

Chapter 356 Want To Marry Him

Cayden was embarrassed by Mia's hostility.

He thought their relationship would improve a little after Mia got injured the last time. Cayden didn't expect their relationship to become as good as before, but he expected it to get better.

However, it had only been wishful thinking. Mia was still cold and rude as if she were his enemy.

Even though he came to see her today, Mia didn't show him any kindness. She deliberately abandoned him to breathe some fresh air.

"Mia, I'm worried that you might get cold. You have every right to be mad at me, but please don't neglect your health."
"Cayden persuaded her because he cared about her health.

After all, it was freezing outside, and Mia was only wearing a thin dress and a large woolen scarf.

He couldn't watch her get ill.

"I'm not careless to neglect my health. You better stay inside and mind your goddamn business!" Mia had never been nice to Cayden.

He felt humiliated as Mia snapped it at him in front of many people.

"Okay, okay. I won't care about you. At least don't take off this coat." Cayden removed his coat and draped it around her.

"No, thanks. We are going inside now." Mia turned around and walked in, dragging Gabrielle with her.

Cayden glanced at the coat in his hand and gritted his teeth. No one could restrain Mia when she became mad at someone.

"Mr. Morris, you are here!" Cayden glanced at Westley, his face heated with embarrassment.

"Let's go inside." Westley glanced at him and strode in.

Just then, Vivian caught up with Westley and stopped him. "Mr. Morris, please stay

here for a moment."

Westley stopped in his tracks and shot a vicious look at her.

Vivian was wearing a strapless dress, revealing her milky skin. But it was still cold outside, and Westley's piercing gaze made her shiver.

Her body trembled as she hugged herself, trying to shield herself from the cold. But Vivian was strong; she would never allow herself to make any mistakes this time.

So she forced a smile and looked at Westley.

"Miss Vivian, what can I do for you?" Westley asked coldly.

"Mr. Morris, I want to know what kind of relationship you have with Gabrielle. I'm sorry. I know it's inappropriate to ask such a question. I just..."

"Miss Vivian, since you know it's inappropriate, better stop probing further. Remember that I don't want anyone to know what you saw today, especially the people in your studio," Westley warned her, trying his best to remain calm.

Vivian didn't seem stupid. She must have understood what he meant. Why was she humiliating herself by trying to find the answer to the question?

"I see. It looks like Gabrielle is really important to you, Mr. Morris." Vivian flashed a sweet smile, pretending to seem sensible and generous.

"Miss Vivian, it doesn't matter what kind of relationship I have with Gabrielle. She is my woman, and I won't allow anyone to bully her." With that, Westley strode in. ④

Gabrielle and Mia walked in, congratulated Micheal, and gave him the gift. Then, Gabrielle waited for Westley, squirming on the spot with unease.

Westley didn't follow her in. She was a little worried because Vivian was also standing outside. Gabrielle didn't know what Vivian wanted from Westley.

The woman was too ambitious, so she was worried about Westley.

"Don't worry. Westley is a shrewd man. He is not someone a random temptress could seduce." Mia patted Gabrielle's

hand comfortingly, gesturing for her to calm down.

Westley was a powerful man.

No one had the power to win his heart other than Gabrielle.

Moreover, women like Vivian, who intended to only hook up with men, would never be able to win Westley's love. She had targeted every man as soon as she arrived at the party, determined to get into their pants today.

Vivian's lewd behavior disgusted Mia.

She had become bold enough to seduce Westley. Mia glared at her, anger blazing in her eyes.

"Okay, I know." Gabrielle didn't suspect Westley. After all, she knew what kind of person he was.

But she feared that Vivian would blabber nonsense and annoy him.

"All right. Calm down. Look, Westley is coming in." Mia patted her shoulder.

Gabrielle's muscles visibly relaxed when she saw Westley. She looked around and realized that the people around her were

all staring at the man.

After all, everyone present at the party knew Westley. Many of them stood up to greet him.

It was a dream come true for them because Westley seldom attended business cocktail parties.

He rarely showed up in public but had made it to Micheal's birthday party today. The people at the party were shocked and wondered when the two had bonded.

