

Chapter 304 Getting A Slap From His Wife

'What was I thinking? Why did I say both people and dogs like him?' ³

Gabrielle thought and felt ashamed.

Westley was the man whom any woman in Antawood would dream of marrying. And here, she dared to use an animal - a dog - to appraise him. It was certainly going to annoy Westley.

As he stood glaring, his eyes were getting colder and colder. And Gabrielle was getting fearful.

"Well, nothing to be offended about, Westley. I just meant that you are adored by all. Not only are you liked by people, but also by dogs. It's like every person and every dog love you. Look at Blackboo. It is just a puppy. It left its mommy some time ago and came to this new and strange environment. So, naturally it will depend on the first creature it meets. It is getting so close to you as if it takes you as its second mother." Things were indeed turning

weirder as she realized she was worsening the condition. It wasn't a good way to be described and compared like that. After all, Westley was a man. Who would be happy to be regarded or called as a dog's mother?

"Well, you are the second being in his life, so he knows that he can rely on you. Blackboo gets a sense of security because of your presence. And see how eager he is to get close to you." Gabrielle tried to rephrase the whole thing, which sounded much more pleasant to hear than being called a dog's second mother.

'I don't think Westley is annoyed now,' thought Gabrielle. She observed his face carefully. The frowns had eased up a bit and he didn't seem to be angry anymore.

"Gabrielle, is this what you think of me?" Westley asked in a serious tone.

His words made her ponder, 'What did I think of Westley? Why did he suddenly ask me about my opinion? And why did he sound so serious? This is really becoming very difficult for me.'

"Westley, you've suddenly asked me a serious question. How do you expect me to answer it now?" Gabrielle asked him

in a sincere tone.

"Well, didn't you say that everyone loves me? Then tell me, do you love me?" Westley asked her.

As soon as the question had been voiced, Gabrielle was stunned. 'Why has it reached to the question of love? Everything seems to be moving too fast for me.'

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" the black dog quickly finished its milk and started barking. The sound broke the silence prevailing in the awkward atmosphere.

Gabrielle immediately turned around to look at Blackboo. The little puppy had finished its milk, yet it wasn't satisfied. It wanted some more milk.

"Blackboo! Are you still hungry?" Gabrielle tried to calm it down and her attention drifted away from Westley.

She didn't want her mood to be affected by Westley and his tantrums.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" Blackboo barked again like it was replying to Gabrielle.

Clearly it was still hungry and wasn't going to be quiet unless it was fed.

It needed more milk.

"Okay! Okay! Wait here. I'll get you some more milk. Just stay with Westley. C'mon play around both of you and have fun. I'll be right back." Gabrielle hurried towards the kitchen.

She felt like she had asked Blackboo and Westley to play around like friends. She was sure now that he would be mad at her.

There was a smile on Westley's face as he stood watching Gabrielle, who ran faster than a rabbit.

'This woman is getting bolder and bolder. She has even started teasing me. Where did she get the courage to do so?'

"So, Blackboo, do you like me?" Westley asked. He sounded serious as he kept staring at Blackboo.

He didn't know if Blackboo could understand what he had said. On the other hand, the puppy seemed to be excited because the man, who always treated him coldly, was suddenly being gentle towards him. He started wagging his tail.

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"Woof! Woof! Woof!"

"Well, it seems like you do like me. So, is it true that every human and every dog loves me?" Westley asked, raising his eyebrows. He was thoughtful and recollected those words.

He wondered if Gabrielle was telling the truth or just trying to coax him.

Gabrielle soon returned with a bottle of milk. But Westley was not on the sofa or in the living room. He seemed to have left the room and got back to his work.

Gabrielle heaved a sigh of relief. Otherwise, it would be so embarrassing to be asked that question again. She still couldn't believe that he actually asked her whether she loved him or not.

How could she dare to love the big boss?

