

## Chapter 351 She Cares About Him

Wendy fiddled with her fingers; she was a bundle of nerves. She couldn't stay still because of anxiety. She wished that Westley would help her find Bryce right away, but she didn't have it in her to push Westley too far. He was, after all, a scary and intimidating man.

As for Gabrielle, she had little say in the matter. That was why Wendy decided not to rush Westley. Still, she couldn't stop her restlessness.

Westley already promised to look for Bryce, but if they continued pressuring him, Gabrielle might end up paying the price.

Wendy was at a loss. She hated not being able to do something. And now, the only person she could count on was Gabrielle—Wendy's only connection to Westley. Wendy pinned all her hopes of finding Bryce on her foster daughter.

It was a rather uninteresting lunch for

the pair. After which, Wendy suggested keeping Gabrielle company on her way to the studio. "Gabrielle, is it okay if I walk you there? Don't worry, I won't go inside. Your workmates will not notice me, I promise."

"It's alright, Mom. I can go back by myself. By the way, about Bryce, I'll keep an eye on Westley. But I don't want you having false hopes, though." Gabrielle put her hand over Wendy's, a subtle reminder to stay calm and not be too anxious. They left the task to Westley, after all. The only thing they could do now was wait. How Westley decided to accomplish it was up to him—even Gabrielle shouldn't interfere.

Others might not have the faintest idea as to what kind of person Westley was, but Gabrielle did.

"You know it, Gabrielle. Your brother is still missing. As his mother, I can't help but worry about him every minute of every day. He's out there somewhere, and we don't even know if he's in danger or if he needs help." Wendy couldn't contain her feelings any longer. She knew that any mother would understand and sympathize with her. She couldn't

even begin to describe the raw fear she felt each morning.

Gabrielle understood Wendy, but she didn't want to show any sympathy towards her. Gabrielle just stared at Wendy and didn't console her.

It was hard to feel sorry for Wendy. If only the older woman had called Bryce back at the beginning, she could've prevented so many things from happening.

It was Wendy's fault whether she admitted it or not. She had no right to pin the blame on Gabrielle or anyone else.

The tables had turned. Wendy probably never thought that she would one day come to ask Gabrielle for help. Wendy wouldn't have done it if she wasn't desperate enough.

"Okay, Mom. I'm going back to work. You should go home earlier, too. It's a little cold outside." Without so much as a hug or kiss, Gabrielle left and walked towards the studio.

Wendy watched Gabrielle walk away without any hesitation, and she realized



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that Gabrielle had changed a lot. She was no longer the pushover girl who would always do what she asked without questions.

Wendy didn't know whether she made a mistake in allowing Westley to marry Gabrielle. But, she should stop dwelling on it. At that time, Wendy was left with no choice but to use Gabrielle as their shield.

Gabrielle was in a sour mood all afternoon. Everywhere she looked, she was bound to find something that irritated her. She couldn't focus on her work. When Westley came to pick her up, he quickly noticed that she was upset.

"What's wrong? You look so tired. I think it'll be okay not to attend Micheal's birthday. It's pointless anyway." Westley didn't hide the fact that he didn't want Gabrielle to celebrate Micheal's birthday with him. It didn't sit right with Westley that Gabrielle would be dining with someone he thoroughly disliked.

The man had a crush on Gabrielle—anyone within five meters would notice that. Micheal wasn't exactly a rival, but he was potentially one, which made

Westley jealous.

"You will be more than happy if I don't show up at his birthday, won't you?" Gabrielle raised her brow and gave him a smirk.

She wasn't angry. In fact, she knew from the very beginning that Westley wasn't the least bit interested in attending Micheal's birthday dinner.

What surprised her was that Westley changed his mind this morning and told her that he would go to the party with her. Then again, Gabrielle wasn't in the mood to socialize, so Westley would definitely drive her straight home instead of Micheal's place. Somehow, things turned out in Westley's favor. It was as good an excuse as any.

If someone asked why they couldn't make it, Westley would easily say that it was because Gabrielle wasn't feeling well.

What a shrewd man! Westley always knew how to take advantage of situations.

"Well, I just don't want you to celebrate another man's birthday," Westley

answered frankly. He didn't relish the idea of Micheal staring goggle-eyed at Gabrielle.

Gabrielle hadn't even celebrated Westley's birthday yet, so there was no way he would let others get that honor first. 📵

Westley knew Micheal's birthday was a few days ahead of his, but it would make him unhappy if Gabrielle attended it.

