

Chapter 423 Pick Her Up Specially

'Huh? My relationship with Jason?'

Lolita looked at Kendal in a daze, completely unexpected that he would ask such a question.

"Kendal, what do you mean by that?" As she spoke out her thought, her eyes were filled with perplexity. The uneasiness in her heart had been replaced by confusion. ④

'Isn't Kendal's question strange and boring? Didn't I already talk about that during the meeting? Or did he not hear it clearly at the time?' Thoughts raced through her head in an instant.

"Kendal, Jason is my boss, the boss of our company, and also a very famous jewelry designer. He is my senior. If you ask me about our relationship, we are just boss and employee, senior and junior. What else could there be?" Lolita couldn't help but end up laughing after she finished her words. ②

She had never expected Kendal to be so gossipy to the point that he would ask her such a silly question.

"Kendal, don't be ridiculous. There is nothing more than that between Mr. Foster and me. What else do you want to know?" Lolita was not afraid to back up her words at all and looked at Kendal with a proud expression on her face.

"Boss and employee, senior and junior? Lolita, do you think I'm blind or stupid? Can you believe it yourself?" Kendal stared into her eyes and asked

very seriously.

"Of course, I believe it. I can believe it because this is the truth. Why would I not believe it?" Lolita said with a smile.

A gloomy aura flashed across Kendal's face as he heard those words. "Lolita, have you lost your mind after all those years of studying in France? What kind of boss is so protective of his employees that he even dared to snatch you from me?"

"Snatch me from you?" Lolita couldn't figure out what he meant for a time, but she eventually realized.

"Kendal, don't be so narrow-minded, okay? Mr. Foster didn't snatch me from you. He said that because he didn't know you were my cousin. He stopped after he knew it. Our boss is very kind to every employee in the company. Don't overthink." This time, Lolita gave out a serious explanation.

She realized she should clarify seriously because, with Kendal's wild imagination, he would still be making up his own scenarios in his head. She didn't want him to doubt her relationship with her boss, no matter what he thought.

"Lolita, is it because I'm thinking too much, or you're too stupid to notice that Jason likes you?" Kendal said to Lolita in a serious tone. 7

Lolita burst out laughing as if she had heard a joke.

"Kendal, our boss is not that idle. He likes me? Can you stop being so stupid?" As she said, Lolita reached out and patted Kendal's shoulder to shake him out of his imagination.

She felt that Kendal's mood was probably not doing

better. A man who is not blind knows how to choose."

Kendal said seriously.

"Kendal, I am your cousin. Of course, you would say that! But I will take it as a compliment. I like it.

"Lolita's lips curved into a smile as she looked at Kendal.

"Silly girl, I'm telling the truth." Kendal rolled his eyes at her.

"Since your cousin is so perfect, you won't tell my parents that I'm in Antawood, right?" Lolita immediately put on a pitiful look and looked at him.

"Okay, I won't tell them. But you have to tell me what happened to you in Paris? You came back without saying a word, and you are even hiding in Antawood. There is nothing you can't tell me. I will help you." Kendal spoke out his worries.

Lolita looked at him hesitantly. "Cousin, I..."

Before she could finish her words, her phone rang. When she saw that the one calling was Jason, her face immediately became serious, and she cast a glance at Kendal anxiously. "Kendal, he's my boss!"

"Look at you! When did the Anderson family have a coward like you? If Jason dares to do anything to you or scolds you, I will teach him a lesson for you and then take his small company away," Kendal said angrily.

"Kendal, please investigate Mr. Foster's background first. I'll answer the phone." Not daring to meet the pair of fierce eyes, Lolita ran out of the room with her phone.

"Hello, Mr. Foster!" Lolita stopped in the corridor and answered the phone.

"Come down. I'm at the gate of the hotel." A brief instruction came into her ears.

For a moment, she was taken aback. But she immediately restored her composure and asked, "Mr. Foster, aren't you going to see Vivian off?"

"I'm back to pick you up," Jason said casually.

"Pick me up? No need, I'll stay here tonight..."

"Don't postpone what you can do today until tomorrow. You don't have to wait until tomorrow. Just explain it to me now." Jason cut Lolita off before she could finish her sentence.

