

Chapter 409 You Are My Wife

When Kendal had finished preparing all the evening gowns and accessories, Gabrielle and Lolita came in. They were fascinated by the sheer beauty of the outfits. ②

Although Gabrielle had been raised in the Jones family, she never had the pleasure of enjoying luxurious and expensive things. It was only when she married Westley that she finally had the chance to enjoy such fancy stuff. She was actually surprised when she saw all the dresses and accessories. It took her a moment before she finally gathered her composure.

Lolita was also surprised by what she saw. She then looked at her cousin in disbelief.

"Kendal, what are all these for? We're simply going to a discussion meeting. Don't you think these are too fancy for it?" she asked.

Although Lolita was born to a well-off family, she had always been low-key, and she never liked ostentatious objects.

"It's a meeting that will discuss jewelries, is it not? It's imperative for you to dress up nicely." Kendal rolled his eyes at her.

It was then that Lolita understood why he had prepared these stuff.

"Have you forgotten how you were humiliated earlier today? If I weren't here, would you have ended up humiliating yourselves? Go change your

clothes and earn your pride!" Kendal picked out the silver dress and handed it to Lolita, urging her to wear it. Then, he gave the long, light yellow dress to Gabrielle. ①

"Gabrielle, this one is for you. Go on and change!"

The gentle way he spoke to Gabrielle really got on Lolita's nerves.

"Kendal, I'm your cousin! Why are you always so rude to me?" asked Lolita.

Kendal didn't refute her claim. He indeed liked Gabrielle.

"Thank you for this, Mr. Shaw, but this dress is far too expensive. I can't accept it," said Gabrielle.

When she took the dress from him and had a look at it, she noticed that it was decorated with diamonds. She figured that it must be worth a lot of money. She couldn't bring herself to accept it.

Even though Kendal was Lolita's cousin, this was the first time that she had met him. She couldn't accept such an expensive gift from someone she just met.

"Please, there's no need for formalities. You're my cousin's friend, so just call me Kendal." Kendal had expected that she would refuse.

"Gabrielle, don't worry about its price. I know that it suits you, and that's what matters. No matter how beautiful and expensive a dress is, it'll remain an expensive rag if it's not worn by a suitable person," he remarked. ①

Lolita was rendered speechless by what he said.

"But, Mr. Shaw, I..."

They heard a knock coming from the door, interrupting Gabrielle midsentence.

"Mr. Shaw? It's me!" It was the manager's voice that they heard coming from outside.

"Come in!" Kendal was visibly displeased that the manager disturbed him.

"Sir, I'm really sorry to have bothered you." Stetson came in and noticed that Kendal was displeased with him.

"What's the matter?"

"Mr. Morris would like to see Miss Jones," Stetson said, glancing at Gabrielle.

'Mr. Morris?'

Upon hearing the name, the first person that came to Gabrielle's mind was Westley. However, she had no idea that he was also in Hotel Flower Valley.

'This is a strange coincidence.

And why does he suddenly want to see me?' Gabrielle wondered.

"Mr. Morris is here in the hotel?" she asked tentatively.

"Indeed. He's waiting for you in one of the rooms. He asked me to escort you there," Stetson responded with a straight face.

"Mr. Morris, huh? Isn't he the CEO of the Morris Group?" Kendal had been in Antawood for a long time, so already knew all the big shots in the city.

Westley was the first person that came to his mind when he heard the name.

"It is him, Mr. Shaw." Stetson didn't attempt to hide it from Kendal.

Gabrielle felt embarrassed when she noticed that they were all staring at her.

'Since Westley is at the hotel right now, did he decide not to hide our relationship anymore?' she asked in her mind.

"Gabrielle, you're acquainted with Westley Morris?" asked Kendal.

There was no way Gabrielle could lie and say that she didn't know Westley at this point. After all, the man booked a room and asked to see her.

'What should I tell them? How will I explain my relationship with Westley?' she thought. ④

"If you don't want to answer the question, you don't have to answer it, Gabrielle. That's your personal affair." Knowing that Gabrielle was caught in a predicament, Lolita decided to help her out.

Although Lolita had been in Antawood for less than a year only, she had heard of Westley Morris.

This man was essentially the lifeblood of the city's economy, and she admired him for it.

Seeing that her closest friend knew the prominent man, Lolita was just as curious as Kendal. But she could tell that Gabrielle didn't want to answer, so she figured it wouldn't be right to force her.

"In that case, I'll go on ahead. Thank you, Mr. Shaw." Gabrielle glanced at Lolita, nodding

gratefully at her. Afterwards, she placed the dress on the sofa and followed Stetson out.

Stetson led her to the top floor, and opened the door to a presidential suite for her.

"You may enter, Miss Jones. Mr. Morris is waiting for you in there." Stetson was impressed with Gabrielle. She was not only a friend of Kendal's, but she was also acquainted with someone like Westley.

Westley seldom spent the night here in Hotel Flower Valley, but today, he stayed here for Gabrielle.

Stetson figured that she must truly be an excellent lady.

"My thanks, Stetson." With that, Gabrielle entered the room.

"You're most certainly welcome, Madame." Having said that, Stetson closed the door gently.

When Gabrielle went in, she was feeling a little nervous. Once she had passed through the hallway, she saw a man standing in the middle of the large living room.

He had his back towards her, facing the huge floor-to-ceiling window, but she could still tell that he was Westley.

"Westley, what are you doing here?" Gabrielle asked, making her way towards him.

Westley turned around and smiled at the mere sight of her.