In line with that thought, Westley realized that his own birthday was just around the corner, and he wondered if Gabrielle knew.

If she did, how come she didn't mention it or act like she was excited to celebrate? 'Wait. Does my own wife even know my birthday?

If she didn't, should I give her a hint or something? Like maybe casually mention a dinner date?'

Westley pressed his fingers over his eyes. He didn't like celebrating his birthday ever since he was a child. And after Helena's death, he lost any and all interest he had left. What's worse, his birthday was the exact day she died.



He didn't have the courage to celebrate even once in the past five years. Westley just didn't see the point anymore.

Surprisingly, however, he was actually looking forward to it this time. He stole a peek at Gabrielle. It was because of her. He wanted to celebrate because his wife made him see things a little differently.

"I'm not allowed to go to another man's birthday party except yours. Is that what you mean? Am I understanding it correctly?" Gabrielle blurted out without thinking. She realized her mistake almost the same moment the words left her mouth.

Westley was momentarily stunned, and his face darkened with anger. He was thinking of good thoughts just a while ago, and now, she quashed it all so easily. "Don't you want to celebrate mine?"

"Do you?" Gabrielle tried to keep a straight face. She pretended that she didn't know when his birthday was. Meanwhile, she felt him stiffen beside her.

"No, I don't." Westley's tone was calm,

but rage burned hot in his veins. It was going to be the first time in a long time that he planned to celebrate his birthday, but Gabrielle didn't even care.

Gabrielle felt a little disappointed. She assumed that he didn't want to celebrate because of that woman. It was like a stab to her heart.

In that case, she wasn't going to say a word about throwing a party for him. It might only make him sad because the woman wouldn't be there.

"You know what, I understand your feelings. There are people who aren't fond of celebrating their birthdays. I mean, there's nothing really that special about it—it's just the day when one grows a year older." Gabrielle shrugged and looked down. She was crestfallen because she was looking forward to celebrating with Westley.

Westley quietly stared at her. In his view, Gabrielle just said that she didn't like celebrating birthdays. Westley thought that the reason wasn't about getting older but because she probably didn't know when her actual birthday was.

As for Gabrielle, her birthday was the day

her biological parents abandoned her. She wasn't bitter anymore, but she didn't think the date was special or worth remembering.

"Who cares about age? That's just a natural thing. We all grow older," Westley said indifferently, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel.

Gabrielle felt a bit awkward as the silence between them stretched on. She suddenly looked up when she found a change in topic. "I... Let's go to the mall and buy a gift for Micheal."

She remembered that she hadn't prepared a gift for him yet. Whether she showed up at the party or not, it was common courtesy to give him something on his birthday.

Westley didn't say anything but turned to her. His eyes were filled with passion.. and something else. His gaze never wavered, as if he was trying to see into her deepest and darkest corners. Gabrielle subconsciously bit her lip, and Westley's eyes followed. She swallowed hard.

"Westley, what... What are you doing?"



"Seat belt, just buckle up." Westley's face lit up with amusement as he watched her cheeks burn red, and she hastily looked away.

Gabrielle blushed so easily, and Westley loved it. He liked the way her body reacted to him. She could lie to him and tell him he didn't affect her like that, but her body would send a different message.

A woman always felt shy around the man she liked. That was the only explanation, and it made Westley so happy that he couldn't stop grinning like an idiot.

Even if she didn't say the words, Westley was sure of Gabrielle's emotional attachment towards him. It delighted him, and he felt like the whole world was his. ⑤

## Chapter 352 Tammy -- The Sweet Little Girl

As he leaned closer, Gabrielle's first instinct was to push him away. She felt that the man had cast a spell over her. Every time he got closer, she would blush and be ashamed of it later.

"I can do this myself, Westley." A blush flamed Gabrielle's cheeks.

However, Westley fastened the seat belt for her, and sat back calmly.

"You are too slow," he said.

Gabrielle took deep breaths to calm down, hoping the blush on her cheeks would subside. Westley always did what he said, so arguing with him was out of the question.

Therefore, she decided to remain silent.

"Thank you." Gabrielle smiled gratefully.

"I've told you many times that I don't accept verbal gratitude. If you want to thank me, do it through your actions."

Westley shrugged.

He never shied away from expressing his feelings. ②

He preferred to express feelings through action instead of talking at lengths about it. Therefore, he expected Gabrielle to show her gratitude instead of thanking him.

"All right. Let's go to the mall now. Or we might get late," Gabrielle urged him as she tried to calm herself down.

She knew that it would take time to pick the gift and couldn't rush such a thing.