Moreover, she wondered how she could answer him directly! She didn't hate him like earlier, neither was she afraid of him. There was still a distance between them, though it was reducing gradually.

Not even in her dreams had she thought that one day Westley would ask her such a thing directly.

It had baffled her when he asked her if she loved him or not.

The fact was that even Gabrielle couldn't figure it out. How could she answer him? The question came out of the blue and she had no answer to it.

"Blackboo, let's drink milk first. Here, have this half a bottle for now. That's all for today. You can't drink too much at one time. You'll fall sick!" Gabrielle tried to explain it to Blackboo. Obviously the puppy didn't understand what she was talking about. When it saw the milk bottle in her hand, it was so excited that it started to bark and wagged its tail happily.

"Okay. Drink it first. After that, we're going to bed. I'll take you to the yard tomorrow morning." Gabrielle quickly fed it.

In a few moments, Blackboo drank up all the milk in the bottle.

This time, Blackboo was really full. He didn't ask for more milk and slowly walked back into his kennel obediently.

After washing the milk bottle, Gabrielle went to her room, but Westley wasn't

there too. Thinking that he might be busy in the study, she quickly went to take a shower. She came out after some time, but he still hadn't returned.

Gabrielle started to feel a little uneasy as time passed by. 'Has he gone because he is unhappy? Is he upset because I didn't answer his question?'

She couldn't believe that he was being so moody.

Sitting on the bed, Gabrielle was busy reading a designer magazine. She wanted to wait for him while she flipped through the pages.

However hard she tried, Gabrielle fell asleep before he returned.

When Westley finished his work and came back from the study, he saw the woman fast asleep on the quilt. She was holding a magazine with jewelry designs in her hand. The page where she dozed off featured the new work of Melissa. She was the famous local master designer.

Westley knew a little about this designer. On Miley's birthday, his mother wanted to ask the master designer to prepare a set of jewelry for Miley. But she hadn't

been able to get an appointment. Melissa was studying abroad and refused to meet anyone.

Westley was aware that though the designer was quite talented, she had a bad temper. She was the famous lady of the Walker family in Ensfield. No one could dare to say anything to her.

'Does Gabrielle like her?'

Westley stared at Melissa's photo on the magazine's page. That was when it struck him that she had a close resemblance to Gabrielle. 6

For a moment he thought that probably all beautiful people looked similar. 2

"Gabrielle, get up. I told you not to sleep on the quilt." Westley took the magazine from her hand and tried to wake her up. But she didn't even open an eye as she was in deep sleep.

Realizing that she was in deep slumber, Westley didn't call her anymore. He lifted the quilt and placed her carefully. After tucking her in, he went to take a shower.

When he stepped out in a bathrobe, he saw Gabrielle sleeping peacefully. Her

fair face had a tinge of pink, which made her look more beautiful and attractive.

Westley lay on his side of the bed. He slowly moved the strands of hair falling on her face. He got closer and softly kissed her face. Holding her chin gently, he was about to kiss on her lips. That was when he heard a clanging sound and his cheek felt hot.

"Clap!" A sound echoed in his ears. He had been slapped by Gabrielle. ¹

Chapter 305 A Dog And A Man

The slap made a vibrating noise that cascaded across the room. Westley was caught off guard while he was about to kiss her lips.

Westley thought that Gabrielle slapped him because she had woken up. He was afraid that she had slapped him over the fact that he so badly wanted to kiss her.

Fortunately, that was not the case.

There were no signs of Gabrielle waking up. She was fast asleep even after hitting him. Hell, she even had a smile pasted on her face.

One could only assume that she might have had a nightmare. She might have dreamt about successfully killing a fiend, hence, her reaction.

This teacup of a woman always had a way to put his interests elsewhere. He had lost all willingness to kiss her but still held her in his arms until he fell asleep.

It was as if they were two peas in a pod. Gabrielle had this reflex to shrink into his arms whenever he would try to lie down.

Westley was proud beyond words.

