

LOCK YOU IN MY HEART

Chapter 1 The Bride

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Gabrielle Jones was in the bed, struggling to fall asleep. Her eyes were heavy but sleep escaped her grasp no matter how hard she tried. After hours, when she was just about to get lost in a dream world, she felt a cold and rough hand touching her face.

She tried to brush it away from her face, but to no effect. Shocked, she opened her eyes only to find herself gazing into another pair of cold, dark eyes.

Gabrielle's heart started thumping. When she saw the man in front of her clearly, a chill ran through her spine.

"What are you doing here?" She clutched the quilt close to her chest, and moved to the farthest end of the bed in fear.

"Gabrielle... have you forgotten that this is our bedroom? Why can't I be here?"

Westley Morris spoke with a smirk, perched on the opposite corner of the bed. He was still wearing the bridegroom's clothes from the night before. His eyes looked cold and frightening.

Yes. Yesterday was Gabrielle's wedding day, and the man in front of her was her husband, Westley. This was the first time she was laying an eye on him after the ceremony. She had waited for him the whole night, and had at last decided to try sleeping.

The sun was already lighting up the horizon, bringing a solemn sadness over her.

Westley hadn't returned to his bride on his wedding night.

"Yes, I know this is our bedroom. But do you know that? We got married last night and you didn't come here at all. Where have you been?" Gabrielle asked, finally getting a hold of herself.

Westley snorted, like he was least bothered and saw no problem with his conduct. "You're acting like a

dissatisfied, neglected woman. Do you feel wronged because I didn't touch you on the night of our wedding?"

"I am not— ouch, it hurts!"

Before Gabrielle could go on, Westley leaned closer to her and held her chin in his hand, staring at her fiercely.

"Gabrielle, have you forgotten why you married me?" He tightened his grip on her chin, causing a sharp pain to her jaw. Gabrielle's heart skipped a beat, fearing he would crush her with just a little more strength.

"No, I haven't." She didn't know whether it was because of the grievance or because of the physical pain from his hold, a tear rolled down her cheek, gliding onto Westley's thumb. The moment the tear touched him, he loosened his grip as if in disgust.

It almost looked like he thought she was too dirty.

"Have you called him?" Westley threw the words, out of bed and wiping away his thumb with a napkin.

"I... I called my brother, but his phone was off. I can't find him... What am I to do?" Gabrielle felt her throat tightening as she resisted the urge to cry.

"Keep calling him. If you don't find him, you will see the destruction of the Jones family." Westley spoke tonelessly, walking into the bathroom.

Gabrielle could not hold back the tears anymore. As soon as Westley was out of sight, a flood of tears streamed down her face.

She reached for her phone, and could not help but burst into more tears as she saw her handsome brother's picture on the wallpaper.

'Bryce, where are you?' she thought to herself in distress.

It was because of her brother that she had been forced to marry Westley, the man who was famous as the demon of Antawood.

Three days ago, Westley and his men had broken into the Jones house, saying that Gabrielle's brother, Bryce Jones, had fled with his fiancée, Nellie Collins. The two seemed to have disappeared from the face

of earth. They were nowhere to be found.

Westley had given people of the Jones family two choices. One, for them to find Bryce and bring back his

fiancee to him. The other was to marry Gabrielle to him to earn more time till Bryce was found. He thre

atened to destroy the Jones family if they failed to find Bryce.

Gabrielle had waited for two days while her family tried to locate her brother and Westley's fiancee. At

last, what she was fearing the most happened. Her mother asked her to marry Westley, promising to find

her brother as soon as possible. She had no choice but to comply to save her family.

Besides, Gabrielle believed her mother.

After all, the Jones family had given her everything she could ever hope for. They would never treat her

like scapegoat.

Presently, Gabrielle was lost in thought. She suddenly realized the sound of water in the bathroom had

stopped. She quickly wiped away her tears and locked the phone screen, putting it away.

Westley came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. Six feet two inches tall, his

figure was proportioned like that of a professional model. His muscles were toned, and his long legs were

shaped in a way that one could not take their eyes off him.

"Gabrielle, aren't you hungry for my body?" Westley rolled his eyes and sneered, thinking the woman

was lusting over his body.

Hungry for his body?

She definitely wasn't. In fact, she felt a sense of disgust being in the same room with him.

Still, her face flushed. She looked away hurriedly, worried he was misunderstanding her gaze.

"Anyway, Gabrielle, now that you're up, you should take a shower and change your clothes. We have to

greet the elders. Since you are here in Nellie's place, you should take on the duties of a new

daughter-in-law too," Westley said commandingly, approaching the walk-in wardrobe.

Gabrielle looked at him in shock, wondering what made him think he could bark out commands at her.

But seeing that she had no choice but to play this role for the sake of her family, she got off the bed. She pulled her black leather suitcase from the corner, took out a set of clothes, and went to the bathroom to shower and dress up.

When she came out, she saw that Westley had already dressed up. He wore a crisp white shirt with black trousers. This man was really favored by God. He had a face with sharp features, and a perfect figure. He looked stunning in anything he wore.

Westley was just putting on the last button on his shirt when Gabrielle appeared. He took a look at her dress and frowned.

