

Chapter 276 Don't Need Us To Worry About

Gabrielle put down the cake and followed Westley upstairs. Although she didn't want to speak to him, she knew she had to help him wash and change his clothes because of his injured hand. Yet, Westley's temper pissed her off. It was so willful and selfish, and he didn't care if he hurt others in the process.

But Gabrielle had no option. He was her husband, and she would always have to tolerate his anger and stand by him. That was why she was his wife.

Remy and Sophie lounged at the kitchen door and watched as Westley and Gabrielle sauntered up the stairs one after the other.

"I don't think we have to be bothered about their relationship, Sophie," Remy said in a low voice. "I only think you have to help them get more intimate; Westley seems too difficult to get close to." As he ate the cake, Remy kept thinking about plotting against the

couple. ②

He grinned slowly to himself, knowing that Westley would kill him if he found out about it.

"A lot has changed about Mr. Morris since he married Miss Jones. He seems to get better by the day, and it's all thanks to Miss Jones. She's a very capable woman!" Sophie said with a big smile.

"You are right, Sophie. He's really fortunate to have married a woman like Gabby. But he should learn to treat her well, and not make trouble for her," Remy said, his forehead creased in seriousness.

He knew Gabrielle was a really good person. It was not difficult to know whether a woman was good or bad after seeing her for a while.

"Yes, he really is fortunate," Sophie agreed. "Gabrielle is a very good person. I never met a girl as modest as her. Can you imagine that she often offers to help with the chores? I don't know, Doctor Davis, but I'm afraid that Mr. Morris would do something bad to Miss Jones." The worry peeked from Sophie's voice.

Remy shook his head slightly. "I don't think so," he said finally. "After all, she is his wife. Let me help you make dinner." Remy turned and walked into the kitchen, having finished the cake.

"No, Doctor Davis. You don't have to worry about it; I'll handle it. You are a doctor, and your hands are precious and not meant for such casual things. You may even get hurt if you cook. So, just go to the living room and relax," Sophie said, running towards Remy and drawing him back by the arm. He shouldn't be helping her out with kitchen chores. After all, his hands were for saving lives, and not for cooking.

Remy stopped to look at Sophie. Then he grinned at her and walked out of the kitchen silently. He strode into the yard and gazed at the flowers that Gabrielle had planted. They were beautiful and bright as they glowed in the sun.

Gabrielle returned to the room to find Westley searching for clothes to take for a shower or something. He was doing this with his right hand rather uneasily and painfully. She hurried over to him, worried and concerned.

"Do you want to take a shower or change your clothes? Oh Westley, you shouldn't be this angry. Your hand still hurts. You should just have waited for me if you wanted anything," she rebuked him, scowling.

"I want to take a shower. Will you help me?" Westley asked, throwing her a cold glance.

'Help him take a shower?'

That wasn't going to be an easy task, but Gabrielle knew she couldn't refuse to help him in this situation he was in.

"I...I..."

"You don't seem to want to help me. Well, you don't have to worry anymore; I can help myself. I'm not completely disabled. It's just my left hand that is injured," Westley retorted.

Seeing he was really angry, Gabrielle recoiled. She spoke softly to him now. "You're still angry at me for how I fed and scolded you earlier, Westley? I'm sorry, but I was saying the truth. I really didn't intend to scold you. And I didn't really scold you."

Gabrielle was stooping below her ego to act this nicely to him. She would let him be if he still didn't appreciate her kindness.

She was only tolerating this impudence because of his injury.

"Alright, please help me take a shower." Westley glanced at her and said this.

"You want to take a shower, right? Then I'll run some water for you." Gabrielle walked into the adjoining bathroom and ran some water. She soon returned to the room to check on him.

He wasn't wearing a shirt, so all she needed to do was to help him take off his trousers.

"Your trousers, Westley... Let me help you with..."

"You don't have to help me take off my trousers if you don't find it convenient. I can take my shower myself and take care of myself. You shouldn't bother about me," Westley said, standing from the bed and striding towards the bathroom.

'Oh, my God! Why is his temper still so bad after being hurt?'

Gabrielle wondered, knowing that Westley felt terrible because of his injury. But it wasn't she who injured him.

So why did he have to vent his anger on her?

She decided to overlook his rudeness and take care of him. After all, he had looked after her severally when she herself was injured. Now was the time to reciprocate his kindness. She turned and followed him into the bathroom.

"Let me help you, Westley," she said, offering to help him unbuckle his belt. He was standing beside the bathtub, unbuckling his belt with only one hand and so much difficulty. He looked at her and let her help him.

