

Chapter 295 You Want To Die With Me

Going back to his study room, Westley answered two phone calls and replied to an international e-mail. When he finally had some time, he went towards the window. Gazing in the distance, when his eyes came back to the yard, Westley spotted Gabrielle there.

'Waah, Gabrielle! You surely know how to fool someone.' Westley pursed his lips as he kept watching her. 'I guess she was taking Blackboo to the garden house to bask in the sun. But, no. She is right here, sitting on the swing with Blackboo in her arms in this stinging cold.'

Gabrielle was swinging from time to time, hugging Blackboo with one hand while answering the phone with the other.

It was Benny on the other end of the line. Jax had informed him about Emily's brutality towards Gabrielle. So, he called to ask about it.

"I'm fine, Benny. I just got a bruise and

bled a little, nothing more. In short, I am not going to die for the time being. So, thanks for your concern." How Gabrielle behaved towards Benny was completely reliant on Sloane. Or else, she could become the unforgiving person she'd never been.

'How can I be good towards the person who pushed Sloane into the coma?'

"God! I'm blessed to know that you're fine, Gabrielle." After a pause, Benny started again, "Sloane..."

However, the first word that left Benny's mouth left Gabrielle exasperated. "Don't care about her. Your self should be the only important thing you should worry about." When Gabrielle finished, she felt her anger dissipating as something heavy and warm covered her shoulders, diverting her attention. She turned around, and her heart skipped a beat. Westley was standing behind her, trying his worst to set the blanket over her. ①

"Did I not tell you that it's cold outside? I hope you don't want to get sick and go to the hospital again," Westley said, spoiling the heart-touching trance Gabrielle was in.

"Gabrielle, is it Mr. Morris? Please, let me talk to him." Benny could recognize Westley's voice. So, he didn't hesitate while asking.

Gabrielle looked at the phone in her hand and then glanced back at Westley. "Benny wants to speak to you? Do you want to answer?"

Westley slowly shook his head, looking away. "No."

"Sorry, Benny. Bye!" Before even listening to Benny's protests, Gabrielle hung up the phone.

'Benny might be freaking out of stress,' Gabrielle thought. He was trying to reach out to Westley to talk about Estelle, but Westley was completely ignoring him.

"Thank you, Westley." Gabrielle looked down shyly, pulling the blanket above her shoulder. She also wrapped Blackboo in it with her.

But Westley had his face expressionless as he stared at her. "Basking the sun in the cold winter wind! I'm impressed, Gabrielle."

Gabrielle didn't misunderstand the

visible sarcasm in his tone and words.

But, of course, she knew that he cared about her. That was why he brought a blanket for her.

After a moment of silence, Gabrielle looked at him again. "Westley, why do you and Benny seem to be on bad terms? Is there something wrong?" Gabrielle asked, the uneasiness covering her.

Without a doubt, Westley's attitude towards Benny spoke that something was off between them. 1

"Nothing. I don't want to talk to Benny. So, ignore him from now on, okay?" raising his eyebrows, Westley asked Gabrielle solemnly.

"I will. Don't worry." Gabrielle felt a bit upset as she continued. "He brought Sloane to this state. I hate talking with him too. So, I won't talk to him."

After taking in a deep breath, Gabrielle contemplated a question in her mind before asking, "Westley, can you ask some authoritative doctors to check on Sloane?" Gabrielle was a bit hesitant when she asked for it.

She knew she was asking for something too much, but for Sloane's sake, Gabrielle needed Westley's help.

"Leave it to me. I'll invite the best doctor in the world to treat her. So, if you're satisfied enough, I want you to take good care of yourself, Gabrielle." Westley almost shook his head. He felt Gabrielle had too much time to worry about others that she couldn't manage to care about herself.

'And, now, Blackboo has successfully distracted Gabrielle off herself.' Westley glared at the pup, sitting on Gabrielle's lap. He was regretting the day he asked Tucker to send a dog here.

"I will. It's just a bruise. It will heal soon."
"Grazing her fingers through Blackboo's fur, Gabrielle suddenly remembered. "Do you have Tucker's number?" She felt bad that she hadn't thanked Tucker yet. She didn't even have his number or Twitter to contact him.

"Yes. Why?" Westley coldly asked in a low voice.

"Please give me his number or other contact details. He gave me Blackboo. So, I want to thank him." Gabrielle patted

the pup in her lap. "Also, I can ask him for tips on raising Blackboo well," Gabrielle said innocently.

"You don't need to do that. I've already thanked him. On the matter that how to raise a dog well, I'll ask a professional vet for you. They are far better than Tucker." If Westley could've been more straightforward, he wouldn't have given reasons for his refusal on giving Tucker's number. 4

Still, Gabrielle understood, staying silent and nodding gently.

The next day, Gabrielle woke up early. She had already rested for a day. Moreover, her wound felt better, too, so she wanted to go to the studio.

Going through her morning routine, Gabrielle changed into her work clothes after breakfast. She hung her bag's strap over her shoulder, getting ready to leave. When she stepped out of the door, Gabrielle spotted Westley's car outside. The passenger seat window was rolled down, and Westley was already watching her with his narrowed eyes.

