

"No, mom. I am not angry, neither do I need anything. This wedding was nothing more than a joke. Dowry wasn't needed in the first place."

"Well, how about I give you some jewelry then? You're a jewelry designer anyway. Choosing different styles can provide you with ideas, and the jewelry and diamonds will retain their value." Wendy just thought that, after all, Gabrielle had been raised by the Jones family. If she got married without any jewelry, Wendy was afraid that Gabrielle would be looked down upon by the Morris family.

"Mom, you really don't have to..." Gabrielle was about to plead when Wendy interrupted, "Gabrielle, if you won't accept the jewelry from me, I will believe that you're still angry with me and that you haven't forgiven me yet." Wendy simply made a serious charge against Gabrielle.

Giving Wendy a reluctant look, Gabrielle dragged herself into a jewelry store behind her mother.

"Although you are not my biological daughter, Gabrielle, I've raised you for twenty years. When a girl gets married,

her mother must give her a set of jewelry, to officially regard her as married off. I was too hasty to prepare before. So now I will compensate you with a fresh one. You can freely choose whatever you like. "Wendy showed genuine concern. "I know the grievance in your heart about me, and I don't expect you to forgive me for jewelry. All that I wish is to let the Morris family know that being the daughter of the Jones family, you must have what all the other girls get." Wendy began to select for her.

Gabrielle had had a grudge against Wendy, but her words moved Gabrielle. She was sad and touched. The mixed feelings were complex and uncomfortable, creating an indefinable whirlpool of emotion.

She then recalled her twenty years in the Jones family. Wendy didn't treat Gabrielle as well as her own daughter, yet she had never wronged her.

Gabrielle guessed that Wendy still treated her as a daughter.

"Gabrielle, come look. These two sets are quite beautiful. See if you like them. We can choose more if they won't suit your

taste. There are many styles for young girls in this shop. You should like them." Wendy delegated the decision to Gabrielle.



## Chapter 215 Lies

Gabrielle didn't want Wendy to buy her jewelry. But since the latter insisted, and to avoid upsetting Wendy, Gabrielle chose a lovely yet affordable set.

"What do you think of this one, mom?" Gabrielle pointed out. "The design is pretty."

Wendy caught on why she chose the cheapest one. She had planned to give her daughter the most expensive set to ease her burdens, but she didn't press on. Wendy thought the most important thing was that Gabrielle liked it.

"Of course, dear, it's up to you. Can I have it engraved?" Wendy looked at the shop assistant.

"Yes madam. It can be engraved with the young lady's initials, and it's going to be one of a kind."

"Gabrielle, let's engrave your name on it, and the jewelry will always belong to you."

Wendy smiled at Gabrielle.

"Alright." Gabrielle had no objection. It was the first time that Wendy had given her such a valuable gift. She would cherish it well.

"G.S., these are my daughter's initials. Exactly as that," Wendy told the shop assistant while immediately writing down the letters.

"No worries, madam. We will engrave it elaborately, but it'll take two or three days. When it's finished, we will inform you to come and get it. May I ask for your phone number?"

"You can take mine," Gabrielle said. "Call me when you're done. I'll get it myself."

After everything shopping, they left the mall.

"Mom, thank you for giving me such a precious gift today. I'll take good care of it." Gabrielle clearly knew what was going on. She knew it was kind of compensation for all the trouble of being Westley's wife.

This dowry that was worth hundreds and

thousands of dollars made her feel like she had officially left the Jones family to be a part of a new one.

Despite the intentions, Gabrielle was still deeply touched. In the real world, one always had to do something out of one's own free will.

For someone like Gabrielle, who had been abandoned by her biological parents, as long as someone showed her kindness, she'd be able to live on.

When she met Bryce and was taken in by the Jones family, it was heaven-sent. That was how she fell in love with him.

"Gabrielle, you don't need to thank me. After all, we're family." Wendy looked up at the sky. "It's late now. How about I take you to out for steak? I remember you like it very much."

Gabrielle took out her phone and looked at the time. It was almost half past five. She had to go back to cook dinner for Westley, and it would be too late if she didn't go back now.

Westley had a temper and he would probably be super furious if he came home to find dinner hadn't been cooked

yet, so it wouldn't be a bad idea to go back early.

"No thanks, mom. I have to go home now. I'll invite you to dinner next time," Gabrielle said.

"Alright. It's your grandfather's birthday the day after tomorrow. Will Westley attend?" Wendy asked, expectantly.

Westley's attendance would be a huge deal. If he went, it meant that he more or less cared about Gabrielle, and it was a good opportunity for the public to see them together.

If not, then she would finally conclude that Gabrielle had no place in Westley's heart.

Gabrielle looked at Wendy with hesitation. "Mom, I've told you that Westley won't let others control him. If he wants to go, he naturally will. If he doesn't, then I can't tie him up. Don't expect too much from him. At least he's been pretty mild for a while now."