Gabrielle was worried that they would get late because they had to pick a gift. It would be impolite if they didn't arrive there on time.

"Have you decided what gift to buy for Micheal? Don't worry too much about it. Just pick the first gift you like." Westley didn't want to put too much thought into buying a birthday gift for Micheal. After all, he didn't want her to go out of the way to buy a gift for another man.

The thought of her paying so much attention to another man seemed to



upset him.

"I haven't thought about it. Let's go to the mall first. If I find something nice, I'll pick it up right away." After all, Micheal had saved her life. Therefore, she wanted to get him the best gift.

However, she couldn't mention it in front of Westley because he regarded Micheal as his rival in love rather than the person who saved her life.

"Okay." Westley was pleased with her answer.

He didn't want her to waste too much time picking a gift for Micheal. He wanted her to buy something random for the sake of gifting.

"Westley, is there something that you like in particular?" Gabrielle cocked her head curiously.

She wanted to find out what he liked so that she could buy it for him on his birthday. Birthday cakes weren't special; he would eat and forget about it. Gabrielle wanted to buy a more ceremonious gift that would remain close to his heart. ②

"Nothing." He shrugged.

He had never put much thought into it.

Westley was never interested in materialistic things.

"Okay." Gabrielle forced a smile, trying to hide her disappointment. She wanted to use the opportunity to find out what he liked and gift it on his birthday.

Now that he didn't mention anything, she decided to get him a cake. ①

"What? Are you planning to buy me a gift?" Westley asked when he saw the disappointment on her face.

He had thought that Gabrielle didn't have to give him anything because she didn't know when his birthday was.

"No. If you want something, I could buy it for you." Gabrielle didn't want him to know that she was planning to get something for his birthday.

Westley was happy to hear that she wanted to gift him.

The thought mattered to him more than the gift itself.

"Don't worry about it. Buy something for yourself. I gave you the card so that you can buy the things you like." Westley drove happily. Gabrielle's offer had improved his mood.

When they arrived at the nearest shopping mall, Westley stopped the car, and Gabrielle unfastened the seat belt. "Westley, wait for me here. I'll be back soon."

Westley was one of the most influential men in the city. There would be a commotion in the mall if he accompanied her.

Therefore, it was best for him to wait in the car.

"Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?" he asked.

Gabrielle opened the door and got out of the car without hesitation. She didn't leave any chance for him to accompany her.

"No, thanks. You wait for me in the car; don't go out. Your presence would only cause a riot. So I will pick a gift and come back soon. It will get late if you come."



With that, Gabrielle strutted toward the shopping mall.

Sitting in the car, Westley quietly watched her receding figure as he thought about what she said.

'Is she blaming me for being famous?'

His popularity was beyond his control because the Morris Group was the most famous company in the city. As the president of the Group, he was also equally popular.

Besides that, he was a handsome man and the second son of the Morris family. He had been popular ever since he was a little boy.

Since Westley had no control over it, he had learned to embrace his popularity.

While he was lost in thought, his phone rang. He pulled it out of his pocket and saw a request for a video chat. A smile emerged on his face when he saw the ID. He answered the phone right away.

"Hi, little Daddy! It's me!" The image of a pretty girl, about three or four years old, appeared on the screen.

"Tammy, do you miss me?" Westley's face softened; his eyes shone with tenderness.

Her pretty face was enough to brighten up his day. All his problems and worries would disappear when he spoke to her.

After all, the little girl's innocence and pretty face had the power to melt anyone's heart.

"Yes, I miss you so much. Mommy and I will come back to see you tomorrow. Don't forget to pick us up." The little girl smiled. ①

"Okay, I'll pick you up," Westley agreed without hesitation.

"That's great. We can see you tomorrow. I'm so happy!" she squealed in joy.

Westley couldn't help but smile at her.

"I am also excited to see you. How long has it been since we saw each other?" he asked.

The girl began to count her fingers, her lips pursed in concentration. The more she counted, the more confused she became. Finally, she sighed and gave up.

"I don't know, little Daddy!" She looked at the camera and shook her head. "But it feels like a long time. I miss you every day." She pouted.

The little girl was good at coaxing people, and Westley knew it too. She had the power to melt anyone's heart.



## Chapter 353 I'd Like To Believe You

When Gabrielle came back, she saw Westley sitting in the car with a goofy grin on his face. She couldn't help but wonder what happened to him while she was out buying gifts. She slowly made her way towards the passenger side.

