

## Chapter 121 He Was Not A Good Man

Vice Mr. Hughes didn't know many women personally, but there were countless women who knew him. He was known for his notorious reputation after all, having overshadowed many celebrities and stars in the city.

Therefore, in the face of these women, Vice Mr. Hughes was quite calm to accept the fact as it was. He was afraid that he would fall into a situation where another woman would secretly fall in love with him, and he wouldn't be able to leave it easily.

Unexpectedly for him, Macy knew Gabby. If it came down to it, would she rival against Gabby for his love?

Macy wasn't surprised by Lawrence's response. After all, she was just an intern in the Hughes Group branch she worked at, so it was expected that he wasn't familiar with her person. But as she knew him, she knew it was protocol to acknowledge him by showing him respect when he came in, as was customary. She quickly stood up, stepped out from behind her chair and bowed low to Lawrence.

"Good afternoon, Vice Mr. Hughes."



He glanced at Macy with a flicker of panic as he accepted the serious and professional greeting.

He wondered whether she was trying to attract his attention in some special way. Then she was a cunning and shrewd woman.

"Vice Mr. Hughes, I am an intern in the advertising department at the Hughes Group in the high-tech zone. I joined the company last month. My name is Macy. Do you remember ... I was ... I was blackmailed on my third day here, but you helped me. Do you have any memory of this? Even if you don't, I would like to bestow my appreciation to you! Thank you for that, Vice Mr. Hughes." Noticing the seriousness of her words, Lawrence realized she was being genuine and did not, in fact, seem to have any intentions of seducing him. He felt a pang of disappointment—was he that unattractive?

'Damn it! Doesn't she like my style? She's just like Gabrielle.'

Both the friends, this intern and Gabrielle seemed to share the same sentiment towards him. They were very similar: their language, facial expressions, tone and manner of speaking—there was no trace of admiration towards him at all.

Lawrence had always been a "playboy",



popular for his ways around women. He received many confessions of love and admiration from both men and women towards him and he was very used to it. However, now, he felt uncharacteristically frustrated and for the second time he doubted his own charm and appeal.

"Oh, it's been quite some time since that incident last month. I'm afraid I have forgotten what happened. Besides, you will always receive help from me here at Hughes Group as an employee, and it is my job as your boss. You don't have to be overly thankful." The smile on Lawrence's face faltered as he seriously delivered his response.

He reminded himself to be professional; not only was this woman a friend of Gabrielle's, but she was also an intern at Hughes Group, and his own words reminded him that he was her superior.

He had to be careful or his reputation would not be spared.

"Vice Mr. Hughes, you are really a good man," Macy praised Lawrence.

Lawrence couldn't help but blush at the compliments.

Gabrielle always looked down on him and berated him: could it be that Macy hadn't yet



heard the rumor about Lawrence because of her lack of experience and familiarity among these people?

Lawrence was a good man?

Men all over the world were good people, but Lawrence was not.

Men who chased girls and played women everywhere were not good people, and this kind of game between men and women that Lawrence loved playing, was a cheap game, equivalent to the dating version of fast-food.

There was no harm in being with people you liked, or being separated from people you didn't. However, Lawrence was on another level. He even paid money to women for their company, but that always ended up with a final, eventual good-bye!

"Thank you, I appreciate it." It was rare for Lawrence to be so embarrassed.

It was easy for women to blame him for his actions, especially if they had been together only for a short time. Even the women who had received payment from him would take the cash and then ironically yell at him at the end of it.

The speed with which he "hunted" these women was what made them hate him. He had barely broken up with some of them



before he began to look for the next one, so it was natural that this reputation brought about these sentiments among them.

"Vice Mr. Hughes, you are quite modern and contemporary. I was surprised to hear you are a friend of Gabrielle's. We were classmates in college," Macy said to him. She sounded warm, now.

Gabrielle had known Macy had no idea about Lawrence and the incidents surrounding him.