Bending slightly, Gabrielle unbuckled the belt with one quick move. Westley glanced down suddenly at her with his eyebrows raised. "That was very smooth." He snickered.

Gabrielle didn't know what he meant by that comment, but she knew it wasn't a pleasant one at all.

This man!

What smooth?

She had never unbuckled any other man's belt except his.

Bastard.

"So my belt is unbuckled," Westley sneered.

Gabrielle ignored him and muttered, "Let me help you take off your trousers. You..." She froze at once, pulling down his underwear as well.

Westley was surprised at first, too. Then he smiled faintly.

"Your body seems to be more honest than your words," Westley mumbled coldly.

Gabrielle lowered her head in embarrassment. She didn't dare look up at Westley's face. Her face burned with hot perspiration. She didn't know what to do now.

She couldn't let him wear it again.

So she gritted her teeth, making up her mind.

"Go on and have your shower. But be

careful not to run into your wound. I'll help you rub your body," she said, turning her face shyly to avoid his burning gaze.

She was stunned. They had both had sex before, but she had never gazed at his naked body this completely. 5

'Oh my God, Gabrielle! You've just seen something you shouldn't see. I hope you wouldn't go blind, ' she sighed inwardly.

Westley wanted to tease her, but he stopped, seeing that she was so embarrassed. So he stepped into the bathtub, deliberately turning his back to her.

"I'll help you take the shower. If you need anything, just let me know," Gabrielle said, inhaling deeply.

Then she began to rub his back with a towel.

Sometimes, she was careful not to rub his body too hard. Other times, she was afraid that she was too light. So she ended up being too slow. Having never bathed people like this before, she had no experience.

"Is this fine, Westley?" Gabrielle asked quietly, worried that he might not be comfortable with it.

"Put in some more pressure. You haven't bathed other people before?" Westley replied irritably. Her hand was weak as though there were no bones in it. Once in a while, his body would tingle when her hand touched his skin although she was holding a towel.

"No," Gabrielle answered honestly.

How could she have bathed other people when she wasn't a washwoman?

A satisfied grin crawled through Westley's lips when he heard this. But Gabrielle didn't see it of course because his back was turned to her. 4

Chapter 277 Passionate For Her

Gabrielle quietly massaged Westley's back. In other situations, Westley might be bad-tempered, but right now, he was enjoying her touch.

Gabrielle's hand's slow and gentle movements were enough for him to stay quiet and not disturb the atmosphere.

But eventually, Gabrielle spoke. "Where did you go on a business trip this time, Westley? What kind of a tour was this that made you get hurt? How did this happen?" Gabrielle couldn't help asking as his injury kept bothering her.

Plus, it was somehow embarrassing for her to help Westley take a shower in utter silence.

When Westley heard her worried words for him, he felt comforted in the way they eased him. 'Gabrielle is not as heartless as she seems. She worries about me, about my injuries, my problems.'

"Do you really care about me?" Westley's tone held absolute calmness. ④

He went to Thailand this time. Westley had asked his men to lock up Bryce and Nellie. But because of negligence upon taking care of the locked-ups, Bryce found a chance to escape, and he broke through, taking Nellie with him. When they were being chased, they got injured. ③

Despite all that, Nellie's terrible cries for asking to meet Westley made him go and see her. That was when Bryce took the chance and gave Westley a big cut with a knife.

Bryce and Nellie were under house arrest in the villa in Thailand now. They were being strictly guarded, so that the mistake of carelessness wouldn't be repeated. This made Westley relaxed enough to come back.

But there was no way he was going to tell Gabrielle anything about it. ②

Moreover, this time, Bryce was seriously injured, and luckily for him, Westley didn't take the chance to put a bullet through his skull.

"I obviously care about you, Westley. But I am just asking. So, if you don't want to tell me or share with me, I won't push you to do so." Gabrielle wasn't someone who got killed by curiosity. It wasn't in her nature to dive into the core of the matters and investigate. So, she was fine, even if Westley wanted to keep it a secret.

Still, she had asked already. But if Westley didn't want to answer, then he would never answer.

"Gabrielle, be direct if you want to know what I did or where I went," Westley calmly said.

During the past four to five days of his stay in Thailand, Gabrielle hadn't left him a single message, let alone a phone call.

He naturally concluded that he wasn't important to her.

"Okay, I get it." Gabrielle simply concluded the conversation, not trying to dig it out of Westley about where he went.

'No way.'

She did agree that she should ask directly, but she wasn't really going to question him.

