

## Chapter 335 A Terrible Task

As Westley slowly headed towards them, Gabrielle felt her heart rate pick up. For some reason, she was a thousand times more nervous than Lolita. Gabrielle's palms even started to sweat.

It wasn't just Westley's presence. Gabrielle also thought of how he talked about making their relationship public. If he was going to do it now, Lolita would surely know.

If that happened, Gabrielle would find herself in a tough spot. She couldn't explain the whole situation to Lolita, and for sure, Lolita might feel betrayed. Gabrielle had to act quickly, so she mouthed a warning to Westley that he shouldn't come any closer.

Westley, for all his stubbornness, didn't listen to her. He walked with purposeful strides towards them. But as Gabrielle clenched her fists, he passed by their table and sat down by the corner — without even sparing a glance at

Gabrielle. ③

After watching him sit down, Gabrielle felt relief wash over her in waves. She breathed deeply and slumped back in her chair. It was as though a huge weight was lifted off her shoulders.

She was convinced he would go to her and reveal their relationship. If he did so, she was afraid she couldn't face Lolita and her endless barrage of questions.

"Gabrielle, did you see that? Mr. Morris just passed by us and didn't even notice us. Are you disappointed?" Lolita cheerily turned to Gabrielle but noticed that she looked stressed out. This dampened Lolita's spirits because she didn't like seeing Gabrielle this way.

"No, I'm not upset at all." Gabrielle gave her a little smile, but her hands were still sweating under the table.

Gabrielle took out a handkerchief from her purse and tapped it slowly on her forehead.

She was seriously scared when she thought Westley was coming over. She could still hear her heart pounding in her ears.

Maybe he purposely came to scare her. Maybe he wanted to see how she would react. If that was his intention, then he easily succeeded. Gabrielle still couldn't shake off the raw fear she felt earlier.

Just then, Alvin passed by Gabrielle carrying two cups of steaming coffee. He smiled at her and gave her a small nod, but Gabrielle didn't return it.

When she glanced at Westley and saw him staring at her, she chewed on her lips and busied herself with her drink.

She was so scared about Lolita finding out their "secret." Gabrielle was breathing quickly, and she could feel a headache coming on.

"Gabrielle, are you really okay? You don't look so great," Lolita asked her uneasily. She became more concerned when she saw Gabrielle stiffen at the sound of her voice.

"I'm fine, but we have to leave after finishing our orders. I have to go back and find Jason. Meanwhile, you should go home and have a rest. Don't eat too much pepper in the future because it will hurt your stomach," Gabrielle reminded



Lolita. She couldn't help it even if she was still a bundle of nerves. Gabrielle feared Lolita's eating habits might take a toll on her someday.

"Gabrielle, don't worry. I'll be fine. I know my body well. Nothing will happen to me," Lolita assured her with a smile.

The two tried chatting about everything under the sun, but it was impossible for them to totally ignore Westley. The tension in the room was so thick, it was almost palpable.

The door opened, and Holly came in.

Holly had been standing outside the shop for a while. Through the large window, she saw Gabrielle and another woman drinking bubble tea.

Holly immediately understood why Westley, who never entered such a small establishment, went in.

He didn't go because he wanted a drink. His sole purpose was to see Gabrielle.

Holly gritted her teeth. She really hated Gabrielle, and just watching her from afar made Holly smolder with resentment.



When Holly saw Westley sat down somewhere else, she felt better. There was a smug look on Holly's face when he basically ignored Gabrielle.

It was obvious that Westley didn't treat Gabrielle well. Otherwise, he would sit with her and probably even talk to her friend.

Still, they hadn't made their relationship public yet, so it was normal for them not to look too cozy with each other. ②

Holly took a deep breath and went in.

"Give me a cup of red bean bubble tea. Thank you." Holly went straight to the counter to order herself a drink, as if she hadn't seen them.

After she paid the bill, she craned her neck — pretending to look for a vacant seat. Her eyes landed on Westley. ①

He and Alvin sat by the corner, in a table for four. Holly fixed a smile on her face and walked towards them. She acted as though it was the most natural thing in the world — for her to join them.

Besides, since Westley pretended not to see Gabrielle, there was no need for Holly

to say hello to the other woman.

With a drink in her hand, Holly walked with the grace and confidence of someone who knew she was stunning.

"Westley? What a coincidence to bump into you here." Holly sat down in front of him without waiting for an invitation. She acted as though she was his closest friend. ①

It was Lolita who took a long look at Holly. She was two tables away from her and Gabrielle. Lolita gave Holly a quick once-over.

There was no denying that Holly was a beautiful woman, but Lolita thought she was so different from Gabrielle. Holly used her looks to her full advantage while Gabrielle had no aggressive bone in her body.

"Gabrielle, it looks like Mr. Morris is waiting for this woman. She's pretty, yes, but she's not as beautiful as you. She's all sharp angles. I don't like it," Lolita said. She continued to take a peek at Holly, careful not to let the other woman catch her staring.

Gabrielle nodded to Lolita. She was

willing to believe that Westley was really waiting for Holly. Gabrielle tried to convince herself that he only entered the shop by accident and had no idea she was there.

"Lolita, it's about time. Let's go." Gabrielle stood up, grabbed her bag and was about to leave.

"Okay, okay. Let's go." Gabrielle left her bubble tea unfinished, but Lolita took hers and continued drinking.

"Gabrielle, slow down. You're walking too fast. Wait for me, will you? Why did you leave all of a sudden? You look pissed off. What's wrong?" Lolita ran after her and tried to match Gabrielle's fast pace. Lolita took turns looking at the pavement and looking at Gabrielle. She was afraid Gabrielle wouldn't notice if there was something in her way.