"Come. Get in." He just spoke those three words.

But even they chilled Gabrielle's spine.

"But... are you not going to the company?"

Gabrielle felt a bit uneasy as she asked.

Westley wasn't in a bad mood without a reason. Since last night, when Gabrielle told him that she would go to the studio in the morning, he had been glum. He refused her offer of help in taking a shower. Even while having breakfast, he ignored her completely until now.

Gabrielle wasn't ignorant either. She knew that Westley was worried about her. That was the reason why he wanted her to rest for a bit longer.

But duty and dignity came before health for Gabrielle. She had previously asked for a long leave. There was no way she was going to ask for another one. It would be too embarrassing for her to continue her work with all those privileges.

She wasn't worried that Jason would fire her from the job because he didn't do that. The event of concern was the master's seminar. She was

recommended by Jason as a new student. So, definitely, she couldn't miss this shot.

Plus, if she seized this opportunity, she'd naturally have more time to perform.

For a while, Westley didn't answer. But feeling her silence, he finally spoke. "I am going to work, but I'll drive you to the studio first." Watching her still thinking deeply, Westley tantalized her. "Do you want me to get out and open the door for you?"

When her chain of thoughts broke, and she apprehended Westley's words, Gabrielle didn't dare to waste another second. She hurriedly opened the door of the passenger seat and hopped in.

"But... Won't you get late?" Fastening her seatbelt, Gabrielle looked at him, agitation evident from her every move.

It should be counted as a privilege that Westley was willing to drop her at the studio personally in the early morning.

"I was surely getting late when you were counting stars by the car just a moment ago." Westley turned the key in the ignition as the engine revved to life. 5

Gabrielle stayed silent, tapping her fingers on her legs. The start of the drive was silent until Gabrielle looked at Westley's left arm, holding the steering wheel. She could still see the wound on it. "How do you feel now? Are you okay with driving with that arm?"

"If my driving skills with an injured arm scare you from getting into a car accident, you're free to get off right now," Westley calmly said, turning the steering wheel.

His words and his way of saying that amused Gabrielle. "I never said that I am afraid of death, Westley. Plus, if this is how I will die, I'll be happy to die with you. Being with you even on the death road is a big thing for me. I won't be alone, neither will I be at loss." 3

Gabrielle smiled the brightest smile. Her innocence was pure as water.

"Well, that's new. I didn't expect that you wanted to die. Also, with me." The irony was Westley's best tool of communication, and he didn't let it go normally.

'How can it relate with dying now?' Gabrielle tilted her head, contemplating

what Westley just said.

"Westley, you misunderstood. I didn't mean that. Of course, I don't want to die now." There was concern in Gabrielle's voice as she clarified. Considering herself younger to die, she wanted to enjoy her life longer. There was so much pending to be done that she wanted to do.

"Good. I won't let you die, Gabrielle. We can't depart so early," Westley calmly said, looking at her with adoration. ①

Yet Gabrielle silently muttered on Westley's overthinking, "As if I am willing to die with you just for love." ④

Chapter 296 Blocked By Someone

The car was still at least a kilometer away from the studio, but Gabrielle was already urging him to pull over.

"Westley, I'm fine getting off here. Just stop the car. I'll walk the rest of the way. You don't need to drop me off at the door," Gabrielle said, looking tense.

Westley frowned. She did the same thing when he drove her to Alorith University. She asked him to pull over a considerable distance away from the gates. Westley did not mind it then because they were at a university and Gabrielle was a student there. But he was driving her to a studio now. Why could he not drop her off at the door?

However, Westley still decided to stop the car.

"Gabrielle, do you really think of me as your personal chauffeur? Am I supposed to just drop you off wherever you want?" Westley asked, looking her directly in the

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"Gabrielle, do you really think of me as your personal chauffeur? Am I supposed to just drop you off wherever you want?" Westley asked, looking her directly in the

eye.

He was the one who insisted on driving her here, and now he was unhappy because she did not want to inconvenience him by making him drive all the way to the studio.

Gabrielle let out a small sigh. Men were really complicated.

Especially Westley. He had the mood swings of a pregnant, hormonal woman. One second, he was happy, and the next, he was angry. Gabrielle felt that Westley's attitude toward everything was always all over the map. Predicting his disposition in any situation was as impossible as riding a cloud in the sky. ①

But she was not really planning on figuring him out.

He would never ever belong to her, so trying to understand him was pointless.

"Of course I dare not make the Mr. Morris my personal driver. But seriously, thank you for giving me a ride. I have to go now, or I will be late." After sincerely thanking Westley, Gabrielle got off the car. ①

But Westley did not really want her gratitude.

"What time are you getting off work?" Westley asked.

"I'm usually out by six o'clock. I don't know yet if I need to work overtime today. But I'll call you when I get off work, okay?" Seeing that Westley's face got darker and darker, Gabrielle immediately changed her tone to coax him.

"Fine, but remember what you promised. Don't break it."

Westley still felt that Gabrielle could not be trusted.

There was only one thought in Gabrielle's mind right now. 'Am I a liar in Westley's eyes, a person who doesn't know how to keep a promise?'

Gabrielle made a mental note to come home early tonight and make Westley a meal.

