooking.

For Michelle, one of the most intimate and romantic activities a couple could engage in was preparing a meal together.

That was how her parents bonded, and she witnessed it firsthand. When they were not working, they were in the kitchen together, cooking delicious food, making coffee, or baking pastries.

Michelle grew up in such a happy, loving environment upon which her entire belief system on love and family was built. Westley had a good understanding of it as well.

Seeing that her cousin and her cousin-in-law were cooking together like her parents used to, she could not help

feeling a bit envious. She wanted a husband like that, one who would spend time preparing their meals with her even if neither of them were masters in the kitchen.

Sometimes, what mattered was the process, not the results.

"Let's go inside and have dinner." Gabrielle considered explaining to Michelle further, but in the end, she just decided to invite her in.

"Yes, please. I want to have some dinner of love made by my cousin and cousin-in-law," Michelle said excitedly.

Westley shot Michelle a cold glance when she and Gabrielle walked past him.

'What dinner of love? It stopped being dinner of love when she showed up and began third wheeling without anyone's permission.'

Gabrielle headed to the living room and put down everything Michelle brought while Michelle happily skipped toward the dining room and sat at the table.

"Wow, everything looks so delicious! God, I'm so glad I came to visit!" Michelle exclaimed, ogling the food on the table.

From the soup to the vegetable and meat dishes, all of it looked so delectable.

"Wash your hands first. Weren't you taught to wash your hands before a meal?" Westley groaned, glaring at his cousin.

"Okay, okay. You need to chill." Michelle stuck out her tongue at him and went to the bathroom to wash her hands.

"Why are you being so snippy at Michelle?" Gabrielle asked curiously.

"Am I?" Westley retorted, filling a bowl of soup for her.

"Well, yes. Thank you." Gabrielle really did not want to get Westley all riled up again, but he looked unhappy, and she wanted to know why. Did the cooking exhaust him and now he was testy?

"How's your arm? Is it better?" Gabrielle took the bowl of soup from Westley and took a sip. The soup was so tasty, and it felt nice and warm in her stomach.

"It's fine. I'm not that delicate." Westley sat next to her.

The more Westley told her he was fine,

the more Gabrielle worried about him.

He had seriously injured his arm while on a business trip recently, but Gabrielle did not know the details, and she was hesitant to ask.

"There, I've washed my hands. Would you like to check them, Westley?" Michelle came back and showed Westley her freshly washed hands.

Westley shot her a scornful glance. "Just sit down and eat, Michelle."

Even though Westley was being a bit mean to her, Michelle did not seem to mind. She just took a seat and started to fill her plate with food while humming happily. She squeaked and clapped her hands at the first bite. <sup>1</sup>

"Eat as much as you want, Michelle. You must be very tired these days. You've been working a lot." Gabrielle smiled at Michelle who was deeply enjoying the food.

"Yes. I barely have time to sleep on my insane schedule," Michelle moaned, taking a bite of her chicken wing.

"If you don't like what you're doing, then just quit. I'll ask Alvin to inform your

agent that you're done and make arrangements for you to vacation in Paris," Westley interjected flatly.

Michelle suddenly burst into laughter. "Are you serious, Westley? What makes you think I don't like what I'm doing? My job is the best thing that I have. It makes me happy and keeps my soul full."

Hearing Michelle's passionate words, Gabrielle could not help feeling somewhat proud and honored.

She was practically family with this awesome woman.

"Gabrielle, which of these delicious dishes did you cook? I'll eat more of it," Michelle asked with her mouth half full. Gabrielle almost chuckled. At this point, Michelle realized that Gabrielle had incredible influence over Westley.

If she could get Gabrielle on her side, then Westley would be on her side, too.

"Well..."

"Just eat, Michelle. Like you said, everything is delicious anyway. Who cares who cooked which? And don't talk with your mouth full. Have some table manners," Westley interrupted Gabrielle.

He did not like Michelle's behavior. Why did she have to ask that question? It did not seem polite.

With honey sauce all over her mouth, Michelle stuck her tongue out to Westley once again, and Gabrielle giggled. Michelle just went on to eat her food, humming a happy tune every once in a while. Westley just shook his head.

While Michelle was eating quietly, Gabrielle turned to look at Westley. His brows looked like they were about to start a fight, and his eyes burned with subtle but obviously restrained rage.

"Are you okay?" Gabrielle asked him in a low voice.

"Yes, of course. You finally made dinner for me. I'm more than okay." He was happy about the fact that Gabrielle prepared a meal for him, but he was not okay with Michelle sitting there like a hungry cavewoman scarfing everything down.