"Gabrielle, are you going to the countryside? Didn't the Jones family teach you how to dress properly?"

Westley had a sharp tongue. She was certain he could have no friends with a mouth like that.

She lowered her head and looked at her own outfit. She was wearing a blue long skirt over a white T-shirt. This was her style and she liked it a lot.

"That's how I usually dress..."

"Well, you aren't the adopted daughter of the Jones family anymore.

You are now my wife. Don't embarrass me with such shabby clothes. There are some dresses in the wardrobe. Go and choose something for yourself," said Westley, frowning.

Gabrielle hadn't really had an exquisite life. He doubted if her place in the Jones family was no different than a servant's.

Gabrielle looked toward the wardrobe but was having trouble taking a step. "But, there isn't..."

"Don't you understand me? Do you want me to get you out of your clothes myself? Don't make me say it a second time. Gabrielle, I hate disobedient women the most." Westley spoke sharply with his eyes narrowed.

Gabrielle sprinted to the walk-in wardrobe without another word.

As soon as she entered the room, she thought, 'Wow! This wardrobe is like a boutique in a shopping mall!'

Half of the space was occupied by men's clothes and half by women's. The men's clothes were all in basic colors, while the women's ranged in all kinds and colors. Gabrielle wondered whose clothes she was getting into

Chapter 2 Do You Want Me To Change It For You

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Gabrielle was stunned to see how exquisite the clothes were! She soon realized they were prepared for

Westley's fiancée, Nellie Collins. Gabrielle was only a substitute.

"Listen! I am giving you five minutes. If you don't dress quickly, I will come and dress you myself!"

Westley's displeased voice hit her ears, shocking her.

Gabrielle was trying to put up a strong front but in truth, she was scared out of her wits. She did not

know to what extents this man could go. She quickly caught a light pink dress, and put it on

thoughtlessly. When she caught herself in the mirror, she couldn't believe her own appearance.

The off-shoulder top revealed her collar bones and shoulders teasingly.

The knee-length, pleated hem

granted her a dignified and elegant look. Surely, the dress was designed by some elite brand.

Exactly five minutes later, Westley slid the door of the wardrobe open, rudely barging in without a

warning. He saw that Gabrielle was standing in front of mirror, looking at him with wide eyes.

The dress fitted her perfectly. It outlined the shape of her breasts and waist elegantly. Her exposed

shoulders and slender legs caught his eye. He felt he was enticed by her, but he tried to suppress the

feeling. He could not be attracted to Gabrielle.

"You didn't have to come in here. I'm ready," Gabrielle said in a small voice, looking at him reluctantly.

She didn't realize she was folding her hands across her chest as if she was naked.

"Didn't I say I would only give you five minutes? Well, time's up!"

Westley said cockily.

Gabrielle opened her mouth to say something but suddenly saw what Westley was holding in his hands.

He had brought her a necklace and a pair of silver stilettos.

"Westley, I can't wear this necklace." The necklace was studded with diamonds. By merely looking at it, she could tell it was extremely expensive. After all, she had graduated majoring in jewelry design. She could tell the authenticity of a piece just by sight.

"I am lending it to you. Keep it safe. If you lose it, you will have to compensate for it. It costs more than a million dollars,"

Westley said matter-of-factly.

"Mr. Morris, don't you have anything cheaper?" The price of the piece had caught her off guard.

She could probably compensate for a necklace worth a few thousand dollars, but this was too much!

Westley smirked. "This one is the cheapest. Besides, you can't wear cheap jewelry and go out into the world as my wife! You might be shameless, but I am dignified and respected. Just put it on. It's not a choice," Westley said with a sigh. Gabrielle stared at him with her lips pursed, feeling stuck in her place.

After a few seconds of silence, Westley spoke again impatiently. "Well? Do you want me to help you put it on?"

Every word he spoke in her direction reeked of disgust. The mere sight of this woman reminded him of

Bryce, the arrogant man who had dared to take Nellie away from him. Little did Bryce know that he was only courting his death by doing so.

"No, um..." Gabrielle spoke, stammering. "I'll wear it myself." Frightened by his cold gaze, she quickly snatched the necklace from his hands. Breathing quickly, she tried to buckle it up but her hands were hardly functioning in nervousness.

Westley grew even more impatient. Seeing how clumsy she was, his anger started to build up.

"Oh! Give me a break!" he grunted and walked toward her quickly. Flicking her hand aside, he grabbed the hook of the necklace and leaned toward her neck. Gabrielle was even more nervous to be standing so close to him.

"Hold your hair the other way!" ordered Westley.

"No, it's okay. I'll do it!" muttered Gabrielle.

"I don't like to repeat myself. Do what you're told!"

Gabrielle swallowed hard and held her hair obediently. She looked up at the mirror and noticed how pale she looked. Gently, she dared to look at the reflection of the man behind her. He had a serious expression on his chiseled face and was very focused on the job at hand. She could feel his breath on the back of her lean neck. Despite his rage, Westley noticed how slender and beautiful her neck was.

His fingertips touched her every now and then. They felt rough, exactly how they felt against her face when she was woken up by him.

Her pallor soon turned to a blush.

"I am only helping you wear a necklace, and your face has turned red! Jesus! You are pathetic," said

Westley suddenly, looking at her in the mirror coldly.