After a while, silence again made Gabrielle uncomfortable. So, she quickly finished rubbing Westley's back and fetched a bath towel to wipe his body.

When she was done drying his back, Westley suddenly turned around, startling Gabrielle. Out of shock at seeing him like that, she almost stopped herself from dropping the bath towel on the tiled floor and immediately covered Westley with it.

"Oh, God! I am going blind!" closing her eyes, Gabrielle muttered in an almost inaudible voice.

But to her dismay, Westley heard every word that escaped her parted lips. ②

His face darkened, and a small groan erupted from his chest out of irritation.

'What does she want to say actually?

It isn't like I flash my part in front of everyone.

It is only mine. Gabrielle doesn't know

what an amazing and precious thing she has seen.' ②

"Westley, take this towel. I'll get you a bathrobe." Gabrielle's flushed face made her uneasiness visible.

Observing that she was so embarrassed by just a mere glance at it, Westley wanted to tease her more, but he gave up.

Westley took the bath towel and covered it around his torso and thighs, he waited for her to bring the bathrobe. Gabrielle was in such a hurry to escape the nude scene in front of her that she almost tripped on her feet, worrying Westley.

"Gabrielle, have you forgotten how to walk?" Westley coldly asked.

Ignoring him was all on her mind, so with a crimsoned shy face, Gabrielle ran out of the bathroom. She was soon back, not just with a bathrobe, but with black underwear too.

Bringing Westley's underwear was honestly the most embarrassing thing Gabrielle might have ever done. She felt like she was holding a hot potato and wanted to throw it away, getting rid of it

as soon as possible.

"Here is your..." she stuttered, leaving the sentence incomplete. "Put this on first." Gabrielle's face reddened like a tomato when she stretched her hand towards Westley to give him his undergarment.

It felt like blood was draining out of her body. In her mind, she believed she would lose half of her life after giving this bath. 'What will I do if I have to help him in taking a shower for another week or longer? God help me!'

She felt desperate.

She wished his wound would heal tomorrow, even if with magic.

"I can't wear it," Westley said boldly. He simply kept standing there with his arms at his sides.

"I..." Gabrielle had so many words to say and objections to make, for she knew what he wanted. But she was speechless for a long time.

"Won't you help me, Gabrielle? Since you promised to help me take a shower, you should also accept the responsibility to

take off my clothes and put them on. You can't finish your work without doing that, right?" Westley inquired, bossy coldness evident in his voice.

He talked as if Gabrielle sounded like a scumbag, who immediately changed her attitude after finishing her business and putting on her trousers.

"Okay, I'll help you." Gabrielle set a small chair and pointed at it. "Cover the bath towel first and sit here. I'll help you wear it!"

'Just move it above his legs!

It isn't a big deal.

I have already helped him bathe with him being all naked. What is wrong with helping him wear the underwear?'

She silently encouraged herself, 'Gabrielle, you never feared anything. Don't get stressed with this either!'

Westley sat down at the chair Gabrielle had set, waiting for her to dress him. Gabrielle, on the other hand, had mustered up the courage but, a part erected brazenly from under Westley's towel the moment Gabrielle stepped

forward.

She looked at the propped bath towel, aware of what made it go upright.

'Damn it!' It took just a single glance at Westley that made her composure break.

'Why is Westley acting like this? How can he get aroused so easily?'

She pursed her lips. 'Westley's self-control is so poor as if he is a beast!'

"Gabrielle, did you see it?" Her quiet eyes burned Westley. He wasn't the least embarrassed. On the contrary, he was very calm, wanting her to acknowledge his perfection. But Gabrielle's breath did hitch when she was aware that he wanted her to notice it. 5

They had already had sex before, and they were a couple anyway, so it was fine for Westley to get erected by her presence.

That was the reason he didn't feel ashamed at all.

"Westley, you..." Gabrielle stuttered, the underwear still in her hand. She didn't know whether she should help him wear

it or not. And if she would, how would she do it with Westley's impulses acting that way?

She felt so flustered that her cheeks were emitting heat.

After contemplating for a while, Gabrielle hesitatingly stood up and threw Westley's underpants into his arms. "Here. Wear it yourself. I'll wait for you outside. I'll leave first."

Gabrielle said that she would go out, but she wanted to bolt out of his naked presence. She didn't care how Westley would struggle getting dressed.

However, to her dismay, Gabrielle was pulled back from her hand. She almost fell into Westley's arms when he made her sit on his lap.

"Westley, what...what are you doing? Your hand is still hurt..."

