

Chapter 343 She Could Not Agree On Behalf Of

Talon's private restaurant was located in a residential building of an old district with narrow alleys, so the car couldn't stop directly in front of the establishment. They had to walk for more than a hundred meters to get to the parking lot.

The two walked silently. With her bag slung over her shoulder, Gabrielle followed him obediently, quietly appreciating the unique charm of the area and how quaint it was.

They were designers, and they always gravitated towards anything about design—from architecture and stores to clothing and shoes. They could even draw inspiration from simple flowers and grass. There was no limit to their imagination.

Gabrielle loved the scenic view, so she often stopped to stare at the old buildings. She completely ignored Jackson who walked with rapid steps

ahead, not bothering to look at anything.

"Gabrielle, do you mind if I smoke?" Jackson suddenly stopped and turned back to ask Gabrielle. He raised his brow, waiting for her answer.

Gabrielle saw that he had a cigarette and lighter in his hand. Those two things seemed to appear out of nowhere.

Gabrielle was a little surprised. She didn't know Jackson smoked, but judging from his behavior, he must have been a smoker for years.

"Jackson, why are you asking for permission? This isn't a no-smoking zone. Of course you can smoke," Gabrielle said with a smile. Jackson responded with a brief nod to her.

Personally, Gabrielle didn't like the smell of cigarettes. It made her dizzy. She was also worried for her lungs because of second-hand smoke, but even so, she had no right to say no to Jackson.

Besides, he was one of her bosses, so there was no reason to stop him. She should just keep a distance from him while he smoked.

Jackson lit the cigarette, took a puff, and stubbed it out into the ashtray on top of the dustbin. He then continued to walk.

Gabrielle was rendered speechless as she watched Jackson. He smoked a single puff then put it out. What a total waste. She had never seen anyone smoke like that before.

Perhaps it wasn't so unexpected. After all, Jackson had a rather distinct personality—anyone in the studio could attest to that fact. He wasn't an ordinary man. He looked at things differently.

"Gabrielle, is your husband here?" Jackson asked casually. He wasn't actually curious, but he only wanted to know if her husband was coming. Unlike others who thrived on gossip, Jackson didn't have any other motive when he asked such a question.

"Do you want to see him?" Gabrielle thought that Jackson was interested in seeing her husband. That was probably why he was asking her.

However, it worried Gabrielle because Westley was a well-known figure in Antawood. She was 100% sure Jackson could immediately recognize him.

Anyone who had lived at least a few months in the city knew who Westley was.

Therefore, Gabrielle didn't want them to meet. Once Jackson saw Westley, their relationship would be exposed. It was only a matter of time before the public found out.

"No, I don't. Why would I want to see a man? I just want to know if he has arrived yet. If he hasn't, I'll wait here with you. But if he's already here, you can go to him directly," said Jackson indifferently. He then looked around him to see if there was any other car.

He had no interest in Gabrielle, let alone her husband. But even if he was arrogant and intimidating, Jackson wasn't so coldhearted that he would leave her in this alley alone.

Gabrielle understood what he meant. Jackson was just worried that it was not safe for her to wait for Westley alone. Despite some of his unlikeable traits, Jackson was a true gentleman.

"Thank you, Jackson. I'll go to a café nearby and wait for my husband. You can head out first. Thanks for helping me

choose a dress today and taking me to a private restaurant. Dinner was delicious," Gabrielle happily told Jackson.

In truth, Gabrielle was delighted that Jackson actually cared about her. It was a striking contrast to all the stories she heard about him.

"We're here because I was hungry, and I didn't want to eat just anything. You paid for the dinner, so that made us even," Jackson replied coldly.

He didn't care about Gabrielle, but he was a responsible man. It was him who brought her out. If anything happened to her, he would never hear the end of it from Jason, and he would be in trouble too.

"Yes, we're even. Either way, thank you. I'm okay to wait here by myself. Anyway, he's already on his way here. You can go home now." Gabrielle urged him to go. She didn't want him to see Westley. She was smiling at Jackson, but her eyes kept on darting on the street—looking for Westley's car.