He stepped back and put his hands in his pockets. "I hope you can at least put the shoes on yourself. I don't have any time to waste on you."

Westley glanced at her bare feet.

As she sat on a stool to wear the shoes, he observed the only thing about Gabrielle worth any merit was her beautiful face and figure.

"This isn't my size. I'm wearing size 6.5. The size of this pair of shoes is 6." Gabrielle spoke, wetting her dry lips.

Since the clothes had fit her so well, she had assumed the shoes would too. But sadly, she had to engage a little more with Westley. She couldn't wait to be done with him! If it was a pair of ordinary shoes or sneakers, half a size smaller wouldn't have been a problem. But

high-heeled shoes were designed too specifically. It would be really painful if she squeezed her feet in this pair.

"What do you mean? Do you want to pair such a haute couture dress with your ugly roadside sneakers?

Or do you want me to buy a new pair of shoes for you now? Gabrielle, don't flatter yourself." Gabrielle

was surprised that Westley did not even attempt to speak nicely to her.

"No..." She bit her lower lip and shook her head slightly, eyes distant and sad.

"Then put these shoes on quickly. We have to reach the Morris' Mansion by seven o'clock. It's already half past six. Are you planning on making the elders wait for you to greet them?"

"No, not at all!"

"Then I should see you downstairs in five minutes. And you know I mean five when I say five!"

Westley then swiftly turned around and headed out.

Gabrielle tried to fit her feet into the shoes, feeling like she was one of Cinderella's evil stepsisters. Her feet bulged and hurt, turning red.

She almost gave up trying but remembered Westley's angry face. She couldn't afford to have another argument with him.

She squeezed in both her feet in the shoes, and stood up. The pain shot up her ankles. Every step she took was an ordeal.

She quickly went to the bedside in order to call her brother again.

At the very sight of his picture, Gabrielle's eyes brimmed with tears.

She dialed his number anxiously, only to find that it was still powered off.

She decided to leave him a text instead. Through her tears, she typed, 'Bryce, I'm so stressed and sad!

Where are you? Why did you take away this horrible man's fiancée? Due to his blackmailing, I had to marry him! Please come back. I'm afraid I can't go through this for a long time...' Gabrielle wiped her tears but her lips continued to quiver.

She exhaled a few times to get a hold of herself. 'Gabrielle, you cannot cry right now. You have to be

strong and wait for Bryce. He will come back! He will come back, ' she reassured herself.

With that, she quickly wiped tears off her face. It felt like she was standing on needles, but she persisted and headed downstairs.

Going down the staircase was even more difficult. She winced in pain, trying not to show it on her face.

"Oh, please, Gabrielle!" Westley said mockingly, standing at the end of the staircase. "If you can't walk, don't come!"

Westley didn't feel sorry for her at all.

"I'm fine." Gabrielle wasn't one to give up easily.

"If that's the case, get in the car!"

Westley walked out of the door, and Gabrielle tried her best to speed up and follow him.

He honked the horn endlessly as she lagged behind.

When she finally got in the car, she made sure to sit as far away from him as possible. The car was

extremely luxurious, which also made her unaccustomed.

Sharing such a small space with him was suffocating. She looked outside the window pensively,

wondering when this charade would come to an end.

Chapter 3 She Is Your Sister-In-Law

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"Gabrielle, when we reach Morris' Mansion, please shut up after greeting everyone. Don't be chatty," said Westley.

"I know," Gabrielle responded robotically, then turned back to the window. The morning light was beautiful. She wished she was quietly sitting in a garden somewhere instead of being locked in here with this scary man.

"Westley, may I ask you something?" Gabrielle looked at Westley and asked.

"Why did your fiancée run away before the wedding?" Gabrielle asked fearlessly. It was time to make him vulnerable. What made him think he could command her like this and blame her brother for everything?

Gabrielle had heard some rumors about Westley a long time ago. This man had been hurt at that particular position long time ago, so he was impotent. He had never been married or had any scandal, just because he couldn't do that. Before they got married, his fiancée had run away from the wedding. Surely, Bryce couldn't be the only one to blame.

"What are you trying to say?" Westley turned to look at her with coldness in his eyes.

"I am just wondering why you can't find her with your resources and power. With your ability and reach, I am sure you can find her faster than the Jones family..."

"Are you really trying to preach at me? It was Bryce who took her away, so it is him who must bring her back. Bear in mind that if I send someone to look for them, they will return with Bryce's corpse. Would you like that?"

said Westley coldly.

His words pierced into Gabrielle's heart. A chill ran through her spine. She could not let that happen!

"Westley, I will try my best to contact my brother and ask him to bring back Nellie as soon as possible."

Gabrielle spoke with resolve.

She knew he was a terrible person, and yet she had struck up the conversation. 'How stupid I am!'

The two of them remained silent the rest of the ride. The car finally pulled into the driveway of the Morris' Mansion.

As per tradition, all the elders of the family were waiting in the living room to greet the newly-weds.

Gabrielle had been directly taken to the wedding venue yesterday. As soon as the ceremony was over, she was sent to the bridal chamber with someone she didn't know. She had still not met anyone from the family other than Westley. As she entered the mansion, she was taken by its grandeur. As soon as her eyes shifted to the elders, she became nervous and anxious. Without realizing, she extended her hand to pull Westley close to her for support, but he went straight inside ahead of her.