"Well, you know my hand is injured, but you want me to solve my problems by myself? Gabrielle, can't you see, you have aroused me? You've stimulated my part. You've burned the fire inside of me, but you aren't willing to tame it, huh?" Westley tightly held her waist with his

right hand, pulling her down to his hotness, making her feel it.

Gabrielle being flustered would be an understatement. Her blood was running all over her face, but she couldn't get up. Westley had just used one hand to hold her in her place, but Gabrielle couldn't struggle out of his grasp. Sitting on him, she eventually had to touch his hot spot intimately.

"Gabrielle, stop squirming. You don't want the consequences to be more serious, do you?" Westley warned her in a deep throaty voice. He was already aroused, and now, he was kind of losing control when she rubbed her body against his. ③

Indeed, his self-control was always great, and he was proud of it. ①

But after meeting Gabrielle, he couldn't control himself like before. ②

It was not his fault. He was forever going to blame Gabrielle for her great attraction to him. Sometimes, he was completely out of control, and his body instinctively responded to hers. ⑤

Chapter 278 A Secondary Card For Gabrielle

Despite how hard it was for Gabrielle to sit on him and continue her hopeless struggles, Westley's threatening words sounded like a summons to the ordeal to her. She suddenly froze, not wanting the consequences to be worse at all. With a shuddered breath, Gabrielle turned and silently looked into Westley's eyes. Her eyes were red and teary, showing how much aggrieved she felt.

"Please, let me go." Gabrielle bit her lips, trying to control the emotions that trickled down her cheeks.

She blinked her eyes with a grievance just on the tip of her tongue.

Westley's heart twitched, feeling her complaints when he watched her like that, but another part of his body had different and wilder ideas for its satisfaction.

"Gabrielle, I hope you can feel that it's not in my control now. If I do not relieve

and satisfy it like this, I can't guarantee your great sex life in the future." Westley whispered the last sentence, gently lingering his breath on her ears. ②

It took a blink, and Gabrielle's mind went blank. 'Sex life in the future? My ass!

Damn it!

What do you want to say, Westley?

We'll divorce in the future. Then, why is he trying to be so reasonable for my sex life?' ③

"Westley, have you forgotten that we..." Gabrielle tried to remind him, but before she could do it, Westley cut her sentence.

"I know what you are thinking, and I haven't forgotten anything. But right now, you are my wife, and you belong with me. So, since we are married, a husband wants a wife to fulfill his needs. It is the wife's duty. I need you to fulfill my passions." Westley kept looking at her, their faces merely inches apart. And suddenly, Westley remembered. "Are you on your period these days?" There was a hint of temptation in Westley's deep eyes. His eyes were like a deep well with

a mysterious but terrifyingly enchanting bottom. And being so close to falling in those abstruse orbs, Gabrielle couldn't help being bewitched by him. ①

"N... No." As if being under a spell, Gabrielle shook her head obediently. She was not on her period these days to make her feel uncomfortable.

"So, we'd better go back to bed, right?" Westley asked in a seductively husky voice. No one, let alone Gabrielle, could refuse him when he did that. ②

So, for a reason unknown to her, Gabrielle made a choice. "Okay. To the bed."

Westley's lips curved up, hearing her shy approval. He stood up and carried her outside the bathroom with one hand. "I'll satisfy you," he said with a smile.

The charm of Westley's beguiling smile was not letting her think. The enchantment finally lifted when Gabrielle realized she was already being pressed down on the bed. Westley lingered on top of her before starting to get all horny. ①

It had been a week since they last saw

each other. And even if Westley's arm was injured, it didn't affect his passionate skills filled with irresistible desires, yearning for Gabrielle. In fact, he was more ardent and wild than before.

The continuity of the same thrusts was so exhausting for Gabrielle that she couldn't retain how or when she fell asleep. There was just one thing that she remembered, that when she was falling into a deep tiring slumber, Westley was still inside of her, untired and still going crazy in. ③

Gabrielle slept longer than she expected to and woke up at nine o'clock. She was shocked to see the time.

"Damn it!" she angrily cursed under her breath.

Having an appointment to make cakes from Sandra at ten o'clock, it wasn't lucky for her to wake up at nine. Even if it was not a very significant class, it was not polite to be late.

So, hurriedly, Gabrielle tried to get up in worry, but her two greatly tortured legs and lower body were painful enough to make her suddenly recline back again. She felt like she had been run over by a

truck. 'Westley, you beast!' 1

Bearing the pain, Gabrielle struggled and grudgingly dragged herself towards the bathroom. After taking a hot shower to warm up her muscles and relieve some of the pain, Gabrielle went downstairs, dangling the strap of her bag over her shoulder.