"Yes, yes. Drive safely, please. I really have to go now." Gabrielle picked up her bag and ran as fast as she could. Westley watched as she ran away. A man on a

scooter almost ran her over but hit the brakes in time. It made Westley's heart leap to his throat. He felt so scared that he considered rushing over to the scooter rider and beating the hell out of him.

Some people really did not know how to drive responsibly. They did not watch the road enough to see what was in front of them. It pissed Westley off.

Soon, Gabrielle arrived at the studio and ran into Vivian who was leaning against a lamppost by the entrance and sipping her coffee. She smiled at Gabrielle, but her eyes told a different story. She was up to something.

"Good morning, Vivian." Gabrielle wanted to just walk past Vivian, but she could not ignore her.

At the company, Vivian was a senior to Gabrielle, so Gabrielle felt obliged to greet her.

"Hey, Gabrielle. I have a question for you."
Vivian left the lamppost and walked toward Gabrielle, holding out her cup of coffee in front of her.

Gabrielle watched Vivian strut toward her with her long, white legs. She could

not decide whether it was Vivian's effortless stride in ridiculously high-heeled shoes or her knowing stare that sent a chill down her spine.

Vivian was a glamorous, extremely alluring woman, but she was arrogant and had a temper. Everyone in the studio was terrified of her. She was a powerful designer that no one dared to provoke openly.

Since they could not afford to offend her, they avoided her.

"Vivian, I honestly don't know any questions that I can answer for you. I'm not on your level in terms of both professionalism and qualification. I think I should be the one to have questions for you." Gabrielle tried her best to be polite with a pinch of flattery thrown in.

It was a desperate attempt on her part to dodge Vivian's question. She could not possibly know any better about anything than Vivian.

After all, in the studio, Vivian was basically God. She worked on her own and did not require anybody's assistance. She could solve every problem by herself except for some that she had to involve

Jason in.

So when Vivian walked up to her and told her that she had a question for her, Gabrielle could not help feeling confused and a little scared.

Vivian had always been hostile to her because of Jason.

So if Vivian was being chatty toward her now, something was definitely not right.

"What I want to ask you has nothing to do with design. I saw you get out of a luxury car near the bus station. Didn't you say that you came from an ordinary family? How could you afford such a car? How did you do it, Gabrielle? Can you tell me?" Raising her eyebrows, Vivian curled her lips into an evil grin.

Gabrielle swallowed and told herself to keep her cool. She was right. Vivian was up to no good.

But she had no idea how Vivian saw her get out of Westley's car. Perhaps she just saw the car but did not see Westley or the car's license plate.

And even if she did see the license plate, she would never be able to trace the car

back to Westley. Alvin had made sure of that.

"I'm not sure I understand what you mean." Obviously, Gabrielle was playing dumb.

"Sweetie, there's no point pretending to be stupid." All of a sudden, the fake smile melted off Vivian's beautiful face. She stepped up to Gabrielle and stared her down.

While Vivian was trying to intimidate Gabrielle, a colleague of theirs arrived and walked right past them with her head down. It was no secret that Vivian loathed Gabrielle, and nobody in the studio wanted to get caught in Vivian's wrath.

In the past, Vivian found many excuses to make trouble for Gabrielle. Gabrielle was easy-going, and she did whatever Vivian asked her to do.

She was a little bit of a pushover, and Vivian milked that fact for her own benefit and even amusement.

Although her colleagues felt sorry for Gabrielle, none of them tried to defend her from Vivian.

"I'm not pretending to be stupid. Did you just wait out here so that you could ask me about a car?" Gabrielle was genuinely curious.

Why did Vivian care about the kind of car that she rode to work?

"Fine. It's an Uber." Gabrielle simply smiled and told Vivian a bold-faced lie.

The look on Gabrielle's face and her tone pissed Vivian off.

'An Uber?

What Uber driver drove around in a Bentley?

Nobody who had a Bentley would place such a car under Uber, even Uber Premium.

Did Gabrielle think I'm an idiot?'

"Are you sure about that?" Vivian cocked her head to the side and sneered.

She had Gabrielle all figured out the moment Austin recommended her for a position in the studio. Women who looked timid and harmless were often the ones who were scheming. Gabrielle

gave off that vibe to Vivian, and Vivian had been watching her closely ever since they met.

"Yes. If you want, I can book you an Uber right now." Gabrielle looked at Vivian with a smile. She told a lie, and she stood by it.

Since Vivian was not letting it go, she was willing to drag it out for her.

Whether Vivian believed her or not was Vivian's business.

"Gabrielle, you..."

"Good morning, boss!" Gabrielle shouted at Jason who was getting out of his car parked not far away.

The displeasure on Vivian's face was immediately replaced by a gentle smile. She turned around and looked at Jason fondly.

"Good morning, Jason."

Chapter 297 A Master In The Design World

Gabrielle watched Vivian's expression change from vicious to serene almost instantaneously.

She had already met the man who changed moods like a light switch, and that was Westley. Now she was standing in front of the woman who changed moods the same way. Gabrielle could not decide whether to be scared or amazed.