"Westley, I'm back." Gabrielle crouched down by the window to peer at him.

"What did you buy?" Westley craned his neck to see what she was carrying in her hand.

The gift box wasn't very big. Westley assumed she didn't think too much about what to give Micheal. She probably just grabbed whatever she saw first.

Relief flooded his veins. He felt better seeing that Gabrielle didn't exert too much effort in finding the perfect gift.

"Take a guess." Gabrielle opened the door and sat down. She turned towards him with a smile. She teased the box in front of him to make him guess what was

inside.

"It's not something too precious, right?" That was the only thing Westley was concerned about. He didn't care what it was as long as it didn't mean that much to her.

'Who cares what she bought?'

"Come on, just guess." He was clearly uninterested, which was a huge buzzkill for Gabrielle. He could have just played along.

After all, she spent half an hour choosing the item. She was a little tired, and she just wanted to have some fun with a guessing game.

But Westley was blasé about it. Gabrielle lost her earlier enthusiasm and just put the box inside her bag.

"Do you really want me to guess?" Westley heaved a sigh. He started the car and began driving.

He knew where Micheal's villa was. Westley made it a point to know everything about a potential rival. Finding out the other guy's address was basic.

Westley found out the location in less than five minutes, and he already memorized all the streets leading there.

"It's just a little game, Westley—something for fun. If you really don't want to guess, then forget it." Gabrielle turned to look out the window and leaned her head on the glass. Westley couldn't even humor her.

"Pen?" Westley said, his eyes still on the road.

Gabrielle gasped. She looked at him as though he just sprouted three heads. She slapped her knee lightly and giggled. "Westley, how did you guess? Is it that obvious?"

It was unbelievable.

Westley grinned smugly. It was too simple for him. He saw the brand logo on the bag, and he was familiar with it. That was why he instantly knew what item she picked.

It wasn't the best birthday gift, obviously. But it wasn't that bad either. Overall, it was generic and impersonal.

All of which pleased Westley. He initially



feared that she would put a lot of thought into the gift, which only made him jealous. Now that he realized she bought something she would probably gift to her boss, Westley felt ridiculous.

"It's nothing. I got lucky, I guess."

Westley's tone and facial expression didn't give away his white lie. He focused on driving, but he was well aware of Gabrielle being in awe of his guessing prowess.

Gabrielle reacted as though she just witnessed something magical and supernatural, so she eagerly showed her gift to him.

The brand was well-known for selling pens that cost tens of thousands of dollars. It wasn't something people used for daily writing, but it was what CEOs used to sign important documents.

Westley owned something similar and from the same brand, but his was from the top series.

Westley's pen was more expensive and more exclusive than this one.

"I wanted to buy a black pen, but it was

out of stock. The only one left was a silver gray pen. It's still beautiful, anyway. What do you think?" Gabrielle moved it closer to his field of vision so he didn't have to turn his head.

Westley didn't even spare it a glance. It was impersonal and generic, yes, but it was still her gift to another man. Westley wasn't about to gush how good it was.

"Not bad. Just put it back in the box," Westley said in a perfunctory tone. He noticed he was gripping the steering wheel so tightly, so he loosened his hands.

Gabrielle sensed a trace of jealousy from him. She quickly put the pen back inside but lifted the corners of her lips.

"Westley, are you unhappy again? You look grumpy." Gabrielle leaned her shoulder on the seat so her body was facing Westley.

"It's not a gift for me. Why should that make me happy?" Westley's tone was cold and curt. He clenched his jaw because it annoyed him.

There was no reason for him to be happy. The gift was not for him, and

they were headed to the villa of someone he didn't even like.

"Hey, listen. I'll give you a gift too next time. Okay?" Gabrielle straightened the box to make sure it looked presentable.

"Okay," Westley agreed.

He liked the tie she picked for him last time. In fact, he liked everything she gave him. It didn't matter if he already had the same stuff; as long as it was from her, he cherished it.

As someone who could afford everything, he reacted differently when it came to the woman he loved.

If other people gave him luxury items and Gabrielle gave him something inexpensive, he would choose hers every single time.

Gabrielle smiled brightly at him. Although there was no change in his facial expression, his tone softened.

"Westley, you like my gift for you, don't you?" Gabrielle had a hopeful look on her face.

She actually wanted to ask him for so



long, but she didn't have the nerve to do so. However, she saw him wear it several times. He seemed to like it, so she opted not to ask anything. Actions spoke louder than words. ①

Westley didn't respond to her teasing, but deep down inside, he wanted to chuckle at how pleased she was at herself.