He was ecstatic as well. He held Gabrielle in his arms and soon thereafter, drifted off to dreamland.

Gabrielle had a dreamless night but still, she slept comfortably. It was the norm that she would wake up in the morning without Westley lying next to her. He had this habit of getting up early to do workout.

Immediately after getting dressed, she walked down the staircase. As soon as she set her foot downstairs, Blackboo overenthusiastically ran to her.

"Good morning, Blackboo!" Gabrielle stopped to scoot down and give him a pat on the head.

"Woof, woof, woof!" Blackboo barked at her.

The dog looked famished.

"Are you hungry? Hold on, let me get you some milk!" She went into the kitchen to

fetch some milk, and then sat down for a little and watched Blackboo hungrily devour the milk she had prepared.

The sun looked enticing from the window. Halfway through feeding, Gabrielle took Blackboo into her arms, as if he was her child and let him out to bask under the morning sun.

From the swing where she and Blackboo sat, Gabrielle had a perfectly good view of Westley on his early morning run.

Westley often started his day doing sports in the gym or running around the yard.

His towering height stood out in the yard as he went on with his workout.

Under the warmth of the morning sun, Westley was sweating quite heavily as he ran. He felt incredible.

A man as debonair as him working out so very early in the morning was indeed a sight to see. He looked so fucking hot it was almost otherworldly.

"Blackboo, look! Westley is running." Gabrielle talked to her pet in a singsong voice. She gave him a pat on the head to show him.

As if on command, Blackboo turned to look at her husband. He howled with the utmost enthusiasm when he caught a glimpse of Westley. The dog was so excited to run to him, he started wriggling his legs, an indication that he wanted to get down to the ground.

"Woof, woof, woof..." Blackboo's anticipation grew by the minute.

Looking at her dog's protruding belly, Gabrielle decided that it was a great idea to let him run around. He could definitely use the exercise.

In a hot minute, she finally let Blackboo go.

"Go ahead and look for Westley," she said as she playfully spanked his round bum.

As soon as he was able to get on his feet, Blackboo ran towards Westley's direction. He chased after him with his adorably short legs, twisting his heavy bottom. The excitement in him could barely be contained.

Seeing this convinced Gabrielle, more than ever, that Blackboo would willingly abandon anyone and take Westley as his

new mother.

After all, the first person a newborn saw after leaving the comfort of its mother would without a doubt become their guardian by default.

"Slow down, Blackboo. Wait for me!" Gabrielle exclaimed, her voice filled with worries.

Despite the little guy's heavy weight and seemingly short legs, he ran like a cheetah. He was nowhere near as slow as other dogs who had even longer legs than him.

He had managed to catch up with Westley in just a few moments.

"Are you jogging with Blackboo?" Westley took a break from running and turned to look at Blackboo at his feet. He shifted his gaze towards Gabrielle who had been at the dog's tail. She stood there, cradling a bottle of milk in her hand.

"Not really. I did not have much of a choice. Blackboo desperately wanted to get off the swing when he saw you running. He sprinted towards you the moment I put him down. He was so fast,

I could barely keep up. This little guy is not immune to your charm." Gabrielle looked at Westley with a grin apparent on her face.

"The puppy finds me irresistible, but what about her?"

"Do you feel that way too?" Westley asked out of curiosity.

'What?'

Gabrielle could not seem to comprehend what he was trying to say. After a couple of minutes of thinking, she finally understood. She looked at him with a smile. "Don't doubt your charm, Mr. Morris. Have you forgotten? You are Antawood's prince charming. Women would give up anything just to be with you." ②

She awkwardly ran towards him with a smile plastered on her face.

He was the man in the dreams of women all over Antawood. Yet, he was so ignorant of that fact.

He wanted to know if Gabrielle wanted to marry him too.

"Do you want to marry me as well?"

Westley closed the distance between the two of them. Blackboo immediately followed suit.

"Mr. Morris, am I not your wife now?" Gabrielle's brow shot up as she stared at him.