A sense of unease formed in his heart as he thought of Kendal's attitude. Although he was aware that Kendal was Lolita's cousin, the way he was protective of his sister made him jealous.

"Then..., alright. Wait for a moment." Lolita finally agreed.

"I'm waiting for you." As soon as he finished his words, Jason hung up the phone.

Lolita took a look at the closed door, her mind reluctant to enter since she knew she had to deal with Kendal. She was sure Kendal wouldn't let her go downstairs, but her coat and bag were left inside.

For a brief moment, Lolita was absorbed in her thoughts. 'Anyway, there are air conditioners all across the hotel, so I'll only be cold when I go out. Then I'll go upstairs after talking with Jason,' she reasoned.

As soon as she had come up with a solution in her mind, Lolita ran out of the hotel. Jason saw the sight of a girl coming out of the hotel in a thin piece of dress that obviously couldn't keep the cold away. He immediately got out of the car and put his coat on her.

"Mr. Foster?" Noticing Jason's action, Lolita was taken aback for a while. When she looked up, she saw a handsome face filled with anger.

"Lolita, it's winter. Do you know how cold it is right now? It's ten degrees Celsius today. Don't you feel cold?" Jason's fierce voice filled the air.

After noticing that the other party was not in the best stage of mind, Lolita didn't dare to speak anymore. Only then did she realize Jason was only wearing a single shirt since he had put his coat on her. She felt that they should get into the car as soon as possible.

"Mr. Foster, you give me the coat. You don't feel cold?"

"I'm a man. I won't be frozen to death."

Hearing Jason's response, Lolita swallowed down the urge to retort that she would not be frozen to death simply because she was a woman. After all, it was only dozens of meters away.

"Then, let's get in the car, Mr. Foster." She quickly urged Jason to get into the car. ①

"Mr. Foster, I'm sorry for making you cold." As soon as they got into the car, Lolita gave out an apology.

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Lolita's obedient and timid look made Jason calm down quite a lot. How could he lose his temper in front of such a cute face.

Seeing that Lolita was about to take off his coat, Jason reached out and forcibly put the coat on her. She looked so small in it.

"It's a little cold in the car. Wear it," Jason snapped.

Lolita was actually cold. Her dress was strapless, so her shoulders were bare. She rubbed her arms and shivered—even her breath plumed in the air.

Even so, the coat belonged to Jason. She could smell his musky scent on it, and it was still warm from his body—all of which made her uncomfortable.

But since Jason told her not to take it off, she continued to wear it. He was her boss, after all.

"Thank you for your coat, Mr. Foster. Now, let's get down to business." Lolita decided to put it on for a while. After they finished talking, she would naturally return it to him. She absolutely had no intention of taking it home.

"Let's have dinner first. I haven't had dinner yet, and I'm hungry." Jason buckled his seat belt and started the car.

Lolita's mind went blank all of a sudden. She furrowed her forehead. What was going on? Didn't Jason ask her to come down in such a hurry to listen to her explanation about what happened at the exchange meeting? Now, he wants to eat dinner?

She knew the matter was important, and yet, he wanted to have dinner first before listening to her. He was no longer in a rush to talk to her.

"Mr. Foster, it's already ten o'clock. Haven't you eaten yet? It's called midnight snack now," Lolita pointed out.

"Oh, so you care about me, huh?" Jason smiled, not taking his eyes off the road. He was definitely in a good mood. He suddenly looked chipper.

"Well, sort of. You're my boss, you know. I should care about you." Lolita shrugged. It was the truth, of course.

Besides, this kind of concern was in Lolita's nature. Whether it was her friend, her boss, or even strangers, when someone told her they hadn't had dinner yet, she always asked why—especially when it was already late.

"I see. Mr. Foster, you must be working on a design draft that's why you haven't eaten anything at this late hour. You can't go on like this. It's not good for you and your health. If you don't listen to your body and forget to eat at the right time, you may end up with a stomach problem." Lolita was half-facing him. She had to remind him because it wasn't a healthy habit.

Many designers like them were easily carried away by their work that they would forget their meals. It wasn't uncommon to end up with stomach issues.

Because of the special nature of their work, they often became too busy to eat. So, when they did sit down for a meal, they would binge. That would easily upset the stomach. She didn't want that to

happen to Jason.