Ever since the other woman arrived, Gabrielle wore several emotions on her face — there was shock, then anxiety, and finally, anger.

"Gabrielle, do you know that woman?" Lolita had always been very sensitive, so she could tell something was up even if Gabrielle wouldn't admit it. ①



"Lolita, don't think too much. It's almost two o'clock now. I have to go back to the studio. Just take a taxi home, and I'll take a different one." Gabrielle walked to the intersection and flagged down a taxi. She was still frowning over whatever happened in the shop.

Lolita only looked at Gabrielle because this behavior was unusual. With a sigh, she decided she couldn't force anything out of Gabrielle.

"Okay, I'll go. See you tomorrow. Bye." Lolita waved at her, still preoccupied with what was going on with her friend.

Gabrielle hurried to the waiting taxi. After reaching the studio, she went directly to Jason's office to discuss the jewelry design for Michelle.

Jackson was his usual arrogant and unsmiling self. He didn't bother greeting anybody, and his face was a mask of cold indifference.

"Jason, here is the thing. You can take charge of the order from Michelle if you want. I'm not interested in making anything for her. You can also ask her to wait in line if you're not up for it. I'm not



in the mood to take orders recently," Jackson declared. He dug his hands deep in his pockets, waiting for Jason's response.

Gabrielle knew that Jackson was notorious for his temper. He was a talented and creative designer, but he had a terrible temper. He also could not be told what to do, and in fact, he accepted tasks only whenever he felt like it.

He accepted orders when he was in a good mood. Otherwise, he disappeared.

Even for all that, Michelle was obsessed with him.

That was actually hard to understand, especially since Jackson wasn't the type who intrigued people. With his mood swings, it was often better if he wasn't around.

"Jackson, I know you've been in a bad mood recently. Michelle likes you very much. She asked for you in particular when she ordered the jewelries. Since you're already back, you can refuse her in person if you don't want to take her order." Jason gave the task to him because Michelle personally requested it.

It was one of those "the customer is always right" things.

Jackson almost rolled his eyes. He didn't care who he was talking to because he treated everyone the same way. "You're the one who accepted her order, right? Then you can just solve it yourself. Why is Gabrielle here?"

"Gabrielle will work with you on Michelle's order. She will be your assistant, and you both have to pick up Melissa. I'll let you two build rapport with each other to make the work smoother and easier," Jason explained nonchalantly. He was used to dealing with Jackson.

Gabrielle's jaw dropped, and she looked at Jason in disbelief. She slowly dragged her eyes towards Jackson who looked at her with so much hate, she wanted to evaporate.

"Jason, are you getting tired of teaching Gabrielle yourself? I won't do it. Design the jewelry and work with Gabrielle? No way," Jackson asserted. He couldn't be swayed.



## Chapter 336 She Felt Flattered

For the first time in her life, Gabrielle felt like she was just a huge burden on others. Everyone who worked with her disliked her.

In the beginning, Jason had requested Jackson to train her, but Jackson had flatly refused. He never taught anyone, let alone a newcomer like Gabrielle.

Therefore, Jason had to train Gabrielle himself. And now, he had asked Gabrielle to become Jackson's assistant. Of course, Jackson was unwilling to accept this.

"What are you talking about? Gabrielle is my student. Don't be so rude. She is standing right here." Jason shot Jackson an unhappy glance. Jackson had never said anything good about anyone.

"I don't care how good your student is. I am clearly telling you that I won't comply with Michelle's order. You can deal with it by yourself. And I won't let Gabrielle be my assistant. If you want her

to be an assistant, and handle Michelle's order yourself, I'm fine with it. I'm showing her enough kindness by agreeing to take her along to pick up Melissa." Jackson had always been a blunt and decisive man.

Anyway, he would never bother about other people's feelings. He spoke rudely even while speaking to Jason.

"If you really don't want to accept Michelle's order, you can make an appointment and discuss it with her. If you still decide to refuse after that, I won't force you. I'll handle everything myself with Gabrielle's assistance." Jason still hoped that Jackson would reconsider. After all, it was an excellent opportunity to design jewelry for Michelle.

"Then make an appointment. I will tell her no in person," Jackson said icily.

Jason smiled humorlessly. Gabrielle was not surprised by Jackson's words. She was contemplating if she should inform Michelle about this. Michelle, who had always been regarded as the apple of everyone's eyes, would be heartbroken when she heard she was disliked by

Jackson.

It would be better to keep quiet about it for the present.

"Gabrielle, have you arranged your dress for when you pick up Melissa?" Jackson asked, turning his attention back to Gabrielle.

"Dress?" Gabrielle thought she was only here as an onlooker. She just wanted to see these two high-profile men facing each other off. When she was addressed directly, she was nonplussed.

"Gabrielle, it's a huge honor to be able to pick Melissa up. Aren't you serious about it? Are you going to wear such casual clothes when you greet her? It's a sign of disrespect to the teacher. If you are not interested in going, just tell me beforehand." Jackson's face contorted with disgust as his eyes swept over her.

Gabrielle felt a wave of unease wash over her at his comments over her dressing. She instinctively looked down at her clothes.

She had worn a white bubble sleeve shirt and a dark blue skirt. It was simple attire. 'Doesn't it look professional enough?'



she wondered doubtfully.

Besides, she didn't intend to pick Melissa up dressed like this. After all, Melissa was like a goddess in her heart.

Obviously, she too wanted to dress up specially and look competent when she met her. It was very important for her to leave a good impression on the teacher she admired so much.

"I will prepare well." Gabrielle looked at him with a guilty conscience.

Jackson's sharp eyes made her feel a rush of guilt.

"So have you made the preparations properly?" Jackson looked at her indifferently and didn't believe her at all.

"Not yet..."