"Why are you asking me that? Are you not happy to

see me?" he asked.

Gabrielle hurriedly went to his side, feeling that this was surreal. "Of course, I'm glad! I was just a little surprised to see you."

"A pleasant surprise, you might say?" Westley asked, pulling her into his embrace.

"But seriously, what are you doing here?" Gabrielle said as she nestled in his arms. ⑥

After all, Westley was the CEO of the Morris Group, and he was usually very busy. Normally, he would get off work very late.

"You're here, so I felt that you needed me," he answered with a straight face.

'What does he mean by that?' she wondered.

"I did send you a message before to ask you for help, but Lolita had asked her cousin for help. The problem has been solved. You didn't have to come here." Although Gabrielle was happy to see him here, she really didn't want to trouble him. The Morris Group was a little far from the hotel. ⑤

Gently, Westley pulled her out of his arms, and held her shoulders with both hands. "Gabrielle, you are my wife. I'll always be here for you." ③

Chapter 410 He Tortured Himself

'Gabrielle, you're my wife!'

Westley's words resounded in her head. He was so serious when he said them. It was as if there was a giant hammer, striking Gabrielle's heart.

His words reminded her that she was indeed his bonafide wife.

"I know. I am your wife; your legal wife." Gabrielle couldn't hide her smile. 2

"Is that why you came all the way out here? To tell that to me?" She was so amused that she ended up laughing.

She never thought that Westley could be so adorable.

"You silly girl, do I really have to tell you that? I'm just telling you that you're my wife. I'm supposed to solve your problems, not other men. That's why I came all the way out here," Westley responded.

At last, Gabrielle understood him.

It turned out that he was jealous. He knew that Kendal had helped her, so he drove all the way out here from the company.

"You really didn't have to do this, Westley. Kendal is Lolita's cousin. His sole intention was to help Lolita. I'm just getting some of the benefits. We have nothing to do with each other," Gabrielle explained hurriedly.

However, her explanation was not enough to stifle Westley's idea.

"Now that I'm here, there's no need to trouble anyone else. I'll help you myself," he said with a smile.

Gabrielle had no clue what he was about to do next.

"Westley, what are you planning to do?" she asked in a voice laden with confusion.

"Do what Kendal hasn't done to you yet." Westley held her hand, and led her to the room.

The moment Gabrielle crossed the threshold of the room, she figured out what he was saying.

There was a dark green dress on the sofa, a pair of beautiful shoes, and a set of jewelry on the table next to it.

They had obviously been prepared for her.

"Westley, did you prepare this for me?" Gabrielle was pleasantly surprised.

"Who else would I give it to? I can't really wear those myself, can I?" Westley chuckled as he pulled her to the sofa.

The long dress was well-designed. Judging from the ingenious combination of lace and driblets of diamonds, it was certainly a dress fitting for a noble. Naturally, Westley's taste in all things was definitely extraordinary.

"So, you came all the way out here to bring these to me?" Gabrielle was too happy to say anything else.

"Are you pleased with them?" asked Westley.

"I am!"

She turned around and planted a warm kiss on his cheek.

He held her waist, and kissed her passionately before letting her go. "I prepared a lot of stuff for you and all I got was a kiss on the cheek? Oh, come on! That's a bit unfair, isn't it?"

Gabrielle's face turned red because of what he said. She tried to avoid eye contact with him.

"You've already kissed me. Isn't that enough?" she asked shyly.

Gabrielle believed that this matter was too heavy of a burden, so she refused the dress that Kendal intended to give her.

But since Westley was the one who gave her a dress this time, she really wanted to change into it immediately.

That was the difference between the two.

"Of course, it isn't! However, I will let you go for now. I won't let you miss your discussion meeting." Westley went to the sofa, and picked up the dress for her.

The dress looked positively astonishing in his hand, making Gabrielle reluctant to put it on.

"Come here, my love," Westley softly called her, beckoning her over.

Gabrielle obliged and stood before him. Due to their difference in height, she had to raise her head just to look him in the eye.

"Today, I shall serve you. I'll even help you change your clothes." Westley gazed into her eyes, giving her no chance to escape.

'Help me change my clothes?'

When Gabrielle heard that, she was shocked and her mind went blank. As she looked at him in disbelief, she wondered if she had misheard him.

"Westley, what did you say?" she asked.

"I'm going to help you change your clothes." Westley placed the long dress back onto the sofa, and began to take off her coat and sweater.

One after the other, he gently took off her clothes.

Gabrielle was in a complete daze. Like a doll, she just let him remove her clothes one by one.

Because of the air conditioner in the room, she didn't feel cold at all. Actually, she was feeling hot all over her body, and her face was practically burning. The moment she realized that she only had a brassiere on, she finally came to her senses. She looked at him with pleading eyes and a blushing face.

"Um... you've done enough. I can do the rest by myself." At this moment, she really wanted to jump off the building.

Even though Westley was her husband and they had already had sex, the feeling of him taking her clothes off one by one was completely different from that time.

"Gabrielle, I can..." he stammered.

"I can't!" she shouted at him.

Upon seeing how embarrassed she was, Westley was amused. "Fine, fine. You can do it yourself. I'll zip up your dress for you later. Don't refuse that one."

"Okay. Get out, so I can change." Gabrielle nodded in agreement.

Without another word, Westley strode out of the room, leaving her alone.

As soon as the door was closed, Gabrielle took a few deep breaths to calm her down. What he did just now made her feel suffocated. Truthfully, if it had gone any longer, she might've fainted.