"Is that Mr. Morris?"

"I didn't think he would come to Micheal's birthday party."

"When did they become so close?"

"How would we know about the friendship between big shots? If they are not good friends, why is Westley here?"

"Wow, I didn't expect to see Mr. Morris in person today. I want to post it on my Twitter moments."

"Do you want to die, buddy? Westley doesn't like people taking pictures of him and sharing them on social media. He is

probably here today because it's a private party."

"You are right. God! What was I even thinking?"

"But I'm so excited to see him. Gosh! He is so handsome."

The women began to gush as they were all excited to see him.

"I want to marry him!"

"I think I'm in love with him."

"Mr. Morris hasn't brought a date tonight. Everyone says he is single. I guess that is true."

"You don't have a chance even if he is single." Men were appalled at how women were throwing themselves at Westley.

"Micheal, Westley is here." Gabrielle grinned happily.

"Yeah. I saw." Micheal remained calm without a trace of emotion on his face.

The big shots were always cold and indifferent, and Gabrielle was used to it.

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"Happy birthday, Mr. Robinson!" Westley said in a businesslike tone.

"Thank you, Mr. Morris. I didn't expect you to come. I was a bit surprised when Gabrielle told me that you were here." Micheal smiled. ⑨

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Everyone at the party knew Westley, but they couldn't get close to him. All they could do was admire him from a distance. But as soon as they saw him walking toward a woman, the people began to gossip.

"Who is she?"

They just saw Mia return with an ordinary woman, whom they didn't know. Everyone was trying to figure out who she was.

Gabrielle didn't look like an influential woman from the business circle. Yet she was a friend of Mia and was invited to attend Micheal's birthday party.

However, they didn't bother probing further. After all, Mia had a distinct personality.

Mia was willful, arrogant, and supercilious, unlike the other young women.

Mia never hid her feelings -- she openly revealed her love and hatred for people. She didn't bother flattering anyone for her personal gain. Therefore, Mia had offended many people in the circle over the years. Everyone knew that the people who took the initiative to make friends with Mia would ultimately suffer.

Gabrielle's presence piqued everyone's curiosity. They were all desperate to know who she was.

They were wondering how Mia got to make friends with such an ordinary woman.

"She looks normal. I don't think she is from a wealthy family. Who knows how she became friends with Mia?"

"Is she trying to cheat Mia or something?"

"No. It would be more convincing if you said Mia is deceiving that woman. After all, she looks gullible. I think anyone can cheat her."

"Really? But I wonder how she is close to Mr. Robinson. They are interacting as if they've known each other for a long

time."

"Mr. Morris... God, look at the way she is smiling at Mr. Morris. What's their relationship?"

Everyone got into a heated discussion after seeing Westley approach the woman.

They were all curious as to why he was talking to Gabrielle. After all, they didn't look like they had just met.

"I think we should distance ourselves from each other," Gabrielle whispered to Westley as the people's inquisitive gazes made her uncomfortable.

After all, Westley was still a celebrity. She couldn't affect his reputation.

"Don't bother about what they say. No one has the audacity to judge me." Westley shrugged nonchalantly.

"That's right, Gabrielle. This is my brother's home. You don't have to worry about what other people say. These people are here only for my brother. I have even fought with some of these women before. So ignore them!" Mia stood up for Gabrielle.

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She didn't care about the people attending the party and didn't want Gabrielle to worry about what they thought of her either.

Although Mia was right, Gabrielle couldn't agree with her.

"We better maintain a low profile." She shot a warning look at Westley.

"Okay, as you wish," Westley compromised. If not for Gabrielle, he wouldn't have attended the party in the first place. So he agreed to listen to her.

Gabrielle smiled at him. "I know you are the best."

Mia frowned at the way they interacted with each other. She regretted inviting Westley. After all, the two couldn't stop themselves from showing off their love for each other.

"Dinner is ready. Now that everyone's arrived, let's eat." Although the others had arrived a long time ago, Micheal had been waiting for Gabrielle and Westley.