"I've told you this before Gabrielle. You don't take your work seriously at all. The teacher will be here in two days. You haven't got your clothes ready yet. You have even mentioned that she is your idol. Was that a joke?" Jackson said condescendingly.

Gabrielle was very upset when she heard

this. 'He said I don't respect Melissa, who is my idol. How can I not take this opportunity seriously?'

"She will be here in two days." Jackson looked at her stonily, making her stomach churn with nervousness.

"I know. Jason has sent me the flight information. I promise we won't be late," Gabrielle assured him seriously.

"Do you have anything else to do this afternoon?" Jackson looked at her and asked.

Gabrielle's eyes turned in Jason's direction subconsciously. After all, she had only come to the studio this afternoon on his instructions.

"Gabrielle has no important work to do this afternoon. Why do you ask, Jackson?" Jason knew him well. He understood that if he had asked this question, there was something he wanted.

"If you have nothing else to do, come with me this afternoon. I'll take you to buy some clothes. I'm worried that the outfit you pick will not be to Melissa's taste," Jackson said as he looked at

Gabrielle.

Gabrielle had never imagined that Jackson would offer to go with her in person to help her select some clothes. She felt flattered and couldn't believe her good fortune.

Even Jason, who had been friends with Jackson for years, couldn't believe his ears.

Jackson had never suggested taking a woman shopping before this. If Jason hadn't known how much Jackson cared about and respected Melissa, he would have thought that he had suddenly developed a crush on Gabrielle.

"Jackson, you don't have to take me to pick up clothes. I can do that myself," Gabrielle politely refused Jackson's kindness.

After all, it would be awkward for a man like him to take her shopping for clothes.

"Gabrielle, with your taste in fashion, I really can't imagine what you will wear when you pick Melissa up. Now that you have no other work scheduled, come with me." This was Jackson. He would always stay firm on his word.



No one could refuse or doubt his decision.

"Gabrielle, just go with Jackson. Maybe you will get inspired while shopping," Jason said gently as he agreed with Jackson.

If Gabrielle's first impression was good, Melissa would look forward to working with her. So he naturally agreed.

More importantly, it was rare for Jackson to take the initiative to offer help.

"You're right. I will go out with Jackson," Gabrielle said as she agreed with Jackson as well.

Since he was Melissa's student, he obviously knew her preferences best. If he took her to choose clothes, he would definitely be able to pick outfits that were to Melissa's taste. It would vastly improve her chances of giving a favorable first impression then.

"Go ahead. Pick something good. Jackson, I'll leave Gabrielle to you," Jason said as he addressed Jackson again.

Thanks to his arrogant temper, no one could predict how he would treat

Gabrielle.

"Don't worry. I won't sell Gabrielle off, okay?" Then he whirled around and left, his body language frigid.

"Jason, I'm leaving now. I can't keep Jackson waiting," Gabrielle said hurriedly in farewell.

"Gabrielle, listen to Jackson's opinions. Even though he is not easy to get along with, his taste is always impeccable. He rarely takes the initiative to choose clothes for someone. Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity," Jason said in an encouraging tone.

"I see. I should go now." Gabrielle waved goodbye.

"Wait!" Jason stopped her.

"Is there anything else?" Gabrielle stared at him in confusion.

Jason cleared his throat and pretended to casually ask, "How is Lolita?"

It only struck her then that he was concerned about Lolita.

"Lolita is fine. She went home to rest this afternoon," she replied and continued

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staring at him.

"That's good. Now go and find Jackson,"  
Jason said, relief lacing his voice.

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## Chapter 337 Where She Had Met Him Before

Jackson took Gabrielle directly to the Aud Square shopping mall. There was a wide selection of clothes from top international brands, so he had no doubt that they could easily find suitable outfits — perhaps even the most stylish ones.

Jackson originally wanted to take her to a designer studio. He was engaged in jewelry design, so he knew a lot of people in the fashion industry. Jackson had plenty of contacts — most of whom were the best at what they did.

That included a dresser and a stylist — both would have been eager to help at a moment's notice.

However, they didn't have enough time, and Jackson didn't want to bother anyone. That was why he decided to take her to the mall. He and Gabrielle were going to have to look for clothing themselves.

When Gabrielle saw where they were headed, she felt a little uncomfortable. She shifted her weight and tried not to think of the last time she was here with Mia. There was this crazy woman named Emily who hit Gabrielle's back. She was severely hurt. Even when she thought about it now, she could feel the phantom pain. That memory wasn't easy to erase.

"Jackson, are we going shopping here?" Gabrielle asked with uncertainty again. She already knew it was impossible, but she hoped they were just passing by and were actually on their way somewhere else.

"Why? What's wrong? You don't like the stuff here?" Jackson glanced at her with indifference. He didn't really care what her preference was. After all, they weren't here to stroll around and enjoy.

"It's not that I don't like it. You see, this place is known for selling luxury and premium brands. I'm afraid I can't afford the clothes here," Gabrielle told him honestly. It was true. It would probably cost her an entire month's salary to buy one simple dress.

Jackson was shocked to hear that. He

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never thought about the price when buying things — he never even bothered glancing at them or asking the shop assistants. If he liked something, he purchased it — regardless of how much it cost.

It was the same with everything else he bought — if he wanted it, he would buy it. End of story.

Then again, that was obviously because Jackson was rich. He could afford anything and everything he liked. Not looking at the price was a typical characteristic of wealthy people. To them, there wasn't much difference between buying a \$250 watch and one with a price tag of \$3000. Gabrielle was clearly not in the same tax bracket as him.

"Gabrielle, are you that poor?" Jackson, for once, wasn't acting arrogant and condescending. He was genuinely curious. ①

He didn't mean to look down on her, but there was no other way to phrase the question. Jackson didn't expect to hear that from her.