Gabrielle sensed that Westley didn't want to talk anymore, so she just sat with her gift on her lap and stared at the changing scenery outside.

"Westley, do you know where Micheal lives?" Gabrielle's curiosity was piqued.

She realized she didn't give Westley the address, and yet, he drove all the way here without checking for directions even once.

"Yes. I know everything that I want to know." There was no reason to deny it. Gabrielle knew how Westley was.

As one of the most powerful and influential figures in Antawood, Westley knew all that he needed to know. It was also relatively easy for him to find things out.

Of course, Gabrielle knew what Westley was capable of. She witnessed it firsthand.

For Westley, who could obtain confidential information in a matter of minutes, the only things he didn't know were those he had no wish of knowing—useless facts that didn't affect him.

"Okay, so you know where he lives. I'm still worried, though, that you're driving the wrong way." Gabrielle smiled. She enjoyed teasing him sometimes.

"That's lesson number one for you, Gabrielle. Don't hide things from me because I always find them out. If I catch you concealing anything at all, I'll make you suffer." Westley was looking at the road ahead, but the energy in the car suddenly shifted. ①

Gabrielle didn't expect him to say something like that out of nowhere. With her brows furrowed in confusion, she confronted him.

"Westley, are you okay?" Gabrielle asked him uneasily. She shifted in her seat because something just soured his mood.

There was no trace of humor on his face.

He wasn't joking about what he said. He wanted it to fully sink in.

Westley wasn't a man who made empty threats. He always followed through if he said he would do something.

"Gabrielle, I meant what I said. I hate being lied to or cheated on, so don't try to hide anything from me." His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he clenched his jaw.

By now, Gabrielle understood the gravity of Westley's words. He didn't make jokes in serious situations. Thus, she believed everything he said.

"I don't intend to hide anything from you. You must know that. You're thinking too much." Gabrielle sighed audibly and ran her fingers through her hair.

Westley visibly relaxed, and the tension between them eased a little.

"That better be the case." Westley drummed his fingers as he let Gabrielle process everything he said.



must have been difficult for him. There had been so much mistrust at the beginning of their relationship, but now, he was trying.

It was a huge step for him, and Gabrielle didn't want him to feel like she didn't appreciate it.

"Me too," Gabrielle said as she stared at his side profile.

## Chapter 354 They Were Not Reconciled

Micheal's birthday party was a very private one, so he did not invite any outsiders. The only ones coming were his best friends and some members of the Robinson family.

Only Westley and Gabrielle were the new people invited to the celebration.

Not everyone there might know Gabrielle, but they all certainly knew Westley.

They were in the business circle and in the upper class of Antawood with him. For sure all of them would recognize him the moment they saw him.

That was one of the reasons Gabrielle was worried about bringing Westley with her to the party tonight. She was certain that all eyes would be on him.

Now she regretted. She should have asked Mia earlier about the crowd.

The Robinson family had a big business and an excellent reputation, and it was

gradually as he could. It was just that Gabrielle did not seem to want the same thing.

"What are you talking about? Our relationship can't be made public," Gabrielle protested.

"You said before that you didn't want anyone to know about us," she pressed, reminding Westley that he was the one who did not want the world to know about the two of them.

Westley really regretted being so tough on Gabrielle about their relationship being a guarded secret.

At that time, there was still a trace of resentment and disgust in his heart toward her. He only took her as a scapegoat for Bryce.

Their relationship then was not real, so there was no point making it public. Besides, Westley was adamant to wait for Nellie then to replace Gabrielle, and then everything would be all right.

Unless Westley announced that he and Gabrielle were together, no soul would know that Nellie had been out of the picture for a long time.



There was no longer a place for Nellie in Westley's heart. All he wanted now was to be with Gabrielle and live a good life with her.

Westley totally shot himself in the foot. He really regretted the decisions he had made then.

"Gabrielle, if I say our relationship can be made public..."

"Red light, Westley. Look out. Eyes on the road, please," Gabrielle interrupted him and reminded him to focus on driving.

Hearing this, Westley stopped the car.

"Did you hear what I just said?" Westley tried his best to hold back his anger and talked to her patiently.

Gabrielle looked into his eyes again and again. "No, I didn't. You're driving. This isn't the right time for us to talk about serious stuff. Let's talk when we get home."

"Very well," Westley agreed. He thought Gabrielle was right. They were in the middle of the road, and he had no business being sidelined by a conversation that should be had at

home. Otherwise, they could meet an accident, and no serious talk would ever take place.