"Good. Shall we eat?" Gabrielle started piling food on Westley's plate. She could read through that facial expression of his. His lips were saying that he was all right, but his face was telling her that he

was pissed because Michelle showed up unannounced.

"I will cook for you from time to time moving forward, okay? So cheer up now, Mr. Grumpy Face." Gabrielle tried to comfort him.

She was not really that good at coaxing men, and it did not help that she was with one who could be so difficult.

Sometimes it was easy to butter him up, other times it was not.

"Okay," Westley replied, a shadow of a smile passing over his face. <sup>2</sup>

"By the way, Gabrielle, have you gone back to work at the studio? We have an event coming up. I was wondering if my agent and I could come visit you at the studio. We need to order a set of jewelry," Michelle asked seriously.

"Really? Of course. But shouldn't you have a sponsor to pay for the pieces?" Gabrielle knew that Michelle had done a campaign before for a jewelry brand.

"Yes, but the event is private. It's not work, so no sponsors are involved. I want to wear jewelry that you designed. Is that okay?" Michelle replied, eyeing Gabrielle



carefully. The excitement was very visible in her face.

"I haven't designed a piece of jewelry independently, but I can ask my mentor to design it for you. Would you like to meet him?" Gabrielle's mentor was Jason, a well-known jewelry designer in the country. He was much more talented, capable, and experienced.

"Your mentor? Someone is mentoring you?" Michelle asked curiously.

"Yes. His name is Jason, and he's Austin's cousin. He runs the studio where I work, and he's my boss. He's pretty in-demand these days, both locally and internationally, so it's a little difficult to secure an appointment with him. But if you want, I can talk to him and see if he can meet with you." In the few months that Gabrielle spent under Jason's tutelage, Gabrielle realized that Jason found it a little hard to say no to her. If she asked nicely, maybe he would agree to see Michelle and her agent.

But deep in her heart, she really did not have that much confidence. It would be challenging to compete with all the rich and famous people who were constantly demanding Jason's attention and talent.

Gabrielle had no idea if Jason would say yes to her this time, but she had to try for Michelle. <sup>3</sup>



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## Chapter 303 Attract Both Men And Dogs

Upon hearing Jason's name, Michelle felt excited. Of course she knew him. Everyone in show business knew him.

"Oh, my God, Gabrielle! Jason is your mentor? I know him! Well, I haven't really talked to him, but I know he's an excellent jewelry designer. Everyone wants his creations. I'm sure he's a great mentor, and he's so handsome, too, isn't he? You lucky duck. You have a gorgeous and capable teacher," Michelle exclaimed.

When Michelle mentioned the words "gorgeous and capable", Westley's head shot up.

He did not know that his wife's mentor was a good-looking master designer.

"Yes, Jason is very talented and a great mentor. I should really introduce you two formally. He's probably already heard of you, and I'm sure he'd be happy to design a piece for you." Gabrielle almost forgot that Michelle was more familiar

with the Foster family than she was.

After all, the Morris family and the Foster family were relatives by marriage, and Michelle was a granddaughter of the Morris family.

Jason probably already met Michelle at least once but did not really have a long conversation with her. Gabrielle felt that she did not have to introduce them at all.

"I also know of this other designer who works with Jason named Jackson. His designs are edgy and unique, and I love them very much. Have you worked with him? Are you two close? What's he like?" Michelle had always been fond of things that were not mainstream, and that was why she appreciated Jackson's creations.

Hearing Jackson's name, Gabrielle did a double take. She knitted her brows and thought hard about how she would explain Jackson to Michelle.

"Well, Jackson and I haven't worked together, so we're not that close. He preferred working on his own and seldom comes to the studio. He's very much of a lone wolf and kept to himself, and he doesn't really bother to talk to his colleagues unless it's about a project.

The only person he really talks to is Jason. Why? Do you want to meet him, too?" Gabrielle asked curiously.

Jackson was not really the kind of guy who went out of his way to make friends. Unlike Gabrielle, he was reserved. In all the time that they worked in the same studio, they had never spoken.

"Well, what you just told me matches the things I've heard so far about Jackson. I find his cold, mysterious-lone-wolf persona quite interesting. I do want to meet him, but I won't ambush him or anything. Maybe I'll just ask Austin to introduce us." It seemed that Michelle had made up her mind to meet Jackson.

Gabrielle just nodded and did not say anything more. After all, it was Michelle's business.