Micheal had invited the youngsters of the families that had been friends with the Robinson family for generations. He

had thrown a party for the elders at noon. He wanted to have a fun night with people his age. Therefore, he invited them to his villa for dinner.

As soon as Gabrielle and Westley came over, the young men stopped gossiping and looked at them.

"This is Mr. Morris. I think you all know him -- no introduction needed. And this is Miss Jones, a friend of mine and Mia. I want you all to respect her." Micheal looked calm and indifferent.

No one was curious about Westley, or perhaps they didn't dare to find out what he was up to. But everyone looked at Gabrielle in unison.

They wanted to know who she was. Although Gabrielle didn't look flamboyant, she had the charisma to make people like her at a glance. She was incredibly beautiful, and people were of her.

The men stared at her with rapture as if they didn't want to take their eyes off her.

Westley subconsciously blocked their gazes. Fortunately, he was with Gabrielle.

Otherwise, the men would have hit on her all night.

Gabrielle settled between Mia and Westley, feeling a sense of protection.

"Miss Jones, you are Mia's friend, so it means you are my friend as well. Would you like to have a drink?" a man asked, raising his glass.

Gabrielle didn't want to embarrass him, so she raised her glass and smiled at him.

"Gabrielle, let me drink it for you," Westley said in a low voice.

"No, you don't have to. We agreed to maintain a distance. How could you drink instead of me?" Gabrielle whispered to him.

The two were leaning closer, their faces inches apart which made people feel that they shared an intimate relationship.

"Miss Jones, are you friends with Mr. Morris as well?" one of them asked.

"Mr. Morris, are we friends?" Gabrielle arched an eyebrow at Westley, gesturing for him to explain.

"Yes, indeed. Miss Jones is a good friend of mine!" Westley answered coldly.

Now that Westley had clarified the relationship, the people understood what he meant.

Almost everyone knew that Westley was engaged to Nellie, the daughter of the Collins family. Therefore, Gabrielle's presence had caused confusion among the people.

Wealthy, young men like him were bound to have affairs. If the woman wasn't his girlfriend or fiancée, then she was a secret lover.

Gabrielle was beautiful and innocent. She would make the ideal mistress, who listened to her man's words. ①

"So, Miss Jones, may I have a drink with you?" the man asked again as he stared at Gabrielle.

"All right." She nodded.

Westley didn't bother stopping her. He knew that Gabrielle couldn't drink too much. Therefore, he tried his best to cooperate with her.

"Is she Mr. Morris's lover?" someone whispered.

Vivian's sharp gaze fell on Gabrielle, who was drinking while Westley was not helping but just watching quietly. She didn't think Westley had feelings for her.

"That's all she could ever be," Vivian muttered coldly.

Chapter 358 She Would Not Show Any Kindness

Lacey Murphy and others turned to glance at Vivian after she said those words. Lacey was Cayden's elder sister. She and Vivian had been friends while they were younger. In fact, Vivian was only here because she was with Lacey. ②

What Vivian had just said really got Lacey curious, and outside just now she suspected that Vivian knew quite some much about that woman.

"Tell me what you know about her, Vivian," Lacey whispered curiously.

"Well, I don't know so much. But you are my friend. That's why I'm going to tell you that the woman's name is Gabrielle. She works as an assistant at Jason's studio and is his only apprentice. I don't know how she could get to know Jason through Austin and become his apprentice soon after. One must really not underestimate her, especially now that she is still able to hook up with Mr. Morris. I just realized that I

underestimated this woman before. I feel ashamed already that she's my colleague, and I don't want others to know about that," Vivian said, her lips curved in disgust.

Although she seemed to be repulsed by Gabrielle, she in fact was only jealous.

She found it hard to imagine why the man she loved could accept Gabrielle as his apprentice. Worse still, Jason treated her more kindly than a teacher would treat an apprentice, but Vivian understood he did that mostly because of Austin.

Yet she felt so jealous of Gabrielle. How on earth did she even hook up with Westley?

Vivian was really piqued at how Gabrielle always managed to go about this.

"Is she the woman your dream guy accepted as his apprentice?" Lacey asked, glancing straight over to where Gabrielle was sitting.