With her shoes small and uncomfortable, her feet ached terribly. Walking in, she even twisted her ankle nervously.

She was about to fall down when a big hand held her wrist.

"Are you okay?" A voice of concern rang in her ears from behind.

"Thank you. I'm fine." Gabrielle thanked the man who had supported her, glad that she hadn't made a total fool of herself.

"Gabrielle? Oh, my god! What are you doing here?" The man who spoke was Austin Foster. His tone was gleeful and surprised!

"Au... Austin?" Gabrielle was even more shocked when she saw Austin's face.

Gabrielle used to work as an intern in a jewelry design studio. Austin was her boss's cousin. He often visited the office, so she knew him well.

She hadn't expected to see Austin here, but surely was glad to see a familiar face.

"Yes! It's me! My grandmother is from the Morris family. Why are you here? And why are you dressed like this?" Austin asked in disbelief.

Austin hadn't been able to make it to the wedding ceremony. By the time he had arrived, the ceremony was over and the bride had left. He had thought Westley had married Nellie!

"I..." Gabrielle started, feeling self-conscious.

"Are you unable to walk by yourself?" yelled Westley as he came back to see where she was. He saw her looking at Austin with a sweet smile. He was inexplicably annoyed at her.

"Westley, why is Gabrielle..."

"She is your sister-in-law, Austin. Don't call her by her name. It's impolite." Westley walked up to

Gabrielle and put his arm around her shoulders, leading her inside rudely.

The two passed Austin in silence, leaving him alone on the patio. Puzzled, Austin looked at Gabrielle's receding figure. He saw how Westley had grabbed her forcibly. He could sense she was uncomfortable.

But wasn't Westley supposed to marry Nellie? How did he even know Gabrielle?

And she certainly looked like she had married him unwillingly. What had happened? Austin was confused.

Inside, Gabrielle greeted the elders of the Morris family politely. Everyone seemed to be very happy to meet her.

Westley's Grandma, in particular, was quite fond of her new granddaughter-in-law.

"Gabrielle, come here." The old madam waved at Gabrielle.

Bearing the pain in her feet, Gabrielle slowly walked to the old lady with fumbling steps.

"Yes Grandma, what can I do for you?" Gabrielle said obediently, feigning a smile.

Miley was taken by Gabrielle. She looked so obedient, beautiful and gentle, completely different from the willful and impolite Nellie.

"Gabrielle, this is a gift from me," said Miley in delightful voice, brushing Gabrielle's cheek lightly. She handed a black sandalwood box.

Just looking at the box, Gabrielle knew there was something invaluable inside it. How could she,

Westley's fake wife, accept it?

"Mom, this is for Nellie. How can you give it to an outsider so easily?"

Liana Lee, Westley's mother, immediately stopped her mother-in-law.

Nellie had always been Liana's favorite daughter-in-law. She was incredibly sad when Nellie fled the

wedding. She believed she had been coaxed by the boy of the Jones family. After all, the Jones family

had every reason to associate with the Collins family. The union would prove glorious for them.

Gabrielle's face enraged Liana.

What's more, she felt this was all part of the Jones family's plan. They made Bryce take away Nellie and

made Gabrielle marry Westley, so she could become part of the Morris and enjoy a luxurious life.

They seemed to have planned this very smartly.

As long as she was alive, Liana would never accept Gabrielle as her daughter-in-law. She knew Westley too would not accept her as his wife. Gabrielle didn't deserve to be a member of the Morris family. Liana failed to understand why Westley had even suggested this stupid idea. "Why, Liana? Gabrielle is Westley's wife. He insisted on marrying her. How can she be an outsider? This is gift for my granddaughter-in-law. She deserved it." Miley placed the box in Gabrielle's hand gently. Gabrielle glanced at Westley in fear. "Grandma is giving it to you. Accept it then," Westley said indifferently, as if he had sensed she was looking at him for permission. "Thank you, Grandma." Gabrielle smiled and walked toward Westley with the box. Austin had now entered the living room. Gleeful, he spoke, "Grandma, will my future wife also receive such gifts?" "Of course. Are you in love? Last time, you said you had someone special. When will you bring her to visit me?" Miley was not against this wedding at all, and was thus in high spirits. All she cared for was to see her grandchildren's faces. She was even happier to see that Austin was thinking about getting married. "Yes. Austin, when will you bring your girlfriend to visit us? Don't follow your brother Westley's example... picking up a random woman and marrying her," Liana said in disdain of Gabrielle's identity, shooting her a piercing look.

Chapter 4 Gabrielle Is My Wife

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It was no secret that Gabrielle was an adopted daughter of the Jones family. Liana didn't take the Jones family seriously, let alone Gabrielle, who was even not related to them by blood.

At first, Liana insisted on moving the wedding to a later date until they found Nellie. But Westley refused

and did not allow anyone to look for her. Since she ran away from the wedding, there was no need to waste time on her. He believed that there were other ways to solve the problem.

And his solution was to make Gabrielle a replacement bride, which really made Liana angry.