'Ah! What a dangerous man. He even wanted to change my clothes for me this time,' she exclaimed inwardly.

Luckily, Westley was stoic enough to undress her without giving into his desire.

But in reality, she was mistaken. He wasn't calm at all. In fact, he was quite excited, but he was capable of feigning calmness.

As Westley stood in front of the glass window of the living room, he kept swigging a glass of water.

When he was undressing Gabrielle earlier, he almost failed to control himself. She was his beloved wife. He already knew how gorgeous she was, and yet, when he began to undress her, it aroused a burning desire in his heart.

But in order not to frighten her, he tried his best to suppress his urges, and he made himself look stoic.

Thus, what he was doing wasn't a torture for

Gabrielle, but in fact, a torture to himself.

If it weren't for the fact that she drove him out, she would miss the jewelry discussion meeting tonight.

It was fortunate that she kicked him out before he could burst.

'In the future, I should probably stop doing something like that, just in case I'm unable to control myself. I don't want to freak Gabrielle out,' Westley thought to himself.

"Westley, I'm done dressing up. Can you come in and help me zip this dress up?" said Gabrielle.

After a moment of hesitation, Westley gulped down half a glass of cold water, and then returned to the room.

Lock Your My Heart

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Westley really thought that it was unwise to close the zip for Gabrielle, for he had overestimated his self-control and underestimated his attraction to her.

So when he went in and saw her exposed back, his heart almost stopped beating. He gritted his teeth as he tried to hold himself back, surprised at his body's reaction.

Gabrielle not only had a pretty face but also a perfect figure. She was stunning and flawless enough to be a model, a hand model, a leg model, and even a back model. She would easily throw everyone else to the side.

"Is that you, Westley? Come here. I need help." Gabrielle noticed him come in, so she hurriedly told him to zip up her dress.

The zip started from the small dip at the bottom of her spine, so her entire back was exposed before Westley. Actually, Gabrielle could have managed to do it on her own.

Women were blessed with unexplainable skills to put on clothes, dresses, or skirts—no matter how complicated they might seem. Somehow, they always found ways to wear such clothing all by themselves.

But since there was someone else she could ask for help now, Gabrielle wanted to take advantage. She didn't want to spend a few minutes fiddling with

the zipper.

"Who else did this for you before, Gabrielle?" Westley stood behind her, with one hand on her waist and the other slowly zipping up the dress. His eyes trailed the creamy complexion of her skin, and he swallowed hard.

He could have done it in five seconds tops, but Westley purposely zipped it as slow as he could. This woman was standing with her exposed back—her ivory skin, delicate as snow, almost glimmered under the light. Westley couldn't look away even if he wanted to. He was mesmerized by her. He wished she would belong to him, only him.

"Me, of course—except when Sloane was here. Then, she would do it." Gabrielle didn't even look behind her. If she did, she could have seen the intense look in Westley's eyes.

"Good." Westley smirked and felt happy. He kissed her lightly on the shoulder and finished zipping the dress.

It was an off-shoulder dress, so it didn't look too skimpy. It revealed just enough bare skin. That was why Westley chose it finally.

She was his wife, after all. So it followed that he would rather choose the most conservative style than let her wear something too revealing. He didn't like it when she attracted too much attention.

Gabrielle finally understood why Westley asked that.

Gabrielle guessed he must have been jealous that others would see her wearing like this. Well, now he could rest easy.

"That's enough, Westley. Why is it such a big deal who else has helped me dress up?" Gabrielle was kind of dumbfounded. She turned her head to the side and watched him at the corner of her eyes.

"I don't care who helped you in the past. But from now on, I will be the only one to do it for you. No one else is allowed, not even Sloane." Westley crossed his arms over his chest.

Gabrielle didn't show it, but she felt something flip inside her chest when he said that. Men like Westley didn't easily get jealous and make outrageous requests. The only explanation was because he truly loved and cared about her.

But when he mentioned Sloane, Gabrielle's heart sank.

Sloane, her best friend, still hadn't woken up from the coma. Why? Each day that Sloane still lay unconscious at the hospital tortured Gabrielle.

"Westley, you asked Benny to visit Sloane, right? How is she?" Gabrielle faced him and asked.

All the blushing and uneasiness were gone. Instead, Gabrielle's eyebrows were drawn together; she was very concerned.

Gabrielle worried about Sloane almost every minute of every day. She wanted her to wake up and be back to her old self.

"Things are going to get better, Gabrielle—probably not so soon, even if Benny is there. We need to take it slow. I know you're worried about Sloane, and I understand that. But the truth is, the experts attending her think that she is too delicate, and it may not be the best if they use the most aggressive

approach and treat her with the most advanced equipment. Their only hope now is for Benny to find ways to strengthen her resolve and desire to live." Westley rested both of his hands on her shoulders and squeezed them, trying to comfort her in a gentle tone.

He knew exactly how anxious Gabrielle was. To her, Sloane was more than just her best friend. Sloane was also her family.

After she saw Sloane unconscious and lying motionless in the hospital, it broke Gabrielle's heart. She was so desperate for Sloane to wake up.

"Westley, what the experts are saying is that Sloane's sense of survival isn't that great, right? What if Benny fails at his task of making her want to live?" Gabrielle didn't want to think about that scary possibility, but she had to. It just made her more nervous.

For Sloane, Benny was an enemy. If he continued to visit her, nobody could guarantee that she would wake up instead of succumbing to the coma. Benny might have an adverse effect on her.

The more Gabrielle thought about it, the more scared she became. Her face turned somber, and she bit her lower lip.