At first, she hadn't really paid much attention to Gabrielle when Mia had led her in. But when Micheal had responded to Gabrielle's greeting with a warm, huge

smile, Lacey had thrust all her attention at her.

The woman was quite very pretty, but Lacey detested her all the more.

She had loved Micheal dearly all these years, but she had never been able to tell him how she felt because he was so cold to her. It was obvious he didn't like her. More than once, she had felt the urge to tell him, to tell him she loved him. But she was afraid that she would lose the casual friendship she had with him if she did that.

Despite how this hurt her, only one thing had given her relief - Micheal had no other woman in his life.

All he was obsessed with was working hard at his career and taking care of his sister, Mia. He was so cold and arrogant that he didn't consider his own love life at all. Once, Lacey planned on knowing more about Micheal's personal life by inquiring about his family. But not only did they know nothing about his private life, they had no right to interfere with it.

Lacey had long been resolved to be content with things inasmuch as Micheal found no other woman.

He seemed too distant and proud to have anything to do with women.

But now, she felt everything crashing down her feet when she saw him flash Gabrielle a warm, huge smile.

"Well, who else can it be? See how she looks so simple. You would never believe she is the very devil, so scheming and ambitious." Vivian smiled faintly, her voice discolored with malice. ③

Of course, Lacey understood Vivian meant that Gabrielle looked innocent while, in fact, she was not.

Smirking, Lacey said, "I can see that, too. She's the kind of woman who pretends to be pure just to exploit the rich and find her way up the social ladder. The simpler she looks, the more scheming she is. What a golddigger!" The disgust was heavy in her voice. She hated such kind of women and held them in contempt.

But there were so many women like her in the society now. Wasn't Gabrielle just more scheming than the others? She would not be afraid of it.

"You should not say that here, Lacey. Mr. Morris will be angry if he hears you saying that. You know she's his woman, don't you?" Vivian reminded, hushing her gently.

Lacey snorted and rolled her eyes. "You don't have to remind me. In fact, I know what to do,"

Lacey replied determinedly. She and Vivian were alike in a lot of ways, both having even the same character. Maybe, that was why they were both good friends and why Lacey cared so much about her. Yet, Lacey had a temper, being the eldest daughter of the Murphy family.

She didn't know how to hide her grievances. Instead, she would air them out so bluntly, not caring about what others felt.

"Where are you going to, Lacey?" Vivian asked, alarmed when she saw Lacey rise suddenly with a glass of wine.

But deep down, she felt so glad.

If what Vivian thought was right, Lacey was going to make trouble for Gabrielle.

It would serve Gabrielle right. How dare she hang around with other people's men? Now she was being so close to Micheal whom Lacey so much liked. Vivian trusted Lacey; she would treat as an enemy any other woman who tried to get close to Micheal.

It was obvious that Lacey saw Gabrielle as an enemy now.

"I'm going to propose a toast to Micheal. Today is his birthday," Lacey said, glancing at Vivian, a mischievous glint in her eyes. Then she strode towards to Micheal.

"Happy birthday, Micheal," Lacey called in a chirpy voice as she stood beside Micheal, staring down at him and holding up her glass of wine.

Micheal hesitated at first. Then he raised his glass and clinked it gently with hers. "Thank you, Lacey."

"You don't have to say that to me, Micheal," she said in a soft voice, grinning, looking at him with gentle eyes.

"Okay," Micheal replied quietly and looked away, taciturn.

She smiled still. She didn't expect so much from him. After all, he had always been this silent in front of her.

Lacey turned to Gabrielle. "Miss Jones, since you're a new friend, can I have a drink with you?" she asked, pouring another and proposing the toast to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle knew that this woman was Cayden's sister and Vivian's friend, too. She knew Vivian had a hand in the hostile way Lacey now looked at her.

So smiling warmly, Gabrielle stood up. "So pleased to meet you, Miss Murphy," Gabrielle said. "I will down the whole glass of wine."

Then she raised her head and tossed all the content of the glass into her mouth.

Westley watched Gabrielle silently and wondered how long she could pretend.