"Aunt Liana, don't worry. Of course, I will bring her with me when I visit you," Austin said while fixing his eyes on Gabrielle. He had been staring at her for a long time.

Westley noticed it. It seemed that Austin and Gabrielle didn't only know each other, but they also had a good relationship. Could it be that he underestimated her? Was she really good at seducing men?

She looked pure and innocent on the surface. But who knew? She could be dissolute and sultry in nature.

"The woman you like must be excellent. Whose daughter is she?" Liana commented with a smile as she squinted at Austin.

"Actually, I don't have a girlfriend yet. But as soon as I have, I'll definitely take her to visit and meet you all." As Austin spoke, he glanced at Gabrielle from time to time.

Others might not have noticed it, but Westley saw it clearly.

And he could tell that there was a trace of admiration in Austin's eyes. He turned to Gabrielle and handed her an empty glass. "Gabrielle, get me a glass of water."

Gabrielle was stunned for a moment. It was the first time that Westley called her name this gently, and it sounded so intimate in her ears.

"Okay." When she came back to her senses, she took the glass and filled it with water.

Actually, it was only Westley's way to make Gabrielle avoid Austin's gaze.

"You are an adult now. Don't you know how to get water for yourself? Why do you have to let Gabrielle do it for you? You can even ask a servant to do it. You have just gotten married, but you're already starting to bully her." The old lady was not pleased with Westley's behavior, so she immediately scolded him.

"It's all right, Grandma. I'm willing to get some water for him," Gabrielle said with a smile as she handed back the glass to Westley.

He drank the water leisurely.

"Well, since I can see that the two of you really love each other so much, I won't meddle in your relationship anymore. Now that I've seen my granddaughter-in-law, I think it's time for me to go back to my room and have some rest. If you guys want to stay for lunch, you can stay. If not, you can do whatever you want," the old lady said to Gabrielle before she asked someone to help her go back to her room.

Soon, there were only a few people left in the living room.

Westley was also about to stand up when Liana stopped him immediately. "Westley, come with me to my room."

She seemed very angry. After saying that, she gave Gabrielle a cold glance. Probably, Gabrielle already had an idea what she was going to say to him.

Westley looked at Gabrielle indifferently, stood up, and followed Liana upstairs without even saying a word.

Gabrielle was left alone in the living room, sitting like an abandoned orphan. Then suddenly, a tall figure blocked her sight.

"Hey, Gabrielle. Would you mind if I show you around in the yard?" Austin said, looking at her.

She looked up and met his eyes. He was the only person she was familiar with in the Morris' Mansion right now. After all, only the elders were here today. The younger members of the Morris family didn't show up except him.

"It's okay with me, Austin. But I may trouble you," she said with a smile. Gabrielle was worried that she might bother Austin, but she also felt a little suffocated sitting there alone.

She must have sat down for so long that she didn't realize her feet had already gotten sore. They hurt

when she stood up, and she almost lost her balance. Fortunately, Austin quickly stretched out his arms to support her.

"Gabrielle, what's wrong with your feet? Is it that your shoes don't fit well?" Austin had noticed that her feet looked

a little strange today. She couldn't even walk steadily.

He could only think of two reasons. It was either her feet were injured, or her shoes didn't fit her.

"These shoes are a half size smaller, so they don't fit my feet well," Gabrielle honestly said, feeling a little embarrassed.

"How silly you are! Why did you squeeze your feet in a pair of smaller shoes? It must hurt a lot. Take that off." Austin couldn't help but urge her to take the shoes off.

He understood it now. She was just a temporary replacement bride. The dress and the shoes must have been prepared for Nellie.

She and Nellie had the same body size, but their shoe sizes were different. That was why the shoes didn't fit her. But why did she just endure it? She could have requested a different pair of shoes that really fitted her well.

Gabrielle couldn't help blushing as she looked around the living room uneasily.

The elders of the Morris family were not there anymore. She could only see some servants walking back and forth.

"Austin, I don't think it's a good idea to..."

"Are you going to take them off, or should I do it for you?" Austin threatened her.

"I... I will do it myself." The truth was, Gabrielle had been wanting to take off the shoes for a long time.

As expected, her white and tender toes had some blisters, and the skin on her heels was scraped.

Although they were not bleeding, his heart ached when he saw the streaks of blood.

"Does it hurt? I'll ask the servant to bring some medicine here." Austin stood up and approached one

servant nearby. He then turned around and walked out of the living room.

When he came back, he was already holding a shoebox in his hands. "After the servant treats your wound, wear these," he said while carefully taking the shoes out of the box.

It was a pair of white low-heeled shoes, and Gabrielle immediately recognized them at a glance.

"Austin, aren't these..." The shoes were the ones she tried in the mall last time. At that time, she liked them so much that she didn't even want to take them off her feet. But she didn't dare to buy them because they were too expensive for her.

As an adopted daughter, the Jones family didn't give her much allowance, so she definitely couldn't afford such expensive shoes. She had to take them off reluctantly.

"Miah has left these shoes in my car. It's either she has forgotten about them, or she doesn't want them anymore. Good thing you have the same shoe size. They will fit your feet well, I'm sure." Austin put the shoes in front of her. If he could, he wanted to personally help her put them on. But he was also thinking that people around might misunderstand it.