On the other hand, Vivian was always gentle and friendly toward Jason. It seemed that nothing he did or said could put her in a bad mood.

"Good morning, Vivian, Gabrielle." Jason greeted the two of them with a smile.

"Gabrielle, come to my office later. I have something to tell you," he added, walking past them.

"Okay. See you then," Gabrielle replied cheerfully.

After Jason entered the building, Vivian

flashed Gabrielle a final cold stare before walking away.

After a few moments, Lolita walked over to Gabrielle. She held two cups of milk tea in her hands, one of which she handed to Gabrielle. "Hey, Gabrielle. I got you some milk tea. Are you okay? I saw you with Vivian just now. Did she hassle you again?"

"Oh, no. We just said hello. Why are you drinking milk tea in the morning?" Gabrielle asked, raising the cup to her eye level and checking out the milk tea.

It was red bean milk tea, which she liked.

"Sweet drinks like this in the early morning make people feel better about their mundane lives, especially me. I knew you'd come in today, so I bought one for you and we could be morning milk tea buddies," Lolita answered, taking a swig of her milk tea and beaming.

The red bean milk tea and Lolita's adorable toothy smile indeed made Gabrielle feel better. She chuckled.

"Thank you, Lolita. I appreciate it," she said to Lolita with a smile.

"You are most definitely welcome. I was on my way in when I saw you with Vivian. I was afraid that she would make trouble for you again. I was about to approach you guys, but then I saw Jason walking over to you, so I stayed put. What did Vivian want with you?" Lolita asked worriedly.

Nothing good happened where Vivian was.

"Nothing. I just greeted her and then Jason came over." Gabrielle smiled reassuringly.

"Okay. That's good. Come on, let's go inside." Lolita patted her on the back, and Lolita's hand happened to land on her wound. Gabrielle winced in pain.

"What's wrong?" Lolita was able to catch her reaction. She probably felt that she patted her too hard.

"Was my hand too heavy? I'm sorry. I just pat people in the back and never mind my big, beefy hand. I'll pay attention next time, I promise." Lolita flashed her an embarrassed grin and raised her free hand in a peace sign.

"It's okay. Come on." How could Gabrielle blame Lolita? Besides, she did not really pat hard. She just touched the wrong spot, and Gabrielle felt a little pain.

Gabrielle went to her work partition, straightened up her things, and then went to Jason's office.

"Jason? I'm here," Gabrielle chirped, knocking on the door of Jason's office.

"Come in, Gabrielle,"

Jason called out from inside.

Gabrielle pushed the door open and walked in. She found Jason sitting at his desk, and on one of the seats in front of him sat Jackson Grant. He was a famous jewelry designer, the studio's design director, and one of Jason's most accomplished mentees.

He was widely known to be aloof, sharp tongued, and a little hubristic. His handsome face was always in icy neutral. He seldom exuded a welcoming vibe, but his cold, hard-to-reach persona was what drew girls to him.

When Gabrielle started out in the studio, Jason did not plan on being her mentor.

time is one of the guest speakers. You should know her name. She's one of the most well-renowned masters of jewelry design in the country, Melissa," Jason said to her.

"Oh, my. Really? Melissa is coming to speak at the seminar?" Gabrielle could not believe what she had just heard.

Of course she knew Melissa Glyn. She was not only a famous international jewelry designer but also a respected and well-sought-out authority in the world of jewelry design.

It was every jewelry designer's biggest wish to meet her.

Gabrielle did not expect that someone as big as the one and only Melissa Glyn would be coming to teach at the training seminar. She gritted her teeth to keep herself from squealing from excitement.

She could not lose her cool in front of Jason and Jackson Grant.

"Yes, really. When did I ever lie to you? Jackson just told me all about it." Jason chuckled a little. He had expected Gabrielle to be thrilled.

After all, Melissa Glyn was already a household name in jewelry design. New designers like Gabrielle worshiped her like a goddess.

"Of course. I was just delighted by the news. Will you be accompanying her at the seminar, Jackson?" Gabrielle usually did not dare to speak to Jackson Grant, but this time, she was so excited by the prospect of meeting Melissa Glyn that she could not help addressing him.

"Let me be clear about one thing. Melissa's not coming to sign autographs or so that newbies can gush over her. She's coming to offer her guidance. Jason strongly recommended you to attend the training, so you'd better behave yourself and not act like a crazy fan girl in front of Melissa," Jackson Grant said flatly but stared into Gabrielle's eyes with complete seriousness.

Gabrielle was not the kind of person who liked to trouble others. Hearing Jackson Grant's warning, she nodded her head in sincere agreement. "Oh, of course. Don't worry. I won't go near Melissa. I'll be happy just seeing her from afar and learning from her."

"Our Gabrielle is very sensible and won't go too far," Jason said with a smile.

He had been Gabrielle's mentor for nearly half a year, so by this time, he had a fair understanding of her temperament.

Her attitude and work ethic were outstanding, and she approached every task with unparalleled dedication and patience. She did not complain nor got easily discouraged. She was responsible to a fault and did her job extremely well.

It was Jackson Grant's loss that he rejected her as a mentee.