It made so much sense.

"Westley, Blackboo is obsessed with you. Why don't you take him with you and run away?" she commanded.

Westley looked down on his feet and gave his wife a sly smile. "Blackboo is practically obese. He needs the exercise, and so do you. Let's all go for run." 4

When she heard his offer, Gabrielle refused instantaneously. "Blackboo is fat. I'm not. Bold of you to say that I need exercise."

Westley let out a boisterous laughter the moment he heard what she said. "You do not have the strength and endurance."

'What could he possibly mean?

I'm pretty strong.'

"What are you talking about? I'm alright. I don't want to go on a jog. I'm a little

exhausted." Gabrielle did not fancy sports very much.

"You're always exhausted and you fall asleep all the time. What makes you think you're strong?" Westley shamelessly bared her lies.

'I get tired easily? Fall asleep all the time?'

She soon understood what he was trying to say. This man was being an asshole again.

It was awful for him to say things like that and then pretend like he was serious.

"You can go run by yourself. Take Blackboo with you but make sure to bring him back home afterwards." She turned on her heels immediately after she said that to Westley. She was not in the mood to indulge him. Her anger made her look so adorable, anyone watching would want to put her in their pocket.

Westley was not upset at all but he did not come running after her.

"Blackboo, Gabrielle is upset. It doesn't seem like I said anything wrong. She is a little weak." Westley knelt down to look

at Blackboo.

This little guy was beyond adorable. He excitedly wagged his tail and stuck his tongue out. Unlike Gabrielle who would readily punch someone as soon as she heard something excessive.

"I'll make sure to convince her to work out with me sometime in the future. It's for her own good. It will be better if she had better stamina," he said in all seriousness.

"Come on, I'll take you for a run." Westley started jogging with Blackboo alongside him.

This handsome young man running around with the most adorable dog was definitely a sight for sore eyes.

Chapter 306 Turning Into A Fan

It had been two days since Michelle said she would come to Gabrielle's studio and meet with Jason to have some pieces of jewelry made.

Michelle called Gabrielle when she arrived at the studio. It was noon, and Gabrielle and Lolita were out for lunch.

Gabrielle was going to attend the seminar and wanted to celebrate with her closest office friend. At first, Lolita insisted on taking the check, but Gabrielle refused. She wanted to treat Lolita for being so supportive about her going to the seminar.

"Hey, Michelle. What's up?" Gabrielle stepped outside to take Michelle's phone call.

"Gabrielle, I'm here at the studio. Where are you?" Michelle asked directly. She had been walking around the studio looking for Gabrielle, but she could not find her. Ever since she came in, the entire office had been buzzing with

excitement.

It was to be expected. After all, Michelle was one of the most famous personalities not only in the country but in the whole world. Recently, it was revealed that one of her sponsors was Westley, Morris Group's young CEO.

That was only one of the reasons why heads turned when she walked in.

Michelle wanted to say hi and chat some fans up, but she had to find the people she came for first.

Aside from Gabrielle, Michelle also came for Jason. Not many people knew this, but the Morris family and the Foster family were relatives by marriage. Michelle and Jason were technically family, and it was not weird for her to show up suddenly in his studio.

"Oh, I'm having lunch with my friend. Are you really at the studio?" Gabrielle asked curiously. She did not expect that Michelle would come visit her so soon.

"Yes, I'm here. I'm sorry I didn't call ahead. My schedule opened up a tiny bit, and I just jumped on the free time. I planned to treat you to lunch. Maybe

next time. Are you on your way back? I'll just wait for you in Jason's office or something," Michelle explained, constantly looking around for any sign of Jason.

"Yes, yes, we're almost done with lunch. I have a favor to ask of you, Michelle. Nobody in the office knows about my relationship with Westley, and I think it's not yet the right time for me to tell them. When we see each other, can you pretend that we don't know each other? I just think it'll make things easier. I'll treat you to dinner tonight to say thank you," Gabrielle asked, hoping that Michelle would just agree without any further questions.