"I like you, Miss Jones. You're so honest. Do you mind having another glass with me?" Lacey asked and at once poured another glass of wine. She was known for being so good at drinking and getting men drunk.

So getting Gabrielle drunk was going to be really a small thing for her.

Angry, Westley swung to his feet and yanked the empty glass off Gabrielle's hand. Just then, Mia stood up and handed Gabrielle a glass of juice before Westley could say anything. She turned to Lacey and fixed her a long, exasperated look. "Lacey, Gabrielle is my friend, and she has stomach trouble. She can't drink like you. I must warn you. If anything happens to her today, I won't take it lightly with you at all. And I'm sure you don't want to get my brother displeased in his birthday party."

Mia fumed. They all knew that Mia would not show any kindness to anyone if she was pissed off. 6

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Mia was the type of person who would not hesitate to be cruel to anyone once she was irritated, while Lacey was the type of person who was tough and not afraid of things. So, it was really not a good thing for these two people to get together.

However, the bystanders didn't understand why Lacey would cause trouble for Gabrielle. It was obvious that Lacey had targeted Gabrielle just now.

"Mia, I don't mean to make things difficult for Miss Jones. I just want to make friends with her." Lacey's expression softened as she said, giving Mia an innocent look.

After all, she was well aware that Mia was Micheal's most adored sister. If she offended Mia, it would be the same as offending Micheal indirectly.

"If you want to make friends, of course, you can. Then Gabrielle will drink this glass of juice instead. If you want to continue drinking, I will accompany you.

"Although Mia had a bad temper, she was a very loyal person.

Therefore, it was natural for Mia not to accept Lacey's obvious hostility against Gabrielle.

She would definitely never let it go.

"All right, Miss Jones, it's okay for you to make a toast with your juice." Seeing that Mia was so protective of Gabrielle, there was still a bit of unsettled bitterness left in Lacey's heart.

"Gabrielle, this is Cayden's sister, the elder daughter of the Murphy family. Let's have a drink together. Cheers!" Mia nudged Gabrielle's arm and introduced calmly.

"Well, I see. Miss Murphy, nice to meet you," Gabrielle responded as she kept a gentle demeanor.

On the other hand, Vivian viewed Gabrielle's behavior as an act in disguise.

She even felt that Gabrielle was quite skilled at playing the innocent role.

Such a woman always pretended to be innocent, especially in front of men, and

could naturally control her own facial expressions very well.

"Miss Jones, Mia doesn't have many friends. I hope you treat her sincerely," in a sisterly manner, Lacey reminded Gabrielle.

"Lacey, Gabrielle is my friend. How we get along with each other is our own business. Now that we have finished drinking the toast, you can go back and have a seat," Mia responded casually. As Mia was a sister adored and protected by her brother, she didn't really care about anyone's feelings.

"Lacey, don't drink too much. It's not a good thing for a girl to drink so much," Micheal said coldly.

Although Micheal said solely to keep them from drinking, Lacey viewed it as an act of care from Micheal for her. Thus, she immediately accepted his words happily.

"I know, Micheal. I will go back to eat now." As she said, Lacey immediately went back obediently.

More people wanted to come over and give Gabrielle a toast, but Mia and

Westley stopped them. However, they couldn't stop Gabrielle from drinking herself. ④

So, in the end, Gabrielle got herself drunk. Looking at Gabrielle lying drunk on the table, Westley reached out and picked her up.

"Excuse me. I'll take her back first." Westley gave out a short remark and left, holding Gabrielle in his arms.

The sturdy figure of Westley fading away as he openly held Gabrielle in his arms only confirmed everybody's assumptions about the two's relationship.

'Mr. Morris is really with this woman?'

Although everyone shared the same thought, no one dared to speak out. ③

"As I said, Mr. Morris and Miss Jones are my friends. And I don't want any complicated things to spread out." Micheal glanced at the people coldly, naturally knowing what they were thinking.

"Of course, Micheal, I'm not going to talk nonsense. Just as we are afraid of offending you, we are much more afraid

to offend Mr. Morris."

That was the truth.

There were, however, those who were not afraid to play with death.