Jackson understood what was up with Gabrielle. She didn't want him to see her husband. Jackson shrugged. Then, he

wouldn't see him. After all, he was not the least bit interested.

"Okay, take care of yourself. I'm leaving now. I'll pick you up at the studio at ten o'clock the day after tomorrow. Then, we will go to the airport together." Jackson turned around and left, not once looking back at her.

Gabrielle found a café nearby and sat down to wait for Westley. He hadn't called her yet, so he was probably still driving.

Gabrielle ordered a cup of coffee and chose a seat by the window so she could spot him easily. She checked the time on her phone, but she didn't call Westley. She didn't want to pressure him to drive faster. Besides, it wasn't eight o'clock yet, so it was still early.

As she checked her phone, she received a message from Mia, asking if she had time tomorrow.

Gabrielle asked her what the matter was while she stirred her coffee.

Instead of replying, Mia called her up. Gabrielle quickly answered it.

"Mia, what's up?"

"Gabrielle, are you free tomorrow? It's Micheal's birthday. We didn't invite anyone else except for our families and close friends. It's a birthday dinner at home. If you have time, you and Westley can come over." Mia was breathless with excitement.

'Tomorrow is Micheal's birthday. So it will be just a few days before Westley's.'

"Tomorrow night?" There was hesitation in Gabrielle's voice.

"Yes, tomorrow evening at six o'clock at my brother's villa. Can you make it? Can you both come over?" Mia continued to ask.

"I think I can, but I'm not sure if Westley will go with me." Even if he was her husband, Gabrielle could not speak for him. She refused to agree to anything on his behalf.

He was Westley. No one spoke in his name; Gabrielle didn't dare.

"It doesn't matter. You can ask your dear husband tonight. I think he will agree if you ask," Mia said confidently. Her tone

implied that Westley wouldn't say no to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle couldn't help but laugh. She blew lightly on her coffee and took a sip before speaking. "Mia, I'm not that powerful. Don't count on me that much."

"What are you talking about? Just the fact that you're married to Westley is proof enough that you're powerful. There are countless women in Antawood who are eager to be his wife, but you're the one who won him. How many have you defeated to become the wife of the Morris Group's president? How can you even say you're not powerful? Stop being too humble in front of me, okay?" Mia completely believed in Gabrielle's charm. She thought Gabrielle could do whatever she wanted because she was Westley's wife.

Gabrielle was at a loss whether to laugh or cry at Mia's words. Gabrielle leaned back in her chair, tapped her fingers on the table, and looked out the window.

If Mia only knew the real reason she married Westley, she probably wouldn't get this excited. Gabrielle had no idea how Mia would react if she ever found

out.

"Okay, I'll tell him, but I'm not sure if he'll go. I can't promise you anything." Gabrielle was sure she would attend the birthday dinner, but she couldn't guarantee that Westley would go with her. She didn't like forcing him to do things.

Besides, Westley didn't like Micheal very much, so it was highly unlikely that he would attend Micheal's intimate party. Gabrielle would have to go there by herself.

"Well, that's that then. To tell you the truth, I don't want Westley to come here, and it's better if you come alone. It would make my brother happy." Mia sighed. Even she knew it was probably a bad idea to have both men in one room.

The thing was, Westley and Micheal didn't like each other. They were two men who made several women swoon and were possibly everyone's dream guys. But they couldn't stand each other. If they were within each other's vicinity, it wasn't possible to have a friendly and relaxed atmosphere. ②

This was also what Gabrielle was worried

about. She couldn't go there without telling Westley. If she tried to attend the party secretly and he found out, he would be furious with her.

"So, do you want me to tell him or not?" Gabrielle left it up to Mia. She didn't want to risk Westley's ire just for a dinner.

Since Mia invited her and brought it up, she would ultimately have to decide.