"Don't worry about it too much, Gabrielle. Even if there were so many misunderstandings between Benny and Sloane before, I could tell that he didn't want anything bad to happen to her. He really hopes Sloane will get better—just as you do. So, just trust him on this for once." Westley planted a soft kiss on Gabrielle's forehead in hopes of calming her nerves.

He understood Gabrielle's hesitancy and skepticism. The irony wasn't lost on Westley too. Although Sloane hated Benny so much, he was the only one who could possibly succeed in helping her recover.

Gabrielle had no choice but to trust Benny for now. She had to bury whatever suspicion she had of him.

"That's it, I suppose. I want to see her after this is done." Gabrielle's forehead was still creased with worry. The thought of Sloane suffering always dampened her spirits.

"OK. If your work is done, come to my room, and I'll take you to the hospital." Westley patted her head lightly and smiled into her eyes.

Gabrielle felt that she was getting increasingly used to Westley being by her side. She was becoming dependent on him to take care of things. She found that she didn't have to concern herself with anything the moment he took over.

It was just nice to have him as he took control of matters that made her nervous and anxious.

She finally understood that being loved and cared for by someone could also feel fulfilling. It was as if Westley filled in some of her gaps.

Gabrielle really hoped that she and Westley would be together for much longer. She smiled up at him too.

"Aren't you going to go home first?" Gabrielle tried to hold back her excitement and asked him, beaming with pleasure.

"You are where I belong. It's quite boring being alone at home, you know. And I've booked the

room already, so it's kind of a waste if we simply head home instead. Don't you think so?" Westley added, pinching her nose playfully.

'So, we would enjoy the night here,' She thought.

He was really good at planning, and they both knew it.

It was a sweet thing to say, but Gabrielle really zeroed in on "You are where I belong." It touched her to her core.

Westley was the type who often looked cold and indifferent. Yet, with her, he was always flirtatious.

Fortunately, Gabrielle had gradually gotten used to this. If she hadn't, she would probably go weak in the knees and her heart would flutter so easily.

"Yeah, you're right. It's been booked, after all. So, why don't you stay here tonight while I go back to the hospital?" Gabrielle said that on purpose, only to try Westley's patience. She observed him carefully.

He wanted to stay in the hotel, but she refused. He cocked his eyebrow at her.

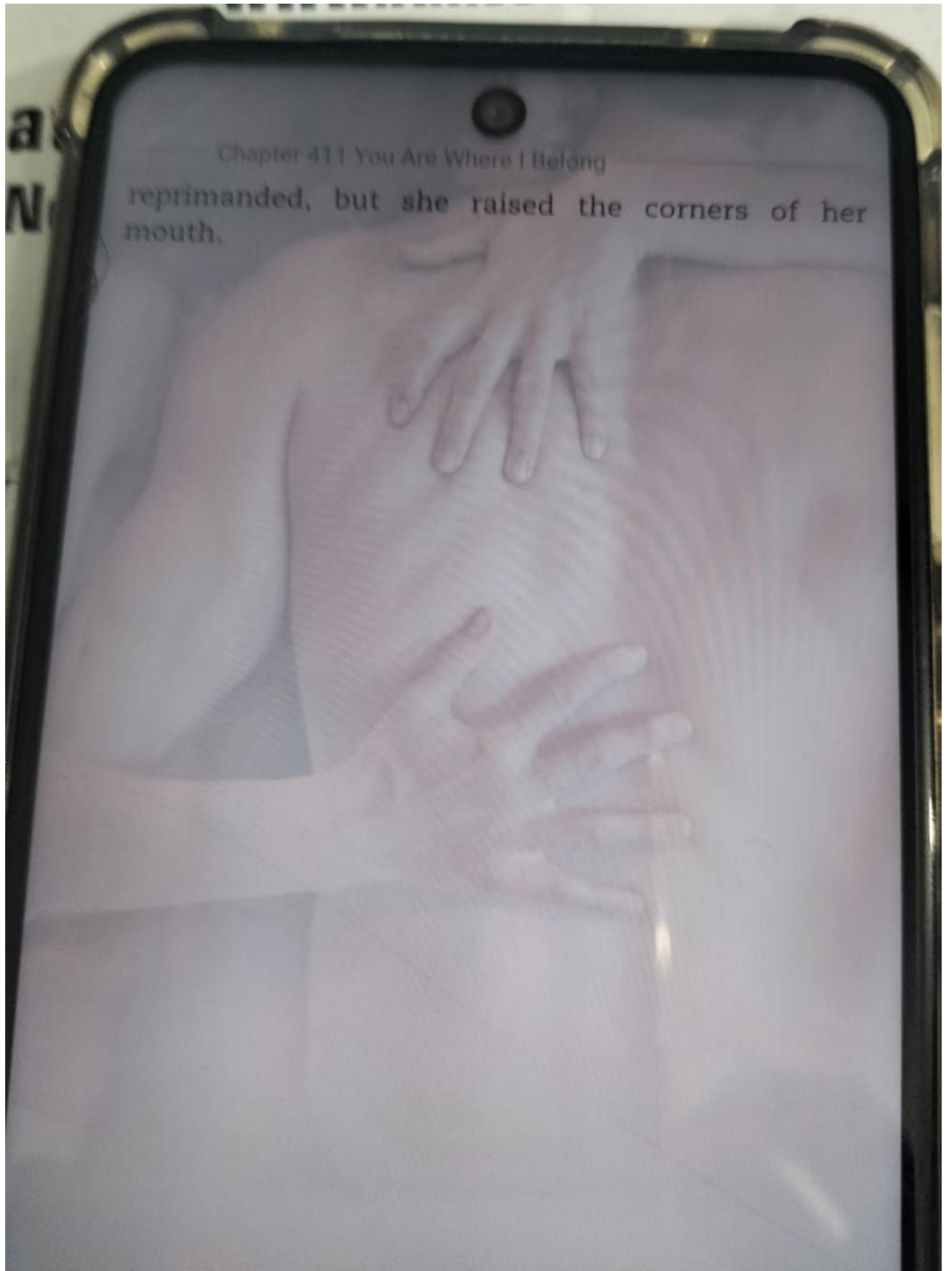
"Not a chance, Gabrielle! You must stay with me or you're not going anywhere. Do you understand?" Westley threw his arms round her tightly, leaving her no chance to get away. Gabrielle struggled halfheartedly.