"Okay, I see. I'll remember that." Jason spared a glance at Lolita and gave her a brief nod.

Lolita felt her cheeks burn in embarrassment. She forgot her place once again. She was an ordinary employee, and she didn't have the right to mind her boss' business.

She was out of line. Lolita closed her eyes and gnawed on her bottom lip. She let out a breath slowly.

This was absolutely forbidden in the company. Lolita stayed in a foreign country for many years, and she had worked in another studio. She already had some experience and knew the rules of the workplace.

She knew it was a mistake to cross the line.

"Mr. Foster, don't get me wrong. I didn't mean to meddle like this. It's just that you haven't eaten anything. So, how about this? Let me treat you tonight. What do you want to eat?" Lolita hurried to find an excuse for herself. She didn't want to anger him or make him think that she was going overboard.

"Okay, fine. What do you want to eat?" Jason didn't refuse her kindness at all. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel as he waited for her answer.

"I don't need to..."

"I don't think you have eaten anything at the party, either. Let's eat together later. I bet we're both hungry." Jason nodded. The event she attended was for socialization, and the organizers served wine, champagne, and finger foods. It wasn't enough to

sate anyone's hunger.

Lolita was momentarily afraid that her stomach would growl on cue. She was a little hungry because she only had a few drinks. It was embarrassing that she was lecturing him about eating habits, and here she was, doing the exact same thing.

"Okay, then. But it's my treat." Lolita was serious. It was a small price to pay after all the debacle a few minutes ago.

"So what do you want to eat? It's up to you." Jason left the decision up to her. He didn't care either way.

Lolita quickly took out her cell phone to look for a late night snack shop. She wasn't originally from Antawood and was, therefore, not familiar with the restaurants and other establishments.

Before she could start searching, however, her phone rang. It was Kendal.

When Lolita saw his name, fear bubbled inside of her, and she almost threw her phone away. After breathing deeply to calm her nerves, she answered the call.

"Kendal, what's the matter?" Lolita asked cautiously.

"What's the matter? How dare you ask me that? You know what's up! Where are you now? You disappeared after you answered the phone. Did someone take you away? Do you need me to call the police? Tell me!" Lolita could hear Kendal's displeasure loud and clear. With his carefully measured voice, she knew he was straining to

control his anger. ❁

Lolita almost squirmed uncomfortably, as if Kendal could actually see her. It was true. Someone took her away from the party, but he didn't have to call the police.

"Kendal, there's something I need to discuss with Mr. Foster. After that, I will go home. You have a good rest now, okay? I'll come to have dinner with you tomorrow." Without waiting for his response, Lolita hung up the phone. She knew that Kendal was so angry, so she didn't speak to him that much.

"Are you okay?" Jason glanced at Lolita out of the corner of his eye. She seemed to be in a bad mood—as evidenced by her frown.

Kendal didn't bother hiding his dislike for Jason when they met at the event. He was staring daggers at Jason.

Maybe Kendal thought he was a bad boss who treated his employees badly.

Now that he knew Jason took Lolita out, Kendal might get angrier at him.

"It doesn't matter. Kendal has always been straightforward. He can say whatever he wants to say. Sometimes, his words are too direct, and he ends up hurting people. Don't take it seriously. He's been protecting me since we were kids, and he can never tolerate anyone bullying me. He probably misunderstood a few things about you, but he wouldn't go too far. He already knows that you're my boss," Lolita explained quickly. She didn't want any enmity between Kendal and Mr. Foster. If there was, she would be the one caught in between.

One was her cousin, and the other was her boss. She didn't want to offend either of them, so she had to set things straight.

"I'm fine. I understand why he's acting the way he is. He's protecting you, so there's nothing for me to be angry about." Jason shrugged. He understood Kendal's protective streak. He would have acted the same if their roles were reversed.

Jason wasn't angry at all. It was a good thing that someone loved Lolita so much.

"Really? Mr. Foster, I'm glad you're not angry. Wait, turn left here. There's a late night snack shop up ahead. Let's go there. Their bestsellers are seafood porridge and barbecue. Are you okay with those dishes, Mr. Foster?" Lolita signaled which way they were headed. She visited the establishment before, so she didn't need to use the GPS for directions.