How could Macy have known? She was not involved in the upper class echelons of society that the rest of them frequented around. Even Gabrielle's knowledge of Lawrence was because of what Austin had told her, based on his own experiences with him. Lawrence was known among all the upper-class people for his promiscuous nature. Everyone knew he had slept with many females, including anchorwomen, Internet celebrities, socialites, small-time and big-time stars, models and basically, any attractive woman he set his eyes on and was willing to play these games with him.

When he had a crush on a woman, he wouldn't let her go too easily. That was why Austin had advised Gabrielle to stay away from the likes of Lawrence.

At first, Gabrielle thought that Lawrence was just interested in her for a short time and



eventually, he would stop pestering her.

However, Lawrence's persistence surprised her. He just wouldn't give up.

They hadn't seen each other in more than a month, but he was still taken up by her. Gabrielle was mindful when going out by checking her calendar to make sure she wouldn't bump into him anywhere.

She wanted to directly tell Lawrence that she was married to Westley, the most evil man in town. Lawrence would not believe it, though, even if she produced her marriage certificate to him.

So she let it be. It wasn't his business after all, more so if he didn't believe it.

"Since you are classmates, Macy, do you know what happened to Gabby at the school? You can tell me." Lawrence took the opportunity to feed his curiosity.

This was his best bet to find out what happened to Gabrielle, through Gabrielle's classmate Macy, especially when his own methods of sending people and investigators to dig up information had failed.

"Yes, of course..."

"Macy, ignore him. Order the dishes first," Gabrielle quickly interrupted Macy before she



could say anything.

Macy wasn't aware of what kind of man Lawrence was, so she would naively tell him all about Gabrielle. She deemed him as a hero, someone who had helped her. Gabrielle had to find an opportunity to convey what kind of person Lawrence was to Macy.

She became worried and anxious. Macy was young, an innocent woman who had just finished her college studies to enter society and make her mark as a professional. She had not yet been betrayed or let down by the vile actions of others around her. It was obvious she would worship Lawrence as this accomplished, helpful man.

She felt a chill when she thought of the harm this could potentially cause, and felt an instinct to help her friend.

She must have a chance to communicate with Macy. She couldn't let her go astray like this.

"Let Vice Mr. Hughes do it. He is the boss, after all, and it's only respectful that he orders the dishes," Macy said. She didn't mean to flatter him. She just respected him as a boss.

Lawrence felt like he was being treated like an old man for the first time in his life. Respect? Only a man in his seventies



deserved this traditional "respect".

"Don't worry about me. We are all friends of Gabby today. We are on equal footing. It's my treat. You two can order whatever you like." Lawrence carelessly waved his hand, boasting his lavish background and superfluous attitude. 4



## Chapter 122 Caught Red-handed

The trio, Lawrence, Gabrielle, and Macy, were still in the Fragrance Restaurant. They hadn't placed an order for food yet as Macy and Lawrence first exchanged pleasantries. After hearing what Lawrence had said, Gabrielle opened the menu unceremoniously.

"We're ready to make an order. Please serve us specialty dishes except for seafood. Make sure it's enough for the three of us. Thank you," she indicated to the waiter with a smile.

'What were the specialty dishes?' Lawrence thought to himself. But he knew that all of them were expensive and delicious. 'This girl is good at eating,' he mused as he smiled to himself.

"Gabrielle, why don't you like seafood?" he asked with curiosity.

"I'm allergic to it," she replied without beating around the bush.

She had always been direct when it came to life-saving matters, especially as it concerned her directly. If she ate too much seafood, it would kill her immediately. She didn't dare to take the risk.

"Now I know. I'll keep this in mind. From this



moment on, we won't eat seafood when we go out for lunch," he said as he looked at her seriously as if he was asking for a reward. ②

"We won't have any lunch date after this, Lawrence. This is the first and also the last time. So you don't have to remember that I'm allergic to seafood," she said to him coldly as she rolled her eyes. ②

He didn't care whether she would have a meal with him again later in the future. All he cared about was having a meal with her and for this reason, he would always remember it.

"So tell me, Gabby. What else are you allergic to? I can memorize all now for future purposes," he asked her seriously. ①

She didn't want to answer such a question.