Westley carried Gabrielle to the car. He then carefully put her on the seat so that she could lean against the seat and sleep well. He couldn't help but pat her on the face as he finished properly positioning her. "You are such a fool to drink so much."

Gabrielle groaned slightly as she was patted, her brows wrinkled, and she showed an uncomfortable reaction.

Westley drove very slowly as he was worried that Gabrielle would feel uncomfortable after drinking too much. Yet, at the same time, he wanted to drive back quickly.

He couldn't help but be disappointed with his decision. He regretted agreeing to attend Micheal's birthday party tonight. Several men locked their gazes on Gabrielle as if their eyes were going to pop out of their heads.

However, when the car was halfway

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through, Gabrielle felt very uncomfortable and started to throw up.

"Hmm..." She vomited.

Westley quickly pulled over the car and got out of it. He then walked around to the other side and pulled Gabrielle down, making her squat on the sidelines.

Gabrielle couldn't help but keep vomiting for a long time.

When Westley saw Gabrielle vomiting heavily, he rushed to the car and took a towel and a water bottle. He then squatted beside her and patted her back gently.

"Gabrielle, are you feeling better?" When he noticed Gabrielle was almost done vomiting, he removed the water bottle cap and handed it to her.

Gabrielle took it and gulped down a mouthful of water. Her drunken expression was now replaced by soberness. Just then, a strong sensation of discomfort developed in her stomach and head, causing her double pain. Not only that, a wave of indescribable emotions washed over her.

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She raised her eyes to Westley, an uneasy expression on her face that she couldn't hide. She saw a gloomy expression on the man's face, as he appeared to be very angry.

She drank like a drunkard that it would be strange if he wasn't angry.

"Thank you, Westley." She ultimately came up with a 'thank you' after spending a long time digging through her head for the proper word.

"Gabrielle, how dare you drink so much when you know you can't handle that much? Are you feeling good now?" Westley questioned, giving her a cold look.

He deliberately pretended to be very angry as he felt he couldn't let go of her actions this time.

"I know! I'm feeling bad. I feel too bad now. Westley, I know I was wrong. Don't be angry." Gabrielle tried to hold Westley's hands to stop him from being so angry.

However, the man just glanced at her coldly and snorted.

"Do you know what you did wrong?" as Westley threw a cold glare towards Gabrielle, he asked.

Gabrielle took the towel from his hand and wiped her mouth.

"I shouldn't have drunk so much. But do you know why I drank so much?" With a pitiful expression on her face, Gabrielle tried to coax Westley.

"Because you're happy to go to Micheal's birthday party and those men came to drink with you?" Westley's expression was clearly filled with jealousy, as he stated.

Gabrielle finally realized that this man was simply jealous.

Coincidentally, she drank so much because she was jealous too.

"Westley, I know you are jealous. I drank so much also because I was jealous," Gabrielle said as she stared into his eyes seriously. ③

In fact, she was feeling a little uncomfortable right now due to the lingering effects of the wine. Now that she had finished vomiting, she felt

uncomfortable all over her body.

"Why were you jealous?" Westley thought Gabrielle was just talking nonsense.

He couldn't think of anything he'd done that might possibly make Gabrielle jealous. After all, he was so focused on Gabrielle the entire time that he was completely clueless about what others thought of him.

"Don't you know that as soon as you entered, those women's eyes were all fixed on you, as if they were staring at a piece of delicious meat? They all wanted to stick to you. How could I not be jealous? I really regret letting you go there. That was why I got myself drunk as soon as possible so that you would take me away." Gabrielle vigorously gave out an explanation. ④

Chapter 360 I Like You, Westley

Gabrielle's words shocked Westley. He never imagined that she would be so concerned about his feelings, that she could ever get jealous.

He found it hard to believe.

"Do you know what you're talking about, Gabrielle?" he asked, his voice solemn as he leaned towards her shoulders and looked into her eyes.

Gabrielle didn't answer immediately. Instead, she gulped down some water to sober up.

"Of course, I know what I'm talking about, Westley," she said. Before now, she wouldn't dare say a thing like that to him. She would have preferred to keep it to herself.