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Mia didn't expect Gabrielle to ask her about it so seriously. It was supposed to be a simple matter, but it seemed more than that to Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, don't be like this. Of course I want you and your husband to come together. It would be more fun if there were more people." Mia matched Gabrielle's serious tone. She heard Gabrielle sigh.

"Okay, I'll tell Westley." Gabrielle only said that she would inform Westley; she didn't say yes on behalf of him.

She didn't know how Westley would take the invitation, so she couldn't promise anything to Mia right now. Gabrielle's coffee was already lukewarm, so she finished it up.

"Okay, fine. I'll wait for your message. I'll just send the address to you tomorrow, okay?" Mia didn't say anything more and hung up the phone.

As soon as the call ended, Gabrielle noticed Westley standing outside the window, his back to her. She reached out her hand and knocked lightly on the glass.

Westley turned his head towards her. The two of them stared at each other through the glass. Under the moonlight, they looked like the lead characters in a romantic drama.

Gabrielle's heart rate suddenly picked up speed, and she felt her entire face blush under Westley's unwavering gaze.

It was the way he looked at her. In that moment, she felt as though she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She almost believed it was true.

It was so strange for them to have this kind of romantic moment. There was so much electricity between them that she feared it would break the glass.

"Wait for me." Gabrielle mouthed the words to him. She had no idea if he understood it or not. Then she stood up, grabbed her bag, and went out.

Standing at the door, Westley's heart

softened at the sight of her running towards him in such a hurry. She was trying to catch her breath when she stopped in front of him.

"Slow down," Westley said in a gentle tone. He reached out and took her in his arms.

"I told you to just call me when you arrive and stay in your car. You didn't have to come in by yourself. The alley is a little narrow and not well-lighted. How did you find this place?" Gabrielle was curious. He could've called her and waited in his car comfortably.

She only told him about the restaurant's location; she didn't say that she would wait in a café. 'How did he know I was here?'

"Let's just say I have an intuition," Westley told her. He smiled and traced her jaw with his finger.

His words left Gabrielle speechless, but his touch sent shivers down her spine.

"Thank you for picking me up. Let's go. Have you had your dinner yet?" Gabrielle couldn't help but worry about him. She was full and ready to go home, but she

didn't know if Westley was hungry.

"Yes, I have. The car is outside, so we need to start walking. Are you feeling cold?" Westley saw that she was wearing a thin coat, and when he touched her, her skin was a little cold.

"Nope. Winter in Antawood isn't that cold," Gabrielle said with a smile. She didn't want him to worry about her. Anyway, it would be warmer when they got inside the car.

"Yes, but it's still cold at night." Without waiting for her response, he took off his coat and wrapped it around her. His hand lingered on her shoulder for a few seconds.

"No thanks, Westley. I'm really not cold. You should take your coat." Gabrielle felt embarrassed all of a sudden. Heat flooded her veins, and her cheeks reddened. She touched it with her hand, wondering if Westley noticed.

Westley didn't wear a suit jacket. As soon as he took off his black coat, he was left with nothing but a crisp, white shirt that didn't offer any protection from the cold.

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"Just put it on." Westley put his arm around her shoulder, leaving her no chance to resist—let alone take off the coat. He pulled her closer to him.

Gabrielle bit back a smile at his gesture. It felt so good being wrapped in his coat like this. She inched closer to him.

"Let's get in the car as soon as possible." Gabrielle didn't want to waste any more time. It would take a few minutes to walk to the parking lot from here. She had to hurry up; she didn't want Westley to catch a cold because of her.

"Gabrielle, what brings you here?" Westley asked casually, still with his arm around her.

While Gabrielle was anxious to get in the car, it was no big deal for Westley to walk without a coat. After all, he was in tip-top shape and he exercised regularly, which meant that he had better resistance against the cold compared to her.

"It's not me who wanted to come here. Jackson took me to a private restaurant. The owner is also the chef. All the dishes they served were so delicious. Can I take

you there some time?" Gabrielle looked back expectantly. He was looking straight ahead, and she couldn't help but appreciate his chiseled jaw and perfect features.