He gave Gabrielle a quick assessing look. She didn't look like someone who



couldn't afford the items offered in this shopping mall. He actually thought she was rich enough.

"Yes, Jackson. I am poor," Gabrielle admitted honestly. There was no shame in that. At least she didn't pretend she could afford things when in reality, she could not.

Jackson burst into laughter. He found Gabrielle's honesty rather refreshing. She wasn't ashamed to admit it.

It was as if he was seeing Gabrielle for the first time. She was different from other women. Nowadays, most women were superficial and were so obsessed with luxury brands that they didn't mind getting up to their ears in debt just to pretend they were rich.

Gabrielle wasn't luxurious. Plus, she was blunt about her financial status. That was rare.

"Well, fine. Don't think about not being able to afford things here. If you don't have enough money, then just ask Jason to reimburse all your expenses. You don't even have a decent dress. As his mentee, he should help you take care of things like that. He really doesn't care

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about you. If you were under my mentorship, I wouldn't let you dress so casually." Jackson strode inside — he didn't even look over his shoulder to see if Gabrielle was following.

Gabrielle was still reeling from what Jackson told her. It was the first time she heard about having her mentor reimburse her clothing expenses. She hurried after him, afraid that he might snarl at her again.

Jackson was familiar with the shopping mall and its stores, which was why he navigated it easily. He wasn't exactly a shopaholic. But sometimes, when he needed inspiration, he liked to go around looking at different shops.

Still, he liked establishments like this — different goods, different designs, different people and personalities. Everything about it brought him inspiration for different designs. It was something that came in handy when he wanted to create something unique.

Jackson led her directly to the sixth floor where the women's clothing department was located. He knew what each brand offered, so he didn't go to the shops with

styles that didn't suit Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, come in," Jackson commanded.

Even though she felt out of place, Gabrielle followed him.

Jackson didn't need help in choosing clothes for Gabrielle. He knew what he was looking for, so he picked up several pieces and gave it to the shop assistant. He pointed to Gabrielle and told the saleslady to find the right size.

"Gabrielle, what do you think?" Jackson held out some dresses for Gabrielle to see. Although he was used to having people follow everything he said, he acknowledged Gabrielle's opinion too. After all, she was going to be the one wearing them. It would look obvious if she didn't like what she wore.

"It's fine. I trust your taste." Gabrielle offered a small smile. In truth, she couldn't pick anything if he asked. The only thing on her mind was how expensive everything was. Each item easily cost thousands of dollars. ①

She didn't even dare touch the clothes, afraid of leaving a smudge.



She was going to pick up Melissa, and Jackson was more familiar with the other woman's style and preferences. Naturally, Jackson would choose something that not only suited Gabrielle but would also impress Melissa.

They needed a good first impression, so Gabrielle just let Jackson take the lead.

"Okay. Go ahead and try these." Jackson tipped his chin to the shop assistant, signaling her to bring the clothes into the fitting room. He then sat comfortably and crossed his legs.

"Go and try them, Gabrielle. I'll wait here." Jackson busied himself with his mobile phone. He was quiet and uninterested in what was going on around him. He didn't look at others, and it was clear he didn't welcome anyone coming up to talk to him.

Jackson was good-looking and well-dressed. He looked every inch a gentleman. It was no surprise that he earned the looks of several shoppers. But he had a coldness to him that was unmistakable. No one dared to approach him, and they could only look at him from a distance.

The shop assistants and other female customers were secretly looking at him, stealing glances every now and then. Some even took photos.

Jackson wasn't completely unaware of the commotion he caused, but he was used to it. He didn't care about these people and automatically tuned them out.

"Oh my God! He's so handsome."

"He looks like those male leads in comic books!"

"Wow, look at his face and his build. Is he a model? Or a celebrity?"

"It's rare for a man to go shopping with his girlfriend now. Look at how he's patiently sitting there."

"Yes, totally! He even picked out clothes for her. Who does that nowadays?"

"I saw him come in with that beautiful woman. He chose the clothes then sat down to wait for her while she tried them on."

"That's so sweet! Where can I find someone like him?"

When Cherie and Mindy came in, the man sitting quietly and looking at his phone quickly grabbed their attention. They looked at each other and pointed at him.

"Cherie, look at him! He's so gorgeous. Is he real?" Mindy nudged Cherie with her arm and looked at her knowingly.

Cherie had to admit that yes, he was attractive. But she only liked Lance. Thus, even though the other man was good-looking, he didn't do much for her.

Mindy, however, was another story. She had always been obsessed with handsome men. She developed a crush so easily — sometimes, in a matter of seconds. This was what happened to her. She couldn't stop staring at the man lounging so casually. ②

"I don't know if he's single or not, but he's so handsome. He must have a girlfriend, right? There's no way someone who looks like him is unattached," Mindy said with a frown. She was already worried that the guy was taken.

"If you really want to know, just go to



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him and ask him directly. Who knows? He might be single," Cherie urged her with a smile. ①

She looked at him again. Her curiosity was piqued because he looked familiar. She tried to comb her memories, trying to remember whether they had already met before and where.

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## Chapter 338 Gabrielle Was With Another Man

Ever since Cherie started having a crush on Lance, she found that she had no interest in other men — no matter how good-looking or rich they were.

Naturally, she didn't pay them much attention. She almost had something akin to a tunnel vision as far as being loyal to Lance was concerned.

She was nothing like Mindy who was attracted to handsome guys like moth to flames.

"This gentleman accompanied his girlfriend who's now trying on clothes in the fitting room," a female customer next to them whispered to Mindy.

It was not at all surprising how the shoppers quickly noticed the man sitting casually on the sofa. Some of them focused more on him than the clothes on the racks.