"You have to forgive my enthusiasm. It's just that I've always looked up to Melissa. I think she's incomparable in the world of jewelry design, and she's always been my beautiful heroine. I can't wait to see her at the seminar." Gabrielle was already looking forward to seeing her idol in action.

"This is indeed an opportunity of a lifetime for you. You must cherish it." Seeing Gabrielle so happy like a kid in a candy store, Jason also felt happy.

"I will." Gabrielle had never been this

excited and grateful for anything in her entire life.



Chapter 298 Share Good News With Me

Jason did not say anything until Gabrielle was able to collect herself.

"Have you calmed down a bit?" Jason asked with a smile.

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry. I'm just so excited. Never in my wildest dreams did I think of actually seeing one of the women I admired most in the flesh." Gabrielle felt her cheeks grow hot.

She felt like a little girl who was going to meet her favorite cartoon princess.

"Okay, great. But there's more. I'm sure you're going to be even more thrilled to hear it." Seeing that Gabrielle was ready for the next part of his news, Jason decided to break it to her.

"Well, what is it? Go ahead, Jason." Gabrielle tried hard to suppress her excitement.

What else could possibly get her more fired up than meeting Melissa? Gabrielle

honestly did not know if there was such a thing.

"The date and time of the seminar have been set, and it's after New Year's Eve, but Melissa has always been very strict and serious with her work, so she will come to check the venue in advance next week. Her hotel room has been booked by a sponsor, but Jackson will pick her up from the airport. I want you to go with him. Is that okay?" Jason asked her earnestly.

After Jason finished his question, Gabrielle put a hand over her mouth. She stared at Jason with wide eyes.

'Oh, my God! This is so incredible! I get to pick up Melissa from the airport, too!'

The news sounded like a lottery win to Gabrielle. She could not believe it.

She felt like every joy and pain in her life for the last twenty years had been leading up to this very moment.

"Is it okay if I pick up my idol from the airport? Of course it is! Yes, yes, I will go! When is she flying in?" Gabrielle chanced a curious glance at Jackson.

Until now, she had no idea that Jackson was Melissa's student. How could she have known anyway? Jackson was a cold, low-key man who did not talk about anything to anyone, especially about himself. ①

However, she found it amazing that Melissa admitted him. As far as she knew, Melissa did not easily accept apprentices, except that she might take in some privately. Although Melissa led a private life and there was no way to confirm if Jackson really spent some time under her tutelage, Gabrielle still believed him. Why would he lie about being Melissa's mentee? If she had been in his shoes, she would not have shut up about it. ①

Gabrielle felt a slight pang of jealousy. She would have given anything to be Melissa's student. ③

"Melissa hasn't booked her flight yet, but I'll send you the details once they're confirmed. Gabrielle, remember not to be late. Melissa extremely values punctuality and hates tardy people. Don't leave a bad impression on her. You're aware that many new designers like you would kill to meet her like this,

aren't you?" Jason warned her, his smiling face suddenly turning serious.

"Yes, I am. I know, Jason. I will be on time." Gabrielle nodded, still unable to stop grinning.

"If you can't guarantee that you won't mess up, I suggest you turn down the task now. I don't want my mentor to despise Antawood because you can't be professional," Jackson said to Gabrielle in his usual icy tone. ①

It was obvious that Jackson only agreed to let Gabrielle come because of Jason's gleaming recommendation. He did not trust that she would do everything right and impress his teacher.

Gabrielle found Jackson's words a bit hurtful, but she did not take them to heart. He was only trying to make sure that his beloved mentor would be graciously welcomed and well taken care of in Antawood. It was a treatment any good student wanted for their teachers.

Of course Gabrielle was fully decided to put her best foot forward. The last thing she wanted was to disappoint Melissa.

"I understand your concern, Jackson, but

"I promise you that I will be at my best."

"Well, you better not break that promise when Melissa flies in. I sincerely hope that you don't let her down. If you do, you can kiss your seminar attendance goodbye. I won't allow you to come, and Jason won't be able to make me." Jackson was not trying to threaten Gabrielle at all, but he meant what he said he would do if she screwed up. 2

He would not let her take even one glance at the seminar's venue doors if she did not do a great job with picking up Melissa at the airport.

Gabrielle's smile slowly turned into a straight face. She glanced at Jason uneasily.

"Jackson, you don't have to frighten Gabrielle like that. She's my star student. I know her better than you do. She won't mess up." Jason really could not do anything about the way Jackson spoke when it came to his teachers. The man had always been passionate on the matter and did not tolerate preventable mistakes.

"I just want her to consider herself warned so that if she does leave a bad

impression on Melissa, she knows what's coming to her," Jackson said directly.

"This is important to me, too, Jackson, and believe it or not, I know better than to mess it up," Gabrielle muttered.

"Don't listen to him, Gabrielle. You'll be fine. You got this. Don't be nervous. You're going to do great. I'll send you Melissa's travel details when they're ready. You may leave now." Seeing Gabrielle shaken by Jackson like that, Jason felt a little worried. He had never seen her so scared.

Jackson really had to work on communicating better with his colleagues.

"Thank you, Jason, Jackson," Gabrielle nodded to them and left in a hurry.