Gabrielle was still a little worried.

Miah Foster was Austin's sister. As a daughter of an affluent family, she must be used to living a lavish life.

Although Miah was nice to her and treated her well, she still felt a little embarrassed to wear her shoes.

"Austin, I don't think it's a good idea. If Miah knows about this, she will be unhappy." She had to turn down Austin's offer.

"Well, if she remembers them and looks for them, I'll tell her that I've thrown them away. Don't worry. I will compensate her with two more pairs," Austin said with a smile. Actually, the shoes were really the ones Gabrielle tried on when they went to a jewelry exhibit last time.

He knew that she liked them so much, but she couldn't afford to buy them, so he secretly bought them for her. Miah had nothing to do with them at all.

He just didn't get the chance to give them to her. And now that he had the opportunity, but they were in an embarrassing situation, so of course, he couldn't tell her the truth. Gabrielle was no longer the same person he knew. She was now his sister-in-law.

"You don't have to compensate for her. I should be the one to do that. Gabrielle is my wife, after all.

Since she borrows Miah's shoes, then let me pay Miah back." All of a sudden, Westley's voice was heard from the stairs.

Gabrielle subconsciously raised her head and saw him coming down the stairs with a cold expression and dark eyes.

She couldn't help but shrink back when her eyes met his.

Chapter 5 It Is Really A Good Scheme

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"Austin, I don't need these shoes. I'd better wear the pair I was wearing earlier." Gabrielle could tell

Westley didn't like her talking to Austin. She didn't want the two of them to fight because of her.

"It's okay, Gabrielle. Just take it. I'll pay Miah from your side, don't worry."

Westley came to Gabrielle's side. The feeling of his tall body next to hers made Gabrielle nervous.

Westley looked down at the blisters on Gabrielle's white and tender feet with narrow eyes and pursed lips.

"Mr. Morris, here is the ointment." A servant brought a green opaque tube.

Westley, the second youngest master of the family, was the most frightening one. He had been enrolled in the military for many years, and was trained to be strict and righteous. His mere presence scared everyone else.

"Thank you." Gabrielle was about to take the tube but Austin grabbed it first.

Gabrielle glanced up at Austin. "Austin, let me do it."

"Gabrielle, let me help you." Austin opened the tube, completely ignoring Westley.

"You two know each other? How intimate you are!" said Westley through his teeth, looking at him and Gabrielle with accusing eyes.

"Westley, Gabrielle used to be an intern at Jason's studio. We are friends," Austin explained calmly. He didn't see why he shouldn't be friendly with Gabrielle.

"No matter how friendly you are, from now on, Gabrielle is your sister-in-law. The Morris family and the Foster family must have taught you to respect the elders, haven't they?" Westley's face was calm, but his eyes were cold.

Gabrielle could tell Westley was annoyed. In just a day, she had found out that he was a short-tempered person.

"Gabrielle, you also cannot talk to him so casually. You are his sister-in-law. Go and wait for me in the car with the ointment,"

Westley ordered with his hands tucked in his pockets.

Without wasting another moment, Gabrielle quickly took the ointment, wore the shoes Austin had gotten for her, and went to the car.

"Westley, I thought you were marrying Nellie. How did you end up marrying Gabrielle? How do you even know her?"

Austin asked directly.

"That's none of your business. Remember that she is my wife now. Don't be too friendly with her. I don't want to hear any nasty rumors,"

said Westley in a low voice. His gaze was fixed on Austin's face.

The two cousins were not very close in the first place. Seeing that Austin already knew Gabrielle, Westley

found his nerves were set on edge. Although he did not like Gabrielle himself, he had still married her.

Now she needed to behave like Mrs. Morris.

"You are misunderstanding. Gabrielle and I are only friends!"

Austin smiled innocently.

"I only wanted to know why you married Gabrielle instead of Nellie," Austin said without any hesitation.

He really wanted to know what was going on. He knew Westley had been in love with Nellie. Why then, had he married Gabrielle? And where was Nellie? On the other hand, Gabrielle was about to enter the car when Liana stopped her.

"Wait a minute, Gabrielle!"

Gabrielle turned around to find Liana standing with her arms folded against her chest. "Aunt Liana, what's the matter?"

Gabrielle knew Liana was the last person in the Morris family to like her. She was staring at Gabrielle like an arch-nemesis.

"Gabrielle, don't think that you have successfully become the young hostess of the Morris family.

Westley only married you so the wedding didn't have to be called off!" Liana didn't pretend to be polite. When she didn't like someone, she made no attempt to hide it.

Gabrielle maintained a calm face even though she was nervous inside. She didn't know what she could say to Liana.

"Westley married you because he wanted a temporary substitute for Nellie. Don't you dare think it is that easy to enter the Morris family. You can never be qualified to sit among us. This position only belongs to Nellie!" Liana warned Gabrielle overbearingly, taking a step closer to her.

Gabrielle had never wanted to be the young hostess of the Morris family.

In fact, she already had someone special in her heart.

"I know, Aunt Liana," Gabrielle replied obediently.