After all, her relationship with Westley had not been made public. If her colleagues found out that she knew Michelle through Westley, it would definitely start one hell of a rumor mill.

And that was the last thing she needed right now.

"What on earth is Westley doing? I can't believe he hasn't introduced you yet to the public as his wife. Well, I suppose I totally get it. If I had an awesome spouse, I'd keep him to myself for as long as I

could, too. And we both know my block of ice of a cousin. He doesn't like sharing what's his." Michelle snickered, making Gabrielle break into a smile.

Michelle had this unique way of making fun of Westley that always hit the mark for Gabrielle. For Gabrielle, it was one of Michelle's endearing qualities. "I don't think that's what Westley is doing, though."

"In any case, my lips are sealed, Gabrielle. If you don't want me to say anything, I won't. I'll wait for you here. Hurry back, please. And dinner is on me tonight. You got it last time." Michelle did not say anything more after that.

She might be a little pushy sometimes when it came to Westley and Gabrielle, but she knew where her limits lay. Westley and Gabrielle's privacy was their business.

"Okay. I'll be back soon," Gabrielle replied, smiling.

When Gabrielle returned to their table, Lolita was going crazy.

"Oh, my God, Gabrielle! We shouldn't have gone out for lunch today! You'll

never guess who just showed up at the studio!" Lolita was so excited that she started hyperventilating.

Gabrielle immediately understood what she was talking about.

It was definitely Michelle to whom she had just spoken on the phone.

Michelle's popularity had been off the charts lately, and she had been closing endorsement deals back to back. Her unbelievably beautiful face and gorgeous body were everywhere from billboards to TV and print ads. It was impossible not to know about her.

"Really? Who?" Gabrielle sat down and looked at Lolita. She put on her best facial expression of complete ignorance.

"Michelle! Michelle is at the studio right now! Have you heard of her?" Lolita exclaimed.

Gabrielle kept her face neutral.

She could not let Lolita know that she had more than heard of Michelle.

Lolita was already going insane hearing about Michelle's presence at the studio. If she found out that her office best

friend was Michelle's cousin-in-law, she would most definitely lose her mind. ①

"Yes, of course. The city is practically covered with her ads. She's ridiculously famous," Gabrielle said calmly.

"You probably don't know that she has another identity." Lolita flashed Gabrielle a knowing stare.

'Another identity?

Is she talking about Michelle's connection to Westley?'

"Oh, my God, that woman is amazing. Everything she touches turns to gold. Whatever she endorses sells wildly, and that's why brands from different industries are falling all over themselves trying to get her to endorse their products. Do you think she came to the studio to collaborate with Jason? If that's true, do you realize what that means? Our studio is going to be even more famous! It's going to be awesome!" Lolita rambled on.

"Well, that sure sounds great," Gabrielle agreed. Jason's creations would blow up even more with Michelle's face behind them. ②

There was no doubt about it.

"If we head back now, maybe we'll get to meet Michelle. If I meet her today, I will be too excited to sleep for the next few days. But it'll be worth it. Are you done eating, Gabrielle? Can we go back to the studio now?" Lolita was really amped up.

"Well, I'm not done, and you're not either. Let's finish our lunch first. Michelle will be there when we get back." Seeing the impatient look on Lolita's face, Gabrielle could not help chuckling.

Michelle was clearly popular not only among men but also among women.

"Really? How do you know?" Lolita asked, cocking her head to the side.

"I just know, okay? Just eat, Lolita, and please don't choke on your food." Gabrielle smiled.

"But how can you be so sure that we'll make it back in time to see her?" Lolita prodded, starting to get suspicious that maybe Gabrielle knew more than she was letting on.

Michelle was so incredibly famous that she probably had the kind of schedule

where she had to fast-track everything. How could Gabrielle know for sure that she would not be gone when they got back from lunch?