Westley wasn't interested in the restaurant where Gabrielle had dinner with another man. He knew it was irrational, but he wasn't thrilled at letting her dine with someone other than him.

However, he was always willing to have dinner with her, especially if she was the one who proposed it. He wouldn't say no.

"Well, we can come here next time." Westley wrapped her tighter in his arms and got into the car.

Gabrielle took off Westley's coat and handed it to him. She then warmed her palms by rubbing them together.

"Westley, put it on quickly." She didn't want him to get sick.

"Don't worry. The air conditioner is on. Just keep the coat." Westley refused the coat but immediately started the car. He straightened in his seat and rubbed the back of his neck.

It took more than half an hour to drive from the Morris Group building to this restaurant, and it also took the same time to drive back to Half Moon Bay.

Westley had been busy with work all day, and just when he should be resting, he had to pick her up. Gabrielle felt a little sorry for him. She knew he was exhausted.

"Westley, you must be tired after a busy day. You shouldn't have picked up me. I could've taken a taxi home. Now you look so fatigued." Gabrielle was uneasy. She didn't know what his current mood was. She hated how he had to drive that far to pick her up.

Westley spared a glance at Gabrielle before returning to look straight ahead. There was a small smile playing on his lips. "Are you worried for me?"

"Of course, Westley." Gabrielle turned to him even though he was focused on driving.

"Do you know how to give a massage?" Westley still had his eyes on the road, but he tipped his head towards her.

'Massage?'

Gabrielle slumped back in her seat. She never thought she needed to learn such skills.

"No, I don't."

Gabrielle shook her head. She frowned. No one ever asked her for a massage, so she knew she wouldn't be good at it.

"It's okay. I'll teach you. Can you give me a massage when we get home?" Westley wasn't surprised—few people knew how to do it. Still, he was patient enough that he would teach her.

Gabrielle was so surprised that she gaped at him, but she got distracted by how handsome he was—even his side profile. Every inch of him was perfect, and it made her wonder how it was possible that she was sitting beside him and she was his wife.

"But I..."

"Don't worry, you will learn. Or is it possible that you simply don't want to give me a massage? If you don't want to, just forget it." Westley said all of these with a straight face; he was so good at

teasing her.

"I didn't say that I didn't want to. I'll do it when we get back." Gabrielle turned to look at the road. She would not refuse. It was, after all, a small favor.

Westley had done so many things for her, and this was all he asked for in return. Of course, she would do it.

"Okay." The corners of Westley's mouth lifted, he looked very happy. He almost hummed out a tune while he was driving.

Gabrielle's phone rang just then, so she didn't see him smile. She looked at the screen.

It was a Twitter message from Jackson. Gabrielle was a little surprised. Yes, they were friends on the platform, but Jackson's account didn't have any update. He never posted on his timeline, and he never sent any message in their group chat either.

Gabrielle was actually convinced that Jackson never used Twitter.

That was why she was shocked to see him send her a message.

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"Gabrielle, has the person who will pick you up already arrived?" As usual, Jackson went straight to the point.

It was Jackson who took her out, so it was natural for him to feel responsible for her safety. This was the main reason why he didn't want to get close to other people or have anything to do with them. He didn't like being responsible for the welfare of others.

"Jackson, my husband is here. I'm in his car now. We're going home. Thank you for your concern," Gabrielle quickly replied. Jackson was cold most of the time, but he had a side to him that wasn't all that bad.

"Okay." It was typical of Jackson to reply with only one word. That was just how he was.

Gabrielle didn't reply anymore because she knew that Jackson wasn't fond of chatting. He wasn't a fan of small talk.

"Everything okay?" Westley asked, peering at her.

"Yeah. Jackson asked me if you already picked me up. I told him to leave first

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because my husband would come and get me." Gabrielle emphasized the word "husband" on purpose. Then, she observed him closely.

Sure enough, Westley's face softened, and there was a hint of satisfaction in his eyes.