"Good. Don't be misled into thinking you will be here forever. When Nellie comes back, you will rightfully give this position up. Now tell me, didn't Jones family plan her escape? I must give it to you guys, what a scheme you came up with! You got to marry Westley and your trashy brother got to marry Nellie! Simply amazing!"

Liana hissed, observing Gabrielle's astounded face. What a phony she was!

"You're misunderstanding, auntie. That's not what happened..."

Gabrielle had no choice but to stand there and take her insults. She didn't like to be wronged at all, and Liana had accused both her and her family of something so cheap.

It was obvious Nellie had chosen to run away from the wedding because she didn't want to marry

Westley. How sick it was that Liana thought this was all part of some conspiracy by the Jones family!

Ridiculous!

Liana was imagining things!

Did the so-called upper class always go about accusing others like this?

"Good. If we find out the Jones family had anything to do with it, we will make sure you all disappear

from Antawood! And I am sure you know that is not an empty threat!"

Liana, like Westley, did not attempt to be nice to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was well aware that the Morris family really had the power to drive the Jones family out of the city.

"Mom, what are you doing out here?" Westley's voice came from behind Liana.

"What could I be doing? I was only reminding Gabrielle of her place. She should always be aware of her identity and not get any ideas she shouldn't have, you know? Only Nellie can become a part of this family. When she comes back, this woman needs to get the hell out of here!" Looking back at Westley's angry face, Liana's own hatred toward Gabrielle was strengthened even more.

"Gabrielle, did you hear her clearly?" Westley cast a cold glance at Gabrielle.

"Yes, I did. I wouldn't even dream of being where I don't belong. I will leave the moment Miss Collins comes back." Gabrielle would leave earlier if it was in her hands.

Liana snorted at Gabrielle and looked back at Westley. "Westley, Nellie ran away because she got wedding jitters. You were always on business trips and didn't get a chance to meet her. She must have

thought you were not paying enough attention to her. You better send some people to look for her.

Don't wait for her to come back on her own! What if she doesn't? Some girls need to be coaxed..."

"Mom, I'll handle it. I have something to deal with at work right now. I'm leaving." Westley got into the car.

"Get in the car! Are you waiting for me to carry you in? Or are you waiting for Austin?" Westley spoke sharply, knowing it would make her feel guilty.

Gabrielle was shocked to hear him mention Austin's name. How relentless was this man! She suppressed her irritation and got in the car.

After a while, she thought she should address the issue before it became bigger. "Mr. Morris, I... Austin is just a friend. It's not as complicated as you think," said Gabrielle, trying to break the ice.

"Complicated? I am not interested at all. If you want to seduce a man, you are free to do it. But don't do it in front of me," Westley said heartlessly. What did he think of her? What had she done to inspire such hate in him?

Gabrielle swallowed her displeasure bitterly and decided to let it go. The more she tried to explain herself, the angrier Westley got.

"What's more, spend more time looking for your brother. Don't wait for me to send someone to look for him. I don't care if the Jones family loses their sole descendant, but I'm sure you do." The car sped up all of a sudden, causing her to jerk back.

Westley saw her pale face and pursed his lips. He was driving faster on purpose to scare this woman since she obviously made him unhappy.

Chapter 6 Lousy Brothers

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Gabrielle was shocked when she was thrown backward. Startled, she immediately fastened her seat belt tightly and looked at Westley with a hint of resentment in her eyes.

Westley noticed that look in her eyes, but he didn't take it seriously. In his heart, he felt a little happy. He said those words to let her know that she should not do anything to annoy him. Otherwise, he would make her even unhappier.

Gabrielle understood his silent warning.

She felt a sharp pain in her heel, but she didn't want to speak.

"Gabrielle, if you really have any complaints about me, just say it. Don't act as if I have wronged you. If

you don't want to ride in my car, you are free to get out now," Westley snapped. He really disliked seeing her looking restless and fidgeting.

"I... my feet hurt." Gabrielle was frightened by his fierce words, but she plucked up all her courage to tell him the reason.

She was actually a brave woman who could even watch horror movies and visit horror towns alone. But every time she was in front of him, she got so scared that she couldn't help but shiver.

Upon hearing what she said, Westley's expression softened. She was hurt because she wore a pair of shoes smaller than her size. Perhaps he was a little guilty, so he became less cold and arrogant.

His phone suddenly rang. When he saw that it was his assistant Alvin, he immediately answered it through his Bluetooth headphones.

"What's the matter?"

"Mr. Morris, the commerce minister wants to talk to you."

"Tell him that I'll call him back in twenty minutes." He then hung up the phone and parked his car at the roadside.

"I have something to deal with in the company, so take a taxi home."

Westley drove Gabrielle out of the car without hesitation.

Gabrielle was a person with high self-esteem, and she never expected him to be kind to her. So she

pushed the door open and got out of the car without saying anything.

She then slammed the car door as if secretly venting her dissatisfaction.

Westley just glanced at her indifferently then started the car.

He had already driven away when she realized that she was in a horrible place. He drove so fast just now that she didn't notice which road he took.

It turned out that she was in the middle of nowhere where cars and taxis seldom passed by. There was even no bus station nearby.

She tried to book a taxi using her mobile phone, but it wouldn't get through. Left with no choice, she called her friend, Sloane Gray.