"Michelle most likely came to the studio today to see Jason, and Jason won't be back there until after lunch," Gabrielle answered, making up the perfect excuse.

Thankfully, at the mention of Jason's name, Lolita dropped the subject and finished her lunch in a hurry. Before long, she and Gabrielle were on their way back to the studio.

The whole studio was as lively as Christmas. Everyone was animatedly talking about Michelle.

When she walked in, Gabrielle could not believe the atmosphere. The studio had never been this electric and energetic before.

Michelle truly was an undisputed goddess of the world.

"Oh, my God, Gabrielle! Michelle is really here! She's still here! She's in Jason's office!" The moment she set foot back in the studio, Lolita asked around about the unexpected celebrity visitor. 2

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"Oh, my God, Gabrielle! Michelle is really here! She's still here! She's in Jason's office!" The moment she set foot back in the studio, Lolita asked around about the unexpected celebrity visitor. ²

She was massively relieved to find out that Michelle was still in the building and that she was in Jason's office.

"Can you go in there, Gabrielle? Can you get me an autograph?" Out of nowhere, Lolita pulled up a poster of Michelle and showed it to Gabrielle. She was all jumpy and twitchy with excitement, which, honestly, was starting to scare Gabrielle.

"Well, don't get your hopes up, Lolita," Gabrielle said, trying to lower her friend's expectations.

"I just love Michelle so much. She's pretty and glamorous and has the best taste in everything. Her autograph would mean so much to me," Lolita gushed, nudging Gabrielle.

"All right, I'll try. But if Jason doesn't let me in, then I can't ask Michelle for an autograph." Gabrielle took the poster from Lolita and walked over to Jason's office.

Chapter 307 Act Differently Behind

Gabrielle sent a message to Michelle, telling her that she was going to ask for her autograph. On her way out of the elevator to take the poster to Jason's office, she saw Vivian coming from the opposite side of the hall.

Clad in a black and green mini skirt, she looked incredibly good. Vivian's outfit emphasized her curves more than ever. Walking towards Gabrielle in a pair of 12-centimeter ivory heels, she had an air of displeasure around her.

"Good afternoon, Vivian." Gabrielle greeted her as a sign of courtesy.

"Have you come to find Jason? This is Michelle's poster, correct? I did not expect you to be such a fan girl. You're here to have it autographed, aren't you?"

It definitely sounded like Vivian did not take a liking to Gabrielle.

"Yeah, I came here to have her sign my poster. I adore Michelle." She admitted

without a tinge of embarrassment. In Gabrielle's mind, there was nothing shameful about idolizing someone.

"Michelle is way up in the clouds, you are nothing but a mere employee. She came to see Jason today to talk about work. If you come barging in so rashly just to ask for her autograph, what would she think of our company? We don't want her to be disappointed at our institution's quality, don't we?" Vivian acting this way was not news to anyone. She always scoffed at Gabrielle without any trace of emotion.

Although she was used to it, Gabrielle could not help but still feel a little uncomfortable.

"I see. You're right. I am way over my head. I better go." Gabrielle turned on her heels to leave and was ready to press the elevator button to go down.

Vivian did not intimidate her, she genuinely just did not want to cause Michelle any trouble.

"Gabrielle, since you want to have her autograph so badly, I can help you,"

Vivian said as she sickeningly attempted

to act with good conduct.

With much hesitation, Gabrielle handed the poster to her. "Thank you, Vivian. I have to go."

She got on the elevator and texted Michelle saying that Vivian would deliver the poster in her behalf.

Michelle had been wanting to meet Jackson and Gabrielle for a while now. She found it ridiculous that Vivian would be the one to take the poster upstairs. Meeting Vivian did not interest her at all.

Someone came knocking at the door just when Michelle was about to ring for Gabrielle.

"Jason, it's me." Vivian's voice reverberated from the outside.

Jason turn to look at Michelle. "It's Vivian. She is one of our best designers."