"Vice Mr. Hughes, are you..." Macy paused for some seconds before she continued, "are you interested in making Gabrielle your woman?" She had observed them for a long time and finally found some clues. She noticed the way he wanted to know all about her.

'Oh my God! Vice Mr. Hughes wants Gabrielle to be his. Just look at him. No matter what she says to him, he doesn't mind, but accepts them all cheerfully. He is not angry, but happy, as if he was shot by Cupid, ' Macy thought as she smiled to herself.



She could tell that he was in love with Gabrielle. His eyes were all over her.

'If Vice Mr. Hughes is with Gabrielle, then am I related to him too?' she thought to herself.

It was quite interesting to think about it. She might be attending a wedding soon.

"Macy, don't think too much," Gabrielle said facing her. "There is nothing of that sort going on." Gabrielle perished Macy's thought immediately.

'What was she insinuating by saying that Lawrence was interested in making me his woman? How can I be his woman?' she thought to herself. There was nothing like that and it would never be possible.

Lawrence faced Macy and said, "You're right, Macy. I want to make Gabby mine, but she has been turning me down. If I need your help, will you be willing to assist me?" He pressed his palms together to show how serious he was.

For some seconds, Macy was taken aback, and then she understood. She realized that he was going to ask her more about his object of interest, but as it were, she was also a little clueless. Although they had been classmates in college for more than three years now, she didn't know much about Gabrielle, and right



now, they were already in their fourth year.

She was able to know a little about Gabrielle than their other classmates because she was closer to her than the others and talked a bit more. But even at that, she didn't know anything about Gabrielle's family background.

Some people said that she belonged to a very powerful family; others said she was adopted as a child bride by a very rich family.

All these were rumors. How could one tell which was true?

And with a topic as sensitive as this since it was related to her life experience, it was better not to ask. If she was her friend, it would come naturally to Gabrielle to let her know. If she never treated her as a friend, she would be asking for too much if she asked her about it.

"Mr. Hughes, if you keep acting this way, I won't have lunch with you anymore. You two can have lunch together since you're enjoying each other's company." Gabrielle gesticulated with her hands. She took a brief look at him calmly; her emotions were cold and direct.

Immediately after she said that he shot another question at her. "Gabby, are you jealous of the way your friend and I are



interacting?" he asked looking at her mischievously.

"Lawrence!" she yelled. She used to call him Mr. Hughes politely, but now she called him by his first name, which meant that she was really angry.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop. Let's eat." He immediately raised his hands in total surrender.

Fragrance Restaurant was a Chinese restaurant. On the second floor opposite the building, there was also a stylish Western restaurant.

There were two calm and handsome men sitting at a table beside the window on the second floor. Their looks attracted other female guests and waiters in the restaurant.

There was no choice. In this part of the world, people were judged by their looks. Whether men or women, any good-looking person would be very captivating to people around him or her. But fortunately for them, the female guests here were a little reserved, and they didn't dare to look too direct or too eager for the sake of their reputation.

There was a huge difference between the two handsome men. One looked gentle and gentlemanly while the other looked gloomy and cruel. The latter also kept looking out of



the window.

"Westley, have you seen someone you know?" Brent asked as he took a look at Westley. He was fine when they got here, but all of a sudden, he had been staring downstairs gloomily for about a minute now.

Brent was the president of Ordest Advertising. He had asked Westley out for lunch today to talk about the advertising of the Morris Group for the next season.

In general terms, the advertising department of the Morris Group was in charge of the advertisement matters of the group. Only the large-scale advertising at the end of each season would be handled by Brent. After several years of cooperation, Westley and Brent had already become friends solely from a pure business partnership.

"Brent, isn't that your unpromising brother, Vice Mr. Hughes, who has done nothing meaningful for himself and his family?" Westley asked Brent with his eyebrows raised.

From his point of view, Westley saw that Gabrielle and Lawrence were sitting close to the window.

He couldn't see Macy also sitting close to them from his angle, and so in his eyes, it was just the two of them who were having



lunch together.

'Gabrielle's life is smooth,' he thought. She had changed one man after another.