Although it was a three-floor building, not very high, still, her sore body made her feel like she walked downstairs a hundred floors. The pain in her legs made her want to curse loudly. Stepping into the living room, her blood started to boil, watching Westley already sitting there.

"Miss Jones, breakfast is ready..." Sophie politely started.

Gabrielle spoke. "Sophie, I don't have time for breakfast. I have something to do." Gabrielle had been thinking about this. If she took a taxi and went there right now, she would be able to arrive at the cake shop before ten o'clock.

But if she would choose to have breakfast now, she would definitely be late.

And it didn't feel right in the least to her.

"Where are you going?" Westley was silently listening, but he couldn't help asking. The coldness was evident on his face. ①

Last night, he surpassed the limits, making Gabrielle fall asleep out of lassitude. When Westley woke up in the morning, she was still slumbering deeply. Westley didn't want to wake her up, so he went downstairs first.

It was Sunday anyway. Westley thought she wouldn't have to go to school or the studio. Yet, she got up early and wanted to go out without having breakfast. It irked Westley.

"I'm busy!" Gabrielle glanced at him coldly.

She was trying her best not to pour out the lava of getting late out on Westley. She was angry that just because of his hard sex last night, Gabrielle was exhausted and slept late.

"And what are you busy with...? It's the weekend, Gabrielle. You should stay at home with your husband. My hand is

still hurt. Don't you remember what Remy said?" Westley directly asked, not wanting her to leave.

"I do. Remy said I should help you with bathing." 'He took a shower with my help and then tortured me the whole night in return!

Isn't the reward too much to take?'

Now Gabrielle was fuming with anger.

"Good. Remember that."

"It's daytime, Westley! You don't need to take a shower right now. And I really have something to do. So, I'll bathe you when I come back tonight." Gabrielle gnashed her teeth. She was already late and couldn't forget the cruelty she had been through last night. So, Westley naturally made her insides burn with rage.

Watching her closely, Westley recalled the baker's uniform she was wearing yesterday. It suddenly occurred to him that Gabrielle was going to work in the cake shop.

"Come here," Westley coldly ordered, gesturing her to come with a wave of his

hand.

"Why? I really have something urgent to deal with, Westley. I don't have time." Gabrielle frowned before excusing him.

'What the hell does he want to do?' Gabrielle felt the apprehension that rose from Westley's gesture of asking her to come closer.

"Come here, Gabrielle. I don't want to say it for the third time." Westley narrowed his eyes, his face perfectly unreadable. Holding her captive with his intense orbs and his cold voice, he didn't leave a chance for her to refuse him at all.

For her life's safety and her self's dignity, Gabrielle grudgingly went to him.

"What is it?"

Soon as Gabrielle came near, she was handed a card.

"What do you want me to do with this?" Gabrielle was confused as she observed the jet-black card in her hand.

Twirling it in her fingers, Gabrielle recognized what she was holding. It was

the top black card of a global bank chain, and its quota had no limit internationally. Of course, it was a crown that ordinary people couldn't even dream of affording.

But Gabrielle probably would have been the only woman in the world, least surprised or interested in the fact that Westley owned one of the top black cards.

'But... why is he giving it to me now, out of nowhere apparently?'

"Keep it. It's my Secondary card." Westley noticed the questioning gaze of Gabrielle that traveled along the edges of the black card in her hand.

'Secondary card?'

For a moment, Gabrielle was utterly confused at Westley's motive. These cards had a binding relationship; the main card and the secondary card.

So, if Gabrielle would use the Secondary card, the cardholder would receive a message on their mobile phone.

This card system was generally more useable and liked by couples.

Gabrielle's brain swarmed with uncertainty. Even though they were a couple, she knew that their contracted relationship was not reliable enough for Westley to give her his Secondary card. Their bond could break anytime, making Gabrielle quite sensible not to accept his Secondary card.

"So? Why are you giving it to me? I don't want your Secondary card," Gabrielle refused straight, stretching her hand forward to give the card back to Westley.

She could sense a big conspiracy behind all of this. It didn't feel right to her that Westley was suddenly trying to give her a bonding card.

"Gabrielle, when you were in the Jones family, you didn't get enough money. You had to do a part-time job to earn and meet your expenses. But that was your life in the Jones family, not here. You are my wife now, and I don't want to see you worrying about earnings. Take this card and buy whatever you want! Plus, I won't restrict your consumption." Westley made it clear for her, arching a perfect brow.

It was so tiring for Westley to convince

Gabrielle over something. She always pissed him off. So, he preferred to be straightforward.