When they got home, they could talk about the status of their relationship.

Westley just could not help bringing it up.

Perhaps it was because Gabrielle was anxious to find Bryce.

Westley had to win Gabrielle's heart as soon as he could. If he didn't put into action now, what would Gabrielle think of him once she found out that he was the one who imprisoned Bryce.

Westley did not even want to imagine it.

"The light's green. Let's go, and please focus on your driving," Gabrielle told him, looking at the green light in front of them.

Setting aside the thoughts that bothered him, Westley gunned the engine and drove.

When they arrived at Micheal's villa, Mia was waiting for them in the yard. She ran to them as soon as she saw them.

"Hey, Gabrielle. You're finally here. And Westley, hi. You really came. I didn't expect that you'd accompany Gabrielle." Mia rushed over and held Gabrielle's hand. She was a little surprised to see Westley.

She had thought that Westley would not show up tonight.

"Well, I suppose you couldn't let Gabrielle come by herself. Another handsome young man just might whisk her away, am I right?" Mia teased.

It was just her character that she dared to make jokes about absolutely anything.

"You're right, I'm worried," Westley simply responded. He had indeed accompanied Gabrielle here to make sure that interested members of the opposite sex stayed away from her. ①

Especially Micheal.

"Wow, you're already showing off your affection for your wife. I'm so jealous. How did she get so lucky?" Mia joked.

"Let's go inside and say hi to everybody. Wait, how did you know to come out here and greet us?" Gabrielle asked



curiously.

"Cayden's inside with the others, and I didn't want to stay in the same room as him, so I stepped out. It was just perfect timing that you arrived while I was here," Mia answered directly.

"Cayden and the others? Did he bring his fiancée?"

Gabrielle asked again.

The Robinson family and the Murphy family had been friends since time immemorial. They should be here for Micheal's birthday.

Gabrielle figured that Mia did not want to see Cayden and his fiancée, so it was natural for Mia to want to stay away. Gabrielle was confused. She thought that Cayden and Mia had buried the hatchet because Cayden had gone back to treating Mia like one of his dear friends.

But it seemed that they had not reconciled and that their relationship had taken a turn for the worse.

"No, he didn't. Cayden knows that I don't like his fiancée. If he had brought her here, I would've driven them both out. I

don't care if it's my brother's birthday," Mia said through gritted teeth.

Gabrielle looked at her friend with concern. Mia had always been this way. She either loved or hated, there was no in between, and she could not stand seeing whatever or whoever she hated in front of her.

"I thought you and Cayden had already reconciled," Gabrielle muttered after hesitating for a while.

"No. Never," Mia grunted.

Taking a look at Mia's resentful expression, Gabrielle decided to stop talking about Cayden.

Just then, Cayden walked out into the yard followed by two women.

"Mia, what are you doing outside?" Cayden asked. He obviously came out to look for Mia.

Seeing one of the women that walked out with Cayden, Gabrielle was shocked.

'What is she doing here?'

## Chapter 355 She Was Westley's Woman

Gabrielle didn't expect to see Vivian here. Of all the people Gabrielle thought she would bump into, she never thought Vivian would be one of them. ①

Gabrielle looked in disbelief at Vivian who was a few meters away. Vivian also had her drink arrested halfway to her lips as she stared back. Then, the woman darted her eyes to Westley and back to Gabrielle. Vivian had an unreadable expression, and while she didn't openly show her disgust, she clearly looked down on Gabrielle.

When Vivian saw Gabrielle get out of Westley's luxury car last time, she sneered at Gabrielle. Vivian believed that the only way Gabrielle could afford something so expensive was by hooking up with rich men. Vivian always made her feel like Gabrielle was beneath her.

Gabrielle arrived at Micheal's birthday party tonight. Vivian naturally assumed that the only way Gabrielle scored an



invite was because of Westley. Vivian gave her a once-over before doing the same to Westley. It was clear what Vivian was implying. She didn't need to say anything to send her message across.

Westley noticed Vivian staring maliciously at him and Gabrielle. He looked at Gabrielle's stiff shoulders; she was standing ramrod straight and clutching her bag tightly. Right there and then, Westley knew that the two women knew each other.

And judging by their facial expressions, they weren't on good terms.

"Gabrielle, do you know each other?" Westley asked her as he put his hand on the small of her back.

"My colleague. So can you... please pretend that we do not know each other later?" Gabrielle shifted her weight uneasily. Her forehead was starting to sweat.