This time around, she even followed the notorious unrestrained man of Antawood, Lawrence who even the whole Hughes family and his brother, Brent could do nothing to him. 'She didn't even mind being seen with him,' he thought as he shook his head.

'Why did she get involved with him?' he asked himself without getting a suitable answer. Judging from the conversation between the both of them, it was obvious that it was not the first day they had known each other.

He didn't know how many secrets his wife had. Although they had agreed to get married in a fake way and neither of them would care about each other's private life, but her private life had been just too bad. He felt that he was being cheated on.

"Oh, it's him. This particular girl looks very different this time, completely different from all the girls he has been with before," Brent said. He was not surprised by the fact that Lawrence dated different girls every day.

The maximum time that his brother waited before changing a woman was not more than a month, and the minimum time was not



more than a day. In other words, once he slept with the woman, he broke up with her the very next day.

Although Brent could get several projects worth hundreds of millions and was successful in every area, the way his brother lived his life recklessly was still a source of concern to him. Of course, as long as he didn't do anything harmful like committing murder or arson, the Hughes family and Brent turned a blind eye to it. They were even afraid that one day, a woman with a pregnant belly would come to the Hughes family house and claim to be his wife!

"Yes, she's very different," Westley commented coldly still looking in their direction.

That was his wife. How could she, whose name was written on the spouse column in their marriage certificate, be the same as the other girls Lawrence had dated before?

Of course, she had to be different. Before he dumped her like a hot coal, no man was permitted to touch her. Anybody who tried to get involved with her would surely die!



## Chapter 123 She's Happy With Another Man

They were still in their separate restaurants eating. The way Gabrielle was getting bolder recently infuriated Westley to his bones. Earlier that morning, Sophie had told him that Gabrielle went to the hospital to see her friend, Sloane, and was very happy about it.

And now, here she was, having lunch with Lawrence and smiling from ear to ear. It showed that she was also happy being with him. <sup>8</sup>

When he thought about how she had been reluctant to have dinner with him the night before, he got angry even more. 'Who does this woman think she is?' he asked himself. <sup>5</sup>

"Do you know that woman, Mr. Morris?" Brent asked as he looked at Westley's face squarely.

Although Brent and Westley became close friends in recent years, Brent knew that his friend had a lover who he had loved for so many years. Her name was Helena, the eldest daughter of the Collins family. They were so in love that they planned to get married.

Despite that, before they were able to get married, there was a shootout. Westley was



badly injured, but his lover, Helena died on the spot. Ever since then, he had never been close to any other woman. He found it difficult to forget someone who he had loved so much. ③

Later on, he got engaged to the second daughter of the Collins family, Nellie and they were supposed to get married this year. But unfortunately, there was no news about their wedding. It was a problem whether he would still get married or not. Besides, just a few men could take the kind of decision he took. Who would do such a thing as marrying the sister of their deceased lover?

But then, the woman sitting opposite Lawrence was not the second daughter of the Collins family, but judging from the way Westley stared at her, it was obvious that he cared so much about her.

'Who is this girl?'

All of a sudden, Brent was curious about it.

"Mr. Hughes, it's none of my business how Lawrence used to play. I can't control him or care too much about what he does, but you see that woman right there with him? I hope he can stay away from her as far and as soon as possible," Westley told him and then sat again in silence, gracefully cutting the steak in front of him with a knife and a fork. ①



Somehow, Brent felt that it was not the steak that Westley cut directly, but that he was cutting his brother, Lawrence. 5

"Mr. Morris, you mean that? Is that girl very important to you?" he asked Westley.

They were all smart people in the business world. Since Brent had asked, he wouldn't deny it.

"She is a very special person to me, so please go back and discipline Vice Mr. Hughes. He shouldn't mess with the wrong person because it has grave consequences. I still want to cooperate with Mr. Hughes and the Hughes Group for a very long time," he said and put down the knife and fork, picked up the glass of wine, and took a sip. 5

From his words, Brent understood clearly that this woman had a special place in Westley's heart and for this reason, it was better not to offend him for the time being.

When he got back home, he would tell his brother about it. He could pick up as many girls as he wanted, but he had to first find out who she belonged to before he killed himself unknowingly.