When Westley completed, Gabrielle's face turned red. She was a woman of vigor, not someone who could live even a part of her life hiding behind someone's help. Her blood boiled as she felt her heated ears. "Westley, for your information, I don't work for money! I work for the experience too, and to learn to survive on my own. I don't want to feel like a misfit in society. I never had someone to rely on, and I still don't have anyone to depend on for my whole life. For me, I can only rely on myself. So, thank you for your offer, but I am sorry. I reject it!" ①

Chapter 279 Unlimited Black Card

"All my life, I have never had anyone I could trust.

And somehow, I have come to realize that there is in fact nobody whom one can trust in all of one's life.

The only person I can trust is myself."

Westley frowned as he thought about those words. They pricked him like needles. 4

What really had happened to Gabrielle while she grew up in the Jones family? What really had made her distrustful of other people? 2

What had made her live as helplessly as an orphan, although she was an adopted daughter of the Jones family?

"Gabrielle, you..."

"Well, this is not to make you feel sorry for me; sympathy is one thing I don't need from anyone. This is only to make

you know the truth about me. I am not driven to do so much just to get money. Rather, I do this for myself most importantly. I want to blend into society and have a wholesome life," she explained, her voice infused with delicate passion. ②

She had always wanted this kind of life, a kind of life that was reliant on no one else but herself.

Gabrielle didn't want Westley to hear her final words. All she wanted him to know was that she could support herself, that she wasn't one of those women who couldn't survive without having to depend on a man. ②

She was independent and strong.

Westley nodded slowly, watching the woman in front of him. He was quite so impressed by her. But he had a subtle fear that she would find it rather hard to fall in love, having built such thick walls around her heart.

"Don't you think you're only wearing yourself out, Gabrielle?" he asked finally, short of any other thing to say.

He had always assumed she learned so

many things because she loved to. But now, he was realizing that she had only gone through so much strains just to survive.

Westley worried that her health might someday break down if she continued this way.

For goodness sake, she went through more stress than him who was the CEO of the Morris Group!

"Not at all. I'm not wearing myself out. Instead, I feel very fulfilled. At least, I don't have to steal to make money. I work honestly for my money, and I owe nobody. Moreover, I don't have to think too much when I'm busy. That's one part of it I love so much." There was a deep earnestness in Gabrielle's voice as she spoke.

She so much believed that people ought to get themselves busy, especially for the sake of their minds. People who were busy would have no time and energy to think about anything. However, people who were free would not be able to control their minds from roaming wildly.

"Think too much?" Westley asked, squinting at her.

Not wanting to talk about herself anymore, Gabrielle ignored the question. Instead, she turned her gaze on the black card. "So you see now why I can't accept this card from you."

She had still yet to collect the black card from him.

She didn't want it at all. That was exactly why she had told him all those things about herself.

But Westley was not one whose offers or gifts could be spurned.

"I want you to understand this, Gabrielle. No one rejects the things I give. I give you this card because you are my wife. It is yours, so accept it!" Westley thundered, patting the card on the table.

He had always been domineering and unreasonable.

"Westley, we are not real..."

"We are married for now. You can return it to me after we are divorced," he said bluntly.

Gabrielle stared at him for a while, then at the card. Finally, she picked it up.

She feared this man would become mad and smash the table if she didn't. Well, she would make sure to return it after divorce.

Perhaps, only Westley gave people cards in such arrogant way and with no option to refuse.

"I'll accept the card for now. But rest assured that you'll get it back when we divorce in the future," Gabrielle said reassuringly. She didn't want him to see her as a gold digger.

"See, Gabrielle, you have that card so that you can use it to buy whatever you want. You're my wife, so you shouldn't live a miserable life," Westley reminded her in a cold voice. 4

He was sure that, although she had accepted the card, she wouldn't want to pay for things with it.

A smile crossed Gabrielle's lips when she heard him say 'miserable life'. She remembered the first time she had been to the Morris Mansion after they were both married. Westley had hated her clothes, saying they were shabby. But she could see nothing shabby about

them; they were just clean and modest.

"Can I buy clothes?"

"Sure."

Westley thought it was high time she got some stylish clothes. He understood that she was still a university student, but that didn't matter at all.

And he of course knew that men often were attracted to innocent and modest girls. Westley couldn't even stand the thought of that.

"Oh, can I buy jewelry, too?"

"Of course," he replied. He was glad she had ideas of buying jewelry.

Women ought to enjoy shopping for clothes, bags and shoes. They ought to enjoy seeking after luxuries. That was why they were women after all.