She was trapped in his arms, and she was so close to him that she could hear his breathing and heartbeat. When he hugged her like this, she felt happy and safe.

"Westley, you are being bossy again," Gabrielle

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reprimanded, but she raised the corners of her mouth.



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Westley happily accepted her blame. He lowered his head closer to her face. His lips moved upon hers and he softly bit her lower lip.

"Mrs. Morris, you're right. I'm not possessive about others. I'm only possessive of you. Do you want me to change my mind?" Westley asked mischievously.

"Mmm! Okay, let me think about it." It was a fact, Gabrielle liked the way he treated her.

She was amazed at his manners. He was very gentle to her, and was quite loving with his possessive behavior.

No woman could dislike a man who treated her in that way.

"Think it over my dear. You can give me the answer when you've decided. But then, if you don't give me a reply, you shall not go out today." Westley held her strongly in his arms as he had no intention to let her go.

Gabrielle was certain that he wouldn't force himself on her. He was just bluffing to make her decide soon.

With those thoughts in her mind, she was about to speak, but suddenly the doorbell rang.

"Westley, looks like someone is here for you." Gabrielle was certain that the doorbell was ringing for him. After all, no one was aware of her presence here.

"Really? Maybe the person is looking for you." Holding her hand, Westley made her walk along with him. They walked out of the living room and opened the intercom's video screen.

The first one whom they saw outside was Lolita. Her face had exquisite makeup, which made her look beautiful. But in her demeanor there was a hint of uneasiness. Beside her, stood a tall figure. Although they could not see his face, Gabrielle knew he was Lolita's cousin, Kendal.

"Those people have really come looking for you. It looks like Lolita and Kendal are here. Can you let them in?" Westley looked at her with jealousy lurking in his eyes.

Gabrielle knew very well why he was getting jealous. That envious look was because of the arrival of Kendal.

"Since they are here for me, I want to meet them. But are you willing to let them in?" Gabrielle asked Westley in a straightforward manner.

She knew very well that Westley didn't want to do such a thing.

"Hmm. If I say I don't want to let them in, will you really not meet them?" As a matter of fact, Westley had no issues about Lolita coming in, but he didn't want Kendal to enter his room.

"Well, I'll tell you honestly. But don't be angry. I just have a nodding acquaintance with Kendal. Rather, we are not even friends. He probably escorted Lolita. However, he is Lolita's cousin, so it's not appropriate to directly shut the door at him. Moreover, they should have got to know from Stetson that we are in this room. Maybe they

already know about our relationship. There is nothing to hide." Gabrielle held his hand as she spoke. She wanted to frankly tell Westley the facts and set the record straight.

"Stetson doesn't know much about our relationship, but he looks like talked too much. Seems like he is not suitable candidate for the position anymore." Westley sounded cold and disappointed.

Hearing him say that he was going to fire Stetson, Gabrielle was anxious. She grasped his hand firmly in hers, in a hurry. "Come on, Westley. You can't just go around and fire others from their jobs like that. Stetson didn't do anything to offend you. Maybe he needs this job to support his family. It's too cruel to expel him like this."

Hearing her words and concern, Westley couldn't help smiling at her generosity and kindness. "It's heartening that you really care about other people so much. How do you know that he needs this job to support his family?"

"Westley, I just don't want others to lose their jobs because of me. I will feel guilty about this forever."

"It's okay. I really may not fire him. Why don't you try to coax me out of that decision?" Westley suggested shamelessly.

Gabrielle stood on her tiptoes and raised her head closer to his. Her lips were on his and they kissed passionately. Filled with desire, Westley's hand reached out and clasped the back of her head to press her closer. Their kiss deepened. And at the same time, he used the other hand to unlock the door.

Therefore, when Lolita and Kendal came inside,

they saw the couple with their lips locked and their hands all over each other. They were kissing passionately.

"Gabrielle..." Lolita stood staring at them and was completely speechless. She tried to organize her thoughts into words in her mind, but she couldn't utter out a single sentence.

Seeing her friend like that, was shocking and weirdly exciting.

She had least expected to see such a thing. Gabrielle and Westley kissing each other so passionately was something that Lolita had never imagined that she'd witness.

Gabrielle was taken aback when she heard Lolita call her name. She pushed away Westley with all her strength and turned around to see Lolita and Kendal standing. They were filled with surprise. Lolita's eyes had widened and Kendal stood there with a long face.

So, it was slowly getting clear about what was going on.

Westley had deliberately opened the door when he kissed her. He let them in on purpose.

"Westley, tell me honestly! You did it deliberately, didn't you?" Gabrielle glared at him.

But doing all this, Westley was in a good mood. He gently put one hand on Gabrielle's shoulder and calmly looked at the other two, who were in a state of shock.