Now she was both excited and scared, but her enthusiasm was strong enough to triumph over her fear. When she entered her work partition, she finally let out her elated squeals and jumped up and down. ④

Seeing her like that, Lolita came over.

"What's going on? Why are you jumping

around happily?" Lolita asked.

Gabrielle looked at her and then averted her gaze. Lolita was also a newcomer, but her qualifications were way more impressive. She went to a top foreign design school and knew more about the world of jewelry design, so Gabrielle could not help feeling a little bit guilty. Between the two of them, Lolita was the better choice to attend the seminar, yet she did not get picked. Gabrielle did not know if she should share the news with her.

"Nothing." In the end, she decided to hold back. She did not want to upset Lolita.

"Nothing? Gabrielle, we're good friends. We should share stuff, good or bad. But fine, if you really don't want to tell me, then just forget I asked." Lolita was a straightforward person. She said what was on her mind. She did not like wasting time overthinking her thoughts before blurting them out.

"All right. Come closer." Gabrielle beckoned her over.

Lolita did as she was told and walked over to Gabrielle.

"I'm going to meet the famous jewelry design master, Melissa," Gabrielle whispered to her.

"Wow, Gabrielle, that's awesome! Are you going to the seminar then?" Lolita asked directly.

Hearing this, Gabrielle looked at her and tipped her head to the side. "You know about the seminar?"

"Of course. I heard about it a few days ago. Did Jason recommend you to attend?" Lolita raised her eyebrows at her.

Gabrielle had no idea that the seminar was not really a secret. She just nodded. "Yes, Jason recommended me. Melissa is one of the guest speakers. I'm so excited to see her in person. I can't wait."

Melissa was a legend in the field of jewelry design. She created world-famous pieces, some of which were even made especially for wealthy socialites and celebrities. She even designed ones for the first lady herself, and no amount of money or height of status could equal that honor.

"Congratulations, Gabrielle. I'm so happy for you. Melissa is the real deal. You should take a photo with her when you meet. Oh, can you get me an autograph?" Lolita said excitedly.

"You're really happy for me? You're not angry?" Gabrielle asked cautiously.

Lolita seemed to be startled by the question. 4

Chapter 299 An Obsessed Wife

Lolita gave Gabrielle a friendly pat on the shoulder as she laughed at her statement.

"Don't be ridiculous! I am beyond delighted that you had the opportunity to attend this once in a lifetime seminar. It's a little upsetting for you to think that I would be unhappy about it. After all, we are good friends, aren't we?" She gave Gabrielle another tap on the shoulder and smiled ever-so sweetly.

"It was stupid of me. I was superficial. I thought..."

"Why is that? Did you expect me to be upset and jealous over the fact that you got in and I didn't? It's a mere seminar. I have been studying abroad for over five years. I couldn't care less about it. Besides, I already have attended countless design exhibitions and seminars. Scratch that. A hero keeps mum about his glories. I'm just starting out as an intern designer. My colleagues

are young and promising. Plus, I met a charming friend." She pinched Gabrielle's face and beamed with glee.

"I'm sorry. I should have told you earlier. I was afraid it would upset you." Gabrielle apologized with utmost sincerity.

"Silly girl, there's no need to be so formal. I told you, we're friends. I am overjoyed that you would be able to go to the seminar. Would you like to have dinner so we could officially celebrate this amazing feat?" Lolita asked out of courtesy.

Gabrielle was a mere student. If she had to attend classes, she wouldn't be able to come visit. This circumstance did not make her a friend on the regular.

They used to have dinner together every once in a while but it had been so long since that last happened.

"Let's have dinner in a couple of days. I'm afraid I have made prior arrangements for tonight." It suddenly dawned on her that she had to cook supper for Westley. She had broken one of her promises before, she couldn't afford to break any more. Gabrielle was

terrified that her husband would eat her alive if she did.

"Alright. You can get that out of the way first, we'll have dinner at a time that's convenient for you. I have to congratulate you again. You are amazing, Gabrielle. I'm proud of you!" Lolita had the utmost respect and reverence for her capabilities. Gabrielle's talents and willingness to work hard were indeed beyond admirable. Without a tinge of doubt, God would bless such a person.

"Rest assured that I will work harder. Thank you."

Gabrielle dropped by the supermarket after work. She went home with two bags worth of groceries and a bouquet of flowers from the local floral shop.

Sophie was there to bring the bags in when Gabrielle got off the taxi from the front yard. It was particularly difficult for her to carry heavy things since she had not fully recovered from her injury yet.

"Thank you, Sophie. It's a little too much, isn't it?" Embarrassment was pasted on her face as Gabrielle looked at Sophie.

She was overwhelmed and a little

pressured over the idea of making a feast fit for a king that she almost bought the entire supermarket.

"It's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Morris. Your wounds still haven't healed, why didn't you ask me to carry the bags out earlier?" Sophie couldn't help but worry about her injury.

"I'm fine. I'll be back on my feet in no time. It wasn't that serious to begin with." Gabrielle gave her a reassuring smile.

"I'm certain that Mr. Morris will be over the moon once he sees what an amazing meal you have prepared for him!" Sophie exclaimed as she brought the bags of food into the kitchen.