Even so, they wanted to remind others that he already had a girlfriend. All they

could do was watch him.

"Girlfriend?" Mindy felt a little disappointed. Of course, she was taken.

It was impossible for someone as good-looking as him to be single. Besides, why else would he shop in this store?

"Yes, you probably just got here so you didn't see it. He picked clothes for his girlfriend and told her to try them on. That's why everyone is swooning over him. Not only did he go shopping with her, but clearly, he also knew what clothes suited her best. We're so jealous of her. This kind of boyfriend is so rare!"

Mindy scowled. So he did have a girlfriend, and it wasn't just an assumption. She huffed out a breath.

'Well, let's just forget it then.' Mindy turned away. Anyway, she didn't like him that much especially since she only just saw him. She didn't even know his name.

"Miss Bennet, Miss Carter, you're here," the shop manager greeted the two women as soon as she saw them. She made a beeline for Mindy and Cherie.

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"Well, I was told the dress I ordered last week was ready. Take it out and I will try it on," Cherie told her. She got right down to business.

That was the reason she and Mindy came to the shop. The new dress she ordered was already available. She received a call from the manager yesterday. Cherie came to see it and bring it home.

"Miss Bennet, the new dress you ordered is here, but this..." The manager looked at Cherie in embarrassment. She fidgeted with her hands, unable to tell Cherie directly what was going on.

Looking at her flushed face, Cherie figured out that something must have happened — something that was probably bad news for her. "Is there anything wrong with the dress? You clearly told me on the phone that the dress was carefully checked, and you assured me there was no quality problem. That's why I'm here now. What's wrong?"

"Yes, what's going on? Did you find some problem you didn't notice before? If that's the case, you should've made it

clear in advance. You shouldn't have waited for us to arrive. So we basically wasted our time coming here. What an awful way to do business." Mindy didn't mince words with the manager. They could've told Cherie on the phone, and they wouldn't have bothered coming here.

"Miss Bennet, the dress is fine. There's no problem with it. But the shop assistant accidentally brought it to the fitting room for another lady to try it on," the manager said slowly. She was afraid to earn the ire of the two.

This kind of stupid mistake happened, and it was hard to put the blame on a particular person. Knowing that Mindy and Cherie were on their way, the manager took out the dress to iron it and make sure it looked perfect. She hung it on the nearest rack and waited for Cherie. She briefly went to the bathroom, but when she came back, the dress was gone. One of the assistants said that a man came in and pointed at it. He gave it to the woman he was with and told her to try it on. The assistant had no idea it was already reserved for someone else.

The manager sweated profusely and

didn't know what to do. She was pissed off, but she knew the man wasn't someone to be trifled with. Plus, it would be rude of her to go to the fitting room and take out Cherie's dress. The only thing she could do was to hope that Cherie would be late.

Unfortunately, she arrived on time.

"What?" Cherie couldn't believe what she had heard. She stepped back and glared at the manager, wondering if she was pulling a prank.

How could the manager be so careless as to let someone else try a dress that was already booked to another woman? Why didn't she hide it someplace where other customers could not see it?

"You want to lose your job as manager, is that it? Someone else is trying the dress Cherie ordered. That particular oversight is unforgiveable. How stupid can you get?" Mindy was notorious for her no-nonsense attitude. She was easily upset and wasn't afraid to speak her mind. Now that the manager was clearly at fault, she wouldn't let it go so easily.

She didn't behave like a manager at all. She could've called them up immediately





and told them. Instead, she waited for them to arrive and acted all apologetic. Anyone would be angry if the dress they booked was given and tried on by someone else.

"I'm sorry, Miss Bennet, Miss Carter. It's my fault. The gentleman just took a fancy to the dress Miss Bennet ordered and wanted his girlfriend to try it on. The assistant had no idea it was already reserved for you, so she gave it to them. Again, I sincerely apologize. It's all my fault." The manager could do nothing else but try to defuse the situation with her apology. Cherie's anger was not unwarranted — anyone in her position would be pissed off.

However, Cherie was still a reasonable woman, willing to listen to her explanation. Mindy, who was standing beside Cherie, was the one who always exploded even over minor things. She never listened to reason and was almost always irrational, especially in situations like this.

"Okay. I'll just inform that gentleman that he can't let his girlfriend try on the dress. Just because he wants to make her happy doesn't mean we're going to have

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to suffer for it." Mindy angrily walked towards the man sitting on the sofa. She was ready to give him a piece of her mind.

Jackson was talking with Jason on Twitter about the reimbursement of the dress he would buy for Gabrielle. He also told Jason that he would need to update her style, so she would look completely different. Gabrielle was neither his friend nor his mentee, so why should Jackson pay for her?

"Sir! Hello! Sir!" Mindy stood in front of Jackson and raised her voice. She stomped her foot to get his attention.

Jason agreed to reimburse the expenses, which made Jackson very happy. But when he heard a woman bothering him so impolitely, his mood shifted.

He looked up to her and narrowed his eyes. He leaned back and crossed his arms, looking indifferent.

"Talking to me?" Jackson tried to recall if he knew this woman and ultimately decided he didn't. Instead of his usual indifference, he now looked thoroughly annoyed.

To Jackson, there were only two types of women.

There were 'women he knew', and 'women he didn't know.'

Mindy belonged to the second group, so Jackson had no idea why she was wasting his time.

"Yes, I'm talking to you." Mindy was momentarily stunned when he met her eyes.

She knew he was handsome just by looking at him from a distance. Even when his head was lowered and he was busy with his phone, he already fascinated her.

But the moment he raised his head and Mindy saw his entire face, her mind went blank finding he was ten times more attractive. She forgot the reason she came to him in the first place.