As soon as she hung up, the heavy rain suddenly poured down. She was completely caught off guard as she didn't expect it. Panic-stricken, she looked around to find a place to hide. Finally, she found a tree with dense leaves, so she ran towards it. But when Sloane arrived, she was still soaking wet.

"Gabrielle, get in the car!" Sloane immediately pushed the car door open when she saw Gabrielle shivering under the tree.

Gabrielle ran towards the car as fast as she could and got in.

"What happened? What are you doing in this place? Don't you know that you can't get a taxi here? Wipe yourself." Sloane tossed a towel at her.

"Well... It's a long story. I'll tell you everything later," Gabrielle replied while wiping her face with the towel.

"Okay. I'll take you home, so you can take a hot shower first. Look at your lips. They have turned purple.

I'm afraid you will catch a cold later." Sloane drove at a faster speed to reach her apartment quickly.

As soon as they arrived, she immediately asked Gabrielle to take a hot shower. She looked for clothes she could lend Gabrielle. Then they sat on the sofa. Gabrielle was drying her hair with an uncomfortable expression on her face.

"Gabrielle, are you not feeling well? Here, have a cup of hot milk first."

She was so worried about Gabrielle, so she prepared hot milk for her.

"Thank you," Gabrielle said after sneezing. She held the cup between her palms and unhurriedly took a sip.

"Look, you already caught a cold. What on earth were you doing in that place?" Sloane couldn't help but complain.

"Do you think I want this to happen to me? I would never want to go to that place!" Gabrielle told Sloane everything that happened today.

When she finished, they both fell silent for a long time. Then Sloane smiled bitterly and said, "Gabrielle, the two of us are really good friends with similar miserable fates. We both have miserable experiences and heartless brothers."

Gabrielle suddenly realized something. "Did he come to you again?"

"I never want to see him again. Every time he comes to me, he does nothing but threatens me. Just hearing his name makes me feel angry. I will be the happiest person in the world if I won't be seeing him

for the rest of my life," Sloane replied with a darkened expression.

Obviously, she was very unhappy.

"But, Gabrielle, I still can't understand why you agree to marry Westley?"

It has nothing to do with you

anyway. This is all Bryce's fault because he has stolen Westley's woman.

Perhaps he is so bored with his

life that he wants to challenge the authorities. Or maybe he wants to die faster. Doesn't he know that

Westley is a living demon in this world? If Westley wants someone to die at night, that person will surely

never see the next sunrise. Is Nellie really worth it? You have even

sacrificed yourself for them." Sloane

suddenly had the urge to kill Bryce.

The first person she wanted to kill was Benny Hall. The man she had

called brother for more than ten

years, but now, she wanted him dead.

She also wanted Bryce to die because of the things he did to Gabrielle.

For her, he did not deserve to be

Gabrielle's brother.

"Nellie has always been Bryce's dream girl. He must be very happy that they're finally together now." As

she spoke, Gabrielle felt a lump in her throat and her chest tightened.

Her best friends, Sloane and Emily Garcia both knew what happened in the Jones, so she had nothing to

hide.

"Bah! Nellie is a goddess in Bryce's eyes, so what? Since he has dared to take her away, he must face the consequences. Why does he choose to hide and let you take all the blame? You are suffering because of him. And that Westley is also not a man at all. How dare he leave you alone in such a desolate place!

What if something bad happens to you? Doesn't he even care?" Feeling a little helpless, Sloane could only complain again.

Why did she and Gabrielle have to suffer so much? All the men they met were scumbags.

"What does he have to worry about? I am not his woman, and he doesn't like me at all. It has nothing to do with him even if I die." Gabrielle laughed at herself bitterly before she took another sip of milk carefully.

"Well, we'd better not worry about those scumbags anymore. After drinking the milk, have a good sleep.

Don't strain yourself thinking about them. Let's just hope that Bryce will come to his senses and bring

Nellie back as soon as possible. Otherwise, Westley will not let go of you but continue to torture you. I'm

afraid that you will lose your life in just half a month. He is obviously venting all his anger on you." Sloane

took the empty cup from Gabrielle's hand, turned around, and went to the kitchen.

Gabrielle's hair was not fully dry yet. But her head started to feel heavy, so she lay on the sofa and closed her eyes.

She didn't know how long she had slept. But when she opened her eyes again and looked at the window,

the sun was already setting outside. A streak of orange light seeped through the window, and it looked

so beautiful. She wanted to appreciate its beauty, but at the same time, her head felt heavier.

Sloane heard the noise outside, so she came out of the kitchen, wearing an apron and holding a spatula

in her hand. Obviously, she was cooking because the whole apartment was filled with the aroma of

stir-fried vegetables.

"You're awake. I'm almost done making dinner. We'll eat in a short while.

If Westley doesn't look for you,

don't go home tonight. You don't have to bear his maltreatment."

She was a little worried because Gabrielle was sitting on the sofa in a

daze. "Gabrielle, what's wrong? Are

you not feeling well?"

Gabrielle shook her head at once. As much as possible, she didn't want

Sloane to worry about her. "I'm

fine. I've just woken up, so I need some time to sober up."

Sloane stopped asking more questions. She turned around and went

back to the kitchen to continue

cooking.

Next chapter