"I could only hope that it won't upset him." Gabrielle was afraid that dinner would not be to Westley's liking.

"He certainly won't be. Please, if I may be as bold as to say, he'd love it." Sophie glanced at the ingredients and saw that they were all Westley's favorites.

Gabrielle was, indeed, thoughtful. It was a gem to see a child this considerate.

The document Alvin sent made her life

unbelievably easier. It was written in detail what food Westley loved and hated.

With full knowledge of his preferences, making dinner for Westley was not so difficult.

"Sophie, if you could be so kind as to please put these flowers in a vase. You can place them on the table when you're finished." Gabrielle handed her the bouquet.

"I've placed the flowers on the table, Mrs. Morris. Call me if you need anything." Sophie sniffed the bouquet of flowers. They were addictively fragrant.

Her daily showcase of virtue made Sophie understand, more than ever, just how much of an amenable woman Gabrielle was. Everyone she crossed paths with would definitely love her.

It wasn't a surprise that she managed to capture Westley's heart despite him being so stoic and cold.

It definitely was an endeavor for men not to fall head over heels with a girl as promising as Gabrielle. Especially not after one had spent quite a considerable

amount of time with her.

"Okay. I'll be sure to call on you if I ever need anything. In the meantime, would it be okay if you left me with my own company?" Gabrielle enjoyed having some alone time in the kitchen.

"Alright, I'll go ahead." With the flowers in her arms, Sophie walked out of the room, beaming from ear to ear.

Soon after putting her apron on, Gabrielle began to prepare the mise en place.

When Westley arrived home, he saw Sophie watering the plants in the yard but Gabrielle was nowhere to be found.

He had agreed to pick her up from work. Unfortunately, he was held back by a meeting. By the time he dropped by the studio, Gabrielle had already gone. He drove home soon thereafter.

"Mr. Morris, you're here," Sophie chirped.

"Is Gabrielle home?" Westley asked as he hurried to go inside.

"Mrs. Morris came back early. She's in

amount of time with her.

"Okay. I'll be sure to call on you if I ever need anything. In the meantime, would it be okay if you left me with my own company?" Gabrielle enjoyed having some alone time in the kitchen.

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"Mr. Morris, you're here," Sophie chirped.

"Is Gabrielle home?" Westley asked as he hurried to go inside.

"Mrs. Morris came back early. She's in

the kitchen making supper for the two of you," Sophie answered with a wide grin plastered on her face.

There was a twinkle in Westley's eyes when he heard what she said. The dinner he had been looking forward to for so long was finally happening.

Westley could not wait any longer. Hastily, he walked to the kitchen. From the door, he heard some humming and the sound of clanking dishes, signifying that someone had been cooking. He did not have to think twice for he knew that it was definitely Gabrielle.

The tantalizing smell of food wafted through the air and into his nose as soon as he pushed the door open. There, he saw his beautiful wife in an apron. Gabrielle was in front of the stove, so intently immersed in her cooking that she did not notice Westley come in.

Gabrielle put the spatula down to tend to the soup but forgot to take the potholder.

A hissing sound filled the kitchen when she accidentally scalded her hand.

Westley swiftly rushed to her aid, grabbed her hand and ran it under cold

water.

"Why are you so careless? Are you in pain?" he reprimanded her as he held her hand under the tap.

It still had not registered to Gabrielle's mind that Westley was there in the kitchen.

"My hand is okay. When did you come in?" She shifted to see him.

Gabrielle was standing by the faucet with Westley dangerously close behind her. He held her ever so gently in his arms, it made her a little uncomfortable.

"I just got here. Your fingers are so red. Are you sure you're fine?" He turned the tap off and saw that her index finger was the shade of crimson.

"I'm alright, really. I don't think it's going to blister. Oh no, the food is going to burn!"

"Stay there. I'll take care of it." Westley left her to the side and did the rest of the cooking.

Gabrielle was standing next to him in awe. He looked dashing working his way

around the kitchen.

"Don't stare at me. Is there anything else you'd like me to make?" Westley turned to look at Gabrielle only to see her gawking at him like a hawk.

She just couldn't have enough of him.

He used to hate it when women looked at him with an all-consuming, hungry look in their faces. But with Gabrielle, he did not seem to mind. His wife staring at him in such a way made him feel so inexplicably proud. 2

Chapter 300 Put On An Apron For Him In Person

Gabrielle snapped back to reality and lightly shook her head. She turned her gaze toward the ingredients on the table.

She was to prepare five dishes and one soup.

The soup was still stewing in the pot. The four dishes were ready, but the fifth one still had its ingredients on the table.

"There's still the chicken wings with honey sauce. If you don't want to prepare it, I will." Gabrielle thought that it might be a little difficult for Westley to cook a meat dish. She had already prepped and pickled the wings and put them in the fridge, but she still doubted that he could handle it.

"Come here." Westley smiled at her.

"Let me do it." Gabrielle walked over to the fridge and took the wings out. She took Westley's response as an agreement for her to cook.

"Bring me an apron," Westley suddenly ordered.

It was only then that Gabrielle realized that he wanted to prepare the wings himself. She set the plate of wings on the counter and stared at him and his immaculate white shirt and well-pressed black slacks. His entire outfit was not suitable for a hot kitchen.