'Yes, this man has a girlfriend.

He took the dress Cherie ordered so his girlfriend could try it on.' Finally, Mindy remembered what she came here to do.

"What's up?" Jackson wasn't the least bit

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interested in Mindy, and it was obvious to anyone watching them. He initially thought she was going to try to hit on him, but now, she looked like someone trying to exact revenge.

"I... I... I'm here to tell you something. You just took the dress that my friend booked. You gave it to your girlfriend so she could try it on. Now, please take it out. My friend already paid a deposit. So it belongs to her," Mindy said. She calmed herself down by digging her nails into her palm, trying to ward off any distraction brought about by his gorgeous face.

"Ah, so the dress was already reserved. I'm sorry. No one told me that, and I didn't know. Since it was already tried on, I could pay for it and compensate your friend for twice the amount she paid," Jackson told her. Money didn't concern him — it never did. ①

"Although you said so, but..."

"Jackson, I'm done!" Gabrielle finished changing her dress. She walked out of the fitting room and showed him.

She took five or six dresses and tried them all. Finally, she chose which one

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Chapter 338 Gabrielle Was With Another Man

sued her best.

"Gabrielle?" Mindy stared at Gabrielle with her mouth open.

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## Chapter 339 Ask Her To Apologize To Cherie

Hearing Mindy's surprised voice, Cherie decided to come over and see what the commotion was about. When she saw the dress on Gabrielle, Cherie's eyes flared with anger.

"Gabrielle! You..." Of all the people who should wear the dress she ordered, it had to be Gabrielle. Cherie was so overcome with fury that she was rendered speechless. All she could do was glare at the other woman.

The moment Gabrielle stepped out of the fitting room, she was shocked to see Mindy and Cherie. They were both staring daggers at her. She knew the two ladies weren't the easiest people to deal with.

The dress Gabrielle wore was exactly the one reserved for Cherie—it was dark green and looked exquisite. Gabrielle was fair, and the dress' color set off her skin—making her look almost ethereal. ③



The waist was tight fit—intricately decorated with crystals and pearls. Everything about the dress screamed custom-made.

When Gabrielle put on the dress, she immediately fell in love with it. Looking at the mirror, she almost didn't recognize herself at first. She looked elegant, sophisticated, and even a little sexy. The dress hugged her curves in a tasteful way.

When Jackson saw Gabrielle, his eyes lit up. He gave her a once-over and nodded in approval.

Sure enough, he had good taste. It was the perfect outfit that complemented Gabrielle's features.

"The clothes make the woman. Gabrielle, this dress looks good on you. Let's buy it."  
"Without saying anything else, Jackson gave her another assessing look before smiling to himself. ②

"What do you mean buy it? Gabrielle, do you know that I already paid a deposit for this dress? It's been reserved to me. It's mine. You get that? How can you wear it when it's not even yours?" Cherie coldly told Gabrielle. Cherie's face was a

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mix of disbelief and disgust.

Gabrielle lowered her head to take a look at the dress on her and then raised her eyes to Cherie. Gabrielle almost flinched under Cherie's murderous gaze. She didn't expect this to happen—that after trying on so many dresses, Jackson chose something that was for Cherie. It was absolutely embarrassing.

"Cherie, I had no idea this dress was yours. If I knew that, I wouldn't have tried it on." Gabrielle stood calmly in front of Cherie. Her elation at finding the perfect dress suddenly disappeared.

It wasn't Gabrielle's fault—they all knew that. Jackson chose the dress, true, but the shop assistant didn't say anything about it being booked for someone else. The girl even brought it to the fitting room so she could try it on.

Even though they were ganging up on her, Gabrielle refused to take the blame.

Jackson took in the scene before him and quickly understood that Gabrielle knew the two women. From the way they were talking and staring at her, Jackson concluded they weren't on friendly terms.

What made it worse was the fact that Gabrielle was wearing the dress meant for one of the women. The situation was humiliating to both parties.

"Gabrielle, what do you mean? Are you saying that you didn't do anything wrong? That you're innocent? Cherie paid for it with her money. It's hers, and you put it on without her permission. How disrespectful is that? Gabrielle, you should apologize to Cherie." Mindy's icy tone made it clear that she wasn't going to give up that easily. She crossed her arms and tapped her foot impatiently. ②

Gabrielle's forehead creased. She realized something. Mindy was actually implying that if she didn't apologize to Cherie and admitted it was her fault, she couldn't leave.

It was so funny and ridiculous.

"Mindy, you conveniently forgot that we're related by blood, and you should call me cousin. Don't you think you're going too far by asking me so impolitely to apologize to Cherie?" Mindy suddenly became indignant. She stood straighter and pointed at Gabrielle.



"What did you say? Cousin? I never admitted ..."

"That's good. I never really wanted to tell everyone I was related to a rude cousin like you either," Gabrielle told her pointedly. She raised her brow in mock challenge.

"You..."

"Let's get straight to the point. First of all, I didn't choose this dress. I didn't take it from the rack and bring it to the fitting room to try on. From the start, the shop assistant never told me this already belonged to someone else. Basically, what I'm saying is—it's not my fault." Gabrielle calmly matched the two woman's death stares. She would not back down, especially because she wasn't in the wrong. ⓘ

What Gabrielle said made sense. Only Cherie and Mindy refused to acknowledge it because they were blinded by anger.

Mindy was stunned at Gabrielle's audacity. She couldn't find the words to respond to her. So, Mindy just continued to glower at Gabrielle.

"Anyway, it's your fault that the dress is on you now. Cherie would never wear it. You have to apologize to her." Mindy had always been unreasonable, especially when she was in one of her moods. This time, she wouldn't give in—no matter what.