Westley was really marveled at Gabrielle's modesty. She preferred working at part-time jobs and getting different skills instead of living a fancy life. He had never seen such a woman before.

"Oh, can I buy a car?"

"I have told you that you can buy whatever you want!" He clenched his fists and glared at her, exasperated by her questions. 2

"Oh, how about a house?"

"Sure. But why do you want to get a house? Don't you want to live here anymore?"

Westley asked, quite puzzled. He wondered what she was up to.

A car and a house?

Did she plan on getting everything and leaving here?

She wish.

"No, that's not it. I just wanted to know what the card could afford. This is the first time I'll be seeing such a card, but I never expected it to be this powerful," Gabrielle said, shrugging. She looked so innocent.

Westley folded his arms around his chest, both annoyed and amused. Was she only trying to tease him? Or was she really ignorant about the value of the card?

"Gabrielle, unlimited quota in the whole world. You know that you can use this card to buy everything you want on this earth. Do you understand?" he explained as though he were teaching an idiot.

"Oh, I now see. That means I can buy a plane or a ship if I want. That'll be wonderful!" Gabrielle simpered.

Westley gaped at her. A plane and a ship?

Wasn't this Gabrielle just an ambitious woman after all?

"Of course, you can buy any of them with this card. The only thing is that I have to personally sign an order that is worth more than ten million dollars. Just let me know whenever you have thought clearly about it," Westley replied, raising his eyebrows.

Gabrielle couldn't believe that this card was so powerful. The card felt hot on her palm that had become sweaty now. Of course, she didn't want to buy a plane or a ship. She didn't want to run away.

"I'll take the card, Westley. I'm going out now. Stay home and get some rest," Gabrielle said seriously now.

At this point, she noticed that Westley looked distant and cold. But she knew he was a very hard and cruel person with a cold sense of humor.

"It's not right for me to eat alone, Gabrielle. After all, you're my wife and ought to take care of me at home. By the way, why do you have to go out on weekends?" Westley asked, his deep, arrogant voice full of ridicule. 6

He was of course fine and didn't need as much care as he sounded to need. He could eat with his right hand since only the left arm was injured. 1

"I have to run along to attend to something important, but I'll be back early tonight. What do you want to eat? I'll buy it for you," Gabrielle said, staring at him embarrassedly.

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Westley wouldn't stop insisting that she stay back at home and nurse his injured hand.

"I can't even understand you, Gabrielle. You keep saying you're busy. What wife would prefer rather to be somewhere else than take care of her injured husband at home?" he asked, his mouth twisted in indignation. ①

Westley really couldn't fathom why she was insistent on working in the cake shop and claiming to be busy.

Having given her his credit card, he guessed she would stop working at once. ①

He wasn't pleased at all to see her working. He couldn't bear the thought of those male guests leering at her. ①

Even if she wore the most modest clothes, those men wouldn't still mind to flirt with her. Couldn't she understand that? ⑤

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Or did she secretly enjoy such kind of attention from men?

"See, Westley, I only work in the cake shop. I'm neither doing anything illegal nor cheating on you with other men. So now, tell me what you'll like to eat, and I'll get it for you." Gabrielle digressed at once.

Westley knew he couldn't stop her since she was insistent on going out.

"I want you back at five o'clock," Westley announced in an imperious voice.

"I'll be back at six o'clock," Gabrielle said immediately. She wanted to stay longer in order that she might help in the shop. Since Sandra didn't accept tuition from her, Gabrielle thought it wise to assist her in the cake shop. That way, she would feel much more at ease when she worked in the shop.

"Five o'clock, or you are going nowhere!" The coldness in Westley's voice didn't flicker.

"Six o'clock!"

"You stay at home, then."

Taking a step back, Gabrielle inhaled deeply. "I'll return at half past five." ①

Westley paused and stared at her. "Alright, go ahead," he said, letting her go. ①

Not wasting any more time, Gabrielle grabbed her backpack and bounded outside. The car she had booked was there already, honking impatiently.

Sandra taught Gabrielle for about two or three hours before she let her go help in the shop.

Macy was in the shop when Gabrielle came down. She was always there on weekends, so Gabrielle had someone she could talk with when they both had nothing to do in the shop.

"How have you been, Gabrielle? And how has studying with my mother been?" Macy asked, concerned about how Gabrielle's study was going.

She admired Gabrielle's sacrificial spirit so well. Gabrielle had decided to learn how to make cakes just for her family.