"Gabrielle, I was just concerned for you." Wendy felt a little embarrassed.

She wouldn't have been concerned if

only Westley would listen to others.

"Don't mind him too much. Instead, we should double the efforts in search of my brother. Hasn't dad found him yet?" Gabrielle asked.

Wendy lowered her gaze. Then, she forced a smile. "Gabrielle, we've been looking for him. Your father has sent someone to look for him overseas, but there's no update yet."

'They kept sending people to look for him?

No way!'

After Bryce and the others had arrived in Thailand, Gabrielle knew that no one from the Jones family looked for him. It was obvious that they had been deceiving her like a fool.

They'd surely lose face if Lance took Bryce back.

"Mom, you can lie to me, but you can't lie to Westley. If he really wants to look into something, he can find it out." Gabrielle didn't intent to scare Wendy, but she was telling the truth.



That was what Westley was capable of. Depending on his own investigation, he could take advantage of the Jones family and nothing could stop him.

Westley had been giving them time and opportunity to look for Bryce, but they didn't take him seriously.

Wendy's face darkened, the fear showing in her eyes.

Westley could turn the whole city upside down. If he found out that the Jones family never intended to look for Bryce in the first place, then...

Wendy had only one son, and the Jones family had only one offspring. If Westley got a hold of him, wouldn't he be tortured to death?

"Gabrielle, don't you believe me?" Wendy tugged on her arm.

It wasn't about whether Gabrielle believed her or not, but it was the fact that they disregarded Bryce. How could she believe it? If she didn't ask Lance to look for him, she wouldn't have known that that they didn't even bother to look for him.

On top of that, Wendy kept insisting on her lies. That really pissed Gabrielle off.

"Mom, the car's here. You can go back first." Gabrielle urged Wendy to leave. She didn't want to continue the discussion.

Wendy got in, but before she closed the car door, she hesitantly looked up at Gabrielle. "Gabrielle, do you want me to give you a ride to the Vineyard Villa? Or did Westley arrange a driver for you?"

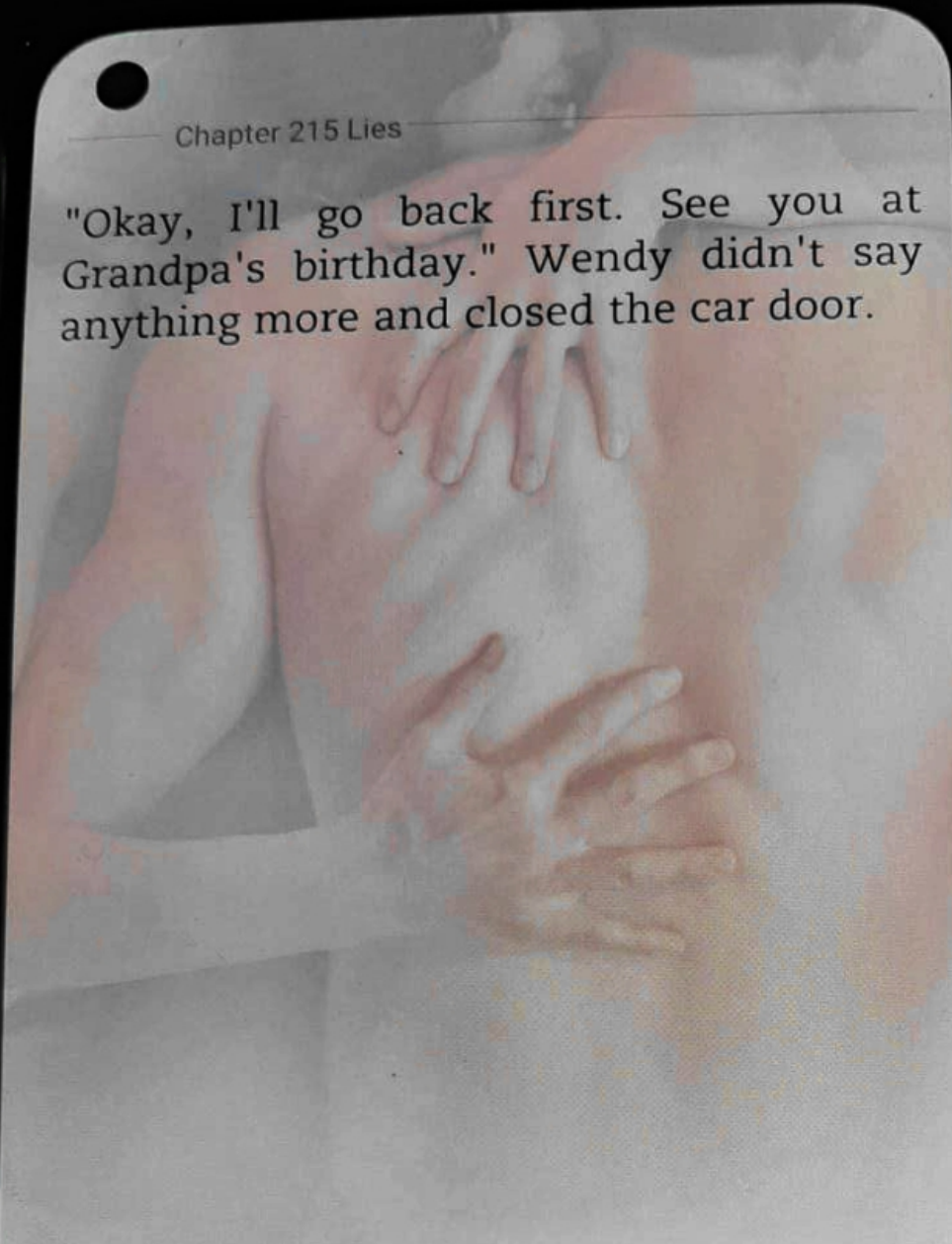
The Vineyard Villa was where all the upper class in Antawood lived. In addition to wealthy and influential families, there were also many famous scholars. Ordinary people couldn't afford to live in it.