Gabrielle gave her a hostile look before turning to the manager.

"Miss Bennet, Miss Carter, and this lady, I think you all know each other. This is all my fault. I caused the misunderstanding between you. If there's anything I can do to remedy this, please let me know." The manager could only show them her sincerity and regret. It already happened, and there was no way she could turn back time and un-do her mistake.

The three of them were not easy to deal with. Plus, there was the man silently standing by the side and observing everyone. She began to make peace with the fact that she would most likely lose her job if she offended any one of them today.

"Okay, we just need her to apologize to Cherie." Mindy rudely pointed at Gabrielle.

Gabrielle ignored Mindy. She simply turned around and changed into the beige dress she chose before. It wasn't as beautiful and stylish as the dark green one, but it would have to do. Besides, it was classy and formal. When she stepped out, she looked like a fairy or one of those forest goddesses.

"Jackson, how about this one?" Gabrielle walked up to Jackson and asked. She put her hands on her waist and did a quick turn so he could see.

By this time, Jackson was able to sort out the relationship between Gabrielle and the other two. They didn't just know each other, but they were also relatives. Yet, it was obvious that there was bad blood between them.

Jealousy between girls was always terrible. Jackson didn't want to get involved in their affairs as it could easily get messy.

Fortunately, Gabrielle was a sensible girl with an impressive composure. She knew when it was time to stop and turn her back on useless arguments. Unlike Mindy, Gabrielle didn't plan on spending more time trading barbs with them.



She went into the fitting room and changed her clothes, ignoring the two women.

This was how Gabrielle dealt with it. Since she wasn't in the wrong, she wasn't afraid of talking back to them. And after she decided what to do, she reasonably ignored them. The other women wanted to make a scene, but Gabrielle showed them how a well-mannered lady behaved.

Jackson couldn't help but be impressed with Gabrielle. He appreciated how she handled things. She didn't get carried away by her emotions. Instead, she calmly thought it through before doing anything rash.

It was no wonder Jason sang her praises. She had been his mentee for a long time, and he always said that she was good and brilliant.

"This dress is nice. My teacher will like it. Let's go with this one," Jackson calmly said, finally cooperating with Gabrielle.

"Okay, I'll go change. We'll buy this." Gabrielle was about to go back to the fitting room when Mindy stepped in front

of her and held out her hands.

"Gabrielle, what do you mean? Didn't you hear what I said just now? Are you deaf or simply stupid? You didn't understand anything, did you?" Mindy didn't like being ignored, especially by someone she hated. This put her in a sour mood. She wanted to get even.

Where did Gabrielle get the tenacity to ignore her? Mindy wouldn't let her walk away just like that.

"Oh, you're still here? Since we can't reach an agreement, what's the point of talking? Mindy, I understand human language. The thing is, I can't understand words uttered by other creatures. It's all gibberish to me," Gabrielle said with a sneer. She didn't want to engage in petty arguments, but that didn't mean she was going to take it sitting down. ②

Mindy felt raw rage pulse through her veins. She wanted to see Gabrielle grovel, but Gabrielle responded with sarcasm. "What? Gabrielle, what do you mean? Tell me!"

"Mindy, you're the daughter of the Carter family, while I'm merely the adopted

daughter of the Jones family. You're different from me. They all know you. If we continue to make a scene here, who do you think will be more humiliated? Who do you think people will recognize and talk about? You should know it wouldn't be me," Gabrielle said, not unkindly. She noticed Mindy's face turn red. 4



## Chapter 340 I Don't Want That Dirty Dress Anymore!

To some extent, Gabrielle talked some sense into Mindy.

After all, there was no denying the fact that Mindy was a more well-known icon than Gabrielle. And without doubt, Mindy's being the rightful Miss Carter from the influential Carter family and Gabrielle's being an adopted daughter of the Jones family made a difference between them both.

They were both known, though contrastingly if Gabrielle was known at all.

"We just require your apology, Gabrielle. Apologize to Cherie, and you won't be bothered anymore." Mindy hardly bit back her anger. As a lady from a rich family, her image didn't support her lashing out at Gabrielle, something she desperately wanted to do. Instead, she kept blazing flares from her eyes in rage.

"Apologize?" Gabrielle sneered at the

impossibility of the demand.

"Be quick, Gabrielle. We're not here for you to test our patience with your insolent behavior."

"I am sorry if I heard you wrong, but why should I apologize?" Gabrielle narrowed her eyes. "The shop assistant is the one supposed to apologize. It has nothing to do with me. And," Gabrielle's eyes darkened as she spoke, yet calmness was unmistakable on her face. "Mind your tone, Mindy."

"Oh," Mindy sounded irked, not amused by Gabrielle's attitude. "You've found another hookup, didn't you? Did Westley fail to satisfy your unending dirty desires? Because it seems like it. The reason you're out here trying to satisfy your lust with some other guy now. You really are a slut." Gabrielle flinched at Mindy's misuse of words, but it encouraged Mindy's schemes. "Aren't you afraid that I'll expose you?" Looking at the man standing a bit out of hearing, Mindy threatened Gabrielle in a low and harsh tone.

Gabrielle was a person that unintentionally kept pricking Mindy,

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annoying her to her limits. 'First, she married Westley, and now, she is even capable of seducing another handsome guy.

Is her lust not satisfied that she's reaching out for more?'

'Seducing another guy?! Is Mindy out of her mind?!' Gabrielle was baffled by Mindy's dirty assumptions.

Though what Mindy had said angered Gabrielle, still, such harsh words hurt her to her core.

'Mindy surely doesn't think before speaking baseless rubbish.'

"Mind your words, Mindy. Do you even care about what you're saying?" Gabrielle didn't hide the coldness of her voice or her face.