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Morris. I'm going to take care of this. Do you need me to call him right this minute?" Brent thoughtfully



asked him.

Westley shook his head negatively. "No, Mr. Hughes. There is no need. Just let him stay away from this particular woman in the future."

"All right, it's okay. I can do it. I apologize on his behalf." Brent spoke calmly.

It was easy for him to teach Lawrence a lesson.

After that, Westley didn't say one more word, but from time to time, his eyes would dart downstairs.

Gabrielle didn't know if she was thinking too much or someone was staring at her. She just felt that someone was staring at her emotionlessly.

She turned around and looked out of the window. There were only passers-by on the street and they were all strangers. She didn't see anybody she knew.

Or could it be that she was hallucinating?

"What are you staring at, Gabby? You seem to be absent-minded," Lawrence asked with concern. "By the way, this is their signature sauce spare ribs. You should give it a try." He picked up two pieces and put them into her bowl.



"Don't get me any more food, Mr. Hughes. I don't appreciate it," she refused bluntly. ①

Lawrence pretended to be sad to get her attention. He looked at her unhappily. "Gabby, look at my heart. See how much I'm hurt by you. Do you know how many women want me to pick up food for them, but I refused? But right now, I'm helping you, you refuse to appreciate my kindness. I'm so sad." ①

He pretended to be sad and looked at her, but she wasn't moved at all. She just watched him and allowed him to finish his play calmly. "Mr. Hughes, with your face and acting skill, you can act. No one can match you right now because you've already won the award for the best actor on the planet." With that, she stood up and gave him a standing ovation. She curtsied and sat back in her chair.

Although he pretended at first to look pitiful, he was appalled by her serious nonsense.

"Gabby, I think you are complimenting me. I like it very much. Keep it up! It means that my appearance and acting skills are pretty good. I can succeed as an actor. What do you think?"

he asked as he smiled at her happily. He looked at her and urged her to eat.



"Eat your food." She ignored him and lowered her head to eat her meal.

In Westley's eyes, this scene was just so annoying. Lawrence was making his wife laugh and she lowered her eyes shyly to avoid his gaze. ④

He couldn't stand it anymore. 'What nonsense!' He was enraged.

A fire of fury rose inside of him. He wished he could just drop his fork and go downstairs to catch her. What did she think she was doing with a man that wasn't him?

"Mr. Morris, it seems that you don't like today's steak very much. Do you want to change it to something else?" Brent asked innocently, although he knew what affected Westley's appetite was not the steak, but the woman downstairs.

At the same time, he became even more curious about the background of the woman who his brother had fallen in love with and even Westley cared so much about.

"Mr. Hughes, things like this shouldn't make you curious. It's not good for your health," he said as he drank up the remaining wine in one gulp, put down the empty glass, and cleaned his mouth with a napkin. Today's lunch was over for him. He wasn't in a good mood to eat anymore.



"Of course, I understand," Brent replied, nodding his head. He was a sensible businessman. He knew clearly what he should be curious about and what he shouldn't. He didn't want to poke his nose into where he wasn't wanted.

"I hope we can continue to cooperate happily in the future. I've already seen and read the advertising plan of the Hughes Group for the new season, and I'm very satisfied with it. I'll sign the contract and make sure Alvin sends it to you as soon as possible." Westley stood up and was about to take his leave.

"All right, Mr. Morris, I will wait patiently. Take care."

Brent stood up and watched as Westley left.

"Thank you for your invitation to lunch this noon. I'll be the one to invite you next time," he said happily. Westley had already walked away. His broad and straight back looked very inherent and unbridled.

When he got in to the car, Alvin handed him a cup of coffee.

"Are you going back to the company now, Mr. Morris?" Alvin asked. He was about to start the car so that they could leave.

"Don't leave in a hurry, Alvin." Westley took



a sip of coffee and leaned back on the car seat.

"What else do you need me to do, Mr. Morris? Just tell me and I'll take action immediately." He looked back at his boss.

When he went out for lunch with Mr. Hughes, he seemed to be in a good mood. Or did the meeting not go well between the both of them?