It was very kind and thoughtful of her. Macy knew that she herself wouldn't

have done a thing like that; she preferred to buy someone a birthday or festival present than to make it herself.

In fact, learning to make things by herself was a very tiring process to her.

"It's been fine. Today, I attempted to make a sponge cake myself. With the way Sandra has taken her time to patiently teach me these things, I am sure I should finish my study by next week," Gabrielle said as she helped Macy pack cakes for a guest.

"That's great to hear." Macy grinned. "By the way, did you enjoy the cakes you took home yesterday? I want to know what you think about them. And my mother also wants me to give you some other flavors to take home to your family today. We want to know what you think about them all. But you could pick whichever flavors you prefer." Macy felt too lazy to help her select the flavors.

Moreover, she thought Gabrielle would better enjoy the cakes she chose herself.

"Thanks so much, Macy. But I can't accept more cakes today. My family loved the flavors yesterday. Why wouldn't we love them when they were

made by Sandra?" Gabrielle said earnestly.

Macy burst into laughter, amused at how Gabrielle sounded so serious. "You know, Gabrielle, I find it funny that you praise my mother this earnestly," Macy said between mouthfuls of laughter. "Knowing that you think so highly of her cakes will make her really happy."

"I'm being honest, Macy. But I won't accept any cakes today. Moreover, I'll be leaving by five o'clock today because I have to attend to something," Gabrielle said, still refusing the cakes.

Realizing that Westley hadn't even seemed to enjoy cakes, Gabrielle saw no reason to take any more home today. Besides, he didn't deserve such delicious treat, having given her so much stress the previous night and having annoyed her today. ②

"What is that? Is it something I can help you with?" Macy asked with so much concern.

"Don't worry, Macy. I can fix it myself." Gabrielle smiled.

She preferred to sort out her issues

herself than to pester other people with them.

"Alright, then. But don't hesitate to let me know if you want me to help you. You're not just my mother's apprentice; you are also my classmate and friend," Macy said, her voice soft and sincere.

Gabrielle grinned, her heart warmed by Macy's kindness. It was a really comforting thing to Gabrielle that, in these past twenty years since her parents left her an orphan, she had always met such beautiful people like Macy who showed genuine concern for her.

Gabrielle gazed at Macy, held her hand and squeezed it slightly. "I will."

She left the cake shop at five o'clock, thinking she would get home in thirty minutes by car. She stood by the roadside, waiting for the car. Just then, a white car pulled over, and the beautiful face of Mia peeked out of the rolled-down window.

"It's really you, Gabrielle. I thought I'd mistaken you when I saw you from a distance. Are you waiting for a car here or are you waiting for someone?" Mia

asked quickly.

"I'm waiting for a car. Actually, I'm taking a taxi."

"Where are you headed? I could give you a ride if you don't mind. And I want to talk to you about something. Do you have some time to spare, beauty?" Mia whistled, raising her eyebrows.

"Please, Gabrielle. Don't say no. I really need your help on this. I had wanted to ask you out before now. I really am fortunate to have met you here today," Mia said, her face bright with a smile. She looked like a lovely white fox.

"What's the matter?" Gabrielle asked. Although she had at first wanted to refuse whatever Mia's request was, she decided against it, knowing it would make her feel bad. She could see the expectation in Mia's eyes and couldn't bear to disappoint her.

"Michael's birthday is around the corner, and I want to get him something grand. For a few days now, I've been undecided on what kind of present I should get for him. Then I guessed that you would have an idea of these things since you have got Mr. Lu. So Gabrielle, can you help me

choose a gift? I promise it won't take much of your time," Mia said, winking and acting cute. 3

This softened Gabrielle's heart.

"So you want to get a present for your brother?" she asked, realizing that Mia was picking up a birthday present for Michael.

Until now, she never knew that his birthday and Westley's were on the same month. The Christmas was fast approaching.

"Exactly. You know, I have to get him something great, being his only well-mannered and obedient sister. Come on, Gabrielle. Get into the car please." Mia beckoned her in, opening the door quickly.

Gabrielle hesitated at first. Then, she made up her mind to get in. Picking a gift would not take so much time. And Westley would not get so angry if she returned a few minutes late, would he? 7

Even if he did get angry, she would make up for her lateness by preparing dinner for him. That should appease him.

She felt less guilty now as she thought about this. ¹

"Fasten your seatbelt, Gabrielle." Mia chuckled, starting the car. "You are about to fly with the experienced driver Mia!"

Mia sure deserved the title of 'experienced driver' because she drove so crazily, flying through the traffic so that Gabrielle's eyes whirled and she felt sick, feeling like puking.