"Miss Anderson, Mr. Shaw! I'm sorry to have shown you something that you wouldn't want to see. My apologies!" Westley said in a relaxed tone and

casually. He didn't feel embarrassed at all. It was quite obvious that he was provoking them intentionally.

"Mr. Morris, may I know what your relationship with Gabrielle is?" Kendal quickly came to his senses and asked Westley calmly.

"Gabrielle? My relationship with her?" Westley looked back at him with sharp eyes. Suddenly, his eyes moved towards Gabrielle quietly. He raised his eyebrows, as if he was questioning her why Kendal could call her by her first name and be concerned about her. She had told him that they just had a nodding acquaintance with each other!

"Well, Lolita called me in that way, so he did the same," Gabrielle said hastily.

She felt that it was Kendal's business and a personal matter about how he called her. As a matter of fact, even she couldn't completely control it.

"Mrs. Morris, I understand Mr. Shaw asked us about our relationship. Since you are friends, it would be nice if you answer it." Westley intimately put his arm around her. He slowly moved it. His hand caressed along her body, from her shoulder till it landed softly on her waist.

It was quite clear that Westley was doing it intentionally. He was showing them that the woman they were talking about, was his! He wanted to let Kendal know that Gabrielle was off limits for him and he couldn't have anything to do with her.

"Mrs. Morris?" Both Lolita and Kendal didn't hear all that Westley had said. They were shocked when

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they heard the title by which Westley had called Gabrielle.

It was impossible for them to keep calm when they heard that she was not his fiancée, but his wife.

"Gabrielle! Is... is that true?" With wide eyes, Lolita stared at Gabrielle. She just could not believe what she had heard. Never in her life had she been so shocked.

"Lolita, I'm sorry. I didn't tell you about it before. I am married to Westley and I have a marriage certificate too. Legally, we're a couple, but the news has not been made public!" Gabrielle looked at Lolita uneasily.

Lolita was stupefied. But she didn't need any apology. The fact was that the whole thing was too shocking for her.

"So... so..... You got married some time ago, but you haven't made it public yet? Is your husband really Mr. Morris?" Lolita was about to scream and get the truth out of Gabrielle.

She could not believe that Gabrielle ended up marrying the best man in Antawood.

Lolita felt that it was amazing. He was keeping a low profile and didn't let anyone know about their marriage. Before she had walked in Westley's room, Lolita had wanted Gabrielle to be with Kendal.

Kendal with both his own conditions and external conditions, was the best man around. Although he looked like a playboy, he was really a good man. It was evident that he was an amazing man who would love his wife a lot!

But now, it looked like her plan had failed before it

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had been put into action.

Lolita became thoughtful. 'Gabrielle has a husband who is even better than Kendal. More importantly, Westley seems to love her a lot too.'

Chapter 413 Secret Marriage

Lolita's girlish heart was ignited when she saw the loving couple Westley and Gabrielle being so affectionate to each other.

She had dreamed of a husband like his type. Someone tall, attractive, wealthy, and above all, someone who would love her with all his heart. She hoped to build a happy marriage relationship with such a man, one that would make everyone envious of her.

Gabrielle had the marriage of her dream that it would be a lie if she said she wasn't envious of her. Her envy, however, had no ill will against Gabrielle, as she wished her all the best.

"A secret marriage?" Kendal suddenly felt as if he was going to get knocked to death.

It was the first time he had seen a woman who piqued his interest, and a faint hope had sprouted inside him. However, that hope was smashed before he could even start to chase.

The woman he liked was already married.

Moreover, the man she married was not just any ordinary man but the most powerful man in Antawood. That simply implied that he couldn't compete for her and that he had already lost before he even started.

"Yes, we are in a secret marriage because I haven't graduated from the university yet. Westley thought that making it public would affect my studies, so he

didn't make it public. Only our families know that we are married and even our friends don't know it. So I'm sorry I didn't tell you, Lolita. We do, however, have a good relationship. We won't make it public until I officially graduate from the university next year." Gabrielle tried her best to explain, trying to defend Westley.

After hearing the explanation, both Lolita and Kendal realized that the couple chose to keep their marriage a secret not because they didn't want it to be public but for the sake of Gabrielle.

Of course, Lolita was aware that Gabrielle was still a student and that if she married Westley publicly, it would undoubtedly spark riots throughout the city. And the one who would be most affected by the riots would surely be Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle is defending me. We chose to keep our marriage a secret mainly because I couldn't protect her all the time. If we make it public now, it will bring a lot of trouble to her. I don't want to bring her any trouble or harm, so what happened in the room today can't be announced to the public. Miss Anderson, Mr. Shaw, can you do it?"

Westley said calmly to the two of them, but the coldness in his eyes spoke a different story. The gloom in his eyes signaled that the consequences would be hard to bear if they didn't do as he said.

"Mr. Morris, don't worry. I won't tell anyone. Besides, I'm a good friend of Gabrielle. I'll treat her better in the future," Lolita, sensing the underlying warning, readily agreed.

Her mood, however, had not yet calmed down. After all, the surprise Gabrielle had thrown at her was just too big and hard to process.

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She had no idea when she would find out about Gabrielle and Westley's marriage if it hadn't been for today's accident.

"Thank you for taking care of my wife, Miss Anderson. If you encounter any trouble in Antawood in the future, you can contact me," Westley said as he looked at Lolita calmly.