"Okay, that's fine." Jason followed the route Lolita told him.

The late night snack city was actually pretty huge. There was a street lined with stalls selling various foods. Lolita led Jason through half the street before they entered a two story building.

There was a small private room, and Lolita asked to be seated there for Jason's sake. She figured he liked the privacy while eating.

"Mr. Foster, although this place is a little noisy, the private room isn't bad. What do you think? Is it alright?" Lolita was nervous. She didn't know if Jason suited a place like this or if he was even comfortable eating here.

"It's fine. There are so many diners here, so the

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food must be delicious. Besides, it's your recommendation. Even if I don't trust others, I trust your judgment." Jason's eyes scanned the crowd and the tables. He was amazed at the number of people eating at this late hour here.

Chapter 425 That Man

"I trust you."

Those were hammer pounding into Lolita's heart.

It was a great thing to be trusted.

Coming from his boss, she felt proud.

"I'm delighted, Mr. Foster. The seafood porridge is to die for, I swear. I haven't been in Antawood for a long time, but their menu is super delicious. My friend Gabrielle couldn't share it with me since she's allergic to seafood. It's such a shame because she's the only friend I made in here." Lolita sounded a little disappointed.

Even though it was Gabrielle who brought her here the first time, she only had barbecue and beer. The two of them were like worlds apart.

"I'm really happy that we can eat together, Mr. Foster." Lolita smiled.

"It's my pleasure. And if you could call me by my name, I'd be very happy." His boss had told her many times.

"Jason?" Lolita shyly called.

"That's right. Just hearing you say my name lifts my spirits. You want me to be happy, right?" Jason teased.

Lolita nodded almost immediately. "Okay. I'll call you Jason when it's just us. But on other occasions, I better call you Mr. Foster, okay?"

"Deal."

Jason smiled.

"So, Jason, is there anything else you want to eat?" Lolita had always been bold. She didn't find it hard to start calling him intimately.

"You can order anything you like. It's my first time here, surprise me." Jason winked.

"Then, are you allergic to anything? Is there anything you don't like?" Lolita asked, wanting to making sure.

"Nope, go ahead."

"Great! I'll order then." It was such a relief to Lolita not having to worry about other people's allergies when choosing food.

Jason brought a glass of water to his lips, looking gently at Lolita's ecstatic face.

Sometimes, with girls, happiness comes easily.

"Lolita." Looking at the Christmas decorations outside the window, Jason called out her.

"What's up, Jason?" Lolita turned to him.

She didn't realize that she never felt awkward calling him by his name anymore.

"Christmas is coming. What are you going to do?" Jason asked.

In truth, Jason didn't have a deep understanding of the festivals. On several traditional occasions, he would be asked to go back to the Foster mansion to have dinners. Other festivals were all the same,

more so, foreign festivals.

But now it was different. He suddenly wanted to enjoy Christmas.

"Oh, right. It's Christmas the day after tomorrow. I haven't decided what to do yet." Lolita smiled.

Last Christmas, she was still in Paris. Back there, they celebrate it wildly like the New Year's.

At that time, she was with her friends, and the man who eventually broke her heart.

Since she came back to Antawood, she didn't pay much attention to Christmas. She didn't have pretty memories about the season.

"There's still time to think about it." Jason smiled.

"Hmm, since Kendal is in Antawood, I'll probably spend Christmas with him, nothing major," Lolita mindlessly said.

"If preparing is a hassle for you, then, I can..."

"Oh, you want to say that there is a Christmas dinner in the company, right? If there is, I can tell Kendal first. If not, he will get angry with me for standing him up," Lolita said excitedly.

Many young people abroad were still very happy about Christmas, and in fact, they were finding excuses to go on a date. Many start-ups would also have dinners or hold small parties to celebrate.

Jason's company was engaged in jewelry design. Surely, a young and vibrant company would also paint the town red.

Lolita was looking forward to it.

Chapter 425 That Man

Just when Gabrielle reached out her hand to touch his face, Westley slowly opened his eyes.

"Awake already? Was last night too much?"

That was his first reaction. He couldn't stop himself last night, especially when Gabrielle initiated the whole thing.

Last night, she passed out. How could Westley not worry when she woke up so early?