'Didn't the Hughes Group agree to do the advertisement for the Morris Group next season?' Alvin thought deeply.

This was what he was worried about.

Besides, the Hughes Group had been working very well with the Morris Group for quite some time now.

"Go to the Fragrance Restaurant and order some green dishes for Gabrielle. She's in there," Westley said to Alvin as he pointed at the restaurant. 6



## Chapter 124 Do You Have A Boyfriend

Alvin was momentarily stunned. He was still as a statue. It was quite some time before he came to his senses. Alvin felt as if he was waking up from a dream.

Gabrielle was at the Fragrance Restaurant, having lunch with another man. No wonder Westley was so angry.

The reason for Westley's unhappiness wasn't Brent, but Gabrielle.

As soon as Alvin received the order, he hastily got out of the car and headed towards Fragrance Restaurant. When he reached the door of the restaurant, Alvin immediately checked where Gabrielle was seated. He did not want to be seen. Alvin was a bit relieved, when he noticed that she was facing the other way.

Alvin weaved through the tables and reached the counter to place his order. Without hesitation he quickly ordered few green dishes to be sent to Gabrielle's table. He paid the bill and rushed out of the restaurant. ②

Once outside the door, Alvin heaved a sigh of relief. He patted his chest as if to reassure his heart, which was beating wildly. He felt that



he completed the given task with well-timed perfection.

Was sending Gabrielle green food Westley's way of warning her that she was sending him a green hat? Everyone was aware that the expression meant that a woman was cheating on her husband or boyfriend. Westley was really very ruthless.

When Gabrielle and her friends were enjoying their lunch, the waiter approached the table with a heavy laden tray. He was balancing several dishes on it. When the waiter started placing the dishes on the table, Gabrielle looked at her friends questioningly. But they too were surprised. They noticed that all the dishes were green.

"Excuse me, we did not order this. Did you by any chance bring us some other table's order?"

Gabrielle looked at the waiter with a confused expression.

"No, Miss Jones. A gentleman came and ordered these dishes and asked us to deliver it to your table," the waiter replied honestly.

Gabrielle froze and her face lost its color. She glanced at the dishes once again and her mood went off.

A gentleman ordered all green dishes and



sent them to her table. Was it a coincidence or was he trying to send her a message? And what was the message?

"Who would dare to send these dishes to someone? That's very insolent of them. On second thought, did you offend anyone, Gabrielle?"

Macy questioned Gabrielle.

"Green..."

All the dishes are green. Gabrielle, you must have offended someone who likes you. It's very impolite though. Is the man in question suggesting that you not send him a green hat?"

Well, Lawrence was a Casanova and he did know a lot about these tricks, as well as the games played to gain one's attention. 2

Lawrence did not appreciate any man who would stoop so low.

The woman he liked, Gabby, was charming and beautiful. There was no doubt she had many admirers. He was one of them.

"Who is it? Gabrielle, do you have any idea?"

Macy asked Gabrielle curiously.

Who is it?

Gabrielle most definitely knew who it was. It



had been so long ago. She was in her twenties when she had crossed paths with that man. Gabrielle couldn't think of anyone else other than Westley, who could pull such a stunt.

"No, I don't. It could be a prank or a man who has a crush on me. Other than that I don't know anyone who could do something like this. Or maybe I just don't remember,"

Gabrielle lied calmly.

She tried to shrug it off, but it was of no use. She was thoroughly annoyed and it was difficult to compose herself. There was a restlessness within her.

If what she was thinking was true and Westley was responsible for this, then she was unable to understand why he would do this? What was he trying to say? Gabrielle was unable to make sense of it.

Was he trying to send her some kind of a warning? Was he telling her not to get too involved with Lawrence?

It wasn't as if she was alone with Lawrence. Macy was also present. What was wrong with having a meal with friends? 2

Was Westley really so narrow-minded? Gabrielle always felt that someone was watching her. She always felt a tingling sensation at the back of her neck. But



Gabrielle always let it go, thinking nothing about it.

As it turned out, it was not nothing. It was true and it was Westley who was keeping his cold eyes on her.