"It's my pleasure. Gabrielle and I are really good friends, so we care about each other and help each other. I won't cause any trouble in Antawood. I won't bother Mr. Morris." Lolita immediately waved her hand to refuse Westley's kindness. She didn't really dare to bother him, after all.

"Mr. Morris, Lolita is my cousin. No matter what trouble she causes, I will solve it for her. We won't bother you. I sincerely wish you and Gabrielle to live a happy life forever," Kendal stated. Even though he was still struggling to digest the information in his heart, he had entirely accepted the reality in his mind.

After all, Gabrielle was the first girl he had feelings for. It was heartbreaking for him to know she was already married.

But, knowing that she had married such a man as Westley, he was happy for her.

"Mr. Shaw, you don't need to worry about bothering me, but I happen to have something to bother you. I hope you can accompany my wife during the exchange meeting tonight. I don't want anything to happen to her." Westley made a request to Kendal.

On the other hand, Gabrielle felt that it was too much to ask others so forcefully. After all, Kendal

was Lolita's cousin, not hers. So, Gabrielle thought it was really inappropriate to do so.

"No, thanks, Westley. I can do it myself." Gabrielle reached out and gently grabbed Westley's little finger.

"Or do you want me to accompany you in person?" noticing Gabrielle's little action, Westley asked calmly in a serious tone.

Gabrielle, of course, disagreed. They had already told Lolita about their relationship. If they went to the exchange meeting together, it would be almost like making their relationship public. If the news spread like that, it would officially become public.

Gabrielle had always known that the truth couldn't be kept hidden, but she wasn't ready to make it public right now.

"No, thanks. Just let Mr. Shaw accompany us downstairs. You can wait for me here." Gabrielle directly refused Westley's idea.

"Gabrielle, it's getting late. Let's go downstairs first. Those people don't dare to do anything when there is Kendal," Lolita said as she felt much more confident now.

She gained confidence not only because Kendal was with them but also because Westley was Gabrielle's husband.

This was the biggest surprise. With Westley as their backer, they could do anything they wanted in Antawood.

"Let's go downstairs," Gabrielle said as she didn't want to waste any more time. ①

"Westley, we are leaving. You stay here alone for now." Gabrielle gave out a parting note.

Without saying a word, Westley came over and squeezed Gabrielle's chin. He then lowered his head and gave her a kiss. His movements were very gentle and fast, and he left after the kiss.

Gabrielle's small face turned red all of a sudden. She felt a bit embarrassed as she was kissed in front of Lolita and Kendal. Thus, she immediately dragged Lolita and hurried out of the room.

Along the way, Gabrielle's face was red and hot with shame, and she couldn't even talk to Lolita very well. Kendal followed them silently all the way, and his expression looked very solemn.

"Gabrielle, it turns out that you and Mr. Morris love each other so much. Even as an outsider, I can see that you two love each other so much. How long have you been married? You guys keep things very low-key," Lolita held Gabrielle's hand and asked, full of curiosity. ①

After all, her best friend had just confessed that she had been secretly married. Furthermore, her husband was a well-known figure in Antawood. Lolita was so excited that she almost rushed over to take photos with him and get his signature.

"Lolita, you're exaggerating. I haven't married Westley for a long time, only a few months. He treats me very well." Gabrielle didn't deny the fact that Westley treated her very well. Perhaps the relationship between the two of them was not very good at first since they didn't get along well. However, things had changed significantly, and she no longer thought that way. It was because she

could now feel Westley's affection towards her.

"What are you talking about? He is unbelievably kind to you. Nowadays, finding a man who is so good to his wife is as difficult as reaching for the stars in the sky. I've heard some rumors about Mr. Morris before. He is cold-blooded, ruthless, and vicious... Well, Gabrielle, I don't really mean to say that Mr. Morris is such a person." Realizing that she had said something wrong, Lolita quickly held the hand of Gabrielle and apologized.

"I know. Westley isn't that kind of man. He's a good man, and especially he is good to me."

While Gabrielle said that, her expression softened, and a smile of delight formed on her lips, indicating that she was genuine in her words.

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The happiness and glow on Gabrielle's face was real and beautiful. It had to be as it came from all the love filled in her heart. ④

It was indeed true that only when one was truly happy, one would carry a smile so bright that it can light up a room.

Lolita was glad to see Gabrielle so happy and excited. She knew that her friend's happiness was true and that made her feel at peace. ④

"Gabrielle, I'm so happy for you. You are right that those who don't know the truth have no idea about Mr. Morris. And that's why they are not very friendly towards him. As he is handsome, rich and powerful, he is rumored to be cruel and selfish too. They haven't really known Mr. Morris closely, right? That's why they keep talking nonsense. Now, after seeing him closely I can understand Mr. Morris. He is a good man who takes care of his wife. If they see how gentle Mr. Morris was to you just now, they would be ashamed about their thoughts!" Lolita was determined to stand with Gabrielle and Westley. As Gabrielle's friend, she wanted to protect their reputation. ④

"And now that they don't know Westley, we won't force them to know him either. It's our own life. It has nothing to do with others, and they have no right to get involved in it. They can say whatever they like." Gabrielle didn't care about anything else at all. She felt uncomfortable that those people

were so good at making up lies and were trying everything to slander Westley. It made her feel worse than hurting herself. But she couldn't do anything alone to stop them. There were too many people out against them.

"That's right! As long as you and Mr. Morris are happy, who cares about those gossip mongers? They don't want others to be happy, and so they do what they can. Just gossip and spread rumors. I hate such people! If I meet such people next time, I will definitely beat them to death!" Lolita said fiercely. ②

"Lolita, don't be so upset. And honestly, I'd say not to try to reason out with those unreasonable people. Just stay away from them." Gabrielle was thankful to Lolita for supporting her. But she didn't want to create too much noise about her relationship with Westley.