But, as if catching the prey from the right spot, Mindy smiled, sensing Gabrielle's discomfort.

Encouraged by Gabrielle's distress, Mindy connived. 'Even hooking up behind Westley's back, Gabrielle has seduced a good-looking man. Westley has got to know about her true face as soon as



possible.'

Mindy felt the hardly controlled urge to scream Gabrielle's actual busyness to Westley. 'Betrayers like her don't deserve the love of men like Westley.'

"Yes, I know what I am saying, and I know that I am right. Now don't try to deny that you didn't come out to delight another guy in Westley's absence." Mindy mistook Gabrielle's anger as her shameful silence. "Don't worry, Gabrielle. Just apologize to Cherie, and I'll forget that I even saw you today," Mindy said with arrogance.

She felt like she was holding Gabrielle's most vulnerable secret and was keeping her captive with it. Mindy was well prepared to snitch on her to Westley if Gabrielle remained ignorant.

'Gabrielle will lose all the respect she has and she will be thrown out by Westley.

Even the Jones family won't dare to take her back in. And then the rest of her life will be spent, wandering the streets.'

The imagination of Gabrielle's miserable demise unexplainably overjoyed Mindy.

"And what if I don't?" Daring Mindy's groundless threat, Gabrielle raised her eyebrows.

She wasn't going to be sorry towards Cherie for something she didn't even do.

'Cherie has no right to ask me to apologize!'

"It's your choice then. Don't blame me for exposing your little casual flings. I will tell everyone that you cheated on Westley, and then no one will save you when the Morris family casts you out. Everyone will know that a married woman who cheated on her husband has no place in the Jones family or even the Carter family. And the public's rebuking will be high around you too by then." Mindy wore the smuggest smile she could muster.

"Mindy," suddenly, Cherie cut in. "Let's not fuss over it. I will forget what happened today, and since Miss Jones desires that dress, I will gift it to her. After all, I don't wear things that others even try on." The unstoppable altercation of Mindy and Gabrielle forced Cherie to show her generosity.

Yet, hidden under the layer of

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benevolence, Gabrielle felt the bitterness of Cherie's objective.

Cherie didn't deem herself too ordinary to wear something that had been tried on by others.

But what her words actually conveyed was that since the dress was particularly worn by someone as filthy as Gabrielle, it became dirty enough for her not to wear it.

"Your kindness is lovely, Miss Bennet, but I don't need this gift. This dress looks too old and doesn't fit me either." Right after finishing her words, Gabrielle stomped towards the fitting room and changed back to her clothes.

Coming out of the room, she handed the dress to the shop manager and asked her to pack it up. All the while, Gabrielle didn't spare the disturbing duo a single glance.

As silently as he was during the conversation, Jackson stepped forward to pay the bill, watching Gabrielle on the counter. Passing by Mindy and Cherie, he eyed them coldly.

"If you wish your life to be longer, mind

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your own concerns."

He threw a glare towards Mindy.

Pissed off by being dishonored, Mindy rushed towards Jackson's front and blocked him from moving further. "Hi, handsome." She clenched her teeth before going further. "Let me remind you something for your beauty should remember it."

"What?" Jackson's face was empty of any emotions besides coldness as he looked down at Mindy.

And Mindy was hardly keeping her mind off his handsomeness and apathy.

"Do you know that Gabrielle is married?" Mindy used a solemn tone, careful that maybe the man in front of her didn't know that the woman he was with was already married.

'Gabrielle is married?'

Jackson's mind whirled with shock. Although he didn't care much about Gabrielle's personal matters and wouldn't bother to determine whether the woman before him was telling the truth, he was sure about one thing -

people in their right mind wouldn't make fun of such a delicate matter, let alone the woman talking was Gabrielle's cousin.

Jackson's frown of surprise that he forgot to hide led Mindy to believe that he must have been kept in dark from Gabrielle's marriage. "Seems like she hid her marriage from you. Alas, you fell into her traps of lies and her bad character!"

'Of course, married women filthily pretend to be single when they try to find a better substitute than their husbands.'

"So? What should I do if she's married?" Jackson's lack of interest was wearing Mindy's calmness off.

He said it as if he didn't care at all. And this was undoubtedly true. Unlike Mindy, he wasn't interested in gossip or someone's life's internal matters. And since Gabrielle didn't make her marriage public, there was a solid enough reason for that.

"Do you..." Mindy was speechless at the indifference of the man in front of her.

"Really don't care?" Nevertheless, her evil brain found something that only

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seemed relatable to her. "Or maybe, are you married too? You must be..."

Without bearing to digest another word from Mindy's foul mouth, Jackson turned to leave.

Disbelief settled over Mindy as her words stopped at her tongue, looking at Jackson's cold figure looming away.

"What are your opinions about their relationship, Cherie?" Mindy asked, turning her incredulous stare towards Cherie.

"They can be anything you want to think them to be, Mindy," Cherie said, glancing at the couple getting away from them.

Jackson paid Gabrielle's bill, obviously buying her the dress.

Does that not ring any bells?

That's a must. They must have an affair.'

"Gabrielle is like a whore's reincarnation, stepping away from one man to seduce the other. I am going to inform Lance as soon as I can." Thinking of the possibility of their affair, Mindy was enraged.

"Just leave it, Mindy. Let her do all she



wants. Her desires have nothing to do with us." Cherie still didn't stop her pretense of generosity and kindness.

"I don't need you to tell me that! I will tell my brother about it anyway." Mindy's eyes still blazed as she said, "Where is your dress?" Before getting an answer from Cherie, Mindy's eyes automatically found the shop manager.

"I don't want it... It's unclean now that someone else has tried it on," Cherie said coldly, blankly staring at the dress still in the hands of the shop manager.