He was the devil incarnate from hell. Gabrielle felt a shiver go through her body. She had absolutely no clue as to what was going on.

"It looks like my Gabby is quite popular and has garnered someone's attention. Do I have many rivals?" Lawrence questioned jokingly.

Gabrielle was in no mood for Lawrence's candor. She did not want to deal with him right now. Gabrielle glanced at him and spoke testily.

"Oh, what rival?! Please don't talk any nonsense." 4

Gabrielle had no romantic feelings for Lawrence. How could he even consider himself as a rival to Westley in this matter?

"Gabby, tell me the truth. Do you have a boyfriend?"

Lawrence asked her. His voice was serious and direct.

After a short pause, Gabrielle looked him in the eye and shook her head decisively. "No."



However, Gabrielle did have a legitimate husband!

The number of people who dared to offend her husband, the big boss of Antawood, were few.

"Really? That's awesome. Well then, it looks like I do stand a chance to be your boyfriend,"

Lawrence said with a boyish grin on his face.

"Not necessary."

Gabrielle's words were covered in frost.

However, Lawrence paid no heed to it. He just happily continued to look at her. "To be honest, it's up to me whether it's necessary or not. I will definitely make it happen and be your boyfriend."

"Lawrence, if you're done eating, then it's time to pay the bill."

Gabrielle did not want to continue talking about it. She was certain that Westley had a hand in sending the dishes, which in fact, was a silent warning. There was no doubt in Gabrielle's mind that he was close by.

Her anxiety was growing by the minute, knowing that Westley was staring at her and he could walk up to her any minute. She decided to leave as soon as they were done



with their lunch.

"Okay, okay, I won't make a fuss anymore. Let's finish our lunch first."

Lawrence being a smart man, always knew when to stop.

Even though Gabrielle tried to act calm, he could make out that she was getting upset. He did not want to make matters worse.

If Gabrielle lost her temper, it would do him no good.

As soon as they were done with their lunch, Lawrence offered to drive the girls back. But, Gabrielle rejected the offer and dragged Macy away from the table and out of the restaurant, and looked around expecting to see Westley standing nearby.

She was disappointed when she did not see him. Gabrielle frowned and was trying to figure out whether someone played a prank on her or was it indeed Westley who did it?

"Gabrielle, what are you trying to look at? Or are you searching for someone?"

Looking at Gabrielle turn around in every direction, searching for something or someone, Macy started to get very curious.

Macy realized that once the waiter placed all those green dishes on their table, Gabrielle's



behavior had changed.

"Nothing. You have to head to work and I've got to go back. Let's part ways here," Gabrielle told Macy abruptly.

After all, in Gabrielle's heart, Macy was not as close a friend as Sloane was, so Gabrielle couldn't tell Macy anything.

"Well, yes, I have to get back to the office. I just heard from Vice Mr. Hughes that you hadn't gone to the studio for almost a month. Were you really very sick and weak? There was concern in Macy's voice.

"Yes. I just had a little accident. I'm completely fine now."

Gabrielle nodded her head.

Gabrielle would never tell Macy that she had taken a month's leave to get married and not to recuperate from her so called accident.

"Oh, then you must take care and rest well. Once you're back to work, we'll have lunch together. It will be my treat,"

Macy said enthusiastically.

Macy might not be street smart or she might not know much about the ways of the world, but her mama did not raise a fool. Macy very well knew that there was something going on



in Gabrielle's mind and right now she was not willing to let anyone know about it.

Their friendship was new and it made perfect sense to Macy that Gabrielle wasn't very comfortable with sharing her secrets with her. Their friendship had not crossed that level, yet.

Gabrielle looked at Macy for a while and then said quietly, "Okay, I'll call you when I come back to work." 2

"Gabrielle, be careful and take care."

Macy waved at her and was about to turn away when Gabrielle stopped her with a hand on her arm.

"Macy, please stay away from that guy, Lawrence. You can either search about him online or you can ask your colleagues about him. There will be some gossip about him. If you have any question, you can always call me,"

Gabrielle warned Macy.