Chapter 345 Gabrielle, Come Over

When they arrived at Half Moon Bay, the two went straight to their room. Westley went to take a shower first. With a towel slung over his shoulder, he turned back to Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, remember what you promised me before," Westley reminded her with a knowing look.

Perhaps it was proof that Gabrielle was exhausted because she just stared at him blankly. She scowled, her face full of confusion. "What? What is it?"

Judging from her expression, Westley knew that she had probably forgotten already. He rolled his eyes at her.

"You promised to give me a massage, didn't you? Don't forget it." Westley left her and went straight to the bathroom. 5

Gabrielle slapped her forehead lightly. 'So he meant the massage he mentioned earlier!' She didn't expect him to be serious. She thought he was saying it

without actually meaning any of it. Apparently, he really did want her to give him a massage.

Gabrielle sat down on the edge of the bed. She ran her hand over her face and groaned. She thought he was just joking! Besides, she didn't know how to do it. She was a designer, not a masseuse!

"How about taking a shower together to save time, so you can massage me earlier?" Westley opened the bathroom door and poked his head to talk to her again. He then leaned on the doorway half-naked.

Gabrielle raised her head and saw Westley's tanned and well-defined chest. It was evidence of his religious workout routine. Aside from his handsome face, Westley had the body of a Greek god.

"Westley, hurry up and stop wasting time. I'll take a shower after you're done."
"

Gabrielle immediately turned around with her back to him. She was breathing heavily, and her face burned with embarrassment. She was scared that she would lose control if she continued to ogle him like that. 'He's going too far. Did

he actually just try to seduce me?"

Gabrielle clenched and unclenched her fist. She thought she was immune to his seductive charms, but apparently, she wasn't. She had seen her fair share of handsome guys, and she believed in her ability to resist temptation.

It turned out she was wrong—very, very wrong. Gabrielle closed her eyes and willed her body to stop reacting to him and his magnetic presence.

She didn't expect Westley to have this kind of effect on her. Even after all this time, he enticed her in a way no one else ever had.

"Okay, then. I'll take a shower first." Westley saw the blush that crept on her neck and face. He chuckled and went back to the shower.

Gabrielle tried to control her breathing and pounding heartbeat. She still felt uneasy, so she distracted herself by watching a massage video on her mobile phone.

'How hard can it be?' People learned new skills from the internet all the time. Perhaps she could do it too.

Since Westley insisted, she decided to get a crash course on how to massage—meaning, she spent the next few minutes watching online tutorials. Gabrielle figured this would be enough to learn a thing or two.

She didn't need to have the same skills as a professional masseuse. She only wanted to learn simple moves that would satisfy Westley.

Not long after, Westley came out of the bathroom wearing a bathrobe. He was drying his hair when he saw Gabrielle intently watching something on her phone. The volume was so low that he strained to hear what it was about.

She was so focused that she didn't even notice Westley approach. It wasn't until his tall figure hovered above her that Gabrielle realized he was done taking a shower. She looked up at him and quickly turned off her phone.

"You... You're finished? When did you come out?" Gabrielle was nervously darting her eyes from Westley to the bathroom door. She couldn't look at him directly—an admission of guilt on her part.

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"You... You're finished? When did you come out?" Gabrielle was nervously darting her eyes from Westley to the bathroom door. She couldn't look at him directly—an admission of guilt on her part.

She didn't want him to know that she was trying to learn so much in so little time. She hated how he caught her watching videos secretly.

"I just came out. I saw you watching those massage videos so seriously. It seems like you care about me a lot," Westley told her with a smirk. He was so pleased that his eyes lit up.

Gabrielle furrowed her brows. 'What did he say? That I care about him a lot?'

She was trying to learn not because she cared so much about him but because she didn't want to make a fool of herself. She had zero knowledge on how to massage another person.

"I'll just go take a shower." Gabrielle ignored him, ran to the bathroom, and quickly closed the door. She locked it and leaned on the door for a bit. Then, she took off her clothes and stood under the shower with her face still burning hot.