Then, her eyes darted to his tie. He was wearing the one she gave him again. She considered asking him to change it the next day. After all, wearing the same one tie for several consecutive days was not what a dashing CEO would do. His sharp-eyed employees would ridicule him in private. ②

"Westley..."

"Just bring me an apron, Gabrielle, or take off yours and put it on me." Seeing that she was uneasily staring at him, Westley flashed Gabrielle a cold look.

Gabrielle originally planned to remind him to change and wear another one tie but she decided to talk about that after the dinner. ②

She went and grabbed an apron for him, which was black and white. "Here you go," she said and handed the apron to Westley.

Standing this close to him, Gabrielle realized that he was so tall. She would not be able to put the apron on him with him standing upright.

"My hands are greasy. Put it on me," Westley said impatiently. ③

He wanted her to put the apron on him.

"Fine. Lower your head then," Gabrielle replied after thinking for a while.

Westley bent forward and let Gabrielle put the apron on him. "Wait, take off my tie and put it on the table."

Gabrielle took off his tie and put it in the pocket of her apron. Seeing how carelessly she handled the tie, Westley was a little annoyed.

"Don't put it in the pocket. You'll wrinkle it. Set it flat somewhere safe. Then come back and tie my apron." Westley barked one order after another. ①

Gabrielle wanted to roll her eyes at him.

Could he at least ask nicely? Yes, he was the boss of a company, but he was not in the office right now and she was not his employee.

All the same, Gabrielle did as he said. She took the tie and stepped out of the kitchen. When she came back, she was smiling at Westley.

"Where's my tie?" Westley glanced at her hand and found it empty. She was flashing him a toothy grin, which made him suspicious. 3

"I put it away like you asked. Seriously, Westley, why is that tie so important to you? Is it because it's a gift from me?" Gabrielle asked, staring at him knowingly.

Westley's face instantly darkened. He averted his gaze and cleared his throat. He decided he would not dignify that question with a response.

"Just come here and fix my apron, will you?" Westley muttered, hoping that Gabrielle would drop the subject.

She shrugged, walked over, and stood in front of him. They were standing close enough to each other to share breath.

Gabrielle reached out and straightened Westley's apron. She dipped her chin, hoping that he would not notice the ridiculous rush of blood to her cheeks.

"Okay. Turn around," Gabrielle said anxiously.

Westley did not say anything but stared at her red face.

The thought of Gabrielle getting this nervous and shy in front of him made Westley want to chuckle. But this time, he decided not to make things difficult for her and just turned around like she asked.

Gabrielle tied the back strings for him into a beautiful bowknot.

"Here are the wings." Gabrielle picked up the plate of wings on the counter and handed it to him.

"I already cleaned those and pickled them. Can you make chicken wings with honey sauce? If not, you can make other flavors," Gabrielle said plainly.

However, to Westley, she sounded like she was underestimating him, and Westley did not appreciate that.

"I got it. You can go now." Westley did not want to listen to Gabrielle anymore. He wanted to start cooking.

She was acting like she was worried that he could not handle a simple recipe for chicken wings. What gave her that impression anyway?

"I can help." Gabrielle did not understand why Westley was trying to get rid of her.

She saw him smiling earlier when she was fixing his apron. Now he was acting all uptight and territorial.

Men were really complicated.

"I don't need your help. Just leave me to cook in peace, will you?" Westley backfired.

"All right. I'm going," Gabrielle said, raising her hands in surrender. She turned on her heel and left the kitchen. Maybe Westley just did not want to be disturbed while he was cooking, just like her.

"I'll go feed Blackboo," Gabrielle chirped as she shut the kitchen door and made a run for Blackboo's kennel.

She found the little guy lying on his back comfortably inside his little nest. He was snoring softly with his round belly pointing up. He was so cute that Gabrielle could not resist waking him.

Blackboo was living his best life as a puppy, and like a human baby, he only did two things—eating and sleeping.

"Blackboo! Blackboo!" Gabrielle squatted down and called Blackboo twice.

But Blackboo did not seem to hear her. He was still snoring, his fat belly rising and dropping steadily.

Gabrielle just smiled and let him be. He did not seem to be hungry, so she just let him sleep.

After that, she decided to go to the garden to help Sophie water the plants. It had been more than a month since the flowers were planted, and most of them were starting to grow. They were taking root nicely, and their leaves looked amazing. Gabrielle could not wait to see them bloom.

The garden that once appeared like a dark, withered forest was now gone. The

new plants had given it a new life, vibrant and beautiful.

Although it was winter now, the garden was still so green.

Gabrielle was growing to like this place more and more. Although the house and the yard in Vineyard Villa were large, they were well planned and laid out in a square like a man-made park.

But she still preferred the garden in Half Moon Bay, which she herself used to tend to. ②

"Hi, Sophie. Where haven't you watered? Let me do it." Gabrielle walked up to Sophie and smiled.

Sophie was pruning the branches of some of the plants. She was a little surprised to see Gabrielle and confused as to why she was wearing an apron in a garden.

"Mrs. Morris, is dinner ready?" Sophie asked curiously.