Wendy had always wanted to go in and have a look, but she didn't have the chance.

"Mom, don't bother. Someone will pick me up later," Gabrielle said.

She didn't live in the Vineyard Villa, so there was no need to give her a ride. Besides, because of her relationship with Westley right now, she didn't want to involve Wendy any further. 2

"Okay, I'll go back first. See you at Grandpa's birthday." Wendy didn't say anything more and closed the car door.



## Chapter 216 Kidnapping Gabrielle

Gabrielle felt relieved when she saw Wendy's car drive away. It was already half-past five. She hurried to go back because she had promised to cook dinner for Westley today.

Gabrielle was well aware of how upset Westley would be if she failed to prepare dinner on time. ①

Walking to the nearby intersection, she hastened to take a taxi. She was booking a cab on the phone when an MPV stopped in front of her. Before realization could dawn upon Gabrielle that what was happening, the door opened, and two strong hands pulled her into the car. Her mobile phone fell to the ground with an audible clonk.

"Hey, what... Umm..." Gabrielle attempted to scream, but soon as she did, her mouth was covered by a towel. Sucking in a sharp breath, she soon passed out. Before she had closed her eyes, she only managed to see two

muscular fellows.

Who could've sent someone to kidnap her? Gabrielle had been unconscious to know.

Westley purposefully left the company early and reached Half Moon Bay at half-past five.

He didn't see Gabrielle when he entered.

He only noticed Sophie, who was gardening in the yard.

Westley's first thoughts were that perhaps Gabrielle was in the kitchen, so he didn't care much about it.

"Mr. Morris, why are you here?"

Sophie was surprised to see him.

His arrival was unexpected for her. Gabrielle didn't say much on the phone before, so Sophie thought that Westley wouldn't come to Half Moon Bay.

"Didn't Gabrielle tell you? Where is she, by the way? Is she in the kitchen?" Westley strode inside, meeting a quiet and empty room. ❶

'Is Gabrielle still shopping for gifts with

Wendy?

It's almost six o'clock. Is she planning to come back and cook me a midnight snack instead of dinner?' Westley huffed.

"Mr. Morris, Miss Jones hasn't come back yet. At about five o'clock, she called and asked me to prepare the ingredients. She said that she will come back soon and cook dinner. She is always punctual, so if there will be any change, she will call me." Sophie tried to calm Westley. "I hope she is on the way here, and maybe she's late because of the traffic jam. Don't worry, Mr. Morris."

Sophie didn't delay anymore and called Gabrielle right away. Gabrielle had only asked her to prepare the ingredients. She didn't mention that Westley would come for dinner.

To Sophie, it seemed that Westley and Gabrielle's relationship was getting better, which was a good thing for her. ①

"Hello, Miss Jones, where are you?"

"Hello, are you the friend of the owner of this phone? I'm a cleaner near the Bio Mall. I found this phone here." ①

A middle-aged woman's voice came from the other end of the line.

Upon hearing this, Sophie felt prickled. She immediately ran to Westley. "Mr. Morris, someone else picked up Miss Jones's phone. She says that she found it."

A frown appeared on Westley's face. Grabbing Sophie's phone, he answered it. "Hello, I'm the husband of the owner of that phone. Where and when did you find my wife's phone?"

"Near the left intersection of Bio Mall. I clean this area. I guess that I saw that she was, like, pulled into a very luxurious car."

The cleaning lady on the other end tried to recall what she had seen.

At that time, she was about 100 meters away from the lady. She watched her playing with her mobile phone on the roadside and presumably waiting for a car when a black, high-end minibus stopped right in front of her. She was pulled inside, causing her mobile phone to fall from her hand.

The cleaning lady couldn't unlock the