"Gabrielle, believe me! From now onwards, I will always try to protect you and your happiness. Mr. Morris and you will always have my support," Lolita said with a smile on her face.

"Look into your own business first! When are you going back to Ensfield?" Kendal couldn't help but remind Lolita. ②

"Come on! We'll talk about it later. Look the elevator has stopped." As soon as the door of the elevator opened, Lolita held Gabrielle's hand. She literally pulled her out of the elevator and started walking.

The jewelry exchange meeting was to be held in the banquet hall, which was on the second floor. It could be seen after getting out of the elevator and taking a turn.

The event was being organized by the Antawood Jewelry Association. It was a private affair being set up before Christmas, yet it attracted people not only from the field of jewelry in Antawood, but also from other places. With so many people admiring the jewels set out for display, the atmosphere was really lively.

When the waiter opened the door for them, Gabrielle and Lolita were stunned. The lively scene inside was a total surprise. They had never thought that the exchange meeting would become such a big event.

Neither it was a formal exhibition nor was there any official announcement, yet all the people, who came to this exchange meeting, seemed to be carefully dressed. Fortunately, both of them had dressed in elegant and expensive clothes. And so they did not look inferior to anyone present there. They seemed apt in the surrounding and not out of place.

However, because of their known faces, and Kendal following them, they attracted the attention of many people.

Among all present, Vivian's eyes were full of resentment. She was so furious that she wanted to hit Gabrielle. In her opinion, Gabrielle had gone too far.

How could she change her destiny like Cinderella? How could she transform into a princess with the help of Lolita and a man like Kendal?

She was really a clever woman. On one hand, Westley still wouldn't let her go. And in such a short time, she was being seen with Kendal. She was really shrewd.

Kendal didn't come from a rich family in Antawood. Rather, he was the second son of the famous Shaw family in Ensfield. It was enough for him to be counted as a man of high status and respect even in Antawood.

"Who are these two women beside Mr. Shaw? Do you know them, Vivian?" The question came from a woman who was standing near Vivian.

She was curious because of the weird expression on Vivian's face. When the other people saw the three of them walk in, everyone started to scream. But the expression on Vivian's face showed how unhappy and upset she was on seeing the three of them.

It was obvious by the way she looked at them that she knew them and they were certainly not her friends.

"Of course I know them. Both of them are interns of our studio. The woman in silver dress is Lolita. She is the cousin of Mr. Shaw. That woman, who is in dark green dress, is a friend of Lolita. Looks like she deliberately took advantage of Lolita to flatter Mr. Shaw and got the opportunity to attend such a prestigious event." Vivian was using the opportunity to spread lies and slander Gabrielle.

In fact, the person who had asked Gabrielle and Lolita to come to the event was Vivian. She wanted to take this opportunity to humiliate Gabrielle. But all her plans seemed to have failed by the appearance of Kendal. It was like a direct defeat.

How could their presence make Vivian feel comfortable? Just a few people knew Gabrielle, and they hardly knew her personality or nature. Vivian

was certain that it would not matter if she slandered Gabrielle!

"So, she is a woman who only relies on her ability of seducing men. Is that how she gets her position?" The woman, who was standing beside Vivian, sneered at Gabrielle.

"Wow! Such a woman doesn't deserve to work in the area of jewelry design. It's so humiliating!"

Another woman joined the gossip.

These were people who respected positive values. They didn't like women who didn't have any ability or talent. But seduced men to get into the upper class.

They believed that such an immoral woman would only ruin the atmosphere of their field.

"Newcomers like her have begun to rely on this method to reach a position and status, before they officially enter the field. She is really not a righteous woman."

"That's right! Vivian, don't you feel ashamed? You have to work in the same company with such a person!"

"How can she not be ashamed? Though Vivian's designs are excellent and she has won many design awards, she has to work with such an ill-reputed woman. Naturally, she'll be in a bad mood and distraught!"

"Well Vivian, you stayed in Mr. Foster's studio for him, didn't you? If it weren't for him, you would have left it. Isn't it?"

It was not a secret that Vivian liked Jason. Many

people who were closer to Vivian would often make fun of her.

But Vivian didn't really care about it. Rather, when people would joke about Jason and her, she would be happy.

"I have already said that I will not leave Jason's company. I'll always be with him!" Vivian answered in a calm manner.

She had actually planned to stay with Jason and develop the company along with him.

And unilaterally, she had already regarded herself as Jason's girlfriend. Though he was hardly aware of her plans.

"To be honest, it's nice to see a gentle and talented partner like you standing by Jason's side. I'm really curious to know, when will you have your wedding ceremony?" ①

"Yes! I hope you will invite us to your wedding! We have been waiting for it from so long!"

"Ah! It's still too early to get married. All of us have decided to focus on our career as first priority." Hearing them speak about marriage, Vivian started to feel a little embarrassed. So, she made an excuse about career. ①

The way she had put it across, it seemed like she and Jason were really going to get married. As a matter of fact, it was a one-sided story. It was something which was what she had always dreamed of.

"Both of you have already won many prizes. Leave some for us! How far are you planning to go? Don't you want to give us some opportunities?"

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"It's not really as successful as you say. Jason and I still need to work hard." Vivian was overjoyed when she heard the people flattering her by their words.

"But, Jason hasn't come to the party today. Didn't you tell him about it?" someone around her muttered.