But being a bit drunk today, she was unbelievably honest with him.

She was really grateful for all the care Westley showed her these days. It left

happened.

But today, he seemed somewhat nervous as he gazed at Gabrielle, knowing what she was about to say.

"Westley, I think... I'm so into you that it annoys me when other women stare at you," Gabrielle said, trying hard to sound sober and brave. She still knew there would have been no way she would have said those words if she hadn't been drunk. ④

"I want to hear you say that again, Gabrielle." Westley stared deeply into her eyes, gripping her hands so that she would not escape.

She repeated the words, her eyes and voice glinting with sincerity. "I mean, Westley, I have somehow fallen love with... Hmm..." ④

Before Gabrielle could complete her statement, Westley, lowering his head, kissed her suddenly on the lips.

The kiss was short but passionate, with Westley not letting go until Gabrielle gasped for breath. He sat back and watched her lips which were quite swollen. "I want you to say those words

again, Gabrielle."

Heaving, Gabrielle fixed him a stare, the impatience heavy in her eyes. "Haven't I said that twice already?"

Gabrielle muttered, annoyed. Why did this man act so selfish? He didn't seem to take it seriously that she had gone beyond herself to express what she truly felt. Did he know how hard it was for her? Yet he wanted her to say it once more into his ears. One didn't even have to tell the other that one had a crush on him more than once.

"Well, it's fine. I won't ask you about that anymore. But tell me – when did you begin to like me?" Westley shifted curiously and gazed again at Gabrielle. For a long time, his heart had been throbbing for her. He hoped to someday marry her properly and be able to spend the rest of his life with her, showering her with all the love he had. But he had always doubted if the woman liked him back. She was always talking about Bryce and divorcing him once Nellie returned, after all.

That was why he found it hard to believe it when she said she liked him. If she

really wanted to be with him, why did she always talk about getting a divorce?

But although it surprised him greatly, he was still tingled by the excitement of hearing her say she liked him.

He felt so good right now knowing she loved him as much as he loved her. After all, a relationship was not perfect until both partners fell for each other.

"Well... I really can't tell when," Gabrielle said, shrugging. She had no idea what to say.

She really couldn't tell him when immediately.

"Did you have the feelings for me the first time we met?" Westley probed, putting his arms around her. He stared confidently, seemingly certain of the answer she would give.

Gabrielle shook her head. "Not at all," she said. "I didn't like you that much at first."

Even at that time, they both understood the nature of their relationship, understood that they were just two strangers who detested each other.

Westley had hated Gabrielle's guts then.

Of course, he wouldn't have had to force Gabrielle into this temporary marriage and would have been with Nellie, his fiancée, if Bryce hadn't stolen her from him.

So in the beginning, a silent animosity had existed between them. He had been quite hostile to her, being reminded of what Bryce had done each time he saw her.

"Well, it doesn't matter if you liked me at the beginning. I'm glad you do now. And, Gabrielle, I..."

"What?" Gabrielle stared at Westley with those fascinating eyes. She wondered how much she meant to him.

Nothing else mattered to her again. All she wanted now was the man who meant the universe to her.

"I like you, Westley. Do you also like me?" she said suddenly. Then she bit her lip at once, realizing how undignified her question was. 3

A woman who asked a man such a question was only going to break her

own heart at last.

Now, Gabrielle regretted her impetuosity.

She blurted out, "Well, it's fine if you don't want to answer it. Let's just pretend I didn't say that." Lowering her face, she felt so ashamed of herself. All the gusto she had felt earlier, all the hope she had hung on this relationship were crumbling before her.

Westley lifted her face with a hand and forced her to look at him right in the eyes. "What kind of man do you think I am, Gabrielle?"

The question was so sudden that Gabrielle gaped at him in surprise. What kind of man was he?

Well, he was handsome, cool and detached. But most importantly, he was gentle to her.

All in all, he was a nice person. At least, she liked him really much now.

"I think you are the best, Westley," she said softly, their eyes locked in a warm stare.

Chapter 360 | Like You, Westley

For Gabrielle, she hadn't just found a good guy; she had found the man who suited her perfectly.

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