"Mm, I'm just hungry," Gabrielle shyly said.

Chapter 426 Are You Unhappy

At half past six, Gabrielle and Westley arrived in a restaurant for breakfast.

The two of them got up because Gabrielle was hungry and drove there straight from the hotel.

They wanted to keep a low profile, so they requested a private room. After all, it would be big trouble if Westley was seen in public.

Besides, they could have peace and quiet.

After the two sat down, Westley made sure to order everything Gabrielle liked. He was considerate enough not to order any fish or shrimp.

Gabrielle chugged down a whole glass of water in hunger. Westley was both concerned and saddened.

"Don't drink too much, else you'd have a stomachache," Westley remarked.

"It's okay. Thank you for taking me here to eat such a fancy meal." Gabrielle liked the breakfast options in this restaurant. It was the best Cantonese dim sum restaurant in Antawood, much so that they didn't accept any appointments nor delivery. It was always amazingly full of customers. It was the first time that Gabrielle had been here so early.

"Don't sound so formal. I'm happy you like it." Westley smiled.

As long as he could provide it, Westley would give her the best in the world.

Gabrielle's eyes sparkled as the waiters set down the food one by one. On the other hand, Westley watched her endearingly with his soybean milk in hand.

Gabrielle was starving. She stuffed food in her mouth like a hamster. Westley almost worried if she would choke.

"Eat slowly, Gabrielle. No one's going to take them away from you. We can order more once you finish."

Westley chuckled, looking at her adoringly.

"Don't worry about me. You should eat too, Westley. Don't just watch there." Gabrielle felt it embarrassing to be started at while she was eating.

"I'm not hungry yet. You eat up." He only got out of bed to take her out for breakfast.

"Are you sleepy, then? I'm sorry I woke you up." Gabrielle suddenly felt a little guilty.

When she woke up, Westley looked as though he could sleep through a storm. It was just when Gabrielle shifted on the bed that he was stirred.

"I always wake up early, silly. I actually woke up unusually late today. Well, you can keep eating." Westley reached for a steamed bun and gave it to her.

It was already eight o'clock when the two finished their meal. Gabrielle had to go to the company to find Lolita and then they would need to explain to Jason what happened last night.

She wondered if Lolita would be there at that time.

"Westley, please drive me to the company." She followed her husband to the parking lot.

"Gabrielle?" A surprised voice stopped her in her tracks.

As soon as she turned around, she saw Melissa stepping out of her car just a few meters away.

"Oh, Ms. Glyn! Good morning." Gabrielle smiled.

Then she quickly looked back to wave at Westley, asking him to wait.

"Are you here for breakfast?" Gabrielle asked Melissa sincerely. Every time she met her idol, she'd hoped they'd be closer.

"Jackson told me of a nice dim sum restaurant here in Antawood. Seeing you here, I guess I'm in the right place."

Melissa smiled.

"Jackson knows his stuff. This is the best one in town. It's always full of customers. Speaking of which, he didn't come with you?" Jackson's absence was a surprise. He always put Ms. Glyn on top of his priorities, after all.

"Oh, he's actually inside. Didn't you see him?" Melissa asked, tilting her head to see Westley waiting at a distance.

She knew this young man was the CEO of the Morris Group, but why was Gabrielle with him?

The Morris family and the Walker family didn't get along well, but Gabrielle wasn't a part of it.

Anyway, she had no right to stick her nose into Gabrielle's business.

"No, I didn't. There were too many people. I

must've missed him," Gabrielle said apologetically.

The open hall in the two floors were packed and they didn't really pay attention to the other customers. Gabrielle thought that Jackson might've asked for a private room.

"I see. If I knew you would come earlier, I should have asked you to eat together. As they say, the more, the merrier." Melissa had grown fond of Gabrielle, perhaps for her kindness. She wanted them to be friends.

"It's okay, Ms. Glyn. We will have a chance to eat together," Gabrielle said, smiling.

The jewelry design seminar was three months long. Since Melissa was handling some topics, they were sure to run into each other often and would find time for a meal together.

"Then, are you free this noon?" Melissa asked without hesitation.

"I guess so, but why?"

Gabrielle blinked. She couldn't refuse an invitation from her mentor, but she was still curious.