"There's no need for that. With the way she's looking at us, she has already guessed our relationship. It's impossible to pretend to be strangers now," Westley stated matter-of-factly.

Gabrielle took a deep breath and glanced at Westley. He was right. Vivian was a shrewd, vindictive woman. She already arrived at a conclusion—faulty it might be—so it was unnecessary for Gabrielle to deny anything. It was simply too late.

Anyway, she hadn't done anything wrong to Vivian. There was nothing to hide, and Gabrielle wasn't guilty of doing anything shameful.

"Mia, is Vivian a member of the Murphy family?" Gabrielle asked directly, still looking at Vivian at the corner of her eyes.

'Vivian and Cayden—are they related?' Gabrielle wondered.

"No, that woman has nothing to do with the Murphy family. She's not their relative. She's just one of the friends of Cayden's sister. Cayden actually brought her here today. Can you imagine? It's unbelievable!" Mia didn't bother hiding her disgust.

"I didn't expect that she's your colleague and you work in the same studio. I know she's a very good jewelry designer. But I didn't like her at first sight. She's



arrogant, and there's something about her that gives me the creeps. When she saw my brother, her eyes lit up. I guess she deliberately asked Cayden's sister to bring her here. She's obviously on the hunt for a rich guy to hook up with. Unfortunately for me, I know what she's thinking all too well." Mia didn't like Vivian, who she had just met for the first time. Mia fanned her face with her hand after her long rant.

Because of Cayden's matter, Mia hated every member of the Murphy family. As for this Vivian, Mia could feel her blood boil just at the sight of her.

That woman had the gall to come over and flirt not just with Micheal but with every rich man she laid her eyes on. Mia was no stranger to this particular type of woman.

"Yes, a colleague. She's my boss, actually, but we don't have a particularly good relationship. Besides, the entire company doesn't know about my marriage. I especially don't want her to know," Gabrielle revealed. She tried so hard to avoid Vivian whenever she could. But enemies were always bound to meet somewhere.



"Now, how should we deal with her?" Gabrielle turned to Westley who was quietly listening to her conversation with Mia.

Cayden and Vivian were coming closer. It worried Gabrielle.

It never occurred to Gabrielle that the first unexpected person she would meet in Micheal's villa was Vivian. She didn't know what to say, and she had no idea how to handle this situation.

However, Westley reached out his hand and pulled her into his arms. She always fit his body perfectly.

"Westley, what are you doing?" Gabrielle almost yelped at Westley's sudden, unexpected embrace. Westley responded by resting his chin on her head and pulling her closer.

Gabrielle had long protected their secret, and she didn't want their relationship to be made public. But here was Westley, wrapping her in his arms a little forcefully. Was he going to reveal their marriage to Vivian directly?

"Gabrielle, do you trust me? I can handle

this," Westley whispered in her ear. She leaned back and saw him raise his eyebrow at her.

Gabrielle only got more nervous. She tried to read his mind, but of course, she couldn't.

She had absolutely zero idea what Westley was planning to do. So she laid her hand on his chest, and searched his handsome features.

"Do you want to make our relationship public?" She spoke in a low voice, her palms already sweating.

"If you don't want to reveal that we're married, we can just make her believe that she's right about our relationship." Something wicked flared in Westley's eyes. He smiled smugly at her.

"What does she think our relationship is?" Gabrielle was still in a daze. She couldn't think straight; she was suddenly glad Westley was here to help her out.

Vivian and the others had arrived in front of them. Vivian was staring daggers at her.

"Miss Robinson, Gabrielle, do you two



know each other?" Vivian flashed her white teeth at Gabrielle, but her eyes were focused on Westley's hand resting on Gabrielle's shoulder. Vivian looked like a predator who couldn't wait to rip Gabrielle into pieces.

Vivian was holding a drink in one hand, and she swirled its contents as she continued to stare at the couple. It didn't escape her notice that the man just hugged Gabrielle in public, basically declaring that there was something between them. Vivian previously thought that Gabrielle must have been hooking up with a rich man, and now, it seemed that Vivian's guess was correct.

Vivian had to hand it to Gabrielle; she was really something. She didn't just hook up with anyone—the guy had to be Westley. 'How is Gabrielle so good at this? What's her play?' Vivian clearly underestimated Gabrielle.

"Yes, she's my friend," Mia said curtly. She didn't like scheming women like Vivian at all.

Naturally, she wasn't going to pretend to be friendly towards Vivian. Mia made it clear that Vivian shouldn't even be at the



party.