Michelle did not stay long after dinner and ruined the night further for Westley. Her grumpy cousin had been shooting daggers at her with his eyes the entire night. He obviously wanted to spend time alone with his wife, so she decided it was time to take a hike.

"I'm going to go, Gabrielle. Thank you for

the delicious dinner. I'll contact you about our visit to your studio soon, okay?" After giving Gabrielle a hug and smirking at Westley, Michelle hurriedly got in her nanny van. She felt that Westley was going to let his little black dog loose on her if she stayed even a minute more. ①

As Michelle's van exited the gates, Gabrielle glanced at Westley who was standing next to her. He still looked unhappy.

"Don't you like it when Michelle comes to visit?" Gabrielle asked directly.

"What's there to like? She's noisy, and she eats a lot," Westley answered with contempt. ①

Gabrielle could not help chuckling when Westley called his cousin a glutton.

"Michelle doesn't eat a lot. She's a celebrity. She has to keep herself fit," Gabrielle protested with a smile.

Sometimes, Westley did not know how to rein in his tongue. Fortunately, Michelle was not around anymore to hear what he just said. Otherwise, she would surely be upset.

Westley kept silent for a while and spoke again after heaving a deep breath.

"Is Jason really that 'gorgeous and capable'?" he blurted out.

Gabrielle did not understand what he meant at first. Why would he mention Jason out of the blue? But soon, she got what he was trying to say.

She and Michelle praising Jason excessively over dinner made Westley a little uncomfortable, which Gabrielle could not decide whether to find adorable or petty.

"Well, which aspect of Jason would you like me to talk about?" Gabrielle turned to face Westley and crossed her arms over her chest.

Westley's eyes darkened as he looked at her with an unreadable expression. "'Aspect of Jason'?"

"Westley, Jason is my teacher and my boss. He's a great designer and a good man. He is highly praised by everyone in the studio and in the industry. I respect him as a person and as an artist. That's it," Gabrielle explained seriously.

In her heart, she did not want Westley to think that she was harboring feelings for her mentor other than those of respect and admiration for his talents and his treatment of his employees. She wanted to assure him that he had nothing to worry about.

"Of course. What was I thinking? Go feed Blackboo. He's probably waiting for you now." After saying that, Westley turned around and walked back into the villa. He curled his lips into a smile when he was sure that he was far enough from Gabrielle for her not to see.

Gabrielle hurried in and went to Blackboo's kennel. The little guy had already woken up and was stretching his limbs. He was so cute.

"Hi, buddy. You're finally awake." Gabrielle squatted down, opened the kennel and scratched his head.

The puppy looked up at her with his big, black eyes. He was madly wagging his tail.

"Woof, woof, woof," Blackboo barked, making Gabrielle squeal with delight and adoration.



"That's a good boy. Let's go get you some milk." Gabrielle went to the kitchen with Blackboo trotting on her heels, but the little guy did not follow her all the way. He went to the living room and lay on his stomach by Westley's foot. ②

When Gabrielle emerged from the kitchen with Blackboo's milk bottle, she called around for him for a while before finding him in the living room. Westley was lounging on the sofa and was busy looking at his phone. He seemed to be unaware that Blackboo was right below him.

Gabrielle smiled at the scene before her.

The cold, ill-tempered father and the warm, sunny son.

Of course Gabrielle kept her thoughts to herself. Westley would definitely snap at her if she told him what she was thinking.

She did not like it when Westley turned into Mr. Grumpy Face.

Gabrielle walked over and sat on the carpet beside Blackboo. Blackboo immediately found the milk bottle in her hand and started feeding.

"Don't choke on your milk now, Blackboo." Gabrielle giggled as she watched Blackboo feed. The little guy's appetite was getting bigger and bigger every day.

Hearing Gabrielle's gentle voice, Westley looked up from his phone and watched her feed the little black puppy. She was sitting there with that irresistible smile and that faint blush on her cheeks.

She kept coaxing Blackboo while feeding him. She had always done everything with such an admirable amount of care and patience. That was why she did things so well.

No wonder so many people liked her.

She was gentle, kind, and capable, and she had that beautiful face that both stirred and calmed one's emotions. It was difficult to not be drawn to her.

"Westley, have you found that Blackboo really likes you?" Gabrielle suddenly looked up and met Westley's eyes.

She did not expect to meet his gaze so directly. She wanted to look away to hide her furiously blushing face, but she could not.

Westley, on the other hand, seemed calm and collected. He only cleared his throat and spoke flatly. "Does he? I didn't expect that a dog would like me."

"Both people and dogs like you," Gabrielle blurted out without really thinking about it. 3