"If you have time, let's have lunch together. I'm going back to Ensfield in the afternoon. Then on Christmas, I'd be spending time with family. Before I leave, I want to have lunch with you. Do you think it's okay?" Melissa held both of her hands.

She had planned to call Gabrielle before to invite her for lunch, but it was better now that she met her in person.

"Of course, Ms. Glyn. Please let me know the time and place, and I'll meet you there." Gabrielle

nodded excitedly.

She wanted to spend more time with her mentor.

"Wonderful!" Melissa clapped.

"Thanks, Ms. Glyn. I have to go now and I'll be at the company later." Gabrielle looked over her shoulder, afraid that Westley might be getting impatient.

Melissa studied her, guessing that the two of them were dating. Gabrielle had not introduced them to each other, so Melissa didn't want to pry. ①

"Of course. I'll see you at noon, then." Melissa nodded.

"I'm looking forward to having lunch with you, Ms. Glyn."

Gabrielle flashed the biggest smile before running back to where Westley was waiting. "I'm sorry, Westley."

"It's fine. Get in first." He opened the door for her.

Gabrielle slipped into the front seat and fastened the seat belt. She turned to Westley and figured he was in a bad mood.

"Did something happen?" Gabrielle asked.

After getting to know each other, both of them had learned to communicate. They realized they needed to talk things out before they would reach a point of no return.

"Do you really like Melissa that much?" Westley asked softly. ②

Chapter 427 Lolita's Scream

He asked her whether she liked Melissa or not. Of course, she liked her. She could give him a reply without any hesitation.

"Westley, I remember telling you earlier. I like Ms. Glyn a lot. She is like a goddess for me. So, this question is really unnecessary for you to ask," Gabrielle looked at him and said with a soft smile.

It was clear that she really liked Melissa. There was no doubt about it now.

Melissa was the wife of the eldest son of the Walker family in Ensfield. The Walker family and the Morris family had always been at odds with each other. Though the two families lived in different cities, they were always against each other.

Of course, it was a matter between two families, and had nothing to do with them. So, he felt it should not be blamed on them. And so there was no need to let Gabrielle know about it.

Otherwise, she would feel uncomfortable and think too much about it unnecessarily. And it would also affect her study.

It was a well-known fact that Gabrielle really liked jewelry designing. And as Melissa was a high authority in this field, Gabrielle could learn something from her.

Westley couldn't stop her from learning from one of the masters in the field. And he knew that it was a rare opportunity that had come in her life. ①

"Gabrielle, so you really do like her a lot." Westley looked at her calmly. There was a glint of worry in his eyes, which was hidden deeply. He wasn't sure if he should let Gabrielle know about the thing that was on his mind.

However, he believed that it did not matter how he felt, because it would not be a big deal for Gabrielle.

"Yes, I do like her. You can say, I adore her!" Gabrielle said with a radiating smile.

She looked at him for a few moments. "Westley, what's wrong?" She was able to catch the seriousness on his face and it instantly worried her.

She was afraid that she had said something which displeased Westley.

"Nothing! I was just thinking that if a master of jewelry designing is coming to Antawood and giving you such an opportunity to learn, you must cherish it. I feel extremely happy for you." Westley raised his hand and gently caressed her hair.

Westley didn't have much to say about Melissa. He decided that as long as Gabrielle learned something from her, everything would be fine.

As a matter of fact, she was going to be a teacher for Gabrielle. She wouldn't be able to control Gabrielle's private life.

"You are right. I was also thinking the same. In the past, it was always difficult to see Ms. Glyn. This time, she can come to Antawood and be the tutor of our training class. I am really excited for it." Gabrielle was extremely happy and eager.

"Well, time to go. I'll drive you back to the

company," Westley said.

Gabrielle gave him a big smile. Her smiling face was so charming and beautiful. "Thank you, Westley."

"Gabrielle! You don't need to be so polite to me." Westley touched her hair gently.

"By the way, Ms. Glyn invited me to have lunch with her. She will be going back to Ensfield in the afternoon. She won't return until the New Year's day, when our training class begins." Gabrielle's face was full of joy. She didn't want to let go of any chance to meet and learn from Melissa.