Vivian couldn't blame Mia, though. She was the daughter of the Robinson family, and if she looked down on Vivian, then it was her right. Vivian didn't really care either way.

Gabrielle surprised Vivian. She wasn't just with Westley, but she was also Mia's good friend. Vivian thought Gabrielle was good at inserting herself among the elite.

"Hello, Mr. Morris. I'm Gabrielle's colleague, Vivian. I've heard a lot about you. I feel so lucky to see you here today."  
"Vivian extended her hand to Westley, giving him her best smile.

Westley only looked at her hand and didn't shake it. Vivian cleared her throat before she stood straighter. "Miss Vivian, since you've seen us, there's no point in hiding it anymore. Gabrielle is my woman. I hope you can take care of her in the future, and I hope no one finds out about today. You seem like a smart person. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Vivian's eyes widened in realization that she was right. Gabrielle was indeed Westley's secret lover. Vivian decided to

store this information—she might need it someday.

"Mr. Morris, I know what you mean. Don't worry. I won't talk about this." Vivian smiled coyly and made a zipping motion over her mouth—indicating that she would keep it shut. When she got her confirmation about the status of Gabrielle and Westley's relationship, Vivian felt so much better.

"That's great. Otherwise, you might not be able to withstand the consequences," Westley said flatly. Even though he didn't raise his voice, his meaning was loud and clear. Vivian was no fool, and she understood it immediately.

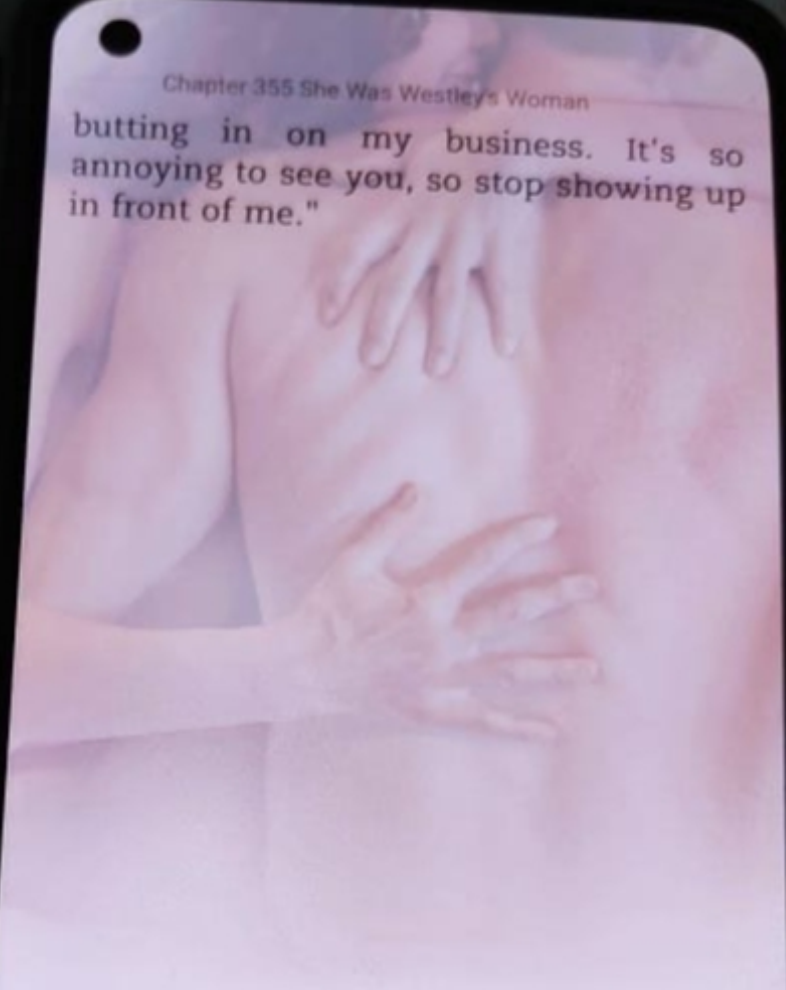
"I know, Mr. Morris. Don't worry about it." Vivian didn't like being threatened, especially in front of other people. But this was Westley, and she couldn't afford to offend someone like him.

"Mia, what are you talking about here? It's too cold. Let's go inside where it's warmer." Cayden came out to usher Mia inside.

Mia rolled her eyes at him and crossed her arms over her chest. "Cayden, didn't you hear what I said? You have no right

Chapter 355 She Was Westley's Woman

butting in on my business. It's so annoying to see you, so stop showing up in front of me."





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