It took half an hour for Gabrielle to finish. Westley wondered if she had somehow fallen asleep.

knuckle and knocking gently on the door. He listened for any movement on the other side.

"Gabrielle, did you fall asleep inside?" Westley said in a low but cold voice. He waited for her response.

Gabrielle turned off the shower, dried her body and changed into her pajamas. She was wrapping her hair in a towel. "I'm done. I'll be out soon."

"If you don't come out now, I'll break this door down," Westley told her. His voice was still low, but they both knew it wasn't an empty threat.

"Okay, okay. I'm coming out." Gabrielle took a deep breath and opened the door. She removed strands of her hair that stuck to her forehead.

Westley was already sitting on the bed, waiting for her. He looked at her and raised his brow. He didn't need to say anything more.

Gabrielle let out a nervous breath. She knew that there was no way she could escape this, so she was going to at least try. The tutorials she watched were still fresh on her mind. Maybe it wouldn't be

so hard.

"Gabrielle, come over." She looked so nervous that Westley couldn't help but smile at her. He beckoned her closer with his hand.

Gabrielle chewed her lip before walking over. She was fidgeting with the bathrobe waist belt. It was actually more difficult to massage him than to have sex with him.

Anyone with no experience would be nervous. She didn't know what would happen if Westley wasn't satisfied.

Then again, Westley himself knew she didn't know how to do it, and he even told her he would teach her himself. So, why was she so worried right now?

With this newfound confidence, Gabrielle breathed deeply and strode towards Westley with her chin held high. Anyway, she was going to massage Westley—not the other way around. If he wasn't nervous or worried, then she shouldn't be either.

If she made a mistake or didn't manage to do it well, he was going to be the one who would suffer—not her.

Gabrielle cracked her knuckles and stretched her back a bit before she stood beside him.

"Westley, I'm going to give you one more chance. Do you really want me to give you a massage or not? I haven't done this before. I hope you won't blame me if I unintentionally hurt you or make you uncomfortable," Gabrielle warned Westley again. He should know what he was getting into.

It was not like that she was an irresponsible person. Since she promised to do it, then she would do it well. If she couldn't, then she might as well refuse right there and then.

What's more, Westley was the kind of guy who wouldn't let her go if she did anything wrong to him. She really didn't want to annoy him—especially since she knew how tired he was.

"Gabrielle, if you don't want to do it, you don't have to do it. I'm not interested in forcing you to do anything you're not comfortable with," Westley said. He looked at her calmly and seriously. He was still in his bathrobe, and Gabrielle was trying so hard not to stare at the

exposed parts of his chest.

There was a firmness in his dark eyes that made her unable to look away.

'Well, since he said so, what else should I worry about?'

"Okay, here goes nothing. If I do it badly, you're not allowed to complain or voice your dissatisfaction over it. Understood?" Gabrielle rubbed her hands and started to warm up. There was a fierceness to her gaze, as if she was about to do something of utmost importance.

Westley was amused by her reaction. He curled his lips and lay on his stomach. He liked watching various emotions play across her face.

Gabrielle was confused. 'Wait, what is this? What's going on?'

Does he actually want me to give him a full body massage?'

"Westley, I will only massage your shoulders. I thought that's it. Do you want me to massage your entire body?" Gabrielle was both curious and filled with shock. She noticed the way Westley seemed to be having fun at her expense.

"Didn't you watch the video for the full body massage a while ago? I thought that was what you were going to give me. Why are you still asking so many questions? Just start already." Westley frankly didn't care whether she was willing or not. He had the final say. And he was sure she was going to do it in the end.

Gabrielle took off her slippers and got on the bed. ①

She started with her own body first—a few exercises for her muscles and bones. This way, she wouldn't be sore when she was done.

She mentally prepared herself for the task ahead. 'Gabrielle, you've watched several videos. Just focus. You can do it.

Westley wasn't afraid that you might hurt him. Stop worrying and just get this thing over with.

Think of it as your first practice. He's willing to be your guinea pig for this one. You should be happy about it.'

"Westley, I'm going to start."