"Anything for you dear, as long as you are happy." Westley turned the engine on and started the car. For him, as long as Gabrielle was happy, everything would be fine.

Other things were unimportant for him.

"The training classes will be for about three months. I will be very busy at that time. Maybe, I will not have much time for you. Will that make you unhappy?" Gabrielle had a general idea of the classes and training sessions. But specific timings and schedule would depend on the circumstances.

To avoid issues later, she needed to give Westley a heads up. She didn't want him to be unhappy or feel neglected.

"No worries, as long as you stay in Antawood. It's a good chance for you. Why would I be unhappy? Don't think too much, Gabrielle. Just focus on your business and dreams!" Westley said to her, while he kept driving. ①

Although his words were not very romantic, he showed his love and care for her. That was enough

for Gabrielle. ①

Westley parked the car at the same place as before. Gabrielle was ready to get off. Although he wanted to drop her near the gate of the company, he didn't want to force his decisions or wishes on her. He would do it only if she wanted him to.

The relationship they shared was slowly getting revealed to people around Gabrielle. At that rate, it wouldn't be long before it would be known by everyone, even if they did not make it public themselves.

Keeping all that in mind, Westley didn't want to rush to do anything. He felt he should just let Gabrielle do whatever she wanted.

"Westley, so you go to the company now! Be careful on the way. Bye!" Gabrielle spoke to him after closing the door. She walked a few steps and turned to wave at him. Then she hastily ran away.

Instead of leaving in a hurry, Westley sat in the car and watched Gabrielle. He slowly pulled out a cigarette from the packet and lit it. He hadn't smoked for a long time. He was aware that Gabrielle didn't like the smell of cigarettes. Therefore, he seldom smoked at places where there was a chance that she would come.

But now he had a strong desire to smoke at least one cigarette. Maybe it was because he saw Melissa and was feeling a little uneasy. ①

Gabrielle reached the company and walked in. Her eyes were searching for Lolita, but she was nowhere to be seen. She found it a little strange.

Generally speaking, as an employee Lolita would

always reach the workplace on time, every day. Every time when Gabrielle came to the company, Lolita would arrive before her. Gabrielle was sure that Lolita was never late to the company in all these days.

Thus, it was a little strange that Lolita hadn't arrived yet. Gabrielle asked her colleagues, who were around her, and enquired if Lolita had already come today. They confirmed her doubt. Finding it weird, she called Lolita immediately.

Gabrielle was starting to get worried about what had happened to Lolita last night. After all, the two of them had caused such chaos at the meeting.

The call kept ringing for longer than expected. Finally Lolita's voice came through. She sounded like she was in a daze. "Hello, who's that?"

'Who's that?' Gabrielle was surprised to hear it.

The moment she heard it, Gabrielle knew that Lolita was still asleep. She wondered if Lolita might have answered the phone in that sleepy state, even without opening her eyes. 2

"Lolita! It's me, Gabrielle. Where are you? Are you still sleeping at home? Are you feeling sick?" Gabrielle asked anxiously.

"Ah! Gabrielle!" Lolita suddenly screamed her name. Things happened too quickly after that. Gabrielle heard a crash and crackling sound, as if something had fallen to the ground.

"Lolita, what's wrong? What happened?" Gabrielle was getting more worried. She anxiously kept asking.

"Nothing! It's nothing, Gabrielle. Have you reached

the company already?" Though she was trying to sound calm, there was still a trace of panting in Lolita's voice. Clearly, something had happened there.

"Yes. I'm at the company now. Listen, if you're really feeling sick or anything, I'll help you apply for having the day off," Gabrielle suggested.

"There's no need to apply for leave for me, Gabrielle. I'll see you later in the company." Saying that, Lolita quickly hung up the phone.

Just then, the door opened. Standing at the door, Jason smiled when he saw the shocked and hazy look on Lolita's face. "Lolita, you are finally awake. Does your head hurt? Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

When she was talking to Gabrielle over the phone, she opened her eyes and looked around. She was shocked! It hit her like a thunderbolt that it was not her room. Rather, she was in a completely strange room. But then her eyes fell upon Jason, the big boss, who was standing at the door. Seeing him there, she was certain that she had gone crazy.

"Mr. Foster?" she mumbled as she stared at him.