'Vivian?

She must be the woman Gabrielle was talking about over the phone.

Why is she here instead of Gabrielle?'

Michelle threw an unwelcoming look at

Jason. She was evidently unhappy about the fact that Vivian was here in Gabrielle's place.

"Ohhh. I see. Your excellent designer even insisted on fetching the poster for her colleague. Your employees must be pretty friendly with each other." The sound of sarcasm in Michelle's voice could not be hidden. She was obviously unhappy with the situation.

Jason could not quite gather why Michelle had a sudden change in mood but he certainly could tell that she did not fancy Vivian at all. He glanced at her and gave her his most reassuring smile.

"Yes, that is the goal of my studio. I aim to build a friendly community inside of work," Jason retorted with utmost calmness.

As the head of the company, it was natural for him to want that his colleagues got along well with each other.

"That's great. It is your studio after all. Let this excellent designer come in. Maybe she has some pressing matters to talk to you about." Michelle was perched on the sofa as she picked up and drank

from the cup of coffee in the most gracious manner.

Michelle was ever so curious as to what Vivian's intentions were. As far as she was concerned, Gabrielle was true to her words.

So if she wanted her signature, she would have come here herself. It was a little off that someone else came instead.

"Come in, Vivian." Jason witnessed the shift in Michelle's facial expressions. She looked more normal and accommodating now.

As an elite member of the entertainment industry, her wits and sensitivity did not come as a surprise.

On that note, Jason chose not to prod. He did not ask any further about what was going on inside her mind.

"Good afternoon, Jason, Miss Michelle. I am the company's jewelry designer. My name is Vivian. It's so nice to meet you!" Vivian's smile went from ear to ear as she walked into the room. She turned to glance at Michelle with a welcoming look on her face.

"

Hello." Michelle looked at her with an expression of apathy. She did not care to spare any emotion in her tone and nothing but a meager smile was on her face.

Michelle was a superstar. She had a strong disposition and a relatively ill temper by default. If she saw something she did not like, she would not bother to hide her honest opinion.

Now that everyone knew who her sponsor was, no one dared to question Michelle's arrogance and entitlement.

After all, Westley was her cousin. Their blood bond provided her with the power to do everything that gave her pleasure and to refuse whatever was not to her liking.

It was only right for Vivian to accept and keep mum about how Michelle treated her.

"Miss Michelle, I was ecstatic when I caught wind of the news that you dropped by our studio today. I adore you with all my heart so I came to see you." Vivian tried to be friendly. Her attempt miserably failed. In Michelle's eyes, it was nothing but petty flattery.

'She seems so fake. She's definitely one of those women who would stab you from the back. God, I fucking hate her.'

"It is such an honor to be liked by you. Jason, I seem to have a following in your company." Michelle glanced at Vivian with cold eyes and then turned to look at Jason with a faint smile.

It broke Vivian's heart that the superstar deliberately ignored her. The way Michelle acted towards her could not hold a candle to the way she was treating Jason.

Evidently, there was an understanding between the two of them.

Although Michelle was Westley's cousin, she and Jason were not related by blood.

"Miss Michelle, if you could spare me some of your time, will you sign this poster for me? I like you so much." She took the poster out and placed it on the table in front of her.

However, there was no sincerity in Vivian's eyes.

It seemed like she only wanted to pretend being a fan. That was probably

the reason why she insisted on having the poster signed for Gabrielle.

'What a scheming woman.' ²

Gabrielle was such a fool. How could she let herself be played like this?

"You really like me don't you? You even invested the time cutting through magazines just to collect photos of me. That is so thoughtful. I am moved beyond words," she said to Vivian with a sugar sweet smile.

Michelle was of foreign descent, that was why her beauty and the uniqueness of her face could not be questioned. Her smile was mesmerizing. Her face could launch a thousand ships.

However, the smile on her face sent shivers down Vivian's spine. ¹